### Jonathan Swift.

It is not at all uncommon for the lives of men of letters to be comparatively uninteresting, or to possess interest only or mainly in connection with their works But there are certain notable exceptions, and perhaps the greatest of these exceptions is the case of Jonathan Swift. One of the greatest names in English or in any literature, he presents likewise a 'human document' of the most interest-

ing and in part puzzling kind, while he also ex ercised no small influence upon the public fortunes of his country as well as upon the private fates of his friends He was born in Hoey's Court, Dublin, on 30th November 1667, he spent by far the greater part of his life in Ireland, and was most in timately and mo mentously con nected with its affairs, yet lie was only an Irish man by the acci dent of the time and place of his birth, and his characteristics were not in the slightest degree Irish-in fact, few of the distin guished nien of the three Lingdoms have been more thoroughly Eng-

lish in blood The Swifts themselves were of Yorkshire origin, but Jonathan's grandfather was a royalist parson in Herefordshire, most active in the king's cause during the rebellion, and sorely punished by the triumphant party. He married Elizabeth Dryden, first cousin to the poet's father, who brought Cumberland and Northants blood into the strain, and Swift's own mother was Abigail Erick or Herrick, a kinswoman of the author of the Hesperides, and of a Leicestershire family who traced themselves back to the most distinguished Saxon ancestry In the generation before Swift's birth his uncles had established themselves chiefly in Ireland, and his father obtained the position of Steward of the King's Inns in Dublin, but died before his son's birth, leaving his wife and a baby girl in very poor circumstances Part of Swift's

own infancy was passed with a nurse at White haven, but he returned to Ireland at three years old, and was educated by his uncle Godwin at Kilkenny Grammar-school (the best in Ireland), with Congreve for a schoolfellow, and then at Trinity College, Dublin It is said (with the con firmation of his own admissions, or rather frank assertions) that he showed not only no cleverness as a boy or young man, but not even the scatter brained idleness which sometimes preludes genius

It is at least in teresting to note that his two great kinsmen on diffe rent sides of the tree were also verv late in showing what was in them At any rate, the termination of Swift's career at college mortified himself very much. At Easter 1685 lie failed to satisfy the examiners in two out of three necessary subjects —a failure which in the ordinary course would have apparently Lept him back a whole year But a sort of back-door was provided speciali gratiá, as it was called, for unfortunates in this plight, and Swift, it seems, was al lowed to avail himself of it in February 1686. He could hardly,

The 'menial' char

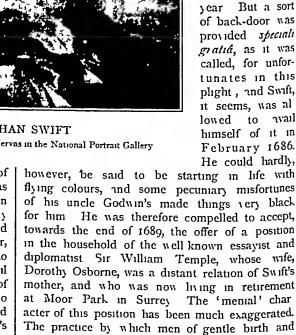
the best education became 'servants' to men

better fortuned, though not better born or bred,

than themselves was of very old date, and

had increased rather than diminished in the six-

teenth and seventeenth centuries owing to the





JONATHAN SWIFT From the Portrait by Charles Jervas in the National Portrait Gallery

dissolution of the monasteries and the slow con stitution of regular openings for a career in the professions, in the public service, and in business It was certainly nov in its very last stage, but it was still an existing and an understood thing By degrees, if not at first, Swift became a sort of secretary to Temple, having opportunities (which he used) of considerably increasing an erudition which, despite his unlucky degree, was already not inconsiderable. Their connection lasted for some ten years, and Swift had the opportunity of making acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of men and women, from King William (who is said to have both offered him a cavalry commission and taught him how to cut asparagus) to a pretty child named Esther Johnson, who with her mother lived at the Temples' house on a sort of poor-relation standing even more difficult to define than Swift's own, and who became 'Stella'—the star, if not the sole star, of the sea of bitterness which was Swift's But the sojourn was not unbroken uncertain whether the first gap was due to any quarrel, but Swift was certainly away from Temple for nearly a year and a half, from the spring of 1690 to the winter of 1691 Then he returned, and Temple soon after did him the important service of procuring for him, at the cost only of very brief residence, first an ad eundem B A at Oxford, and then the full M.A. degree from that university The actual gain as a qualification was something, to Swift the washing out of the speciali gratia must have been almost priceless He again left Temple in 1694, went to Ireland, took orders, and was presented to a small living at Kilroot, near Belfast, where he-it can hardly be said fell in love, but entered into a lind of courtship with a certain Miss Jane Waring—'Varina'—sister of a college friend of his The affair came to nothing-or indeed rather vorse than nothing—being broken off years afterwards by a letter from Swift which from anybody else would be a piece of sheer brutality, and which can only be excused as a document of his unique and in some respects morbid or maimed temperament. But he did not stay at this place (which was

hopelessly dull and had no future in it) very long, and actually resigned the benefice a little while after he had again returned (May 1696) to Moor Park. Here he remained till Temple's death in January 1699 It is not certain whether his patron left him anything directly, but he entrusted him with the publication of his works, whence Swift derived a good deal of annoyance and perhaps a few hundred pounds of profit. Thus the death of Temple marks the end of the first stage in Swift's career It had been a long stage and a hard one, it had brought him little outward profit or inward pleasure, but it had 'made' him He had accu mulated much reading, and for the last ten years at least he had acquired even more knowledge of He had published practically nothing, and part of his time had been given up to the writing of pseudo-'Pindaric' odes, which had, according to legend, brought down upon him the fatal and never-forgiven judgment of Dryden - 'Cousin Swift, you will never be a [Pindaric] poet.' The word 'Pindaric' does not appear in all versions of the legend, but it suits the facts, it justifies the judgment, and, above all, it makes it more likely to have come from Dryden, who was never harsh to But Swift had before Temple's death the young written two things, though they were not published till later, which in degree of merit only three men then living-Dryden himself, Addison, and Popehad equalled or were to equal, and which in special kind none of them had rivalled or was to rival These were The Battle of the Books and A Tale of a Tub

How far these were known even in MS is a matter of guesswork, but we find with Swift (as with some, though not many, other men of letters) that a queer kind of general impression of his talents had got abroad long before he had any ostensible titles to urge. But patrons were still necessary, and not long after Temple's death Swift went back to Ireland with the Deputy Lord Berkeley as chaplain, and with definite hopes of clerical preferment as such He seems to have enjoyed himself-as his unsleeping and unyielding pride always enabled him to do after a fashion-inthe viceregal household, but he was jockeyed out of one benefice after another till he had to put up with a paltry group of small livings-Laracor the chief of them-which lay not very far from Dublin, and which brought him in some £200 a year. Before long Stella, who was in a small way an heiress through Sir William Temple's bequest, came over to Ireland with her companion, Mrs (i.e. Miss) Dingley She was continually in Swift's neighbourhood and society, though the most elaborate precautions were taken not merely toavoid scandal, but to make any ground for it impossible. For some years Swift oscillated between Ireland and England, belonging in a rather outside manner to the Whig party when in London, associating with its wits, especially Addison and Steele, and being patronised in a distant, unpractical way by its Mæcenates, Somers and Halifax. Whatever may be thought of his religious standpoint (and an impartial examination will find it very difficult to discover anything therein incompatible with at least eighteenth-century orthodoxy), his esprit de corps was undeniable, and he was enraged at finding that the more the Whigs succeeded in edging out their Tory colleagues from the coalition government with which Queen Anne started, the less were they disposed to doanything for the Church. In particular, a suit for the remission of the Irish first-fruits, with which Swift was semi-officially charged, was continually played with and evaded by the Whigs, especially Godolphin Meanwhile Harley, who was certainly a master of intrigue if not of statesmanship, and St John, whose brilliancy appealed to, and was



SAMUEL JOHNSON
(From a Mezzotint by Wm Dought) after the Picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.)



# CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE ... ... NEW EDITION BY DAVID PATRICK, LLD

HISTORY CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHI-CAL OF AUTHORS IN THE ENGLISH TONGUE FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TILL THE PRESENT DAY, WITH SPECI-MENS OF THEIR WRITINGS 20 20 20

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The Eighteenth Century By Austin Dobson Swift. By George Saintsbury Pope. By George Saintsbury Addison By George Gregory Smith. Steele. By Robert Aitken

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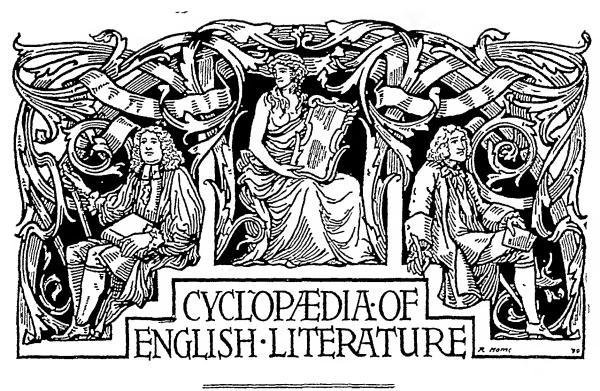
Atthen CHATTERTON and CRABBE are two of the numerous articles by the late Mr Francis Hindes Groome, and James Boswell is by the Rev Thomas Davidson. The biographical part of Pope is the original article by Dr Carruthers, revised by Professor Saintsbury, who has rewritten the critical portion. The Editor is indebted to Mr Austin Dobson for revising Gay and Patok, to Dr Robertson Nicoll for revising Samuel Johnson and Jame Auster, to Mr William Woodburn for revising Comper, to Mr A. H. Millar for revising Bruce and Logan, Manner and Macnetile, and to Mr Alexander

The short essays on the Revolutionary Period and the Age of Queen Anne are by Mr Robert

revising Samuel Johnson and Jane Austen, to Mr William Woodburn for revising Comper, to Mr A H Millar for revising Bruch and Logan, Manner and Machella, and to Mr Alexander Anderson for revising Thomas Campbella and Lady Name. Over a hundred English authors are dealt with in this volume who were not named in the old edition, and about as many are illustrated by extracts who in the former edition were passed over with little more than a mere mention. The literary history of the United States will form a separate division of the work, the American authors of the eighteenth century will accordingly be treated along with those of the nineteenth in the concluding volume, where will be found also the sections on the literature of Canada, Australia, and other British oversea dominions.

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MATTHEW PRIOR	114	Erasmus Darwin		573
JONATHAN SWIFT	122	HANNAH MORE		578
JOHN ARBUTHNOT	146	Anna Letitia Barbauld		582
DANIEL DEFOE	150	FANNY BURNEY (MADAME D'ARBLAY)		587
THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY	168	Anelia Opie		598
JOHN GAY	173	WILLIAM COWPER		602
ALLYANDER POPE	181	WILLIAM BECKFORD		621
VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE	203	SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH		641
ISAAC WATTS	207	JAMES BRUCE		649
JOSEPH ADDISON	213	Mungo Park		652
SIR RICHARD STEELE	228	DR WOLCOT ('PETER PINDAR')		663
LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU	255	WILLIAM GIFFORD		667
EDWARD YOUNG	260	GEORGE CANNING		673
BISHOP BERKELEY ,	265	WILLIAM COBBETT		681
BISHOP BUTI ER	269	John Leyden		691
THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD	291	George Crabbe		694
SAMUEL RICHAPDSON	294	WILLIAM GODWIN		703
ALLAN RAMSAY	313	MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN		706
JAMES THOMSON	321	ISAAC D'ISRAELI		715
John Wesley	336	WILLIAM BLAKE		718
HENRY FIELDING	339	Samuel Rogers		723
WILLIAM SHENSTONE	353	JOANNA BAILLIE		730
THOMAS GRAY	360	Maria Edgeworth		735
MARK AKENSIDE	373	JAMES MONTGOMERY		742
DAVID HUME	377	MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS		750
PRINCIPAL ROBERTSON	384	THOMAS CAMPBELL		765
LAURENCE STERNE	401	JANF POPTER		773
HORACE WALPOLE	413	Anna Maria Porter		773
DAVID GARRICK	431	JANE AUSTEN		776
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## THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



N treating of the Eighteenth Century, or—to speak more exactly—of the Eighteenth Century in English Literature, the historian is confronted at the outset by a difficulty of definition

What is meant by the Eighteenth Century in English Literature? The natural (though possibly Bœotian) reply would be-from the end of the Seventeenth to the beginning of the Nine-But this ingenuous answer will not serve—especially with certain modern critics According to these, the literary Eighteenth Century cannot be confined within the limits indicated, but must rather be held to correspond with a different period of time, beginning earlier and ending earlier, and characterised throughout by specific features which distinguish it both from the period which precedes and the period which follows it. Some authorities date this period from the English Revolution of 1688, and close it with the French Revolution of 1789 Others with equal show of reason, go farther back, and commence at the Restoration. In a philosophical essay these divisions are defensible,

and possibly useful, although they are always open to the commonplace objection that no great change in thought can be said to begin as invariably and inevitably as Grouse shooting or the Law Terms. And even if they should be scientifically accurate, they present insuperable objections to matter-of-fact people, mas much as-to name but one very intelligible drawback—they involve the assignment to the Eighteenth Century of events which took place before that century begins in the calendar Furthermore, they involve the assignment to the Nineteenth Century of other events which demonstrably happened in the Eigliteenth For these reasons—and notwithstanding the fact that the present volume, for convenience, includes a portion of an earlier period-we shall take leave, in this survey, to regard the Eighteenth Century in Literature as concurrent with the Eighteenth Century in Chronology-that is to say, as extending from the end of 1700 (the year in which Dryden died) to the end of the year 1800 (the year of the death of Cowper)

The period intended having been thus defined, it will be well to indicate the nature of its special gift to letters—such gift, for

the moment, being understood to consist, not so much in the quality and amount of the thing produced, as in the disclosure of fresh methods or fishions of production actual work of the Eighteenth Century a sufficient report will be found in the biographics and extracts which follow, here, it is proposed to take note only of those new forms of literary expression which distinguish the age from those ages which went before That, on or about the date of the Restoration, a change began to be apparent both in the matter and manner of English Literature is admitted even by those who find its cause uncertain and its course obscure Of this change, in the last decades of the seventeenth century, Dryden is allowed to have been the chief exponent, in the first decades of the eighteenth century, it was maintained and developed under Pope and his contemporaries Broadly speaking, although its leaders were writers of verse, it consisted in the existence of a state of things which was more favourable to the perfecting of prose The spirit of a new criticism was abroad, tempering imagination and repressing enthin siasm, endeavouring after symmetry and uniformity, averse alil e from decoration and invention To be direct and clear, to be logical, to regard nght reason and plain sense, to be governed by the teaching of the Ancients (filtered through the medium of French criticism), became by degrees the unwritten code of the times Working prosaically, its chief gifts were in prose It gave us the first duly Newspaper, and, by the pen of Defoe and his humbler allies, an extraordinary and unprecedented development of Journalism, it gave us, by the pens of Addison and Steele, a form of Essay, which, differing as widely from the essay of Bacon as from the essay of Temple, set the model to its own day and to ours Under Richardson and Fielding it gave us what was practically the modern Novel, under Hume and Robertson and Gibbon, what was practi cally the modern History Finally, it gave us in its earlier years a Poetry of Convention unexampled in its mechanical accomplishment, which, while presenting many of the features of an age of Prose, was still Poetry, and which, exhausting itself after a career of exceptional vigour and brilliancy, left the soil prepared for the gradual but irresistible growth of a truer Poetry of Nature and Romance

Among these Eighteenth Century innovations, Journalism, which has lasted the longest, begins

the first There had been newspapers, no doubt, in the preceding century, even as there were brave men before Agamemnon was the Public Intelligencer of L'Estrange, and the still-existent London Gazette, which dries from November 7, 1665, when Charles II was keeping Court at Oxford by reason of the There were the News I etters of ther and Dawl's (Steele's 'honest Ichabod') which had blank spaces left 'for any Gentleman, or others, to write their private Business to their Friends in the Country,' and both of which the great Mr Edmund Smith-one of Dr Johnson's poets, if you please—celebrated in Latin Sapplifics

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But it was not until the first year of Anne's reign, and indeed but three days after king William died at Kensington, that the first duly paper made its modest appearance the Daily Courant, a little double-columned sheet fourteen mehes by eight printed on one side only, and excusing its exiginty (or lack of advertisements) by a limiseworthy desire to save the Public at least half the Impertinences of ordinary Net s l'apere? He news is exclusnely derived from the Paris George and the Haarlen and Amsterier General's, but speedily grea into flourishing life, being promptly followed by a crowd of rivals and mutators, Posts, Post-Boys, Pod ds, Observators, Registers, Mercinies, Medleys, British Apillos, Atheman Orecles, and the like, not all of which were, in the strict sense, journals. One of the most remarkable of these latter was the Receive of Daniel Desoe, a sheet of eight lastern ards four) small quarte pages, written in Newgate (where its author was confined), and, like the first Daily Courant, professing to be 'Purg'd from the Errors and Partiality of News Westers and Petty Statesmen, of all sides' The full title was A Review of the Affairs of France, but it was, in reality, a history of the domestic and foreign affairs of Europe, while in a section entitled Mercure Scandale or Advice from the Scandal ous Club, which began in the second number, its author professed to collect contemporary gossip As may be gathered from the descrip tion of Defoe's Review, a main feature of all these organs was their foreign intelligence, which, being easier to obtain than home news, naturally predominated Indeed, it is pretty

plainly hinted by one who claims to belong to the 'ingenious Fraternity' of News-Writers, that when there was no news from Brussels or Lisbon to copy, it was manufactured ad hoc 'The Case of these Gentlemen is, I tlink, more hard than that of the Soldiers, considering that they have taken more Towns, and fought more They have been upon Parlies and Skirmishes, when our Armies have lain still, and given the General Assault to many a Place, when the Besiegers were quiet in their They have made us Masters of Trenches several strong Towns many weeks before our Generals could do it, and compleated Victories, when our greatest Captains have been glad to come off with a drawn Battle Where Prince Eugene has slain his Thousands. Boyer [of the Post-Boy] has slain his Ten Thousands. This Gentleman can indeed be never enough commended for his Courage and Intrepidity during this whole War laid about him with an inexpressible Fury, and, like the offended Marius of ancient Rome, made such Havock among his Countrymen, as must be the Work of two or three Ages to It must be confessed, the Redoubted Mr Buckley [of the Daily Courant] has shed as much Blood as the former, but I cannot forbear saying, (and I hope it will not look like Envy) that we regard our Brother Buckley as a kind of Drawcansir, who spares neither Friend or Foe, but generally kills as many of his own Side as the Enemy's'

Whether this passage, with its distinction of phrasing and its delicate irony, revealed to any of its readers the fact that a new force had arisen in English Literature, is not recorded length as an extract, and its appearance here, may be justified by the explanation that it is quoted word for word from No 18 of the Tatler for Saturday, May 21, 1709, and, with its context, constitutes the first acknowledged contribution of Joseph Addison to the recently-established paper of his inventive friend and schoolmate Richard Steele over, it may even claim to be the first example of another gift of the Eighteenth Century to English Letters When, five or six weeks earlier, Captain Steele, casting about for some literary project to combine the Latest Foreign News (of which, as Queen Anne's Gazetteer, he had a certain monopoly) with the Latest Gossip of the Coffee-Houses, had hit upon the idea of a little tri-weekly sheet about the size of the Courant, which should

be rather more critical and literary than the hand-to-mouth productions of your Boyers and Buckleys-he had builded better than he He was himself a clever man, with a warm heart and a ready pen, and his 'Letter of Intelligence,' even before its eighteenth number had been reached, fully deserved the credit of a fresh departure. But it was not until Addison became, as he did eventually, a regular contributor, that Steele's new enterprise grew to include a new form of writing. It was when the scholarly Secretary to Lord Wharton commenced to print in it the delightful La Bruvère-like studies of Tom Folio and Ned Softly and the Political Upholsterer, the Adventures of a Shilling, and the Rabelaisian Frozen Voices, that a new thing began to be born which was the Essay of Addison and Steele. finished and careful papers of Addison reacted upon those of his editor, whom they stimulated to a higher ambition, as well as to an elegance, a purity, and a correctness (the words are Steele's own) which, when he set out to 'observe upon the Manners of the Pleasurable, as well as the Busie Part of Mankind,' in addition to giving the ordinary Occurrences of common Journals of News,' had not formed part of his original Presently he himself went on to rival his friend upon his own ground, and, always a pioneer, to anticipate by some charming domestic scenes, of which he possessed the secret, the function of the Novel that was coming the Spectator, which followed the Tatler as a daily issue, the evolution of the Essay continued In his graver Saturday papers Addison began to preach those admirable lay-sermons that justify Mandeville in calling him 'a parson in a tyewig,' and in his occasional discourses on Wit, Imagination, Milton, the Old Ballads, and so forth, to apply, in critical form, the results of those earlier studies of the classics and the French critics in which he had been serving an unsuspected apprenticeship to letters too, digressed successfully in that Christian-Hero vein of his days at the Tower Guard, producing, with a gravity which was perfectly genuine and sincere, numerous disquisitions upon Death, Devotion, Benevolence, Solitude, and Ambition, and exhibiting, but more rarely, his admirable gift as an impressionist critic of Art and the Stage Finally, in endless sketches of contemporary manners and individual types, and particularly in the unrivalled Coverley series-which again foreshadows the coming fiction-the two friends contrived, with denghaful good h mour to rally, indicule, and The partnership was conns, act ther age tinued to the conclusion of a third paper, the Granden, when it ceased But by this date (October 1713) the Essay, as a branch of that 'ingenious va. of Miscellaneous Writing' upon the introlucer of which Lord Shaftesbury involes from a benediction, had found its special form a form admirably adapted for short smaller flights of criticism, for humor tus character-drawing, and for social satire It was produced, after Addison and Steele, by many inferior hands,' but, for the present ve may leave it until it was revived with a personal note and renewed ability, under the pens of Goldsmith and Johnson

In the first years of Queen Anne, a hush seems to lave fallen upon the poets, and, save for a rumbling cpic or so by Blackmore, and a worthless miscellany by Wycherley, the Muses might have been in calle with the Stuarts. Addson, indeed, put forth his over-praised Campaign Prior, too, was forced by piracy into a premature appearance, but his full dress revelation was not made until Anne had been for four years indubitably dead. Oddly chough, it is with the Spatator that is connected the first notable effort of that superlative artificur v ho, for more than three decades to come, held the first place in English verse, and influenced its voice for a longer period still lov ards the end of 1711, Addison reviewed. and certainly not, on this occasion, with 'faint pruse' what he termed 'a Master piece in its kind' It is the work of a youth of twenty, named Alexander Pope, and aimed at occupying, in English, much the same ground as the Ars P ctica of Horace, or perhaps—to speak more precisely—the Art Peetique of Boileau, with this difference, that while Horace and the I reach critic kept their precepts for their maturity, their Inglish imitator, when he proceeded a metrical legislator, was only just out of his teens. Naturally enough, Pope's work was a arto, but it was a cento of extraordinary ingenuity, and Mr Spectator from his full hottome I vig, might justifiably nod Olympian approval of the skill with which the youthful pairs coupled a cree made to exemplify the c to viney condemned. The lines-

The fact by leker alone require

The control of the ofen Venedatire,
but a factor it out feelile but disjoin,
be and a Wood of creep in one dull Line
that in the well known

A nealless Alexanarine ends the Song,
That like a wounded Snake, drags its slow Length
along—

certainly, as Addison admits, 'would have been very much admired in an Ancient Poet -praise which fully justified Mr Pope in offering to Steele's periodical his next performance, the 'sacred Eclogue' entitled The Messiah (Spectator, No 378), which he had modelled upon Virgil's Pollio Much of his subsequent work, of which it is not here the place to speak, was of this imitated or adapted But the precocious Essay on Criticism must have made it abundantly clear to every reader of intelligence that its author had already entered the arena fully armed as a metrist, and needed nothing but a theme to his hand During his long literary activity, he was fortunate enough, on more than one occasion, to find such a theme He found it in the flawless jewel-work of the Rape of the Lock, he found it in the terrible Epic of the Dunces, he found it, unanswerably and triumphantly, in the Moral Essays and the Satires and Epistles Lastly, with leave of all the Bentleys, alive or dead, he found it in that paraphrase of Homer, which has stimulated more Homer-lovers than the critics would care to count It may be true that his version is 'a pretty poem, but must not be called Homer,' it may be true that it is-

half pretence, Where Wits, not Heroes, prove their Skill in Fence, And great Achilles' Eloquence doth show As if no Centaur trained him, but Boileau!—

but it is, at least, a magnificent performance, which, as one of Pope's own rivals, Professor Conington, has admitted, by the 'calm, majestic flow ' of its language, carries on its readers 'as irresistibly as Homer's own could do, were they born readers of Greek,' and fills their minds 'with a conception of the heroic age, not indeed strictly true, but almost as near the truth as that which was entertained by Virgil hunself' It was in this prolonged and tedious task that Pope perfected the heroic couplet which he had caught from Dryden, and which is his cluef present to his own time, and to Like Johnson, he has suffered from the public impatience begotten of imitators who only copied his defects, and it may perhaps be granted, even by a devotee, that his style, like the style of Macaulay, grows wearisome if taken in immoderate doses. But it is easy to scleet, from the Epistle to Arbuthnot alone, dozens of passages which, in spite of the

apparently mechanic art of the metre, it would be difficult to better, either for conciseness, or directness, or curious felicity of phrase. Much of Pope's work is but a rhythmical exemplification of Addison's dictum (after Boileau) in the review of the Essay on Criticism, 'that Wit and Fine Writing doth not consist so much in advancing Things that are new, as in giving Things that are known an agreeable Turn'-in other words, it is concerned less with the revelation of the unattempted or the unimagined in emotion, than with the expression, in a given form of verse, and with faultless perspicuity and finish, of the ordinary ideas in circulation at But this studiously-controlled amthe time bition by no means precluded the production of very noble and dignified utterances, as the Epistle to Arbuthnot—to take that example again-will readily testify Indeed, it is difficult to read the elosing paragraphs, or the splendid lines beginning, 'Not Fortune's Worshipper, nor Fishion's Fool' (quoted below at page 189), without wondering upon what ground it can ever have been debated whether Pope was really a poet.

From Young to Cowper, the heroic couplet on the Pope model remained the recognised metre of the century, and, as might be expected, it was largely employed for the social satire in which he had won his greenest laurels. Among his contemporaries were more than one poet who, without being exactly imitative, certainly showed signs of subjection to the trick of the time Prior, who was Pope's senior, and a better scholar, followed the fashion of adaptation by versifying Evodus and Ecclesiastes, and by clothing in a straitlaced and high heeled Queen Anne costume the fine old Not-Browne Maid But his services to poetry were happily not limited to this In his 'loose and liasty scribble' of Alma and in his Tales in the French manner, he added flexibility to the cramp Hudibrastics of Butler, his genuine Horatian note give gaiety and grace to a dozen minor pieces, he reproduced in Down Hall and the Thief and the Cordelier with marked ability the anapestic ballad measure of the King and the Abbot of Canterbury, and he stands in the front rank of English epigram initists Moreover, in the lines To a Child of Quality, he set the tune of that half gry, halfgrave familiar verse which, in this country-despite the depressing definition of M. Littre—we are content to class as ters de seade of Pope's contemporaries was Gay, a more sedulous disciple of his illustrious friend, but who, nevertheless, besides some pretty songs that sing, contrived to enrich his age with the long-popular Ballad-opera, and to equip it with a form of Fable which, while it fell short of the supreme art of La Fontaine, was still a convenient, workable vehicle Nor must it be forgotten that, in Mr Pope's Welcome from Greece (1 e from translating the Iliad), he anticipated and employed, with unexpected success, the ottava rima of Ariosto afterwards made popular by Frere and by Byron's Beppe Who, for example, would imagine that the following octave, with its note of modernity, comes from the pen of the author of Trivia and the *Shepherd's Weck* I—

I see two lovely sisters, hand in hand,
The fair haired Martha and Teresa brown,
Madge Bellenden, the tallest of the land,
And smiling Mary, soft and fair as down.
Yonder I see the chearful Duchess stand,
For friendship, zeal, and blithsome humours known
Whence that loud shout in such a hearty strain?
Why, all the Hamiltons are in her train

Of the remaining Pope group (not school), none gave any new thing to English verse-craft, and their achievements may be left to the separate accounts which follow Pope survived them all save Swift, and Swift's last years were deathing life.

It was with the Essay of Addison and Steele that-more for the sake of continuity than of logic-we endeavoured to link the early poetry But the connection of the first apof Pope pearances of modern prose fiction with a paper in the Englishman stands less in need of In December 1713 Steele gave an rpology account from his own knowledge of a certain morose Alexander Selkirk or Selcraig of Largo, who had lived for more than four years alone in the island of Juin Fernandez. cases, both real and feigned, were not unknown Witness, as an instance of the former, Dampier's record of the Mosquito Indian whom Watling had left belind on the same island in But there is small doubt that to the story of Selkirk, as told by Steele, Captain Woodes Rogers, and others, Daniel Defoe, already referred to as the writer of the Review of the Affairs of France, was indebted for the germ of the remarkable book which he issued in April 1719, with the title of the Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusee In 1719 Defoe was in his sixtieth year had been many things—journalist, pamphieteer,

pol tierl agent, traveller, tradesman, brickmaker projector and prisoner in Newgrie. He had an inchausable store of miscellaneous reading, he delighted especially in travels and adventures, he had extraordinary aptitude for minute and reliste detail, he had an indefatigable For all these gifts the expen-I "bit of the pen ences of Sell it, as developed in Robinson Crusoc, if a-ded a favourable field, while its very limitations and restrictions tended to control and concentrate his 'thick-coming fancies' More over, it is supposed that certain affinities-of and too much may easily be made, but thich he certainly desired should be recognised -- because the circumstances of his imagined custainly and his own solitary and self-reliant career, gave a subjective note to his work, which, save in the Farther Adventures and the Seri us Reflections of Robinson Crusoc, it does not attain elsewhere. It is certainly not equally perceptible in Colonel Jack, Moll Flanders, Revara, and the rest of the fictitious narratives that followed his admitted masterpiece, books which are nevertheless characterised by the some exactitude of trivial particulars, the same intentional negligences and repetitions, the same homely, pedestran, and even flat phraseology For the most part, they are chronicles of such carcers 15, in real life, would have fallen to the recording pun of the Ordinary of Newgate, from whose historiographic efforts they differ mainly by their greater variety of incident, their pracused peneralit, and their faculty (in their writer's on n words) 'of forging a story' In this last att Defoe is unrivalled. By the mental stenogruphy and systematic stocktaking of a lifetime, he had accumulated so vast a reserve of facts and illustrations that, in the absence of anything to 'report,' in journalistic phrase, he could concort a report of such astounding verisimilitude that to tais day it remains debatable whether som of his performances are true, or partly true, or not true at all, in the sense that the escuts which they profess to narrate were never combied in the experences of one and the fruhi, but outer

From the fact that Hogarth makes Mell I'velers the chosen literature of his 'Idle Apprenture' it may be presumed that many of all Larah calls the 'secondary' fictions of Deloc, though professedly district in their intention, were directed at readers not more in thousaltan the apple oman whom Borrow's Lace was Landon Padge. But there were other

reasons why they might be expected to appeal to the people more than to the cultivated classes It was Defoe's boast that his tales were true historics, always an additional attraction to the humbler reader, and that, being true, they had no connection with such novels and romances as then existed It was not with the Oroonoko of the warm-blooded Aphra Behn, or the Cassandra of the sempiternal Sieur de la Calprenade, that he wished them to be compared his fitter analogue in unrelieved veracity, had he sought for it, would have been more easily found in Bunyan's sombre and relentless Life and Death of Mr Badman But if, in addition to his singular gift of 'lying like truth,' he had combined with his work any appreciable plot to be unravelled or problem to be solved, if he had included any material admixture of passion, or any delineation of the domestic life of his day, he might fairly have claimed—what is some times claimed for him-to rank as the Father of the English Novel These things, however, His invented biographies of he did not do rogues and pirates and bona robas differ from those which are not invented only in being fictitions as wholes, and they no more entitle their author to priority in fiction as we now understand it than if he had been the author of the wonderful book—not a little indebted to his own Robinson Crusoe-which seventeen years later was given to the world by the maimed and melancholy genius of Jonathan Swift. Gulliver's Travels, that unique and unclassable masterpiece, must be left for treatment in the special pages on Swift that follow In tracing the history of the Novel, it is nevertheless impossible not to refer to it, if only on account of the circumstantiality in fiction in which Swift rivals Defoe, but it has little or nothing to do with the development of the

That development came suddenly and unexpectedly, nine years after Defoe had been laid to rest in the Dissenters' burial ground at Bunlull Fields. And it came from a most unhopeful source It would have been as easy to predict that a middle aged printer should become the author of Pamela as that a sexagenarian journalist should sit down and write Robinson Crusoc There are indeed certain superficial resemblances between Richardson and Defoe Both belonged to the lower middle classes, both posed as morthsts both wrote the English of common speech, both were circumstantial in manner and copious in style. But there the likeness ends If Defoe gives little evidence of constructive intention. Richardson. on the contrary (at his best), works steadily to a foregone conclusion, if Defoe cares nothing for the affections, Richardson, on his side, is intensely preoccupied with them, if Defoe escheus sentiment and tearful emotion, Richardson revels in both, and cries as he writes The one discovered an uninhabited island, the other the very-much inhabited female heart, and, as far as the modern novel is concerned, the latter is the more notable achievement. With his wonderfully sympathetic insight into feminine character, Richardson's success might have been more signal if the accidents of his early habits had not led him to conduct his tale by correspondence His biographer, Mrs Barbauld, holding an honest brief for her author, contends that this is the 'most natural' way, which is arguable, but she is also constrained to admit that it is the 'least probable,' which can scarcely be denied, above all in our day, when letter-writing no longer flourishes That, notwithstanding his insupportable vehicle -for Clarissa and Sir Charles Grandison, his remaining novels, are on the same plan as Paniela-Richardson was able to enchain his public, must be attributed partly to the fact that its appetites were more unjaded and less impatient than ours, and partly to the extraordinary manner in which the writer's prolix but cumulative minuteness insensibly and irresistibly compels and subjugates the student who fairly adventures upon the text. But it may safely be affirmed that if no better model of fiction had been found than what Fielding calls the 'epistolary Style,' the early Novel, in spite of its psychology, must have perished speedily of its own perverted method

With Fielding's Joseph Andrews, however, the new form quitted the confined (and slightly stuffy) atmosphere of Richardson's cedar-parlour for the open air and the cheery bustle of the Georgian high-road. The range of Richardson's characters is not great, and in his last two novels he scarcely travels beyond the personages But Fielding makes his draft of genteel comedy upon Human Nature at large, and crowds his stage with men and women of all sorts and conditions, inclining by choice to the middle and lower classes rather than to 'the highest Life,' which he considers to present 'very little Humour or Entertainment.' With the precise connection of Pamela and Joseph Andrews it is not necessary to deal here, as it is sufficiently discussed hereafter But, apart from mental analysis, the difference between Richardson and Fielding is practically the difference between Richardson and the modern Novel. Few now write novels in Richardson's fashion But even to-day many books bear manifest traces of the form that Fielding gave to Tom Jones and Amelia In the first place, he tells his story directly, in his own person, instead of letting his hero tell it, or allowing his characters to unrayel themselves in letters He pays minute attention to the construction and evolution of his plot, carefully excluding characters and episodes which do not advance the fable or contribute to the end to be attained Rejecting Sensibility, which he regards as more or less unmanly, he substitutes for it Humour and Irony, in the latter of which attributes he is as great a master as Swift his character-drawing he puts forth his full Without much parade of psychology, he manages to make his dramatis persona extraordinarily real and vivid, placing them before us in their habit as they lived, and with their Finally, while painting fitting accessories Humanity as he finds it, by no means comnosed of 'Models of Perfection,' but rather of very frail and fallible personalities, he is careful—no doubt with perfect sincerity—to proclaim a moral purpose The main objects of his satire, he declares, are Vanity and Hypocrisy It is his intention to exhibit Vice as detestable, and never successful It is his 'sincere endeavour,' he affirms in the Dedication of Tom Jones, 'to recommend Goodness and Innocence,' and to promote the cause of religion and virtue Perhaps, in these more decorous days, it is sometimes difficult to see that he has rigorously adhered to his principles, but, in any case, when fair allowance is made for altered times and manners, his programme differs but little, in plan and purpose, from the plan and purpose of the modern There are, indeed, but two characteristics in which he has not always been imitated by later practitioners of the art. In the first place, he writes, in general, most excellent, unlaboured English-simple and clear and strong—the English of a gentleman and a scholar Secondly, it is his peculiarity introduce each fresh division of his book by an initial chapter (probably suggested by the Chorus of Greek drama), in which, in his own person, lie gossips pleasantly about his method and his characters To his admirers these pro

legomena, one of which is printed at page 345, are the most delightful part of his work. But they are practically confined to *Tom Jones*, as they are only partially employed in *Joseph Andrews*, and in *Amelia* not at all

Fielding more than once refers to the pains he had taken in composing these prefatory ehapters Lile Richardson, he professed also to foresee that he was maugurating a 'new Province of Writing,' and it must be admitted that he has no real rival in his own line until the days But he had more than onc of Waverley contemporary of genius Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, indeed, thought, upon its first anony mous appearance, that Smollett's Roderick Random was written by her clever kinsman-a supposition which proves her ladyship to have been a better judge of ment than of style would be hard to compare, say, the visit to Parson Trulliber (see p 342) with any page of Roderick Random and ful to see that they are But Smollett's three best from different pens novels abound with incident and character, however grotesque, and he deserves the credit of being the first, since Congreve, to depict the British seaman, a task for which his own experiences as a ship's surgeon in the Carthagena expedition had given him exceptional facilities In Humphry Clinker, too, he contrived to write a novel in letters which (without any appreci able plot) is amusing from beginning to end, but then he cleverly avoids the tedium of the plan by never having his epistles answered His method in fiction, however, is the method of Le Sage, and so far retrograde, but his racy, if reckless, genius has given him many Sterne, again, with his two great successors books, would add distinction to any epoch But the Sternesque humour stands by itself, defying the imitator and the disciple alike. He is alone, and he has no school. 'My Uncle Toby' and Yorick, Mr Shandy and Corporal Trim, have passed into the national 'study of imagination,' but the genius of the author, vacillating between tears and laughter, between sentiment and sheer polissonnerie, between method and madness (the word must out), is too unique and several a thing to influence the production of any writer not correspondingly endowed by nature To write a Tristram Shandy or a Sentimental Journey there is no way but to be Sterne, and Sternes are not turned out in bakers' batches Of other novels of the period which owe their existence to the fashion set by Fielding and Richardson,

although they are too strongly marked by their writers' individuality to resemble them, are Goldsmith's Vicar of Hakefield and Johnson's But Johnson's Rasselas is scarcely a Rasselas novel at all, it is in expinded Rambler, without scheme or beginning, and derives its import munily from its magisterial manner, and its resigned and lugubrious philosophy of life. Goldsmith's exquisite little story has this peculiarity—it is at once both local and cosmopolitan Dr Prinirose and his family are English types, but at the same time they belong so completely to humanity at large that they can be transferred to any other country without sense of meongruity-that is, to any country where there is a recognised Church and the family is an established institution In the matter of plot the Vicar of Wakefield can scarcely be said to be constructed at all Neither Goldsmith nor Johnson, therefore, any more than Sterne or Smollett, contributed greatly to the evolution of the Novel-form, and in this con nection, the Lieling and Cailia of Mime D'Arblay, which did introduce variations in the matter of social portraiture - variations important enough to make their writer the admitted precursor of Jane Austen-must be held to lie more properly within the scope of the present summary

But if to found a school be the surest test of novelty, such a trumph must certainly be conceded to Horice Wilpole's Castle of In 1764 that accomplished virtuoso, after a prolonged flirtation with the painted windows and plaster battlements of Strawberry Hill, dreamed that, on the uppermost bannister of a great staircase, he saw a gigantic hand in armour, and straightway fell to seribble a story on the subject. He began (and ended) without a plan, but discovered (in his second edition) that he had combined the old supernatural agencies of Seudéry and the rest with the new personages of Tom Jones and real life, and, in other words, had invented Gothic romance 'The actions, sentiments, conversations, of the heroes and heroines of ancient days,' he declared, 'were as unratural as the machines employed to put them in motion' He would make his heroes and heroines natural m all these things, borrowing only from the elder school some of the imagination, invention, and fancy which, in the literal reproduction of life, he thought too much neglected blend proved a popular one To the Castle of Otranto, with its sighing portraits, and

cowled skeletons, and monstrous helmets. followed, a few years later, the Old English Baron of Miss Clara Reeve, who made her marvels slightly more credible, an innovation which Walpole, perhaps not unnaturally, regarded as insipid. After Miss Reeve came the greater Mrs Radcliffe, and the closing century 'supp'd full with horrors' Clanging portals, echoing corridors, hollow voices, haunted chambers, moth-eaten manuscripts, and daggers that dripped blood became the order of the day To make the Gothic compound more heady, the tear of sensibility was freely mingled with the goblet, and the sophisticated draught held the drugged public captive until the secret was explained, generally-and in this Mrs Radcliffe, too, differed from Walpole-by simple and natural causes A quiet home-keeping lady, who described Switzerland and Italy without visiting those countries. Ann Radcliffe must have possessed considerable powers of imagination, and certainly moves a terror skilfully. The influence of The Italian and The Mysteries of Udolpho is to be traced in Lewis, Maturin, and others. and even in the great Wizard of the North himself As might be anticipated. Gothic romance did not escape the satirist. It was broadly burlesqued in the Heroine of E S Barrett, and, with a finer touch, in the admirable Northanger Abbey of Jane Austen. which, although not published until 1818, had been actually written very soon after the first appearance of The Italian

The Novel, as the chief gift of the Eighteenth Century to English letters, has, of necessity, occupied exceptional space, and, for its further modification under the pens of Holcroft and Godwin, Henry Mackenzie and Moore, the reader must be referred to the different accounts of those writers We may now turn to another development of the plainsailing, prosaic spirit, which, through all its permutations, remains the leading characteristic of the epoch Hitherto History in England had been little but chronicle and compilation, uncritical and unscientific. In the Eighteenth Century, however, there arose three writers who raised it at once to a definite art. The first of these, in point of time, was Hume. For research, as we understand it now, he cared but little But he gave to his History of England the charm of a sequent narrative and an effortless style which was as pleasant to read as a fairy tale After Hume comes Robertson

with histories of Scotland, of Charles V. of America, a writer whose style was almost equal to that of his predecessor, and whose standard of investigation was somewhat higher But both Hume and Robertson are only pioneers of the greater Gibbon The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, with its majestic march, its splendid sonority, and its sustained accomplishment, rises far beyond the flight of either, and perhaps even now constitutes the greatest gift of Clio to our literature inquiry, insight, breadth of view, and minuteness of detail are all united in this twenty years' labour It was a new thing when it appeared, it is a new thing still and it is not easy to conceive that a labour so concentrated and so continuous, so sustained and so single-minded, can fail of length of days

From the history of a people to the history of one person, whether recounted by himself or by another, the transition is easy. That the Eighteentli Century can claim to have originated any particular form of Biography or Autobiography, in the sense that it can claim to have originated the modern Novel or the modern Essay, would be too much to contend But that, in an age of prose, piographies and memoirs should abound is not surprising, and, from Anne onwards, they were not to seek There were short biographies such as Goldsmith's Nash and Johnson's Savage,—to say nothing of the admirable Lives of the Poets. there were lengthy biographies such as Hawkesworth's Swift and Hawkins's Johnson, there were respectable and academic performances such as Middleton's Cicero, Carte's Oi monde, Lyttelton's Henry II, and Harte's ill fated Gustavus Adolphus, there were also personal records as dissimilar as Cibber's Apology and Hume's account of My Own Life But in the last decade of the century appeared two works, each of which, in its special kind, remains unrivalled One is Gibbon's Autobiography, as compiled by his friend Lord Sheffield from the different sketches left by the historian, and since (1896) separately published The version which has been so long familiar will, however, probably retain its charm, in spite of the editing to which it now appears to have been subjected, and what its writer calls 'the review of his moral and literary character,' although incomplete, must survive many memoirs that are professedly finished from headline to imprint. Nothing can be more interesting than Gibbon's account of the circumstances which moulded his career and determined the course and progress of his magnum opus The other work referred to, which preceded the Autobiography by a few years, is Boswell's Life of Johnson, which also remains typical in its class, since it is the highest praise of any new biography to bring it within measurable distance of Boswell's book Let it may be doubted whether, except under analogous conditions in regard to author and subject, its success could ever be exactly re peated The peculiar relations of biographer and biographee, the strongly-marked individuality of Johnson and the extraordinary quality of his conversation, the mimetic faculty which enabled Boswell, given the heads or minutes of an interview, to reproduce that interview with a fidelity more characteristic than shorthand. just as selective Art is more convincing than the camera-all these things, combined with a patience, an enthusiasm, and a devotion that no obstacle could daunt, produced a result which, seeing that it is impracticable to reproduce it without similar advantages, must always remain sur generis

In an age favourable to prose, and withal exceptionally leisured and unhurried, it is not surprising that what was somewhat poinpously described as Epistolary Correspondence should be found to flourish And, as a fact, the development of Letter Writing is one of the munifest features of the period Not only Maids of Honour who could spell, to vary Swift's jibe,-but Maids of Honour who could not, resorted freely to this means of communication, and before Swift was an old man he recorded a considerable advance. 'The ladies in general,' he told Mrs Delany, were 'extremely mended both in writing and reading since he was young,' and he goes on to speak of a noman of quality, formerly his correspondent, who 'scrawled and spelt like a Wapping Hardly a month now passes by wench? without some testimony in the shape of Diary or Miscellaneous Correspondence (the recent Francis Letters are an excellent case in point) to the activity with which our ancestors plied their pens under Anne and the Georges -an activity which modern appliances and modern manners have long since diverted into different channels And if the Old-World in general was given to letter writing, literary men and women were also given Swift himself, in the diary to Esther Johnson, commonly known as the Journal to Stella, has left a series of utterances which remain, and must remain, unapproached as examples of the chronique intime has a goodly budget of epistles, but they are, in general, too artificial, and too obviously arranged for the public eye, to serve as models Goldsmith's legacy, on the other hand, is too slender, since the few examples which have been preserved have all the simple charm and Steele, Gray, Johnfluency of his other work son, Sterne, Burke, Gibbon, and many minor authors, all wrote volumnously-the letters of Gray and Sterne especially being hall-marked with their particular idiosyncrasies epistolary reputation clings chiefly to one or two authors, who, like Madame de Sevigne, either did nothing but write letters, or at all events did that best. One of the first of these is Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whose dispatches from abroad reveal not only her own shrend impressions of travel, but her absolutely honest and unvarnished views of contemporary society and literature as she knew them Another who is best remembered by his letters The curious strand of is Lord Chesterfield moral insensibility which runs through them has seriously prejudiced their other merits, for, apart from this, and the fact that their main doctrine is the converse of Esse quam videri, they are everywhere packed with a very varied criticism of life, and a close, if cynical, observation of human nature After these, and ranging over sixty years of the century, comes the correspondence of Horace Walpole. Chesterfield dictates the conduct of life, Walpole exhibits the practice of it. Never was there a witter, a more vivacious, a more amusing, a more original chronicler, never (as Thackera) says) 'such a brilliant, jigging, smirking Vanity-Fair as that through which he leads us' Lastly must be mentioned the admirable, and in some respects more admirable, letters of Cowper, the most natural, most unfeigned, most easy of English letter-writers art of shedding a sedate playfulness over the least promising themes, in magnifying occurrences of his 'set gray life' into incidents worthy of record, in communicating to his page all the variations of mood that sweep across him as he writes, he has no equal these qualities will doubtless be treated at large hereafter, and it is time to turn once more to the poets

It was in the year 1764—the year when Walpole wrote the Castle of Otranto—that

Gibbon had planned his Decline and Fall, and it was not until 1788 that the last three of its eight volumes made their appearance time Pope had been dead for more than four-His influence was still felt, and forty years and continued to be felt, but it was an influence that was gradually expending itself, while, side by side with it, other influences were gathering 'strength and volume. Slowly and almost imperceptibly at first, men were beginning to discard the gradus-epithet and the formal phrase, to substitute blank verse for the machine-made heroic couplet, to exercise themselves tentatively in older and long-neglected stanzaic forms, to write Odes and Elegies and Sonnets, and above all to exhibit an enfranchised proclivity towards romantic expression and the imitation of nature That this was done systematically or all at once is not to be advanced But that it existed is manifest from the attitude of such of those conservatives in poetry as still clung to the practice and teaching of Pope Goldsmith's first book, the Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe, he is found condemning blank verse as a 'disagreeable instance of pedantry,' and as a measure which 'nothing but the greatest sublimity of subject can render pleasing' In the Dedication to the Traveller, he returns to the The art of poetry, he says, is in danger from 'the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it.' 'What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, choruses, anapests, and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence 1' Elsewhere he falls foul of the fashion set by Gray's Elegy, which he regarded as 'overloaded with epithet,' and seriously proposed to amend by 'leaving out an idle word in every line,' while of Pope he writes that he 'carried the language to its highest perfection, and those who have attempted still further to improve it, instead of ornament, have only caught finery' These last lines were written in 1764, and it is clear that, in the opinion of the author of the Traveller, which appeared in the same year, a considerable change had already come over the spirit of English poetry since Pope's

The change, in reality, had begun before that date, with the solemn-paced blank verse—then second only to that of Milton—and with the accurate nature painting of Thomson's Seasons, and his revival in the Castle of Indolcace of the Spenserian Stanza. After Thomson comes

Young, who, beginning as a Popesque satirist, proceeded, long after middle age, as the unrhyming author of those sombre and declamatory Night Thoughts which at once reflected and dominated the brooding unrest of the age. To Thomson followed the 'oaten stop' and 'pastoral song' of Collins, whose Persian Eclogues and Odes, with their clear-toned and varied music, brought new harmonies into English metre-harmonies which were farther elaborated by the patient art of Gray's undving Elegy and his wonderful Pindaric Odes These-since the lesser names may be here omitted—were, save for the spasmodic outbreak of post-Popian satire in the hectoring couplets of Churchill's Rosciad, the dominant influences in English poetry until the date of Goldsmith's Traveller, which (like his later Deserted Village) was in the old manner, reflected through a medium more modern than its author imagined Then, stirring men's minds with portentous cloud-form and shadowy suggestion, came the mysterious utterances of Macpherson's Ossian, to be succeeded by those Reliques of Percy, which opened to English poetry so much of unlessoned art and primitive simplicity, by the mediæval forgeries of Chatterton, and by the revelation, in Warton's History, of the neglected riches hidden in the barbaric and half-lit past which lay behind All these things, with their searchings and unveilings, were 'prologue to the omen coming on,' and 'harbingers preceding still the fates' of that splendid advent, with the approach ing century, of the new-risen spirit of Romance There were still writers, the Whiteheads and Hayleys and Sewards and Darwins, who clung feebly and meffectually to the passing classic fashion, but of those who fill worthily the space between the epoch-making Ossian of 1763 and the still more epoch-making Lyrical Ballads of 1798, the greatest names are Cowper and Burns and Crabbe and Blake The first two belonged to the Eighteenth Century as defined at the outset of this paper, the last two far outlived it. Owing nothing to each other, distinct in gifts and speech, and having only in common their poetical sincerity, it is sufficient to say of them here that Cowper and Crabbe, more or less, but in a manner coloured strongly by an altered environment, preserved the old tradition, while Blake and Burns are too original and individual to be discussed except with that larger treatment which they will hereafter receive in this volume. But those who wish to estimate

the immense distance between 1700 and 1800, measured poetically, will do well to contrast a passage of the *Essay on Criticism* with such a lyric as Robert Burns's 'O, my luve's like a red, red rose,' or the 'Tiger, Tiger burning bright' of William Blake

Turning to the Drama of the time, it must be confessed that the field is not a rich one, either for crop or diversity of product When Anne came to the throne, the Comic Dramatists of the Restoration, as Macaulay styles them, were reduced to two Wycherley had ceased to write for the stage, Congreve's last play, The Way of the World, had been played, and Vanbrugh and Farguliar were the only members of the group who were still in practice as play For many years to come their succes sors were only minor artists Steele, in two or three average comedies, endeavoured honestly to purify the theatre in the sense of the precepts of Teremy Collier, while Lillo, in George Barmvell and the Fatal Curiosity, seemed to promise a something which was not afterwards performed. Fielding maintained the Congreve tradition in its indecency only, and Cibber, Garrick, Macklin, Murphy, the elder Colman, Hoadly, Foote, and a number of lesser writers, purveyed the acted but now unreadable comedies and farces of the day. The chief novelties in stage composition which the Eighteenth Century contributed to dramatic art were the alreadymentioned Ballad opera of Gay and his imitators, and the semi-serious genre, which based upon the comédie larmoyante of Voltaire and Diderot in France, became, for a brief season, the Sentimental Comedy of England latter, which has been not inaptly described as a 'mulish production, with all the defects of its opposite parents, and marked with sterility,' professed to deal with the virtues and distresses of private life rather than with the vices and faults which had hitherto been regarded as the legitimate quarry of the Comic Muse Cumberland's West Indian and Kelly's False Delicacy are the most successful examples in this short-lived kind. Then, as a protest against the Comedy of Tears, and in avowed imitation of 'the poets of the last age,' Goldsmith endeavoured to lead the public taste once more back to Nature and Humour He followed up his Good Natur'd Man by his inimitable She Stoops to Conquer, to whose perennial qualities in vis comica, dialogue, plot, and character its stage popularity even to this hour abundantly testifies His only competitor

is Sheridan, whose three best plays, *The Rivals*, *The School for Scandal*, and *The Critic*, by their unflagging wit and brilliancy, reach a point of excellence which has never since been attained

For nearly forty years after the Guardian of 1713, at which date we interrupted our account of the Essay, no successor of any importance assumed the mantle of Addison and Steele Imitators there were in plenty, but, with the exception of the Champion of Fielding, more memorable by its author than its matter, none deserves a record until we reach the Rambler and Idler of Johnson But even the Rambler and Idler, vigorous and weighty as is their writer's style, follow the Oueen Anne model 'as a pack horse would do a hunter'-to use Lady Mary's illustration, and the same must be said of the Adventurer of Johnson's disciple, Hawkesworth In the World and the Connoisseur, where the touch was lighter, and the pens those of wits like Walpole and Cliesterfield, the Essay regained a certain buoyancy and verze But the high water mark of the midcentury examples in this species of writing is reached by Goldsmith's Citisen of the World, which, in its first form, appeared in the columns of Newbery's Public Ledger this, there is nothing which deserves serious The mention of the Public Ledger, however, serves to remind us once more of the extraordinary increase which, in spite of prohibitive stamp duties and other stacles, had taken place in the periodical press since the first establishment of the Daily Courant in 1702 In 1756 began the London Chronicle, that-

folio of four pages, happy work, Which not e'en critics criticise—

and for which Johnson wrote the 'Introduction' (at about twopence a line), in 1760 the Public Ledger In 1772 followed the Morning Post, in 1788, the Times, and these were a few only of the daily papers Another fruitful feature of Journalism was the Monthly Magazine, which, from the issue by Edward Cave in January 1731 of the first number of the Gentleman's Magazine, or, Monthly Intelligencer, grew and flourished vigorously to the end of the century Mr Urban's purpose, according to the preface to his first volume, was 'to give Monthly a View of all the Pieces of Wit, Humour, or Intelligence, daily offer'd to the Publick in the News Papers' (of which he estimates that 'no less than 200 Half-sheets

per Month are thrown from the Press only in London'), and 'to join therewith some other Matters of Use or Amusement that will be communicated to us? Besides this, his titlepage professes to record the 'most remarkable Transactions and Events, Foreign and Domestick, the 'Births, Marriages, Deaths, Promotions, and Bankrupts,' the Prices of Goods and Stock, the Bills of Mortality, and a Register of Books Most of the Magazines which followed, the London, the Scots, the Royal, the Literary, the Court, the Lady's, the Universal, the British, the Town and Country, the European, &c., were after the same model. varied more or less by 'Maps of the War,' 'Accurate Plans of Fortifications,' 'Prospects' of localities.

pictures taken from the life Where all proportions are at strife,

of 'Beasts just landed in the Tower,' problems by Philomath, Crambos and Rebuses, heads of Celebraties 'curiously engraved in Copper,' new country Dances, and the last Vauxhall or Ranelagh songs 'with the Musick' In addition to these there were the Monthly and Critical Reviews, dealing exclusively, and not,

on the whole, inadequately, with current literature Lastly, dating from 1758, comes the Annual Register, planned by Edmund Burke, by whom it was at first wholly composed, though it was eventually continued by other hands

In concluding the foregoing summary of certain of the more obvious characteristics of Eighteentli Century Literature, it is perhaps necessary to remind the reader of the limitations indicated in its opening paragraphs there proposed only to treat of those new developments in literary expression which could fairly be claimed as originating in the period. With very slight deviation, this intention has been adhered to Had a survey of the general literary product been proposed, it would have been necessary to say something, and even much, of Burke and Eloquence, of Philosophy and Berkeley, of Butler and Theology,-to say nothing of other themes and writers But these things, besides involving the needless anticipation of much which must naturally form part of the pages that follow, would only have served to perplex the very explicit and definitely restricted function of this paper

AUSTIN DOBSON

### The Revolution Period and After.

Revolutions in politics are not necessarily attended by revolutions in literature, since the development of art is largely independent of the conditions created by a change in the constitution of the State The character and genius of a people, their social habits and ideals, and also the influence of the existing models and traditions of art, are much more potent factors in literary evolution than any mere alteration of their government, however radical or conspicuous Especially must it be so when the revolution, like that of 1688 in England, is one that causes no disturbance of the national modes of life The overthrow of the monarchy under Charles I, accompanied as it was by civil war, by a change of religion and of moral régime, and by the proscription of a whole party with all its fashions and ideals, could not fail to have very serious results in the domain of art, simply because it was so much more than a political revolution The theatre was suppressed, the lighter poetry was dis couraged, men's thoughts were turned to controversy and edification, and so for a decade

our literature was an affair mainly of pamphlets and of sermons Even Milton had to leave his song of Paradise until the reign of roisterers succeeded the reign of saints the Revolution of 1688 was marked by no proscription, and, in England at least, was unstained by civil war There were no fines nor sequestrations, no puntanic justices nor domineering major-generals The bishop sat safe in his palace, the Tory squire in his hall, the ritual of Laud was maintained in the parish churches, and the fellows of Oxford and Cambridge knew no change save that they were now protected from the intrusion of Papist colleagues The court was still brilliant at Whitehall-more decorous, certainly, and very much duller than in the Merry Monarch's days, but still the court of an English king, or at least an English At the theatre Mr Pepys might still enjoy the plays of Etherege and Wycherley. and the wits and templars still gathered round the chair of Dryden at Will's

Under these conditions it was natural that the history of imaginative literature under William III should show merely a

lingering decline of the development which had marked former decades Until after the opening of the new century we have to do mainly with the old men, or at least the old forms of art. mains the great central figure, and indeed it is only in this period, after his dismissal from the laureateship and the decay of his worldly prosperity, that he attrins his acknowledged place as the first dictator of English letters Much of the best of his poetical work -the translation of Virgil, Alexander's Feast, and the Fables-as well as five of his plays. was produced after the Revolution These plays are generally grouped among examples of the 'Restoration drama,' and this classification of them, as well as of the other plays of the same period, is accurate enough so far as concerns their intrinsic character Yet it is noteworthy that much of the Restoration drama is really post-Revolution in its date. All the plays of Congreve and Vanbrugh were produced after 1689, and so were many of Southerne's and Shadwell's, while Farquhar came still later, and did his best work in the days of Oueen Anne it was all essentially a bequest of the Resto ration period, and, in spite of its brilliance, the drama after the Revolution was really on Doubtless it suffered from the loss of court patronage, and the substitution of an alien monarch, who cared nothing about literature, for a race of artistic amateurs like the Stuarts Its grossness also grew offensive to the taste of the nation, or rather of the town, which was slowly recovering from the Restoration debauch Jeremy Collier's famous Short View (1697) has been often regarded as the death-blow of the later Stuart drama. but in truth it was rather a sign of the prevalent tendency than itself that tendency's

The poetry of the age, however, bore far more evident marks of decline than its drama. The veteran Dryden, as has been said, was the solitary great poet, and the only hopeful new man was Matthew Prior, who followed up his clever parody of the Hind and the Panther with occasional verses like those on the death of Queen Mary and the recapture of Namur Shadwell and Nahum Tate were the laureates, and Sir Richard Blackmore, the court physician, began to dose the public with the first of his six slumbrous epics in 1695 Dispensary appeared in 1699 Pope all the

while was a child in his father's home in London, and Addison was writing negligible trifles at Oxford, with a whole decade and more between him and the Cambaign Nothing Never perforeshadowed the Augustan age hans in all our history have the prospects of English poetry been darker than in the interval when Dryden was making way for Pope

The attention of Englishmen, indeed, was given to other things than pure literature in the years when the British Constitution and the Protestant Succession were first on their The discussion of the problems involved in the settlement of Church and State necessarily produced a shoal of tracts and pamphlets, which seldom rose to the level of literature, and have left us nothing of permanent interest save the treatises on Tolcration and Government (1689-92) by Locke. The questions of toleration and comprehen sion exercised the pens of the clergy, as also did the Nonjuring schism, which had as one of its consequences the keen Trinitarian controversy (1692) between Sherlock and South These two divines, along with Stillingfleet, Tillotson, Patrick, and others, are to be numbered among the omaments of Revolution Church, but in reality the great days of the Anglican pulpit were over old questions were becoming exhausted, the polemic battle with Roine was virtually fought out, and it is significant of the drift of the time that the reign of William saw the appearance of Toland (1606) and Indal. and the beginning of that 'Deistical' movement which was to be so potent, in one development or another, in the next century Significant is it, too, that the one great philo sophical work of the time, Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding (1690), is held to mark the starting-point of that century's characteristic speculation The national mind, indeed, was beginning to transcend those speculative limits which had been imposed by the great conflict between Romanism and Protestantism a century and a half before. The mevitable results of the civil and religious struggle of the last sixty years were beginning to be felt thing like a foreshadowing of the 'Broad Church' movement is seen in the career and work of Gilbert Burnet, who, however, did better service by his History of his Own Time than by his narrative of the Reformation in England or his exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles

Unquestionably, one of the reforms by which

the Revolution acted most powerfully upon our literature was the liberation of the press lapse of the licensing laws in 1695 marks the real birth of English journalism and periodical Within a few months after that literature. event a whole host of newspapers had been started in London-the English Courant, the London Newsletter, the Post, the Postboy, the Postman—all those obscure and meagre sheets which are now remembered only through the mention of them in the pages of Addison and To the new freedom of the press these writers themselves owed their great opportunity. for doubtless it would have been impossible under the harassing and uncertain limitations of a censorship to produce a Tatler or a Spectator—at least with the delightful ease and spontaneity which are the very life and charm of the English periodical essay

That, however, was still a thing of the future, and for some time the effect of a free press was felt mainly in the growth of pamphleteering and the enlargement of its scope. The pamphlet still continued to be the chief instrument of popular appeal, and one of the greatest of English pamphleteers, Daniel Defoe, began his career in the decade after the Revolu-But neither his work, nor indeed the bulk of the so-called Augustan literature. can be understood without taking account of another factor introduced by the Revolutionthe development of the system of government Parties, indeed, had existed in England since 1641, and had obtained their names of Whig and Tory in 1679, but it was only with the formation of the Whig Junto about 1604 that the system was fairly organised. The effect on literature was momentous, for thenceforth during more than a century our prose, and even our poetry, continued to be written mainly on party lines The writers of Queen Anne's time attached themselves to one party or the other, supporting it not only in their acknowledged writings, but also by anonymous pamphleteering Swift became the best champion and almost the literary 'handy man' of the Tories, Addison and Steele fought the battle for the Whigs the production of Cato in 1713 both sides mustered as at a political demonstration, and the speeches of Sypliax and Sempronius were cheered alternately like hits in an election More than this, the party system had important effects on the patronage of literature and the social position of literary

men Some pamphleteers, no doubt, like Defoe, were mere understrappers and secretservice men, but the better and more respectable writers got honourable posts, and were even welcomed to friendship by the chiefs of The intimacy of Bolingbroke and the State. Oxford with Pone. Swift, and Arbuthnot served to dignify and enrich our literature hardly less than the friendship of Mæcenas and Horace adorned and exalted the literature of Rome As for the more material aspects of party patronage, it needs but to recall part of the catalogue in one of Macaulay's essays 'Congreve, when he had scarcely attained his majority, was rewarded for his first comedy with places which made him independent for life Locke was Commissioner of Appeals and of the Board of Trade Newton was Master of the Mint Stepney and Prior were employed in embassies of high dignity and importance Steele was a Commissioner of Stamps and a Member of Parliament. Arthur Mainwaring was a Commissioner of the Customs and auditor of the Tickell was secretary to the Lords imprest. Justices of Ireland Addison was Secretary of State.'

Much of this, no doubt, was a late fruit of the Revolution, yet it was none the less a genuine product of that event-of the development of party which it occasioned, and of the transfer of power from the sovereign to the ministry which it brought about. Patronage, of course, there had been for long before, and the Stuarts were perhaps more intelligent patrons of letters than any of their suc-But it was assuredly cessors on the throne a good thing for literature that its votaries had to turn from the galleries of Whitehall to the offices of the Lord High Treasurer and the Secretary of State. It may be more flattering, but it is far less salutary, to be patronised by a king than by his primeminister To the former one can be but a servant, with the latter it is possible to be almost an equal and quite a friend needs but to contrast the position of Dryden, the laureate of Charles II and the butt of Rochester and Buckingham, with that of Swift and Pope, the friends of Harley and St John

Another effect of the Revolution upon our literature is found in the cliect which it gave to the influence of France. The royal master and patron of Boileau, formerly our ally and our paymaster, was now to be our enemy, with

a short interval of peace, for more than twenty venrs, and such a cessation of intercourse with what was then the great centre of literary influence in Europe could not be without its results. No gay Grammonts or Saint Evremonds were now seen at the court of Whitehall, the Frenchmen who came luther were Protestant refugees, driven forth by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes One of them, Motteux, completed Urquinart's translation of Rabelus, another, Rapin de Thoyras, wrote in his own language a history of England, which afterwards became for Englishmen the standard work on the subject until the days of David The result of these changed conditions was doubtless to leave our literature more to its own native and insular development, to throw poets like Pope more excluswely upon Spenser and Cowley and Dryden for models, and to foster the development of the simple idiomatic prose of Defoe and French influence, however-and nearly Swift all for good—as discernible in the essays of Temple (1690-93) and in the later work of Bolingbroke, where, however, there is still more conspicuous evidence of the growing power of political oratory as a factor in As parliamentary debate, with prose style the introduction of constitutionalism, became more important, the art of it was naturally studied with greater care, while the widening of the audience which had to be appealed in pamphleteering combined with the gradual spread of rationalism to favour a more curt and familiar and less pedantic style than that which, in the hands of Hooker and Milton and Taylor, had been developed in the pulpit and the college These probably are the mun causes of the steady improvement made at this time in the writing of English prose

Fo French influence, we must add, the Revolution period owed its one great literary controversy, for the battle of Boyle and Bentley (1696–99) over the Letters of Phalaris was one of the sequels of the dispute about the ancients and moderns between Perrault and Boileau and Fontenelle (1688–94) Started at first by Temple's unlucky essay, the fray is memorable mainly for having given Swift the subject of one of his earliest satires, and for establishing the fame of the greatest of English scholars. Richard Bentley's is one of the three or four great names which belong peculiarly to the age of the Revolution, or which, in other

words, have won distinction by achievements that belong to the last ten or twelve years of the seventeenth century The others are Locke, Congreve, and Newton-the last by far the greatest of all, although it belongs largely to a domain that is excluded by the strict bounds of English literature, and even of the English language The Revolution age is indeed more notable on the scientific side than on the literary, and one can discern in it the progress of that movement which had been begun five and-twenty years before by the formation of the Royal Society-not only in the work of men like Ray, the naturalist and Hooke, the physicist, but also in the fantastic speculations of Dr Thomas Burnet concerning the origin and ultimate fate of the earth

The literary condition of England at the end of the seventeenth century cannot be understood without a knowledge of the very imperfect dissemination of books, and the other difficulties There were no great in the way of reading collections of books save at the two universities even London had no circulating library or bookclub, and readers who did not want to purchase had to snatch a glance at the volumes in the booksellers' shops in St Paul's Churchyard As for private libraries, even the clergy were miserably supplied, while the condition of the gentry is described in Macaulay's statement that 'an esquire passed among his neighbours for a great scholar if Hudibras and Baker's Chronicle, Tarleton's Tests, and the Seven Champions of Christendom lay in his hall window among the fishing-rods and fowlingpieces' The republication of books was slow The last folio of Shakespeare came out in 1685, and was not followed by the first octavo till 1709, while only three editions of Paradise Lost appeared between the Revolution and the end of the century, they were all in folio, and had but a small circulation Magazines, of course, there were none, while the newspapers which sprang up after the liberation of the press were mere news sheets that did not always displace the antiquated and lingering newsletter the best, John Dunton's Athenian Gazette (1691) might provide some meagre and frivolous 'answers to correspondents,' and for the rest there were sermons, pamphlets, ballad broadsheets, and an odd playbook or ponderous romance The popularising of literature was to come in the next age, with the Tatler and the Spectator

#### John Locke

was born at Wrington, Somerset, 29th August 1632, son of a country attorney, and from Westminster School passed to Christ Church College, Oxford, where he became lecturer on Greek and on rhetoric He soon became disgusted with the verbal subtleties of the Aristotelian and scholastic philosophy, and experiments in medicine show his bent towards the inductive interpretation of

nature. In 1665 he went as secretary with Sir Walter Vane, envoy to the Elector of Brandenburg during the Dutch war some lively and interesting letters written by him from Germany on this occasion were published by Lord King in Those who 1829 are acquainted with Locke only in the character of a grave philosopher will be surprised to find him giving to a friend at home a quite humorous description (quoted of below) some Christmas ceremontes witnessed by him in a church at Cleves

In less than a year Locke re turned to Oxford, where he received an offer of prefer-

ment in the Irish Church if he should think fit to take orders. This, after due consideration, he declined. 'A man's affairs and whole course of his life,' says he in a letter to the friend who made the proposal to him, 'are not to be changed in a moment, and one is not made fit for a calling, and that in a day. I believe you think me too proud to undertake anything wherein I should acquit myself but unworthily. I am sure I cannot content myself with being undermost, possibly the middlemost, of my profession, and you will allow, on consideration, care is to be taken not to engage in a calling wherein, if one chance to be a bungler, there is no retreat'

In 1666 he was in a kind of amateur medical practice at Oxford, though he never took a degree in medicine. Problems of society, Church and State, and, above all, toleration largely exercised him. He became acquainted with Lord Ashley,

afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury, and so valuable did his lordship find the medical advice and general conversation of the philosopher, that a close and permanent friendship sprang up between them, and Locke became an inmate of the Earl's house. This brought him into the society of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Halifax, and other celebrated wits of the time. While residing with Lord Ashley, Locke superintended the education first of his son, and subsequently of his grand-



JOHN I OCKE

From the Portrait by T Brownover in the National Portrait Gallery

son, the third Earl of Shaftesbury. fanious as a philosophical writer and Deist in the reign of Oueen Anne In 1672, when Lord Ashley received an earldom and the office of Chancellor, he gave Locke the appointment of sec retary of presentations, and then a post in the Board of Trade, which the philosopher en joyed only till the following year, when his patron lost favour and was deprived of the seals The delicate state of Locke's health induced him 1675 to visit France, where he resided four years, first at Montpellier. and afterwards at Paris, where he had opportunities of cultivating the ac

quaintance of the most eminent French literary men of the day In 1679 Shaftesbury recalled Locke to England, and on taking refuge in Holland three years afterwards, was followed thither by his friend. suspected as his confidant. After the death of his patron in 1683 Locke found it necessary to prolong his stay in Holland, and even there was obliged, by the machinations of his political enemies at home, to live for upwards of a year in conceal In 1684, by a special order from Charles II and countersigned by Sunderland, which is still preserved in the college library, he was deprived of his studentship at Christ Church, Oxford In 1687 he instituted at Amsterdam a literary society, the members of which-among whom were Le Clerc, Limborch, and other learned men—met weekly for the purpose of enjoying each other's conversation The Revolution of 1688 finally restored Locke to his native country, to which he was conveyed by



marked by caution, by adherence to experience and submission to facts, by suspicion alike of abstract speculation and mystical enthusiasm. and by calm reasonableness His philosophy was sensible and rational rather than profound or original, it does not permanently satisfy the demands of the inquiring spirit, it is a philosophy of compromise, and is not sufficiently compact, systematic, and thorough going to hold its own against the criticism of the Kantians The style of the *Essay*, like the philosophy it expounds, is plain and straightforward, is occasionally colloquial, but on the whole is decidedly Locke, who meant his books for monotonous general reading, hated scholastic jargon, and wrote in language intelligible to every man of commonsense. 'No one,' says his pupil, Shaftesbury (himself rather a superfine writer), 'has done more towards the recalling of philosophy from barbarity. into the use and practice of the world, and into the company of the better and politer sort, who might well be ashamed of it in its other dress! In the non-philosophical writings, as in that on education and the political papers, there is more trenchancy, vigour, and variety

### Design of the Essay on the Human Understanding

Since it is the inderstanding that sets man above the test of sensible beings, and gives him all the advantage and dominion which he has over them, it is certainly a subject, even for its nobleness, worth our labour to enquire into. The understanding, like the eye, whilst it makes us see and perceive all other things, takes no notice of itself, and it requires art and pains to set it at a distance, and make it its own object. But whatever be the difficulties that he in the way of this enquiry, whatever it be that keeps us so much in the dark to ourselves, sure I am that all the light we can let in upon our own minds, all the acquaintance we can make with our own understandings, will not only be very pleasant, but bring us great advantage, in directing our thoughts in the search of other things.

This, therefore, being my purpose, to enquire into the original, certainty, and extent of human knowledge, to gether with the grounds and degrees of belief, opinion, and assent, I shall not at present meddle with the physical consideration of the mind, or trouble myself to examine wherein its essence consists, or by what motions of our spirits or alterations of our bodies we come to have any sensation by our organs, or any ideas in our understandings, and whether those ideas do in their formation, any or all of them, depend on matter or no these are speculations which, however curious and entertaining, I shall decline as lying out of my way in the design I am now npon It shall suffice to my present purpose to consider the discerning faculties of a man as they are employed about the objects which they bave to do with and I shall imagine I have not wholly misem ployed myself in the thoughts I shall have on this occasion, if in this bistorical, plain method I can give any account of the ways whereby our understandings come to attain those notions of things we have, and can set down any measures of the certainty of our knowledge, or the grounds of those persuasions which are to be found amongst men, so various, different, and wholly contradietory, and yet asserted somewhere or other with such assurance and confidence, that be that shall take a view of the opinions of mankind, observe their opposition, and at the same time consider the fondness and devotion where with they are embraced, the resolution and cagerness wherewith they are maintained, may perhaps have reason to suspect that either there is no such thing as truth at all, or that mankind hath no sufficient means to attain a certain knowledge of it— It is therefore worth while to search out the bounds between opinion and knowledge, and examine by what measures, in things whereof we have no certain knowledge, we ought to regulate our assent and moderate our persuasions— In order where note, I shall pursue this following method

First, I shall enquire into the original of those ideas, notions, or whatever else you please to call them, which a man observes and is conscious to himself he has in his mind, and the ways whereby the understanding comes to be furnished with them—Secondly, I shall endeavour to shew what knowledge the understanding hath by those ideas, and the certainty, evidence, and extent of it. Thirdly, I shall make some enquiry into the nature and grounds of faith or opinion, whereby I mean that assent which we give to any proposition as true, of whose truth yet we have no certain knowledge—and here we shall have occasion to examine the reasons and degrees of assent.

issent.

If by this enquiry into the nature of the understanding I can discover the powers thereof, how far they reach, to what things they are in any degree proportionate, and where they fail us I suppose it may be of use to prevail with the busy mind of man to be more cautious in meddling with things exceeding its comprehension, to stop when it is at the utmost extent of its tether, and to sit down in a quiet ignorance of those things which upon examination are found to be beyond the reach of our capacities We should not then perhaps be so forward, out of an affectation of an universal knowledge, to raise questions and perplex ourselves and others with disputes about things to which our understandings are not suited, and of which we cannot frame in our minds any clear or distinct perceptions, or whereof (as it has perhaps too often happened) we have not any notions at all. If we can find out how far the understanding can extend its view, how far it has faculties to attain certainty, and in what cases it can only judge and guess, we may learn to content ourselves with what is attainable by us in this state (From the Introduction to the Essay)

#### Of Useless Reading

Books and reading are looked upon to be the great helps of the understanding and instruments of knowledge, as it must be allowed that they are, and yet I beg leave to question whether these do not prove an hindrance to many, and keep several bookish men from attaining to solid and true knowledge. This I think I may be per mitted to say, that there is no part wherein the understanding needs a more careful and wary conduct than in the use of books, without which they will prove rather innocent amusements than profitable employments of our time, and bring but small additions to our knowledge.

There is not seldom to be found even amongst those who aim at knowledge, who with an unwearied industry employ their whole time in books, who scarce allow themselves time to eat or sleep, hut read, and read, and read on, yet make no great advances in real knowledge,

are always to use, as if the names of the figures that embellished the discourses of those who understood the art of speaking were the very art and skill of speaking well. This, as all other things of practice, is to be learned not by a few or a great many rules given, but by exercise and application, according to good rules or rather patterns, till habits are got and a facility of domg it well.

Agreeable hereunto, perhaps it might not be amiss to make children, as soon as they are capable of it, often to tell a story of any thing they know, and to correct at first the most remarkable fault they are guilty of in their way of potting it together. When that fault is cured. then to show them the next, and so on, till one after another, all, at least the gross ones, are mended. When they can tell tales pretty well, then it may be time to make them write them. The fables of Æsop, the only book almost that I know fit for children, may afford them matter for this exercise of writing English, as well as for reading and translating, to enter them in the Latin tongue. When they are got past the faults of grammar. and can join in a continued coherent discourse the several parts of a story without bald and unhandsome forms of transition (as is usual) often repeated, he that desires to perfect them yet farther in this, which is the first step to speaking well, and needs no invention, may have re course to Tully, and by putting in practice those rules which that master of eloquence gives in his first book De Inventione, § 20, make them know wherein the skill and graces of an handsome narrative, according to the several subjects and designs of it, lie. Of each of which rules fit examples may be found out, and therein thes may be shown how others have practised them ancient classic authors afford plenty of such examples, which they should be made not only to translate, but have set before them as patterns for their daily imitation

When they understand how to write English with due connexion, propriety, and order, and are pretty well masters of a tolerable narrative style, they may be ad vanced to writing of letters, wherein they should not be put upon any strains of wit or compliment, but taught to express their own plain easy sense, without any incoherence, confusion, or roughness And when they are perfect in this, they may to raise their thoughts have set before them the example of Voiture's, for the entertainment of their friends at a distance, with letters of compliment, mirth, raillery, or diversion, and Tully's epistles, as the best pattern whether for business or conversation. The writing of letters has so much to do in all the occurrences of human life, that no gentleman can avoid showing himself in this kind of writing occasions will daily force him to make this use of his pen, which, besides the consequences that in his affairs his well or ill managing of it often draws after it, always lays him open to a severer examination of his breeding, sense, and abilities, than oral discourses, whose transient faults, dying for the most part with the sound that gives them life, and so not subject to a strict review, more easily escape observation and censure

Had the methods of education been directed to their right end, one would have thought this so necessary a part could not have been neglected, whilst themes and verses in Latin, of no use at all, were so constantly every where pressed, to the racking of children's inventions beyond their strength, and hindering their cheerful progress in learning the tongues, by unnatural difficulties

But custom has so ordained it, and who dares disobey? And would it not be very increasonable to require of a learned country school master (who has all the tropes and figures in Farnaby's rhetoric at his fingers ends) to teach his scholar to express himself handsomely in English, when it appears to be so little his business or thought, that the boy's mother (despised, it is like, as illiterate, for not having read a system of logic and rhetoric) outdoes him in it?

To write and speak correctly gives a grace, and gains a favourable attention to what one has to say and since it is English that an English gentleman will have con stant use of, that is the language he should chiefly cultivate, and wherein most care should be taken to polish and perfect his style. To speak or write better Latin than English may make a man be talked of, but he would find it more to his purpose to express himself well in his own tongue, that he uses every moment, than to have the vain commendation of others for a very insignificant quality. This I find universally neglected, and no care taken any where to improve young men in their own language, that they may thoroughly understand and be masters of it. If any one among us have a facility or purity more than ordinary in his mother tongue, it is owing to chance, or his genius, or any thing rather than to his education, or any care of his teacher To mind what English his pupil speaks or writes is below the dignity of one bred up amongst Greek and Laun, though he have but little of them himself are the learned languages, fit only for learned men to meddle with and teach, English is the language of the illiterate vulgar, though yet we see the policy of some of our neighbours hath not thought it beneath the public care to promote and reward the improvement of their own language Polishing and enriching their tongue is no small business amongst them it hath colleges and stipends appointed it, and there is raised amongst them a great ambition and emulation of writing correctly and we see what they are come to by it, and how far they have spread one of the worst languages, possibly, in this part of the world, if we look upon it as it was in some few reigns backwards, whatever it be now men amongst the Romans were daily exercising them selves in their own language, and we find yet upon record the names of orators who taught some of their emperors Latin, though it were their mother tongue.

It is plain the Greeks were yet more nice in theirs, all other speech was barbarous to them but their own, and no foreign language appears to have been studied or valued amongst that learned and acute people, though it be past doubt that they borrowed their learning and philosophy from abroad.

I am not here speaking against Greek and Latin, I think they ought to be studied, and the Latin, at least, understood well, by every gentleman. But whatever foreign languages a young man meddles with (and the more he knows the better), that which he should critically study and labour to get a facility, clearness, and elegancy to express himself in, should be his own, and to this purpose he should daily be exercised in it.

(From Thoughts Concerning Education )

#### Of History

The stories of Alexander and Cæsar, further than they instruct us in the art of living well, and furnish us with observations of wisdom and prudence, are not one jot to

be preferred to the history of Robin Hood, or the Seven Wise Masters I do not deny but history is very useful, and very instructive of human life, but if it be studied only for the reputation of being a historian, it is a very empty thing, and he that can tell all the particulars of Herodotus and Plutarch, Curtius and Livy, without making any other use of them, may be an ignorant man with a good memory, and with all his pains hath only filled his head with Christmas tales And, which is worse, the greatest part of the history being made up of wars and conquests, and their style, especially the Romans, speaking of valour as the chief if not the only virtue, we are in danger to be misled by the general cur rent and business of history, and, looking on Alexander and Cresar, and such like heroes, as the highest instances of human greatness, because they each of them caused the death of 100,000 men, and the ruin of a much greater number, overran a great part of the earth, and hilled the inhabitants to possess themselves of their countries-we are apt to make bntchery and rapine the chief marks and very essence of human greatness And if civil history be a great dealer of it, and to many readers thus uscless, curious and difficult inquirings in antiquity are much more so, and the exact dimensions of the Colossus, or figure of the Capitol, the ceremouses of the Greek and Roman marriages, or who it was that first coined money, these, I confess, set a man well off in the world, especially amongst the learned, but set him very little on in his way

I shall only add one word and then conclude, and that, is that whereas in the beginning I cut off history from our study as a useless part, as certainly it is where it is read only as a tale that is told, here, on the other side, I recommend it to one who hath well settled in his mind the principles of morality, and knows how to make a judgment on the actions of men, as one of the most useful studies he can apply himself to. There he shall see a picture of the world and the nature of mankind, and so learn to think of men as they are. There he shall see the rise of opinions, and find from what slight and sometimes shameful occasions some of them have taken their rise, which yet afterwards have had great autho nty, and passed almost for sacred in the world, and borne down all before them There also one may learn great and useful instructions of prudence, and be warned against the cheats and rogueries of the world, with many more advantages which I shall not here enumerate (From Locke's Journal)

## Christmas at Cleves

DEAR SIR,—Are you at lessure for half an honr's trouble? Will you be content I should keep up the custom of writing long letters with little in them? 'Tis a barren place, and the dull frozen part of the year, and therefore you must not expect great matters. 'Tis enough that at Christmas you have empty Christmas tales fit for the chimney corner To begin therefore, December 15th (here 25th) Christmas day, about one in the morning I went a gossipping to our Lady, think me not profane, for the name is a great deal modester than the service I was at. I shall not describe all the par ticulars I observed in that church, being the principal of the Catholics in Cleves, but only those that were par ticular to the occasion Near the high altar was a little altar for this day's solemnity, the scene was a stable, wherein was an or, an ass, a cradle, the Virgin, the babe, Joseph, shepherds, and angels, dramatis persona they but given them motion, it had been a perfect puppetplay, and might have deserved pence apiece, for they were of the same size and make that our English puppets are, and I am confident these shepherds and this Joseph are kin to that Judith and Holophernes which I have seen at Bartholomew Fair A little without the stable was a flock of sheep, cut out of cards, and these, as they then stood without their shepherds, appeared to me the best emblem I had seen a long time, and methought represented these poor innocent people, who, whilst their shepherds pretend so much to follow Christ and pay their devotion to him, are left unregarded in the barren wilderness. This was the show the music to it was all vocal in the quire adjoining, but such as I never heard They had strong voices, but so ill tuned, so ill managed, that it was their misfortune, as well as ours, that they could be heard. He that could not, though he had a cold, make better music with a Chevy Chace [apparently a tune to which the ballad was then sung] over a pot of smooth ale, deserved well to pay the reckoning, and go away athirst. However, I think they were the honestest singing men I have ever seen, for they endeavoured to deserve their money, and earned it certainly with pains enough, for what they wanted in skill, they made up in loudness and variety. Every one had his own tune, and the result of all was like the noise of choosing parliamentmen, where every one endeavours to cry loudest Besides the men, there were a company of little choristers thought, when I saw them at first, they had danced to the others' music, and that it had been your Gray's Inn revels, for they were jumping up and down about a good charcoal fire that was in the middle of the quire (this their devotion and their singing was enough, I think, to keep them warm, though it were a very cold night), but it was not dancing, but singing they served for, for when it came to their turns, away they ran to their places, and there they made as good harmony as a cou cert of little pigs would, and they were much about as Their part being done, out they sallied again to the fire, where they played till their eue called them, and then back to their places they huddled So negli gent and slight are they in their service in a place where the nearness of adversaries might teach them to be more careful.

## A Letter to Anthony Collins

OATES, January 24, 1703-4.

Sir,-Till your confidence in my friendship and freedom with me can preserve you from thinking you have need to make apologies for your silence when ever you omit a post or two, when in your kind way of reckoning you judge a letter to be due, you know me not so well as I could wish, nor am I so little burthensome to you as I desire I could be pleased to hear from you every day, because the very thoughts of you every day afford me pleasure and satisfaction. But I beseech you to believe that I measure not your kindness by your opportunities of writing, nor do suspect that your friendship flatiens, whenever your pen lies a little still. The sincerity you profess and I am convinced of has charms in it against all the little phantoms of ceremony nt be not so that true friendship sets one free from a scrupulous observance of all those little circumstances, I shall be able to give but a very ill account of myself

to my friends, to whom when I have given possession of my heart, I am less punctual in making of legs and kissing my hand than to other people to whom that out-side civility is all that belongs.

I received the three books you sent me. That which the author sent me deserves my acknowledgment more ways than one, and I must beg you to return it. His demonstrations are so plain, that if this were an age that followed reason, I should not doubt but his would prevail. But to be rational is so glorious a thing that two legged creatures generally content themselves with the title, but will not debase so excellent a faculty about the conduct of so trivial a thing as they make themselves

There never was a man better suited to your wishes than I am You take a pleasure in being troubled with my commissions, and I have no other way of commerce with you, but by such importunities I can only say, that, were the tables chauged, I should, being in your place, have the same satisfaction, and therefore confidently make use of your kind offer I therefore beg the favour of you to get me Mr Le Clerc's Harmon; of the Evangelists in English, bound very finely in calf, gilt, and lettered on the back, and gilt on the leaves. So also I would have Moliere's works (of the best edition you can get them) bound. These books are for ladies, and therefore I would have them fine, and the leaves gilt as well as the back. Mohere of the Paris edition I think is the best, if it can be got in London You see the liberty I take I should be glad you could find out something for me to do for you here. I am perfectly, &c. TOHN LOCKE.

Not a few of the shrewd and wise sayings in Locke's philosophy of life might be quoted as aphorisms thus, 'It is one thing to show a man that he is in error, and another to put him in possession of the truth,' and 'Tis in vain to find fault with those arts of deceiving wherein men find pleasure to be deceived' Locke on quotation deserves to be cited in a work like the present 'He that has but ever so little examined the citations of writers cannot doubt how little credit the quotations deserve where the originals are wanting, and consequently how much less quotations of quotations can be relied on'

There are I was of Lool e by Lord King (1829 and 1830) and Fox Bourne (2 vois, 1876) and small works on his philosophy by Dr Fowler (1820) and Dr Campbell Fraser (1890). The standard edition of the Essay is by Campbell Fraser (2 vols, 1891). The most notable contemporary criticism is contained in the Nourceaux Fisials of Leibnitz the most trenchant of modern critiques is to be found in T. H. Green's Introduction to his edition of Hume (1874). Dr John Brown's essay 'Locke and Sydenham in his Horas Suize rea (1835) gives an account of his friendship with the great physician.

## Sir Isaac Newton.

greatest of the world's physicists, was born 25th December 1642, at Woolsthorpe in Lincolnshire, where his father cultivated a small paternal estate, and from childhood he manifested a strong in clination towards mechanical and mathematical pursuits. Having received his early education at the grammar school of Grantham, at the age of fifteen he was summoned to take charge of the farm, but, found unsuited for this uncongenial

occupation, he was allowed to return to school and follow the bent of his genius In 1661 he was admitted a sizar in Trinity College, Cambridge, became a Junior Fellow in 1667, and MA. in In 1660 he succeeded Barrow as mathematical professor, in 1671 he became a Fellow of the Royal Society, and communicated to it his new theory of Light. He served repeatedly in Parliament as member for the university, was appointed Warden (1696) and Master (1699) of the Mint during Montague's reform of the currency, became President of the Royal Society in 1703, and two years afterwards received the honour of knighthood from Queen Anne While at the Mint he devoted himself entirely to his official work, refusing testily to be 'dunned and teased by foreigners about mathematical things' so long as he was 'about the King's business' To the unrivalled genius and sagacity of Newton the world is indebted for many splendid discoveries in mathematics and physics, above all of the laws which regulate the movements of the solar system The first step towards the establishment of the Newtonian system-his philosophy, as it used to be called-was his discovery of the law of gravitation, which, as he proved, affected the vast orbs that revolve around the sun not less than the smallest objects on our own globe It was Voltaire who gave the apple story currency in its present shape. His nephew's record was ʻIn the same year [1665], at his mother's in Lincoln shire, when musing in a garden it came into his thoughts that the same power of gravity which made an apple fall from the tree to the ground was not limited to a certain distance. He saw that there was a remarkable power or principle which caused all bodies to descend towards the centre of the earth, and that this unseen power operated at the top of the highest mountains and at the bottom of the deepest mines the true cause, the law of gravitation, dawned upon his mind, Newton was so much agitated as to be unable to work out the problem When he did attempt to explain on this theory the lunar and planetary motions, the then erroneous estimate of the radius of the earth produced such discrepancies that he gave up his calculation for work in optics and about telescopes, and it was not till after he had utilised Picard's more correct measure of the earth (1670) that he was able to work out his theory, finally demonstrated by 1684, and for ever put beyond cavil (see page 159) 'The whole material universe,' Sir David Brewster said, 'was sprend out before him, the sun with all his attend ing planets, the planets with all their satellites, the comets wheeling in their eccentric orbits, and the system of the fixed stars stretching to the remotest limits of space.' When Columbus first descried the shores of the new world he had adventurously sailed to explore, he attained an unparalleled pitch of moral and intellectual grandeur. So did Milton v hen old and blind and poor, he liad realised the

dream of his youth completed his great epic, and sent it forth on its voyage of immortality. But the achievement of Newton was still more transcendent—perhaps the most sublime ever permitted to mortal, he had done more than any mere man towards the scientific understanding and explanation of the world

The work in which Newton unfolded his simple but sublime system was expounded in Latin in *De Motu Corporum*, and finally appeared in 1687

as the truly epochmaking Philosobhia Naturalis Principia Mathematica To Newton we owe like wise discoveries by which the science of optics was so entirely changed that he may very justly be termed its founder He was the first to conceive and demonstrate the divisi bility of light into rays of seven different colours, and possessing different degrees of refrangibility His thirty years' optical investigations were set forth in 1704 in Optics or a Treatise of the Refractions, Inflections, and Colours of Light Contro versies about the priority of New ton's discovery of fluxions and Leib

nitz's (independent) discovery of the differential calculus embittered many years of Newton's life. He wrote not a little on chemistry, had studied the alchemists carefully, and in his earlier years actually sought for the philosopher's stone. Like his illustrious contemporaries Boyle, Barrow, and Locl e, Newton devoted much attention to theology as well as to natural science. His Observations upon the Prophecies of Holy Writ, particularly the Prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse of St John, was published after his death his manuscripts were found many other theological pieces, mostly on such subjects as the Prophetic Style, the Host of Heaven, the Revelation, the Temple of Solomon, the Sanctuary, the Working of the Mysters of Iniquity, and the Contest between the Host of Heaven and the Transgressors of the Covenant. Only one was issued at once—that on The Chronology of Ancient Kingdoms Amended, in which Newton suggested how astronomy might be used to check and verify Babylonian and Egyptian chronology An Historical Account of Two Notable Corruptions of Scripture (John, v 7, and I Tim III 16) first appeared in a perfect form in Dr Horsley's edition of his works in 1779 Newton, like all competent scholars then and since, regarded the 'Three Heavenly Witnesses'

as an interpolation, and held that 'God manifest in the flesh' should be (as Hort and recent orthodox scholars agree) 'who was manifest'-thereby incurring a charge of Unitarian views That he was far from being an orthodox Trinitarian appears from a sort of creed or confession printed Sir David Brewster, one of the articles of which is 'To us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by That is, we hım are to worship the Father alone as God Almighty, and Jesus alone as the Lord, the Messiah, the Great

King, the Lamb of God who was slain, and hath redeemed us with his blood, and made us kings and priests' Another is 'We need not pray to Christ to intercede for us If we pray aright to the Father, he will intercede for us' Newton's decided Arian convictions are visible also in the strong ill-will he cherished-like the Deists, with whom as a devout believer in revelation he had little in common-against the Nicene Council and its methods, his utter disrespect for Athanasius (as a liar, falsifier of evidence, and malignant enemy), his pronounced suspicion of every step that led to the acceptance of the 'homoousion,' and his query, 'Whether Christ sent his apostles to preach metaphysics to the unlearned common people and to their wives and children?' His unwillingness that his views on these points (though



SIR ISAAC NEWTON
From the Portrait by John Vanderbank in the National Portrait Gallery

communicated to friends like Locke) should be published under his name during his lifetime is explained by the fact that unsoundness on the Trinity disqualified for public service. Whiston was deprived of his professorship and banished the University of Cambridge for Arianism in 1710 Galileo recanted to please the Roman Church, the English Galileo would have been driven from his posts a hundred years later had he not been content to keep his real views on theology in retentis And the pious and orthodox Sir David Brewster, painfully disturbed by Newton's theological aberrations, was attacked in 1831 by the Bishop of Salisbury as having done great injury to Newton's memory by publishing his true opinions from Newton's own undisputed MSS 1 But on Scripture revelation Newton was hyper-orthodox. In his elucubration on Daniel he insisted that 'the authority of emperors, kings, and princes is human The authority of councils, synods, bishops, and presbyters is human. The authority of the prophets is divine, and comprehends the sum of religion. reckoning Moses and the Apostles among the prophets' How far he was from present-day views may be gathered from his statement 'The pre dictions of things to come relate to the state of the Church in all ages and amongst the old prophets Daniel is the most distinct in order of time, and easiest to be understood, and therefore in those things which relate to the last times he must be made the key to the rest.' The following is part of his scheme for the non-natural interpretation of the prophets

## Of the Prophetic Language

For understanding the prophecies, we are in the first place to acquaint ourselves with the figurative language of the prophets. This language is taken from the analogy between the world natural, and an empire or kingdom considered as a world politic. Accordingly the whole v orld natural, consisting of heaven and earth, signifies the whole world politic, consisting of thrones and people, or so much of it as is considered in the And the things in that world signifies the analogous things in this For the heavens, and the things therein, signify thrones and dignities, and those who enjoy them, and the earth, with the things thereon, the inferior people, and the lowest parts of the earth, called Hades, or Hell, the lowest or most miserable part of Whence ascending towards heaven, and descend ing to the earth, are put for rising and falling in power and honour, rising out of the earth or waters, and falling into them, for the rising up to any dignity, or dominion, out of the inferior state of the people, or falling down from the same into that inferior state, descending into the lower parts of the earth, for descending to a very low and unhappy state, speaking with a faint voice out of the dust, for being in a weak and low condition, moving from one place to another, for translation from one office, dignity, or dominion to another, great earth quakes, and the shaking of heaven and earth, for the shaking of dominions, so as to distract or overthrow them, the creating a new heaven and earth, and the passing away of an old one, or the beginning and end

of the world, for the rise and reign of the body politic

In the heavens, the sun and moon are, by the interpreters of dreams, but for the persons of kines and queens But in sacred prophecy, which regards not single persons, the sun is put for the whole species and race of kings, in the kingdom or kingdoms of the world politic, shining with regal power and glory, the moon for the body of the common people, considered as the king's wife, the stars for subordinate princes and great men, or for bishops and rulers of the people of God, when the sun is Christ, light for the glory, truth, and I nowledge, wherewith great and good men shine and illuminate others, darkness for obscurity of condition, and for error, blindness, and ignorance, darkening, smiting, or setting of the sun, moon, and stars, for the ceasing of a kingdom, or for the desolation thereof, proportional to the darkness, darkening the sun, turning the moon into blood, and fulling of the stars, for the same, new moons, for the return of a dispersed people into a body politic or ecelesiastic.

If the world politic, considered in prophecy, consists of many kingdoins, they are represented by as many parts of the world natural, as the noblest by the celestial frame, and then the moon and clouds are put for the common people, the less noble, by the earth, sea, and rivers, and by the animals or vegetables, or buildings therein, and then the greater and more powerful animals and taller trees, are put for kings, princes, and nobles. And because the whole kingdom is the body politic of the king, therefore the sun, or a tree, or a beast, or bird, or a man, whereby the king is represented, is put in a large signification for the whole kingdom, and several animals, as a lion, a bear, a leopard, a goat, according to their qualities, are put for several kingdoms and bodies politic, and sacrificing of beasts, for slaughtering and conquering of kingdoms, and friendship between beasts, for peace between kingdoms. Yet sometimes vegetables and animals are, by certain epithets or circumstances, extended to other significations, as a tree, when called the 'tree of life' or 'of knowledge,' and a beast, when called 'the old serpent,' or worshipped

During the last forty years of his life the in ventive powers of this great thinker seemed to have lost their activity, he made no further discoveries, and in his later scientific publications published to the world only the views which lie had formed in early life. An unamiable attempt was even made (by M Biot) to prove that his mental powers were impaired by an attack of insanity in the years 1692 and 1693, and that accordingly he took to theology! Brewster, who proved that theology was an early study with him, and that some admirable physical work was done after the date in question, goes so far as to say (quite extravagantly, on the evidence), 'If he had not been distinguished as a mathematician and natural philosopher he would have enjoyed a high reputation as a theologian' A Cambridge student has recorded, on 3rd February 1693, the loss of Newton's papers by fire while he was at chapel, adding that when the philosopher came home, 'and had seen what was done, every one thought he would have run mad, he was so troubled

thereat, that he was not himself for a month after' That his mind was then seriously disturbed is proved, and the disturbance was occasionally fol-Newton himself, lowed by fits of melancholia. writing on the 13th of September 1693 to Pepys, Secretary to the Admiralty, says 'I am extremely troubled at the embroilment I am in, and have neither ate nor slept well this twelvemonth, nor have my former consistency of mind' He wrote an apology to his friend Locke for having charged him with 'embroiling' him with other peoplethis being one of his hallucinations, and Locke's answer, also extant, is admirable for its gentle and kindly spirit. In 1722 Newton's health began to ful In February 1727 he came to London to preside at a meeting of the Royal Society, suffered from the journey, and died at Kensington on the 20th of March He was buried in his rightful place in Westminster Abbey, the Lord Chancellor, two scientific dukes, and three learned earls being pall-bearers

A letter from Newton to Dr John Mill, written in January 1694, shows how painstaking Newton was in matters of biblical criticism, and implies the value attached to his help by the foremost New Testament scholar of his time

Sti,-I fear you think I have kept your book too long but to make some amends for detaining it so long, I have sent you not only my old collations so far as they vary from yours, but also some new ones of Dr Covils two MSS, for I have collated them anew, and sent you those readings which were either omitted in your printed ones, or there erroneously printed collating these MSS, I set the readings down in the margin of your book, and thence transcribed them into a sheet of paper, which you will find in your book at the end of the Apocalypse, together with my old collations, and a copy of a side of Beza's MS The collations I send you of Dr Covil's two MSS you may rely upon, for I put them into Mr Laughton's hand with the two MSS, and he compared them with the MSS and found them right. In the other col lations you will find that Stephens made several omi sions and some other mistal es, in collating the Complutensian edition, though it is probable that he collated this edition with more diligence and accuratenes than he did any of the MSS Where I have noted any readings of the Alexandrin MS, I desire you would collate that MS again with my readings, because I never had a sight of 1 I could not observe any accurateness in the stops or commas in berr's MS You may rely upon the transcript of something more than a side of it, which you will find in your book at the end of the Apocalypse. In your hitle MS book, which I return you, tied up together with your Nev Testament, you will find those tran ecripts you desired out of MSS, except two, which were in such running hands that I could not imitate them, nor did it seem worth the while, the MSS being very new ones .-- I am, in all sincerity, your most humble and most obedient servant,

In character Newton was gentle and courteous He loathed hunting and the shooting of animals, and

held it a serious defect in a friend's character that 'he loved killing of birds.' As Burnet said of him, 'he had the whitest soul he ever knew' He took little interest in art he playfully reproached a friendly archæologist with fondness for 'stone dolls' He was singularly straightforward, modest, and willing to accept criticism, though at times a little difficult and 'nice' on questions of priority—hence many rather futile controversies in which he was engaged. No proposition of his Principia, no theorem of his Optics, has sunk so deeply into men's minds as the saying reported to have been made by him shortly before his death

I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lav all undiscovered before me

See the Life of Newton by Sir David Brewster (1831 2nd ed. 1855), A de Morgan's Newton, his Friend, and his Niece (1885) G J Gray's hibliography of Newton's works and works about him (nearly 250 in all 1888) and Professor P G Tait's Newton's Laws of Motion (1893)

John Ray (1627-1705), the son of a blacksmith at Black Notley in Essex, was an eminent In botany his very numerous and important works rank him among the founders of the science, and he is commonly regarded as the father of natural history in England He was educated at Braintree and Cambridge, becoming a Fellow of Trinity, and taking orders in 1660, but in 1662 he was ejected by the 'Black Bartholomen' Thereupon, with his friend and former pupil, Francis Willinghby, he travelled over Wales and southern England, collecting botanical and zoological specimens, and in 1663 they set out on a three years' Continental tour, Willighby taking the zoology, and Ray the botany Williamby died in 1672, and Ray, after acting as tutor to his friend's sons, in 1679 settled down in his native village. Besides their joint Observations, Topographical, Moral, and Physiological, made in a Journey through the Low Countries, Germany, Italy, and France (1673), Ray edited Willinghby's Ornithologia and Historia Piscium, and himself published A Collection of English Proverbs (1670), A Collection of English Words not generally used (1674), Historia Plantarum Generalis (3 vols 1686-1704), Synopsis Methodica Animalium (1693), &c. 'Ray,' said Cuvier, 'was the first true systematist of the Animal Kingdom,' and White of Selborne speaks of him as 'the only describer that conveys some precise idea in every term or word, maintaining his superiority over his followers and imitators, in spite of the advantage of fresh discoveries and modern information' Ray's famous treatise on The Wisdom of God Manifested in the Works of the Creation (1691, 12th ed 1759) was translated into several Continental languages He gives as one reason for writing it 'By virtue of my function, I suspect myself to be obliged to write something

in divinity, having written so much on other subjects, for, not being permitted to serve the Church with my tongue in preaching, I know not but it may be my duty to serve it with my hand in writing, and I have made choice of this subject, as thinking myself best qualified to treat of it. Natural theology had previously been developed in England by Boyle, Stillingfleet, Wilkins, Henry More, and Cudworth, and the Essex clergyman, William Derham (1657–1735), but Ray systematised and popularised the subject. Paley's Natural Theology (1802), which superseded Ray's work, is really a development of Ray's argument.

The following excerpts are from the Observations, a book of travels which, always lucid and often very entertaining, yet sometimes—as in the greater Italian towns—becomes almost like a guide-book. On the journey up the Rhine from 'Collen' to Mentz, hardly one of the castles escapes mention. In university towns, Ray prints the professors' names and the courses of lectures being delivered when he was there. He had an especially open eye for botany and zoology, and 'natural curiosities,' thus at Naples he ascended Vesuvius, stood in the Grotto del Cane till 'the sulphureous twinge in his nose' threatened to stiffe him, and thrust a sy ord into the yents of the Solfatara of Pozzuoli

## The Dutch People

The common people of Holland, especially inn keepers, waggoners (foremen they call them), boat-men, and porters, are surly and uncivil. The waggoners bait themselves and their horses four or five times in a day's journey Generally the Dutch men and women are almost always eating as they travel, whether it be by boat, coach, or waggon The men are for the most part big boned and gross bodied. The first dish at ordinaries and entertain ments is usually a salade, Sla they call it, of which they eat abundance in Holland. The meat they commonly ste v, and mal e their Hotelipots of it Puddings neither here nor in any place we have travelled beyond sea do they cat any, either not knowing the goodness of the dish, or not having the skill to make them puddings and brawn are dishes proper to England Boil'd spinage inine d and butter'd (sometimes also with currans added) is a great dish all over these countries. The common people feed much upon calilian (that is cod fish) and pickled lierrings, which they know how to cure or prepare better than we do in England You shall seldom ful of hung beef in any inn you come into, which they cut into thin slices and eat with bread and butter, Irving the slices upon the butter. They have four or five sorts of cheme, three they usually bring forth and set before von (1) Those great round chee es, colour d red on the outside, commonly in England called Holland-cheeses (2) Cummin seed chees... (3) Green cheese, said to be so colour d with the juice of sheep's dung. This they scrape upon bread butter'd, and so eat (4) Sometimes Angelots. (5) Cheese 1 ke to our common country Mill is the cheapest of all belly provisions. Their strong beer (thiel beer they call it, and well they may) is sold for three stivers the quart, which is more than three pence English. All manner of victuals, both meat and drank, are very dear, not for the searcity

of such commodities, but partly by reason of the great excise and impost wherewith they are charged, partly by reason of the abundance of money that is stirring here. By the way we may note, that the dearness of this sort of provisions is an argument of the riches of a town or country, these things being always cheapest in the poorest places Land is also here sold at 30 or 40 years purchase, and vet both houses and land set at very high annual rents so that, were not the poor workmen and labourers well paid for their pains, they could not possiblylive. Their beds are for the most part like cabbins, in conveniently short and narrow, and yet such as they are, you pay in some places ten stivers a night the man for them, and in most six. There is no way for a stranger to deal with inn keepers, vaggoners, porters, and boat men but by bargaining with them before hand houses in Holland are kept clean with extraordinary meeness, and the entrance before the door currously paved with stone. All things both within and without, floor, posts, walls, glass, houshold stuff, marvellously clean, bright and handsomly kept nay, some are so extraordinarily curious as to take down the very tiles of their pent houses and cleanse them Yet about the preparing and dressing of their victuals our English housewives are, I think, more cleanly and curious than they, so that no wonder Englishmen were formerly noted for excessive eating, they having greater temptation to eat, both from the goodness of their meat, and the curiosity of the dressing it, than other nations.

Rays 'foreman is the Dutch coerman, German ful manu. Angelots were well known Normandy cheeses.

## At Heidelberg

About the middle of the ascent of the hill, called Koningsthall, stands the eastle where the prince keeps his court, a stately pile and of great capacity, encom passed with a strong wall and a deep trench hewn out of the rock, which upon occasion may be filled with water Over the gate leading into the palace is n Dutch inscription, signifying the building of it by Ludovicus V in the year 1519. It is not all of one piece, but since the first foundation several buildings have been added by several princes. One part is called the English building Under one of the towers stood the great tun, which almost fill d a room. It held 132 fudders, a fudder (as we were informed) being equal to four Linglish hogs heads. The old tun is talen in pieces, and there is a new one in building by the prince's order, which is to contain 150 fudders, or 600 hogsheads. Being invited by the prince's order, we dined in the palace, where we observed all things carried with little noise and great After dinner his highness was pleased to call us into his closet and shew us many curiosities, among others (1) a purse made of thimen flui e uri, which we saw put into a pan of burning charcoal, till it was thoroughly ignite, and yet when tal en out and cool, we could no perceive that it had received any harm at all from the fire. (2) Two unicoms horns, each eight or ten flot long, wreathed and hollow to the top. By the way we may note, that these are the horns of a fish of the ectaceous kind (two distinc species whereof you may find described and figured in the History and Description of the Intilles, or Coulse Islands written in French by R T of Tertre, and the had of one in Wormins's Mustum), not the horns of a quadruped, as vulgarly but e-conceast, thought Whatever the antients have

delivered, modern voyages and enquiries have discovered no other terrestrial nincorn besides the rhinoceros, which it's most likely is signified by the word RAM used in scripture, which the Septuagint render Μονοκέρως (3) The imperial crown and globe of Rupertus Imp, who was of this family, richly adorned with precious stones (4) An excellent and well digested collection of antient and modern coins and medals of all sorts, in which the prince himself is very knowing Among the rest, we could not but take notice of a Swedish doller of copper, about the bigness and of the figure of a square trencher, stamped at the foar corners with the king's image and arms, of that weight, that if a man be to receive ten or twenty pound in such coin, he must come with a cart and team of horse to carry it home. The Prince Palatine's name and titles are Carolus Ludovicus, Comes Palatinus Rhem, sacri Romani Imperii Elector, utriusque Bavaria Dux He speaks six languages perfectly well, viz., High Dutch, Low Dutch, English, French, Italian and Latin, is greatly beloved of his subjects, of whom he hath a paternal care, and whose interest he makes his own In the great church where the famous library was kept, we observed many fair monuments of princes of this family, some with Dutch, most with Latin epitaphs or inscriptions others in the Franciscans church. In St. Peter's church also a great number of monuments of learned men of the university, which is of good account and one of the best in Germany Three or four colleges there are built and endowed chiefly for the maintenance and accommodation of poor students. The government of this university is by a senate, which consists only of sixteen professors. The number of professors is limited, and their stipends fix'd by the statutes of the university given them by their founder Rupertus count palatine anno 1346, and confirmed by the pope and emperor Of these professors three are of divinity, four of law, three of medicine, and six of philosophy

Anungsthall is a misapprehension for Königstuhl Dutck is, of course, High German, as of old The Heidelberg tun known to modern tourists was built in 1751 Plume alum or feather alum, as apposed to rock alum is also called magnesia alum The book on the Antilles is the Histoire Genérale des Antilles habites far les Frinçois (4 vols. 1667-71) b. Jean Baptiste du Tectre, a Dominican missionary (R F being le Réverend Frère) Ole Worm, a Copenhagen collector, published in 1655 a folto catalogue and description of his collection, called Musaum Wormanian

Ray's Remains, published in 1760 by Derham, contained this touching letter, written with difficulty on his death-bed, to Sir Hans Sloane

DEAR SIR, the best of friends, these are to take a finall leave of you as to this world. I look upon my self as a dying man. God requite your kindnesse expressed any ways tovard me a hundred fold, blesse you with a confluence of all good things in this world, and eternall life and hapinesse heer after, grant us an happy meeting in heaven.—Sr, eternally yours, John Ray

Or Thomas Burnet (1635?-1715), born at Crost near Darlington, studied at Cambridge, became in 1685 Master of the Charterhouse in London, and acquired great celebrity by the publication of his work, Telluris Theoria Sacra (1680-89), of which he published versions in English in 1684-89, entitled The Sacred Theory of the Earth The unequal and rugged appearance of the earth's surface suggested that this our globe is the ruin of

some more regular fabric. Unlike Kant's Theory of the Heavens, published seventy years later, this is no serious and reasonable theory of the evolu tion of a planet from nebulæ, it has no relation to geology or physics, and is purely fantastic and hypothetical, a cosmogonic dream journey across the Alps and Apennines, Burnet says, 'the sight of those wild, vast, and indigested heaps of stones and earth did so deeply strike my fancy, that I was not easy till I could give myself some tolerable account how that confusion came in nature.' The theory which he formed was the following The globe in its state of chaos was a dark fluid mass, in which the elements of air, water, and earth were blended Gradually the into one universal compound heavier parts fell towards the centre, and formed Around this floated a nucleus of solid matter the liquid ingredients, and over them was the still lighter atmospheric air By-and-by the liquid mass became separated into two layers, by the separation of the watery particles from those of an oily composition, which, being the lighter, tended upwards, and, when hardened by time, became a smooth and solid crust. This was the surface of the antediluvian globe. 'In this smooth earth,' says Burnet, 'were the first scenes of the world, and the first generations of mankind, it had the beauty of youth and blooming nature, fresh and fruitful, and not a wrinkle, scar, or fracture in all its body, no rocks nor mountains, no hollow caves nor gaping channels, but even and uniform all over And the smoothness of the earth made the face of the heavens so too, the air was calm and serene, none of those tumultuary motions and conflicts of vapours, which the mountains and the winds cause in 'Twas suited to a golden age, and to the first innocency of nature.' By degrees, however, the heat of the sun, penetrating the superficial crust, converted a portion of the water beneath into steam, the expansive force of which at length burst the superincumbent shell, already weakened by the dryness and cracks occasioned by the solar rays When, therefore, the 'appointed time was come that All-wise Providence had designed for the punishment of a sinful world, the whole fabric brake, and the frame of the earth was torn in pieces, as by an earthquake, and those great portions or fragments into which it was divided fell into the abyss, some in one posture, and some in another? The waters of course now appeared, tumultuously raging as the rock masses plunged into the abyss. The impact 'could not but impel the water with so much strength as would carry it up to a great height in the air, and to the top of anything that lay in its way, any eminency or high fragment whatsoever and then rolling back again, it would sweep down with it whatsoever it rushed upon-woods, buildings, living creatures-and carry them all headlong into the great gulf Sometimes a mass

of water would be quite struck off and separate from the rest, and tossed through the air like a flying river, but the common motion of the waves was to climb up the hills, or inclined fragments, and then return into the valleys and deeps again, with a perpetual fluctuation going and coming, ascending and descending, till the violence of them being spent by degrees, they settled at last in the places allotted for them, where "bounds are set that they cannot pass over, that they return not again to cover the earth."

## Noah's Flood.

Thus the flood came to its height, and it is not easy to represent to ourselves this strange sceue of things, when the deluge was in its fury and extremity, when the earth was broken and swallowed up in the abyss, whose raging waters rose higher than the moun tains, and filled the air with broken waves, with a universal mist, and with thick darkness, so as nature seemed to be in a second chaos, and upon this chaos rid the distressed ark that bore the small remains of No sea was ever so tumultuous as this, nor is there anything in present nature to be compared with the disorder of these waters All the poetry, and all the hyperboles that are used in the description of storms and raging seas, were literally true in this, if not beneath it The ark was really carried to the tops of the highest mountains, and into the places of the clouds, and thrown down again into the deepest gulfs, and to this very state of the deluge and of the ark, which was a type of the church in this world, David seems to have alluded in the name of the church (Psalm, vin. 7) 'Abyss calls upon alives at the noise of thy cataracts or water spouts all thy waves and billows have gone over me.' It was no doubt an extraordinary and miraculous providence that could make a vessel so ill manned live upon such a sea, that lept it from being dashed against the hills, or overwhelmed in the deeps. That abyss which had devoured and swallowed up whole forests of woods, eities, and provinces, nay, the whole earth, when it had conquered all and triumphed over all, could not destroy this single ship I remember in the story of the Argo nautics, when Jason set out to fetch the golden fleece, the poet saith, all the gods that day looked down from lieaven to view the ship, and the nymphs stood upon the mountain tops to see the noble youth of Thessaly pulling at the oars, we may with more reason suppose the good angels to have looked down upon this ship of Noah's, and that not out of currosity, as idle spectators, but with a passionate concern for its safety and deliverance. A ship whose cargo was no less than a whole world, that carried the fortune and hopes of all posterity, and if this had perished, the earth, for anything we know, had been nothing but a desert, a great ruin, a dead heap of rubbish, from the deluge to the conflagration death and hell, the grave and destruction have their bounds.

The concluding part of his work relates to the final conflagration of the world, by which, he supposes, the surface of the new chaotic mass will be restored to smoothness, and 'leave a capacity for another world to rise from it.' Here the style rises to a dignity almost worthy

of the sublimity of the theme, the passage was aptly termed by Addison the author's funeral oration over this globe.

## The Final Conflagration.

But 'tis not possible from any station to have a full prospect of this last scene of the earth, for 'tis a mixture of fire and darkness. This new temple is filled with smoke while it is consecrating, and none can enter into But I am apt to think, if we could look down upon this burning world from above the clouds, and have a full view of it in all its parts, we should think it a lively representation of hell itself, for fire and darkness are the two chief things by which that state or that place uses to be described, and they are both here mingled together, with all other ingredients that make that Tophet that is prepared of old (Isaiah, xxx.). Here are lakes of fire and brimstone, rivers of melted glowing matter, ten thousand volcanoes vomiting flames all at once, thick darkness, and pillars of smoke twisted about with wreaths of flame, like fiery snakes, mountains of earth thrown up into the air, and the heavens dropping down in limps of fire. These things will all be literally true concerning that day and that state of the earth. And if we suppose Beelzebub and his apostate crew in the midst of this fiery furnace—and I know not where they can be else-it will be hard to find any part of the universe, or any state of things, that answers to so many of the properties and characters of hell as this which is now before us.

But if we suppose the storm over, and that the fire hath gotten an entire victory over all other bodies, and subdued everything to itself, the configuration will end in a deluge of fire, or in a sea of fire, covering the whole globe of the earth, for when the exterior region of the earth is melted into a fluor like molten glass or running metal, it will, according to the nature of other fluids, fill all vacuities and depressions, and fall into a regular surface, at an equal distance everywhere from its centre. This sea of fire, like the first abyss, will cover the face of the whole earth, make a kind of second chaos, and leave a capacity for another world to rise from it that is not our present business. Let us only, if you please, to take leave of this subject, reflect upon this occasion on the vanity and transient glory of all this habitable world, how by the force of one element break ing loose upon the rest, all the varieties of nature, all the works of art, all the labours of men, are reduced to nothing, all that we admired and adored before, as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vanished, and another form and face of things, plain, simple, and everywhere the same, overspreads the whole earth. Where are now the great empires of the world, and their great imperial cities? Their pillars, trophies, and monuments of glory? Shew me where they stood, read the inscription, tell me the victor's name! What remains, what impressions, what difference or distinction do you see in this mass of fire? Rome itself eternal Rome, the great city, the empress of the world, whose domination and superstition ancient and modern, make a great part of the history of this earth, what is become of her now? She laid her foundations deep, and her palaces were strong and sumptuous she glorified herself, and lived deliciously, and said in her heart, I sit a queen, and shall see no But her honr is come, she is wiped away from the face of the earth, and buried in perpetual oblivica.

I'ut it is not cities only, and works of men's hands, but the everlasting hills, the mountains and rocks of the earth, are melted as wax before the sun, and their place is nowhere found. Here stood the Alps, a prodigious range of stone, the load of the earth, that covered many countries, and reached their arms from the ocean to the Black Sea, this huge mass of stone is softened and dissolved as a tender cloud into rain. Here stood the African mountains, and Atlas with his top above the clouds There was frozen Caucasus, and Taurus, and Imaus, and the mountains of Asia. And yonder towards the north stood the Riphrean bills, clothed in ice and snow All these are vanished, dropped away as the snow upon their heads, and swallowed up in a red sea of fire. (Rev vi 3)-Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints Hallelujah

Steele in the Speciator (No 146) praised the Theory, and Warton thought it proved that Burnet had an imagination nearly equal to Milton's, as well as a solid understanding Archaologia Philosophica, on the origin of things (1692, Englished in the same year), 'reconciles' by a non literal interpretation the story of Genesis with his own theory-one of the earliest 'reconciliations' of Genesis with modern views, the Fall becomes little more than an allegory, and his report of the conversation between Eve and the serpent startled society even more than the heretical character of his speculations, which led to a multitude of examinations and refutations and answers. In consequence he had to retire from the office of Clerk of the Closet to the king, and lived in the Charterhouse till his death Latin treatises On Christian Faith and Duties, and On the State of the Dead and Reviving (translated in 1728 and 1733), contain unorthodox mens on original sin and the sacraments, and maintain the ultimate salvation of the whole human race.

Gilbert Burnet (1643-1715), Bishop of Salisbury, was equally active and eminent as theologian, politician, and historian He was the son of a rovalist and Episcopalian lawyer in Edinburgh, who was after the Restoration raised to the Bench His mother was of a strong Presbyterian house, being a sister of the Covenanting leader Johnston of Warriston, who was created a peer by Cromwell, and put to death in the reign of Charles II by a mockery of legal forms Gilbert adhered to the Episcopalian side of his house, but his divided parental allegiance in Church matters taught him the importance of religious toleration He vas M.A of Marischal College, Aberdeen, before he was fifteen years of age, and in 1664 he studied Hebrew under a learned rabbi in Amsterdam Having become a probationer in 1661, the year of the re establishment of Episcopacy in Scotland, he was in 1665-69 minister of Saltoun, in East Lothian, whence he removed to Glasgow as professor of Always zealous and ambitious, Burnet wrote pamphlets in favour of reconciling Presbytenanism and Episcopacy, remedying abuses, and

rindicating the authority and constitution of Church and State in Scotland He was offered a bishopric, but refused it, and opposing the Scottish administration of Lauderdale, he removed in 1674 to London, where he obtained the appointment of preacher at the Rolls Chapel, and lecturer at St As a preacher Burnet was highly Clement's popular His appearance and action were commanding, his manner was frank and open, and he was a master of extempore eloquence. It was then not unusual for congregations to express approbation of particular passages by a deep hum, and Burnet's hearers, it is said, used to hum so long and loud that he would, during the pause, sit down and wape the perspiration from his forehead. His first historical work was the Memoirs of the Dules of Hamilton (1676), and his reputation was raised by the publication, in 1679, of the first volume of his History of the Reformation of the Church of England (vol 11 1681, supplement, 1714) Some Passages in the Life and Death of the Earl of Rochester, whom Burnet had attended on his deathbed (see Vol. I page 780), appeared in 1680, and heightened the impression of Burnet's talents and piety Charles would have pressed a bishopric on the popular divine, but Burnet declined court favour He even went the length of writing a strong remonstrance to the king on the errors of his government and his personal vices Charles threw the letter into the fire, and when Burnet attended Lord Russell to the scaffold, wrote an account of his last moments, and preached against popery, he increased the Duke of York's resentment against him to the uttermost The king was also so incensed that he dismissed Burnet from his lectureship, and prohibited him from preaching at the Rolls Chapel Burnet, however, went on writing treatises and sermons in favour of toleration, and he compiled Lives of Sir Matthew Hale (1682) and Bishop Bedell (1685) He wrote a narrative of a tour in France, Switzerland, and Italy, and settling at the Hague in 1687, became one of the counsellors and adherents of the party of William of Orange. In the Revolution of 1688 he played a conspicuous part, accompanying William to England as chaplain, and was rewarded with the bishopric of Salisbury As a prelate Burnet was noted for liberality and attention to his duties, and besides discharging the duties of his see, found time for work such as his Exposition of the Thurty-nine Articles, long a standard work.

Burnet left for publication the work by which he is best known, the *History of my Own Time*, giving an outline of the events of the Civil War and Commonwealth, and a full narrative of the succeeding period down to 1713. As he had personally known the conspicuous characters of a century, and penetrated most of its State secrets, he was able to relate events with a fullness and authority not inferior to Clarendon's This he did in an easier, if vastly less dignified, style, and at least as much allowance must be

made for the unmistakable influence of political Foresceing that the and personal prejudices freedom of his strictures would give offence in many quarters, Burnet left an injunction in his will that the work should not be published till six years after his death, so that it did not make its appearance till 1723, and even then some passages-afterwards restored-were omitted by his sons Its publication, as might have been expected, was a signal for fierce attacks on the reputation of the author, whose candour and veracity were loudly impeached All the Tory and Jacobite pens of the age were pointed against the History Swift, Dartmouth, Lansdowne, and many others proclaimed it to be grossly partial and maccurate, Pope and Arbuthnot ridiculed its egotistic style, and Hume and later historians continued the depreciatory attacks, which cannot yet be said to have ceased. Whoever writes of the period or of its leading public characters must consult Burnet, and will find plenty of points for assault on the theological and political views so complacently advanced by the author Burnet was a strong and somewhat credulous partisan, a minute and garrulous describer of events great and small. But he was doubtless an honest, well meaning, and usually good-natured man He appealed to the God of truth that he had on all occasions in his work told the truth, and, however mistaken or biassed he may be on some points, he may claim the praise of having been, according to his lights, a futhful chronicler That he is a lively and interesting one has never been disputed, his book is a gallery of picturessome overshaded, some too bright, but all life like 'It seems,' as Horace Walpole said, 'as if he had just come from the king's closet, or from the apartments of the men whom he describes, and was telling his readers, in plain, honest terms, what he had seen and heard.' The diaries of Evelyn and Pepys serve as supplements to Burnet. It should perhaps be added that Dr Routh, Tory and High Churchman, who published two editions of the History of my Own Time (1823-33), did not take the most favourable view of Burnet, succinctly declaring, 'I know the man to be a liar, and I am determined to prove him so? The first extract is from the History of the Reformation, the others all from the History of my Own Time

#### Death and Character of Edward VI.

But now the King's death broke off this negociation. He had last year first the measles, and then the small pox, of which he was perfectly recovered in his progress he has been sometimes violent in his exercises, which had east him into great colds, but these went off, and he seemed to be well after it in the beginning of January this year [1553], he was seized with a deep cough, and all medicines that were used did rather increase than lessen it, upon which a suspicion was taken up, and spread over all the world (so that it is mentioned by most of the historians of that age) that some lingering poison had been given him, but more than rumours, and

some ill favoured circumstances, could never discover concerning this. He was so ill when the parliament methat he was not able to go to Westminster, but ordered their first meeting and the sermon to be at Whitehall. In the time of his sickness, Bishop Ridley preached before him, and took occasion to run out much on works of charity, and the obligation that lay on men of high condition to be eminent in good works. This touched the King to the quick, so that presently after the sermon he sent for the Bishop. And after he had commanded him to sit down by him and be covered, he resumed most of the heads of the sermon, and said he looked on himself as chiefly touched by it he desired him, as he had already given him the exhortation in general, so to direct him to do his duty in that particular. The Bishop,



From the Portrait by John Riley in the National Portrait Gallery

astonished at this tenderness in so young a prince, burst forth in tears, expressing how much he was overloyed to see such inclinations in him, but told him he must take time to think on it, and craved leave to consult with the Lord Mayor and court of Aldermen So the King writ by him to them to consult speedily how the poor should be relieved. They considered there were three sorts of poor such as were so by natural infirmity or folly, as impotent persons, and madmen or idiots, such as were so by accident, as sick or maimed persons, and such as by their idleness did east themselves into So the King ordered the Greyfriars' church, near Newgate, with the revenues belonging to it, to be a house for orphans, St Bartholomew's, near Smithfield, to be an hospital and gave his own house of Bridewell to be a place of correction and work for such as were wilfully idle. He also confirmed and enlarged the grant for the hospital of St Thomas in Southwarl, which he had crected and endowed in August last And when he set his hand to these foundations, which was not done before the 26th of June this year, he thanked God that had prolonged his life till he had finished that design So he was the first founder of those houses, which by

many great additions since that time have risen to be amongst the noblest in Lurope

Death thus hastening on him, the Duke of Northum herland, who knew he had done but half his work, except he had the King's sisters in his hands, got the Council to write to them in the king's name, inviting them to come and keep him company in his sickness. But as they were on the way, on the 6th of July, his spirits and body were so sunk that he found death approaching, and so he composed him elf to die in a most devout manner. His whole exercise was in short privers and ejaculations. The last that he was heard to use was in these words. 'I ord God, deliver me out of this miserable and wretched life, and talle me among thy chosen, howbest not my will but these be done Land, I commit my spirit to thee. O I ord, thou I nowest how happy it were for me to be with thee, yet for thy chi casake send me life and health, that I may truly write thee O my Lord God, bless my people, and save thme inherit ance. O I ord God, sive thy chosen people of I in I ad, O Lord God, defend this realm from papietry, and main tun thy true religion, that I and my people may praise thy holy name, for Jesus Christ his sale ' Seeing some about him, he seemed troubled that they were on ar, and had heard him, but with a pleasant countenance, he said he had been praying to God. And soon after the pangs of death coming upon him, he said to Sir Henry Sidney, who was holding him in his arms. 'I am funt, Lord, have mercy on me, and receive my spirit and so he breathed out his innocent soul

Thus died king Lahard VI, that meomparable young prince. He was then in the sixteenth year of his age, and was counted the wonder of that time not only learned in the tongue and other liberal sciences, but I new well the state of lur kingdom. He kept a book in which he writ the characters that were given him of all the chief men of the nation, all the judges, lord heutenants, and justices of the peace over Ingland in it he had marked down their was of living and their zeal for religion. He had studied the matter of the mint, with the exchange and value of money, so that he understood it well, is appairs by his fournal. He also understood fortification and designed well. He knew all the harbours and ports both of his own dominions and of I rance and Scotland and how much water they had, and what was the was of coming into them. He had acquired great I nowledge in foreign affairs, so that he talked with the ambas sadors about them in such a manner that they filled all the world with the highest opinion of him that was possible, which appears in most of the histories of that age. He had great quickness of apprehension, and being mistrustful of his memory, used to take notes of almost everything he heard, he writ these first in Greek characters, that those about him might not understand them, and afterwards writ them out in his Journal King Ldward was tender and com passionate in a high measure, so that he was much against the taking away the lives of heretics, and there fore said to Cranmer, when he persunded him to sign the warrant for the burning of Joan of Kent, that he was not willing to do it, because he thought that was to send her quick to hell. He expressed great tenderness to the miseries of the poor in his sickness, as hith been already shewn He took particular care of the suits of all poor persons, and gave Dr Cox special charge to see that

Scotland his father seut him to travel. He spent some years in France, and spole that language like one born there. He came afterwards and settled in Scotland. and had Presbyterian ordination, but he quickly broke through the prejudices of his education. His preaching had a sublimity both of thought and expression in it. and above all, the grace and gravity of his pronunciation was such that few heard him without a very sensible emotion I am sure I never did. It was so different from all others, and indeed from every thing that one could hope to rise up to, that it gave a man an indignation at hunself and all others. It was a very sensible humiliation to me, and for some time after I heard him. I could not bear the thought of my own performance. and was out of coantenance when I was forced to think of preaching. His style was rather too fine but there was a majesty and beauty in it that left so deep an impression, that I cannot yet forget the sermons I heard him preach thirty years ago. And yet with all this lie seemed to look ou himself as so ordinary a preacher. that while he had a cure he was ready to employ all others and when he vas a bishop, he chose to preach to small auditories, and would never give notice before hand. He had indeed a very low voice, and so could not be heard by a great crowd. He soon came to see into the follies of the presbyterians and to hate their covenant, particularly the imposing it, and their fury agranst all who differed from them

Upon his coming to me [in Loudon], I was amazed to see him, at above 70, look so fresh and well, that age seemed as it were to stand still with him his hair was still black, and all his motions were lively he had the same quickness of thought and strength of memory, but above all the same heat and life of devotion, that I had ever seen in him. When I took notice to him upon my fir t seeing him how well he looked, he told me he was very near his end for all that, and his work and journey both were now almost done. This at that time made no great impression on me. He was the next day taken with an oppression, and as it seemed with a cold, with some stitches, which was indeed a pleurisy, but was not thought so by himself. So he sent for no physician, but used the common things for a cold. Lord Perth went to him and he was almost suffocated while he was with him, but he recovered himself, and, as Dr Fall, who was there, told me, he spoke to him with a greater force than was usual ever in him, recommending to him both firm ness in religion and moderation in government, which struck that lord somewhat, but the impression was soon

The next day Leighton sunk so that both speech and sense went away of a sudden and he continued panting about twelve hours, and then died without pangs or convulsions. I was by him all the while. Thus I lost him who had been for so many years the chief guide of my whole life. He had lived ten years in Sussex, in great privacy, dividing his time wholly between study and retirement and the doing of good, for in the parish where he lived, and in the parishes round about, he was always employed in preaching and in reading of prayers. He distributed all he had in charities, choosing rather to have it go through other people's hands than his own, for I was his almoner in London. He had gathered a well-chosen library of curious as well as useful books, which he left to the diocese of Dumblane for the use of the clergy there, that country being ill furnished with books. He lamented oft to me the stupidity that he observed among the commons of Lugland, who seemed to be much more insensible in the matters of religion than the commons of Scotland were. He retained still a particular inclination to Scotland, and if he had seen any prospect of doing good there, he would have gone and lived and died among them

There were two remarkable circumstances in his He used often to say, that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn, it looking like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary with the noise and confusion in it. He added, that the officious tenderness and care of friends was an entanglement to a dying man, and that the unconcerned attendance of such as could be procured in such a place would give less disturbance And he obtained what he desired, for he died at the Bell Inn in Warwick Lane Another circumstance was, that while he was hishop in Scotland, he took what his tenants were pleased to pay him so that there was a great arrear due, which was raised slowly In one whom he left in trust with his affairs there and the last payment that he could expect from thence was returned up to him about six weeks before his death so that his provision and journey failed both at once.

Leighton's vish must have been quite independent of the couplet in Dryden's Palamon and Arcite (1699)

Like pilgrims to the appointed place we tend
The world s an inn and death the journey s end —
which is a paraphrase of Chaucer s.

'This world nys but a thurghfare ful of wo, And we been pilgrames passange to and fro, Deeth is an end of every worldly score,

but only in form contrasts with Sir Thomas Browne s, 'For the world I count it not an inn but an hospital and a place not to live but to die in. And Cicero aid, 'Ex hac vita discedo tauquam ex hospitio, non tanquam ex domo. Shenstone s' Warmest welcome in an inn belongs to a very different category.

## Character of Charles II.

Thus lived and died King Charles II He was the greatest instance in history of the various revolutions of which any one man seemed capable. He was bred up the first twelve years of his life with the splendour that became the heir of so great a crown he passed through eighteen years in great inequalities, nnhappy in the war, in the loss of his father, and of the crown of England Scotland did not only receive him, though upon terms hard of digestion, but made an attempt upon England for him, though a feeble one He lost the battle of Woreester with too much indifference, and then he shewed more care of his person than became one who had so much at stake. He wandered about England for ten weeks after that, hid from place to place, but, under all the apprehensions he had then upon him, he shewed a temper so careless, and so much turned to levity, that he was then diverting himself with little household sports, in as unconcerned a manner as if he had made no loss, and had been in no danger at He got at last out of England but he had been obliged to so many who had been faithful to him, and careful of hlm, that he seemed afterwards to resolve to make an equal return to them all, and finding it not so easy to reward them all as they deserved, he forgot them all alike Most princes seem to have this pretty deepin them, and think that they ought never to remember past services, but that their acceptance of them is a full reward He, of all in our age, exerted this piece of prerogative in the amplest manner, for he never seemed to charge his memory or to trouble his thoughts with the sense of any of the services that had been done him While he was abroad, at Paris, Cologne, or Brussels, he never seemed to lay anything to heart. He pursued all his diversions and irregular pleasures in a free career, and seemed to be as serene under the loss of a crown as the greatest philosopher could have been. Nor did he willingly hearken to any of those projects with which he often complained that his chancellor persecuted him That in which he seemed most concerned was, to find money for supporting his expense. So that it was often said, that if Cromwell would have compounded the matter, and had given him a good round pension, that he might have been induced to resign his title to him During his evile he delivered himself so entirely to his pleasures, that he became incapable of application. He spent little of his time in reading or study, and yet less in thinking, and in the state his affairs were then in, he accustomed himself to say to every person, and upon all occasions, that which he thought would please them So that words or promises went very easily from him, and he had so ill an opinion of mankind, that he thought the great art of living and governing was to manage all things and all persons with a depth of eraft and dissimu And in that few men in the world could put on the appearances of sincerity better than he could, under which so much artifice was usually hid, that in con clusion he could deceive none, for all were become mistrustful of him. He had great vices, but scarce any virtnes to correct them He had in him some vices that were less hurtful, which corrected his more hurtful ones He was during the active part of life given up to sloth and lendness to such a degree that he hated husiness, and could not bear the engaging in any thing that gave him much trouble, or put him under any con straint, and though he desired to become absolute, and to overturn both our religion and our laws, yet he would neither run the risk, nor give himself the trouble, which so great a design required He had an appearance of gentleness in his outward deportment, but he seemed to have no bowels nor tenderness in his nature, and in the end of his life he became cruel He was apt to forgive all crimes, even blood itself, yet he never forgave any thing that was done against himself, after his first and general act of indemnity, which was to be reckoned as done rather upon maxims of state than inclinations of mercy He delivered himself up to a most enormous course of vice, without any sort of restraint, even from the consideration of the nearest relations and the most studied extravagances that way seemed to the very last to be much delighted in and pursued by him. He had the art of making all people grow fond of him at first, by a softness in his whole way of conversation, as he was certainly the best bred man of the age but when it appeared how little could be built on his promise, they were cured of the fondness that he was apt to raise in them. When he saw young men of quality that had something more than ordinary in them, he drew them about him, and set himself to corrupt them both in religion and morality, in which he proved so unhappily successful, that he left England much changed at his death from what he had found it at his restoration

He loved to talk over all the stories of his life to every new man that came about him His stay in Scotland, and the share he had in the war of Paris [war of the Fronde], in carrying messages from the one side to the other, were his common topics. He went over these in a very graceful manner, but so often and so copiously, that all those who had been long accus tomed to them grew very weary of them, and when he entered on those stories, they usually withdrew so that he often began them in a full audience, and befere he had done, there were not above four or five left which drew a severe jest from Wilmot, about him Earl of Rochester He said he wondered to see a man have so good a memory as to repeat the same story without losing the least circumstance, and yet not remember that he had told it to the same persons the very day before This made him fond of strangers, for they hearkened to all his often repeated stories, and went away as in a rapture at such an uncommon condescension in a king

His person and temper, his vices as well as his fortunes, resemble the character that we have given us of Tiberius so much, that it were easy to draw the parallel between Tiberius his banishment, and his coming after wards to reign, makes the comparison in that respect come pretty near His hating of business, and his love of pleasures, his raising of favourites and trusting them entirely, and his pulling them down, and hating them excessively, his art of covering deep designs, particularly of revenge, with an appearance of softness, brings them so near a likeness, that I did not wonder much to observe the resemblance of their face and person. At Rome I saw one of the last statues made for Tiberius, after he had lost his teeth, but bating the alteration which that made, it was so like King Charles that Prince Borghese and Signior Dominico, to whom it belonged, did agree with me in thinking that it looked like a statue made for him Few things ever went near his heart Duke of Gloucester's death seemed to touch him much but those who knew him best thought it was because he had lost that by which only he could have balanced the surviving brother, whom he hated, and set he em broiled all his affairs to preserve the succession to him

His ill conduct in the first Dutch war, and those terrible calamities of the plague and fire of London, with that loss and reproach which he suffered by the insult at Chatham, made all people conclude there was a curse upon his go-ernment. His throwing the public hatred at that time upon Lord Clarendon was both unjust and ingrateful And when his people had brought him out of all his difficulties upon his entering into the triple alliance, his selling that to France, and his entering on the second Dutch war with as little colour as he had for the first, his beginning it with the attempt on the Dutch Smyrna fleet, the shutting up the exchequer, and his declaration for toleration, which was a step for the introduction of popery, was such a chain of black actions, flowing from blacker designs, that it amazed those who had known all this to see with what impudent struns of flattery addresses were penned during his life, and yet more grossly after his death. His contributing so much to the raising the greatness of France, chiefly at sea, was such an error, that it could not flow from want of thought, or of true sense. Ruvigny told me he desired that all the methods the French took in the increase and conduct of their naval force might be sent

him, and he said he seemed to study them with concern and zeal He shewed what errors they committed, and how they ought to be corrected, as if he had been a viceroy to France, rather than a king that ought to have watched over and prevented that progress they made, as the greatest of all the mischiefs that could happen to him or to his people. They that judged the most favourably of this thought it was done out of revenge to the Dutch, that with the assistance of so great a fleet as France could join to his own he might be able to destroy them But others put a worse con struction on it, and thought that, seeing he could not quite master or deceive his subjects by his own strength and management, he was willing to help forward the creatness of the French at sea, that by their assistance he might more certainly subdue his own people, accord ing to what was generally believed to have fallen from Lord Clifford, that if the king most be in a dependance. it was better to pay it to a great and generous king, than to five hundred of his own insolent subjects

No part of his character looked wickeder as well as meaner than that he, all the while that he was professing to be of the Church of England, expressing both zeal and affection to it, yet secretly reconciled to the Church of Rome, thus mocking God, and deceiving the world with so gross a prevarication. And his not having the honesty or courage to own it at the last, and not shewing any sign of the least remorse for his ill led life, or any tenderness either for his subjects in general, or for the queen and his servants, and his recommending only his whores and bastards to his brother's care, would have been a strange conclusion to any other life, but was well enough suited to all the other parts of his

## The Czar Peter in England in 1698

I mentioned, in the relation of the former year, the Czar's coming out of his own country, on which I will now enlarge. He came this winter over to England, and stayed some months among us. I waited often on him, and was ordered both by the king and the archbishop and bishops to attend upon him, and to offer him such informations of our religion and constitution as he was willing to receive. I had good interpreters, so I had much free discourse with him. He is a man of a very hot temper, soon inflamed, and very brutal in his He raises his natural heat by drinking much brandy, which he rectifies himself with great application. he is subject to convulsive motions all over his body, and his head seems to be affected with these, he wants not capacity, and has a larger measure of knowledge than might be expected from his education, which was very indifferent, a want of judgment, with an instability of temper, appear in him too often and too evidently, he is mechanically turned, and seems designed by nature rather to be a ship carpenter than a great prince. This was his chief study and exercise while he stayed here, he wrought much with his own hands, and made all about him work at the models of ships. He told me he designed a great fleet at'Azuph, and with it to attack the Turkish empire, but he did not seem capable of conducting so great a design, though his conduct in his wars since this has discovered a greater genius in him than appeared at that time. He was desirous to under stand our doctrine, but he did not seem disposed to mend matters in Moscovy He was indeed resolved to encourage learning, and to polish his people by sending some of them to travel in other countries, and to draw strangers to come and live among them. He seemed apprehensive still of his sister's intrigues. There was a mixture both of passion and severity in his temper. He is resolute, but understands little of war, and seemed not at all inquisitive that way. After I had seen him often, and had conversed much with him, I could not but adore the depth of the providence of God, that had raised up such a furious man to so absolute an anthority over so great a part of the world.

David, considering the great things God had made for the use of man, broke out into the meditation 'What is man that thou art so mindful of him?' But here there is an occasion for reversing these words, since man seems a very contemptible thing in the sight of God. while such a person as the Czar has such multitudes put, as it were, under his feet, exposed to his restless jealousy and savage temper He went from hence to the court of Vienna, where he purposed to have stayed some time, but he was called home sooner than he had intended. upon a discovery or a suspicion of intrigues managed hy his sister. The strangers to whom he trusted most were so true to him that those designs were erushed before he came back But on this occasion he let loose his fury on all whom he suspected Some hundreds of them were hanged all round Moscow, and it was said that he cut off many heads with his own hand, and so far was he from relenting or shewing any sort of tenderness that he seemed delighted with it. How long he is to be the scourge of that nation or of his neighbours God only So extraordinary an incident will, I hope, justify such a digression

#### Character of William III

Thus lived and died William the Third, King of Great Britain, and Prince of Orange He had a thin and weak body, was brown haired, and of a clear and delicate constitution. He had a Roman engle nose, bright and sparkling eyes, a large frout, and a countenance composed to gravity and anthority All his senses were critical and exquisite. He was always asthmatical, and the dregs of the small pox falling on his lungs, he had a constant deep cough. His behaviour was solemn and serious, seldom elicerful, and but with a few He spoke little and very slowly, and most commonly with a disgusting dryness, which was his character at all times, except in a day of battle, for then he was all fire, though without passion, he was then everywhere, and looked to everything. He had no great advantage from his edu cation De Witt's discourses were of great use to him, and he, being apprehensive of the observation of those who were looking narrowly into everything lie said or did, had brought himself under a habitual caution that he could never shake off, though in another scene it proved as hurtful as it was then necessary to his affairs. He spoke Dutch, French, English, and German equally well, and he understood the Latin, Spanish, and Italian, so that he was well fitted to command armies composed of several nations. He had a memory that amazed all about him, for it never failed him, he was an exact observer of man and things, his strength lay rather in a true discerning and a sound judgment, than in imagination or invention his designs were always great and good But it was thought he trusted too much to that, and that he did not descend enough to the humours of his people to make himself and his notions more acceptable

This in a government that has so much them f freedom in it as ours was more necessary than lie ras inclined to believe. His reservedness grew on him, o that it disgusted most of those who served him, but e had observed the errors of too much talking, more han those of too cold a silence. He did not like contra action nor to have his actions censured, but he loved o employ and favour those who had the arts of compla ence, yet he did not love flatterers His genius lay hiefly to war, in which his courage was more admired han his conduct. Great errors were often committed by him, but his heroical courage set things right, as it nflamed those who were about him He was too lavish of money on some occasions, both in his buildings and to us favourites, but too sparing in rewarding services, or n encouraging those who brought intelligence He was pt to take ill impressions of people, and these stuck ong with him, but he never carried them to indecent evenges. He gave too much way to his own humour lmost in everything, not excepting that which related o'his own health. He knew all foreign affairs well, and understood the state of every court in Europe very particularly He instructed his own ministers himself, out he did not apply enough to affairs at home ried how be could govern us by balancing the two parties one against another, but he came at last to be persuaded that the Tories were irreconcilable to him, ind he was resolved to try and trust them no more. He believed the truth of the Christian religion very irmly, and he expressed a horror at atheism and blas ohemy, and though there was much of both in his court, yet it was always demed to him and kept out of sight. He was most exemplarily decent and devout n the public exercises of the worship of God, only on week-days he came too seldom to them. He was in attentive hearer of sermons, and was constant in his private prayers and in reading the Scriptures, and when he spoke of religious matters, which he did not often, it was with a becoming gravity. He was much possessed with the belief of absolute decrees. He said to me he adhered to these because he did not see how the belief of Providence could be maintained upon any other supposition. His indifference as to the forms of church government and his being zerlous for toleration, together with his cold behaviour towards the clergy, gave them generally very all impressions of him. In his deportment towards all about him he seemed to make little distinction between the good and the bad, and those who served well or those who served bim ill He loved the Dutch, and was much beloved among them, but the ill returns he met from the English nation, their jealousies of him, and their perversences towards him, had too much soured his mind, and had in a great measure alienated him from them, which be did not take care enough to conceal, though he saw the ill effects this bad upon his business. He grew in his last years too remiss and careless as to all affairs, till the treacheries of France awakened bim, and the dread ful conjunction of the monarchies gave so loud an alarm to all Europe for a watching over that court, and a bestirring himself against their practices, was the pre vailing passion of his whole life. Few men had the art of concealing and governing passion more than he had, yet few men had stronger passions, which were seldom felt but by inferior servants, to whom he usually made such recompenses for any sudden or indecent vents

he night give his anger, that they were glad at every time that it broke upon them He was too easy to the faults of those about him when they did not lie in his own way, or cross any of his designs, and he was so ant to think that his ministers might grow insolent if they should find that they had much credit with him, that he seemed to have made it a maxim to let them often feel how little power they had even in small matters favourites had a more entire power, but he accustomed them only to inform him of things, but to be sparing in offering advice except when it was asked It was not easy to account for the reasons of the favour that he showed in the highest instances to two persons beyond all others, the Earls of Portland and Albemarle, they being in all respects men not only of different, but of opposite characters, secreey and fidelity were the only qualities in which it could be said that they did in any sort agree. I have now run through the chief branches of his character I had occasion to know him well, having observed him very carefully in a course of sixteen years. I had a large measure of his favour, and a free access to him all the while, though not at all times to the same degree. The freedom that I used with him was not always acceptable, but he saw that I served him faithfully, so after some intervals of cold ness, he always returned to a good measure of confidence in me. I was in many great instances much obliged by him, but that was not my chief bias to him, I con sidered him as a person raised up by God to resist the power of Irance and the progress of tyraany and persecution The series of the five Princes of Orange that was now ended in him was the noblest succession of heroes that we find in any history. And the thirty years from the year 1672 to his death, in which he acted so great a part, carry in them so many amazing steps of a glorious and distinguishing Providence that in the words of David he may be called 'The man of God's right hand, whom he made strong for himself." After all the abatements that may be allowed for his errors and faults, he ought still to be reckoned among the greatest princes that our history or indeed that any other can afford He died in a critical time for his own glory, since he had formed a great alliance and had projected the whole scheme of the war, so that if it succeeds, a great part of the honour of it will be ascribed to him, and if otherwise, it will be said he was the soul of the alliance that did both animate and knit it together, and that it was natural for that body to die and fall asunder when he who gave it life was with drawn Upon his death, some moved for a magnificent funeral, but it seemed not decent to run into un necessary expense when we were entering on a war that must be maintained at a vast charge, so a private funeral was resolved on But for the honour of his memory, a noble monument and an equestrian statue were ordered. Some years must shew whether these things were really intended, or if they were only spoke of to excuse the privacy of his funeral, which was scarce decent, so fur was it from being magnificent.

The candid Dr Routh's Clarendon Press edition (1823 and 1833) in which the suppressed passages were restored, was long the standard of My Own Time on 11 was based that by Mr Osmund Airy sedition (vols. 1. and 11. 1897–1900). A revised edition of the History of the Reformation was published in 1865. The Dictionary of National Biography specifies, out of his very numerous publications theological or political, twenty-eight as his principal works. Of sermons he printed over fifty

John Tillotson (1630-94), Archbishop of Canterbury, was the son of a clothier at Sowerby near Halifax, and was brought up in the Calvinistic faith of the Puritans At Clare Hall, Cambridge, his early opinions were modified by Chillingworth's Religion of the Protestants, and though at the Savoy Conference (1661) he still ranked with the Presbytemans, on the Act of Uniformity in 1662 he submitted without hesitation and accepted a He very quickly became noted as a preacher, and began to rise in the Church 1663 he became rector of Keddington in Suffolk. it was when (1664) he became preacher at Lincoln's Inn that his sermons attracted attention, though his mild and evangelical, but undoctrinal, theology provoked criticism In 1670 he became Prebendary, in 1672 Dean, of Canterbury He used his influence in favour of the Nonconformists, whom he was anxious to bring within the pale of the Establishment, but his efforts led to nothing but disappointment. Meanwhile he had married a niece of Oliver Cromwell His moderate principles commended him to William III, who made him Clerk of the Closet in 1689, and Dean of St Paul's In 1691 he was raised to the see of Canterbury. vacant by the death of the Nonjuror Sancroft. He accepted the elevation with the greatest reluctance, and the insults of the Nonjurors to the end of his life, three years after, extorted neither complaint nor retaliation As Archbishop he exerted himself to remove the abuses in the Church, such as nonresidence among the clergy, and these efforts and his latitudinarianism excited much enmity Sermons, his widow's sole endowment, were purchased by a bookseller for no less than two thou sand five hundred guineas, and for long were the most popular of English sermons Tillotson's style is frequently careless and languid, and he lacks the power and humour of Barrow and South, yet there is in him such manifest sincerity, earnestness, kindliness, simplicity, and freedom from affectation that the Sermons well deserved the popularity they enjoyed in an unenthusiastic age. Whitefield, the apostle of a more fervid faith, saw in him the conspicuous representative of the lukewarmness of eighteenth-century religion, and called him 'that traitor who sold his Lord'-a judgment he afterwards repented as unjust Contemporary judg-'He was not ment was summed up by Burnet only the best preacher of the age, but seemed to have brought preaching to perfection, his sermons were so well heard and liked, and so much read, that all the nation proposed him as a pattern, and studied to copy after him? Voltaire reported him the wisest and most cloquent of English preachers, and Addison said he was 'the most eminent and useful author of the age we live in' Dryden, born the year after him, used with undue modesty to say that what talent he had for English prose was due to his familiarity with Fillotson recommended him as a model of perspicinty and propriety, his most notable difference from great contemporaries such as Barrow and South is his eminently modern tone, in virtue of which he ranks with Temple and Halifax as one of the founders of modern English prose.

## Advantages of Truth and Sincerity

Truth and reality have all the advantages of appear ance, and many more. If the show of anything be good for anything, I am sure sincerity is better, for why does any man dissemble or seem to be that which he is not but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dissemble is to pit on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be anything is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality as to have it, and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eve will easily discern from native beauty and complexion

It is hard to personate and act a part long, for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be en deavouring to return, and will peep out and betray her self one time or other. Therefore if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to everybody's satisfiction, for truth is convincing, and carries its own light and evidence along with it, and will not only commend us to every man's conscience, but, which is much more, to God, who searcheth and seeth our hearts. So that upon all accounts sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit, it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world, it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it, it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow wealer, and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them, whereas integrity gains strength by use, and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirm ing his reputation, and encouriging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greater trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out, it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop ont before we are aware whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the racl, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false founda tion, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation, for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollor or unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery, of which the crafty man is always in danger, and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them. He is the last man that finds himself to be found out, and whilst he takes it for granted that he males fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business, it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquines, and brings things to an issue in few words, it is like travelling in a plain, beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in false hood and dissimulation, it is soon over, but the incon venience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when When a man has once forfeited the he means honestly reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth aor falsehood And I have often thought that God hath, in his great wisdom, hid from men of false and dishonest minds the nonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the pros penty even of our worldly affairs. These men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect, they cannot see so far as to the remote consequences of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear sighted eaough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests, and therefore the justice of the divine providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter—speaking as to the concernments of this world—if a man spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions, for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through and bear him out to the last.

(From Tillotson s last Sermon.)

## Louis XIV and William III. a Contrast

You have heard two sorts of persons described in the text by very different characters, the one that glory in their wisdom, and might, and riches, the other, that glory in this, that they anderstand and know God to be the Lord, which exerciseth loving kindness, and judg ment, and righteousness in the earth. And we have seen these two characters exemplified, or rather drawn to the life, in this present age. We who live in this western part of Christendom have seen a mighty prince by the just permission of God raised up to be a terror and scourge to all his neighbours, a prince who had in perfection all the advantages mentioned in the former part of the text and who, in the opinion of many who had been long dazzled with his splendor and greatness, hath passed for many years for the most politic, and powerful, and richest monarch that hath appeared in

these parts of the world for many ages Who hath governed his affairs by the deepest and steadiest counsels, and the most refined wisdom of this world A prince mighty and powerful in his preparations for war, formidable for his vast and well disciplined armies, and for his great naval force, and who had brought the art of war almost to that perfection, as to be able to conquer and do his business without fighting, a mystery hardly known to former ages and generations and all this skill and strength united under one absolute will, not hampered or bound up by any restraints of law or conscience. A priace that commands the estates of all his subjects, and of all his conquests, which hath furnished him with an almost inexhaustible trea sure and revenue and one who, if the world doth not greatly mistake him, hath sufficiently gloried in all these advantages, and even beyond the rate of a mortal man But not knowing God to be the Lord, which exercises loving kindness, and judgment, and righteousness in the earth, how hath the pride of all his glory been stained, by tyranny and oppression, by injustice and cruelty, by enlarging his dominions without right, and by making war upon his neighbours without reason, or even colour of provocation and this in a more barbarous manner than the most barbarous autions ever did, carrying fire and desolation wheresoever he went, and laying waste many and great cities, without necessity, and without Thus have I represented unto you a mighty pity ! monarch, who like a fiery comet hath hung over Europe for many years, and by his malignant influence hath made such terrible havock and devastations in this part of the world

Let us now turn our view to the other part of the text and behold a greater than he is here, a prince of a quite different character, who does understand and know God to be the Lord, which does exercise loving kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth, and who hath made it the great study and endeavour of his life to imitate these divine perfections, as for as the imperfection of human nature in this mortal state will admit I say, a greater than he is here, who never said or did any inso lent thing, but instead of despising his enemies, has upon all occasions encountered them with an undanated spirit and resolution This is the man whom God hath honoured to give a check to this mighty man of the earth, and to put a hook into the nostrils of this great leviathan, who has so long had his pastime in the seas. But we will not insult, as he once did in a most un princely manner over a man much better than himself, when he believed him to have been slain at the Boyne And indeed death came then as near to him as was possible without killing him. But the merciful provi dence of God was pleased to step in for his preservation, almost by a miracle for I do not believe that from the first use of great guns to that day, any mortal man ever had his shoulder so kindly kissed by a cannon bullet. But I will not trespass any further upon that which is the great ornament of all his other virtues, though I have said nothing of him but what all the world does see and must acknowledge he is as much above being flattered, as it is beneath an honest and a generous mind to flatter

## The Creator seen in the Structure of the World.

How often might a man, after he hath jumbled a set of letters in a bag, fling them out upon the ground before

they would fall into an exist prem, yes or so of the remarks a pool discourse in proce. In I in a role a little book be as early made by clience as this preat volume of the world? How long in, but a non be in a tinking colours upon a convisually a careles. For he forest ey cool I happen to make the exist plate of a man? And is a man exist made the clience than his plate to? How long might twenty thousand blind men, which should be sont of from the vectal remote parts of I in land a under upon and down before they a odd all ment upon Salisbary Plans, at I fall into rank and file in the exact order of an army? And yet the a much more easy to be introged, than how the innumerable blind mantle of matter should rank your themselves into a sould.

Till the six option with appeared in appears, but lafe by lit lists an appeared in the of the Seral viby We dia appeared in the

Edward Stillingfleet (1635-99), born at Cranbonne in Dorset studied at St John's College, Cambridge, in 1653 was elected a Pellow, and ordinard by the deprived Bishop Browning, became rector of Sutton in Bedfordshire (1657) and Se Andrews, Hollom (1695), Dean of St. Paul's (1678). and, after the Revolution, Bishop of Worcester (1680). He had been decidedly hostile to James's eccles istical polity. His Iren cum, or the Drane Kill of Particular Lorus of Chard Government Examined (1659), considered by Burnet 'a master piece 'is a broad minded but rather landinarian ritemat to find a basis of union for the divided Church, between Presbyterians and Anglican The title of his principal work is Origines Saira. er a Rational Account of the Christian Latt. (1662) Towards the end of his life he published A Petence of the December of the Trinity (1697) in Alich some massages on Lockes I sun on the Hun in Unforstiming very attacked as substring of fundamental documes of Christiants, but in the controversy which ensued the Histopi was not generally held to have correoft victo our, and his chagrin it this toolit was absurdly reported to have haste and his death." The prominent nants in this controller value it is its irrection of the lasts and the immateriality of the soul. Torke right definition of the dead to the dead is resembed in Scripture, the resimination of the items of body which inhibited this world is not revealed a lathaction in the only recognized to lemmeral the mould not imple is not alty, once t Oun point Cremorm v the place of parthe first the kin, tempere well stoper The through a report that there is a victima. - sympatter ordinad, almost a color to the s with tenends if Dun Here nuffire II. Situation who leaved these the amount emperated the Martin to terror the time the state of the state of the state of the he adjusted with a think for form 1 1 mm to a finiteliance a thin buy of his only.

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That which gives a risk the grassias is a min what he do he ard eather prevent or le e a u make him more ex to bear it troubles of are do hotte ne a conduce to the happines of a lives - following of Licurus The it is no edward le to be in a the fa reduce recording to reason than to be larger as any again it and I came, tell hard top a ell price with his not not felicit little is a cert in to the if it in the convileration of happing the entitles of a ra own rurd to be east down all the estated exist is a life I reappe a man to love others and I am is a present as Abadiumnic be abodied by List his fa-Homen we has have I was not see for I that a war. due test when the med sifer a riser of speed it senion dall fore senion startifies as di rier the , and make a tour a min a tour a t I may appropriate him for a the head of by the neo the elegative run. Pren procedure for a force a the experience of ascente as experienced to theretor or even of but the ten or subside ruther short up with 300 cents or control or so so are to leasterly by your open or at steel Disamor prodes to the resemble happy and in the self of the self of the selfexperience profit as a temperature of the second se niet to the demonstrate of the state

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things without any simister ends and designs leaves a most agreeable pleasure to the mind, like that of a constant health which is better felt than expressed. When a man applies his mind to the knowledge of his duty, and when he doth understand it (as it is not hard for an honest mind to do, for as the oracle answered the servant who desired to know how he might please his master, If you will seek it, you will be sure to find it), sets himself with a firm resolution to pursue it, though the rain falls, and the floods arise, and the winds blow on every side of him, yet he enjoys peace and quiet within, notwithstanding all the noise and blustring abroad, and is sure to hold out after all, because he is founded upon a rock. But take one that endeavours to blind, or corrupt, or master his conscience, to make it serve some mean end or design, what uneasy reflections hath he upon himself, what perplexing thoughts, what tormenting fears, what suspicions and jealousies do disturb his imagination and rack his mind! What art and pains doth such a one take to be believed honest and sincere! and so much the more, because he doth not believe himself he fears still he hath not given satisfaction enough, and by overdoing it, is the more Secondly, because integrity doth more become a man, and doth really promote his interest in the world. It is the saying of Dio Chrysostom, an heathen orator, that simplicity and truth is a great and wise thing, but cunning and deceit is foolish and mean, for, saith he, observe the beasts the more conrage and spirit they have, the less art and subtilty they use, but the more timorous and ignoble they are, the more True wisdom and greatness of false and deceitful mind ruses a man above the need of using little tricks and devices. Sincerity and honesty carries one through many difficulties which all the arts he can invent would never help him through For nothing doth a man more real mischief in the world than to be suspected for too much crast, because every one stands npon his guard against him, and suspects plots and designs where there are none intended, insomuch that though he speaks with all the sincerity that is possible, yet nothing he saith can be believed.

The path of the just, saith the wise man, is as the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. As the day begins with obscurity and a great mixture of darkness, till by quick and silent motions the light overcomes the mists and vapours of the night, and not only spreads its beams upon the tops of the mountains, but darts them into the deepest and most shady valleys thus simplicity and integrity may at first appearing look dark and suspicious, till by degrees it breaks through the clouds of envy and detraction, and then shines with a greater glory.

(From Sermon 'On Christian Wisdom ' preached before the King in March 1679.)

A collected edition of his works, with Life by Richard Bentley, who lived with him 1683-89, appeared in 1710, Dr Cunningham in 1845 published an edition of his Doctrines and Practices of the Church of Rome

William Sherlock (c. 1641-1707), born at Southwark, was educated at Eton and Peterhouse, Cambridge, and became a London rector in 1669, a prebendary of St Paul's in 1681, Master of the Temple in 1684, and, after holding out as a Non-juror for a twelvemonth, Dean of St Paul's in 1691 Macaulay says of him that 'perhaps no simple

presbyter of the Church of England has ever possessed a greater authority over his brethren than belonged to Sherlock at the time of the Revolution' His controversial tracts against the Nonconformists had won him a pension from Charles II, but this was stopped by James II, who could not pardon his sixteen treatises against the Church of Romeone of them in reply to no less a champion than Bossuet. His Case of Allegiance to Sovereign Power Stated, justifying his taking of the new oath, provoked a furious controversy His Practical Discourse Concerning Death (of 308 pages, 1689) was long one of the most popular theological treatises in the language, and was praised by Addison as a powerful persuasive to a religious life. His Vindication of the Doctrine of the Trinity (1601) led to a controversy with South, who expressly charged Sherlock with Tritheism, a heresy as damnable as the antitrinitarianism he sought to confute. Sherlock also wrote discourses on a Future Judgment (540 pp, 1692) and on the Devine Providence (also a book, 1694), in which, says Southey, he brought forward 'with irrefrigable force the natural arguments for the immortality of the soul and a future state.' He was a keen and eager controversialist, but a moderate, 'rational,' and anti-enthusiastic theologian The extracts are both from the discourse on death

## Our Life Long Enough.

Such a long life [as that of the antediluvians] is not reconcilable with the present state of the world. What the state of the world was before the Flood, in what manner they lived, and how they employed their time, we cannot tell, for Moses has given no account of it, but taking the world as it is and as we find it, I dare under take to convince those men who are most apt to complain of the shortness of life, that it would not be for the general happiness of mankind to have it much longer for, 1st, The world is at present very unequally divided, some have a large share and portion of it, others have nothing but what they can earn by very hard labour, or extort from other men's charity by their restless importunities, or gain by more ungodly arts Now though the rich and prosperous, who have the world at command and live in ease and pleasure, would be very well contented to spend some hundred years in this world, yet I should think fifty or threescore years abundantly enough for slaves and beggars, enough to spend in hunger and want, in a gaol and a prison. And those who are so foolish as not to think this enough owe a great deal to the wisdom and goodness of God that he does. So that the greatest part of mankind have great reason to be contented with the shortness of life, because they have no temptation to wish it longer

adly, The present state of this world requires a more quick succession. The world is pretty well peopled, and is divided amongst its present inhabitants, and but very few in comparison, as I observed before, have any con siderable share in the division. Now, let us but suppose that all our ancestors who lived a hindred or two hundred years ago were alive still and possessed their old estates and honours, what had become of this present generation of men who have now taken their places and

make as creat a shoy and bastle in the world as they old? and if you look back three or four or five hundred years the case is still so much the vorse, the world would be over-peopled, and where there is one poor miserable man now, there must have been five hundred, or the world must have been common, and all men reduced to the same level; which, I believe, the rich and happy people, who are so fond of long life, would not like very This would utterly undo our young producal heirs. were their hopes of succession three or four hundred years off, who, as short as life is now, think their fathers make very little haste to their graves would spoil their trade of spending their estates before they have them, and make them live a dull sober life. whether they would or no, and such a life, I know, they don't think worth having And therefore I hope at least they will not make the shortness of their fathers' lives an argument against providence, and yet such kind of sparks as these are commonly the wits that set up for atheism, and when it is put into their heads, quarrel with everything which they foully conceive will weaken the belief of a God and a providence, and, among other things, with the shortness of life, which they have little reason to do, when they go often outlive their estates.

3dl, The world is very had as it is, so bad that good men scarce know how to spend fifty or threescore years in it, hut consider how bad it would probably be were the life of man extended to six, seven, or eight hundred years If so near a prospect of the other world as forty or fifty years cannot restrain men from the greatest villames, what would they do if they could as reasonably suppose death to be three or four hundred years off? If men make such improvements in wickedness in twenty or thirty years, what would they do in hundreds? And what a blessed place then would this world be to live in! We see in the old world, when the life of men vas drawn out to so great a length, the wickedness of mankind grew so insufferable that it repented God he had made man, and he resolved to destroy that whole generation, excepting Noah and his family most probable account that can be given how they came to grow so universally wicked, is the long and prosperous lives of such wicked men, who hy degrees corrupted others, and they others, till there was but one righteous family left, and no other remedy left but to destroy them all, leaving only that righteous family as the seed and future hopes of the new world.

And when God had determined in himself and pro mised to Nouli never to destroy the world again by such a universal destruction till the last and final judgment, it was necessary by degrees to shorten the lives of men, which was the most effectual means to make them more governable, and to remove had examples out of the world, which would hinder the spreading of the infection, and people and reform the world again by new examples of picty and virtue. For when there are such quick successions of men, there are few ages but have some great and hrave examples, which give a new and better spirit to the world.

# Advantages of our being kept in Ignorance of the Time of our Death

For a conclusion of this argument, I shall briefly vin dicate the wisdom and goodness of God in concealing from us the time of our death. This we are very apt to compla n of, that our lives are so very uncertain, that we know not to-day hut that we may die to-morrow, and we would be mighty glad to meet with any one who would certainly inform us in this matter how long we are to live But if we think a little better of it, we shall be of another mind

For, 1st, Though I presume many of you would be glad to know that you shall certainly live twenty, or thirty, or forty years longer, yet would it be any comfort to know that you must die to-morrow, or some few months, or a year or two hence? which may be your case for aught you know, and this, I believe, you are not very desirous to know, for how would this chill your hlood and spirits! How would it overcast all the pleasures and comforts of life! You would spend your days like men under the sentence of death, while the execution is suspended.

Did all men who must die young certainly know it, it would destroy the industry and improvements of half mankind, which would half destroy the world, or be an insupportable mischief to human societies, for what man who knows that he must die at twenty, or five and twenty, a little sooner or later, would trouble himself with ingenious or gainful arts, or concern lumself any more with this world than just to live so long in it? And yet, how necessary is the service of such men in the world! What great things do they many times do, and what great improvements do they make! How pleasant and diverting is their conversation, while it is innocent How do they enjoy themselves, and give life and spirit to the graver age. How thin would our schools, our shops, our universities, and all places of education be, did they know how little time many of them were to live in the For would such men concern themselves to learn the arts of living, who must die as soon as they have learnt them? Would any father be at a great expense in educating his child, only that he might die with a little Latin and Greek, logick and philosophy? No, half the world must be divided into cloisters and nunueries, and nurseries for the grave

Well, you'll say, suppose that, and is not this an advantage above all the inconveniences you can think of, to secure the salvation of so many thousands who are now eternally ruined by youthful lusts and vanities, but would spend their days in piety and devotion, and make the next world their only care, if they knew how little while they were to live here?

Right I grant this might be a good way to correct the heat and extravagances of youth, and so it would be to shew them heaven and hell, hut God does not think fit to do either, because it offers too much force and violence to men's minds, it is no trial of their virtue, of their reverence for God, of their conquests and victory over this world by the power of faith, but makes religion a matter of necessity, not of choice now God will force and drive no man to heaven, the gospel dispensation is the trial and discipline of ingenuous spirits, and if the certain hopes and fears of another world, and the un certainty of our living here, will not conquer these flattering temptations and make men seriously religious, as those who must certainly die and go into another world, and they know not how soon, God will not try whether the certain knowledge of the time of their death will make them religious. That they may die young, and that thousands do so, is reason enough to engage expect death and prepare for it, if they

reverend an appearance you make behind Hammond on the New Testament, a Concordance on one hand and a folio Bible with references on the other. You shall be welcome, sir, replied the gentleman, and perhaps you may find some company more to your own taste, he is but a poor counsel who studies one side of the question only, and therefore I will have your friend Woolston, T——I [Tindal], and C——s [Collins] to entertain you when you do me the favor of the visit. On this we parted in good humor, and all pleased with the appointment made, except the two gentlemen who were to provide the entertainment.

Swond Day -The company met at the time ap pointed, but it happened in this, as in like cases it often does, that some friends to some of the company. who were not of the party the first day, had got notice of the meeting, and the gentlemen who were to debate the question found they had a more numerous audience than they expected or desired. He especially who was to maintain the evidence of the resurrection began to excuse the necessity he was under of disappointing their expectation, alleging that he was not prepared, and he had persisted in excusing himself hut that the strangers who perceived what the case was offcred to withdraw. which the gentleman would by no means consent to they insisting to go, he said he would much rather submit him self to their candor, unprepared as he was, than be guilty of so much rudeness as to force them to leave the com On which one of the company smiling said, It happens luckily that our number is increased, when we were last together we appointed a judge, but we quite forgot a jury, and now I think we are good men and true, sufficient to make one. This thought was pursued in several allusions to legal proceedings, which created some mirth and had this good effect that it dispersed the solemn air which the mutual compliments on the difficulty before mentioned had introduced, and restored the ease and good humour natural to the conversation of gentlemen

The judge perceiving the disposition of the company, thought it a proper time to begin, and called out, Gentlemen of the jury, take your places, and immediately seated himself at the upper end of the table. The company sat round him, and the judge called on the

counsel for Woolston to begin.

Mr A, counsel for Woolston, addressing himself to the judge, said, May it please your lordship, I conceive the gentleman on the other side ought to begin, and lay his evidence which he intends to maintain before the court, till that is done it is to no purpose for me to object. I may perhaps object to something which he will not admit to be any part of his evidence, and there fore, I appreliend, the evidence ought in the first place to be distinctly stated

Judge.-Mr B, what say yon to that?

Mr B, counsel on the other side —My Lord, if the evidence I am to maintain were to support any new claim if I were to gain any thing which I am not already possessed of, the gentleman would be in the right, but the evidence is old, and is matter of record, and I have been long in possession of all that I claim under it. If the gentleman has any thing to say to dispossess me, let him produce it, otherwise I have no reason to bring my own title into question. And this I take to be the known method of proceeding in such cases, no man is obliged to produce his title to his

possession, it is sufficient if he maintains it when it is called in question

Mr A —Surely, my lord, the gentleman mistakes the case I can never admit myself to be ont of possession of my understanding and reason, and since he would put me out of this possession, and compel me to admit things incredible in virtue of the evidence he maintains he ought to set forth his claim or leave the world to be directed by common sense.

Jndge.—Sir, yon say right on supposition that the truth of the Christian religion were the point in judgment. In that case it would be necessary to produce the evidence for the Christian religion, but the matter now before the court is whether the objections produced by Mr Woolston are of weight to overthrow the evidence of Christ's resurrection. You see then the evidence of the resurrection is supposed to be what it is on hoth sides, and the thing immediately in judgment is the value of the objections, and therefore they must be set forth. The court will be bound to take notice of the evidence, which is admitted as a fret on both parts. Go on, Mr A

Simon Patrick (1626-1707), born at Gainsborough, was educated at Oueen's College, Cambridge. There he came under the influence of John Smith, the Cambridge Platonist, then a youthful Fellow, whom he revered till the end of his life. Successively rector of St Paul's, Covent Garden (1662), and Dean of Peterborough (1678), he became Bishop of Chichester (1689) and of Ely (1691) He was a devout and erudite theo logian, and a sagnetous and catholic Churchman, equally anti-puritan and anti-papal. His sermons, commentaries, and devotional works were long famous, though now they seem prolix enough, amongst them A Brief Exposition of the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer, The Parable of the Pilgrims, The Heart's Ease, The Christian Sacrifice, and The Devout Christian Instructed He translated some Latin hymns, and wrote a number of religious poems autobiography is included in his works (9 vols Clar Press, 1858) In it he tells us that his grandfather was a gentleman of good quality and fair estate, as well as a competent scholar, who had fifteen children, for the younger of whom he could accordingly make but slender provision

He gave his sons a taste of learning, keeping a schoolmaster in his house to instruct them father kept such a tincture of it, that though he was bound apprentice to a mercer, yet he was a great lover of books, and read very much to his dying day He had a great desire to breed me a seholar, and put me early to a master of great fame, but of no great skill in teaching, as I myself found when I came under the tuition of that worthy man Mr Merryweather, who was an excellent Latinist, as he showed by his translation of Religio Medica I ought to acknowledge, what my former master wanted in learning he made up in piety tonehed my heart betimes by his affectionate discourses upon some part of the Chnrch Catechism, which he

Here I dil but lose my time, and therefore my father who sill in his low ecudition was desirous to make my a sololar sent me to Hull, where he had a good friend. Mr I over who, with his wife, were as kind to me as to their own children I went to school every day with a master who preserved what learning I hard, if he did not add unto Mr Foxles who was an a holesale grocer, had such on affiction to me, as his wife had also, that he offered to take me his apprentice for nothing, if I would be of he trade. The was a great tempta tion, he being a great dealer, and a very nell man Pit my father was so lind as to leave me to niv own choice an' I peris ed in riv desire to be a scholar in weich Mr Foxley mightil eucouraged me, and both he and his rufe gave nie some picees of gold, when I sent from them to the university for I had given some proofs of my being religiously in clined, which made them, being pion person, have a riore than or mary love to rie For in tance, when Mr Forley was gone a journey (the always used to pray with his family before he went to held I composed a priver, about the sixteenth year of my age, call said it in the family without book during his ab ence. The was highly acceptable to them, as I hope it was well pleasing to God, tho thu early disposed my to his service

But many things him level my poing to the university, for my father view bringh still lower, and disabled to main aim rise there as he desired. For the parliament softers fluid leving Sir Villiam Pelhams, howe, took away my father's good, which were there with my mother, as well as his Several other loses befoll him, and all the country was so infected both soldiers that it was dangerous to trivel. No withstanding which, my father adventured to carry me round from Boston to I van and so to Cambridge, whereby we pasted without an imperiumen

It was in he year 1644, when I was between when teen and eighteen years old, and had some discretion to govern myalf. His father had recommendations to Dr Whichene and Dr Cuds orth, of Lmanuel College, who, i was loped, might tale me to be their sizer. For my father was so mean then, he could not observise main ain me. They were both very lind, and being full themselves, recommended to Queen's College, which was nevly filled with fellows from thence. Thither we went, and I was admitted there June 25th of that year, under Mr Wells, who loved me very well, insomuch that he left me the ley of his chamber, and of his study, when he was out of town. Here I found myself in a solitary place at first, for though Mr I uller, in his Clurch History, was mital en in saying this college vas like a landwrack (as I think liv words arc) in which there was [not] one lest to Leep por-ession, yet there were about a dozen scholars, and almost half of the old fellows the visitors at first doing no more than putting in a majority of new to govern the college. The others, rarely appear ing, were all turned out for refusing the covenant, which was then so zealously pressed, that all seliolars were summoned to tale it at Trinity College Thither I went, and had it tendered to me But God so directed me, that I, telling them my age, was dismissed, and never heard more of it-blessed be God

I had not been long in the college before the master. Mr Herbert Palmer, took some notice of me, and sent for me to transcribe some things he intended for the press, and soon after made me the college scribe, which brought me in a great deal of money, many leases being to be renewed. It was not long before I had one of the best scholarships in the college bestowed upon me, so that I was advanced to a higher rank, being made a But before I was bachelor of arts this pensioner good man died, who was of an excellent spirit, and was unwearied in doing good. Though he was a little crooked man yet he had such an authority, that the fellows reverenced him as much as we did them, going hare when he passed through the court, which after his death was disused

I remainber very vell that, being a member of the as mills of divines, he sent off to London, and some times sayed there a quarter of a year. But before he went, he was wont to cause the bell to be tolled, to summon us all to meet in the hall. There he made a nathetical speech to us, stirring us up to pious diligened in our studies, and told us, with such seriousness as made us believe he should have as true an account from those he could trust, of the behaviour of every one of us in his absence, as if he were here present with us to observe us himself This he said we should certainly find true at his return he was as good as his word, for those youths whom he heard well of, when he came back to college, he sent for to his lodgings, and commended them, giving holds to the c that were well maintained, and money to the poorer sort. He was succeeded by a good man (Dr Horton), but not such a governor under v hom I was chosen fellow of the college, when I was one year bachelor of arts, before which time I had been so studious as to fill whole books with observations out of various ancient authors, with some of ms own which I made upon them. For I find one book begun in the year 1646, wherein I have noted many useful things, and another more large in the year 1647, having the word alternitas at the top of many pages, by the thought of which I perceive I was quickened to spend my time well. For I have set down what I did every day, and when I tool the liberty to recreate myself

It is a great comfort now in my old age to find that I was so diligent in my youth, for in those books I have noted how I spent my time. What progress I made in 1648 I cannot tell, for I cannot find any book which gives an account of that year, but I have two which relate my improvements in 1649, and the next year, March 21st, 1650, I was admitted master of arts.

Thomas Ken (1637-1711), the saintly Nonjuring bishop, was a native of Little Berl hamp stead in Hertfordshire, and was educated it Winchester and at Hart Hall and New College, Oxford. He held in succession, between 1663 and 1672, livings in Essex, the Isle of Wight, and Hants, but having been elected a Fellow of Winchester College, resided in Winchester till 1679. In 1667 he obtained from Morley, Bishop of Winchester, the living of Brixton, where he wrote his famous morning, evening, and midnight hymns, which he sang daily to his own accompaniment

O father, you can unperplex my mind,
My realm are for my marriage all inclined,
I love, but know not who she is, or where,
And to discover either, I despair,
Despairing, I in celibate would live,
Since I my heart can to no other give,
I feel too great a load in cares of state,
Cares conjugal may much increase the weight,
More hours I fain would in my closet spend,
Pure virgins best the affairs of Heaven attend

Son, said the saint, if yon both lives compare, Both different ways may in God's favour share, Prayers, meditations, and intentions pure, A heart which no temptations can allure, Self abnegation and a conscience clear Enduring no one lust to domineer, All graces which incarnate God enjoin'd, The married equally with virgins bind

Contemplatives have easy loads to bear,
Freer from trouble and distracting care,
Loose from the world, and disembroil'd from sense,
Their prayers may longer be, and more intense
To no relations virgins have a tie
To pluck them back, but unmolested die,
A virgin priest the altar best attends,
Our Lord that state commands not, but commends

Hawkins published the prose works, with a Life, in 1713, as did Round in 1838, and Benham in 1889. Several works attributed to Ken are by most authorities regarded as spurious. Ken's poetical works included hymns po-ms on gospel subjects and the attributed of God two epics Edmund and Hymnothes or the Penatent each in thirteen books. Anodynes Preparations for Death, and Damonet and Dorilla or Chaste Love, a pastoral. They were collected by Hawkins in 4 vols. (1721) and are mostly awkward and tedious. A selection of his 'Hymns and Poems for the Holy Days and Festivals of the Church was published in 1868 as Bishop Ken's Christian Year. It is known that these hymns were highly prized by Keble who apparently took thence the idea of his own Christian Year. See Lives by Bowles (1831), Anderdon (1851-54), Plumptre (2 vols: 1888) and Clarke (1860).

Jeremy Collier (1650-1726) is less remem bered as the conscientious and persecuted Nonjuring bishop than as the trenchant and unsparing castigator of the corrupt stage of his time. was born at Stow-cum-Quy, Cambridgeshire, son of a clerical schoolmaster at Ipswich, and here and at Caius College, Cambridge, he was educated, afterwards becoming rector of Ampton near Bury St Edmunds, and lecturer at Gray's His reply to Burnet's Inquiry into the State of Affairs (1688) cost him some months in New-He next waged warfare on the crown with incisive pamphlets, and was arrested in 1692 on suspicion of being involved in a Jacobite plot 1696 he gave absolution to the would-be assassins Friend and Parkyns on the scaffold, for which offence he was outlawed In 1698 he published his Short View of the Immorality of the English Stage, which fell like a thunderbolt among the 'It is inspiriting,' says Macaulay, 'to see how gallantly the solitary outlaw advances to attack enemies, formidable separately, and, it might have been thought, irresistible when combined, distributes his swashing blows right and left among Wycherley, Congreve, and Vanbrugh, treads the wretched D'Urfey down in the dirt beneath his feet, and strikes with all his strength full at the towering crest of Dryden' argument carried the country with it, and helped to bring back the English drama to good morals and good sense. That excessive stage-profligacy which was partly a reaction against the rigidity of Puritanism, and had far outrun the parallel laxity of contemporary social morals, was immediately to some extent checked But it was not without a struggle that the wits consented to be worsted Congreve and Vanbrugh, with many of the smaller fry, answered angrily but weakly, and were crushed anew by the redoubtable Nonjuror, who was 'conjplete master of the rhetoric of honest indignation' 'Contest,' says Dr Johnson, 'was his delight, he was not to be frighted from his purpose or his prey' There were not merely replies but defences, second defences, and vindications of the Short View by the irrepressible Censor Morum Congreve and Vanbrugh condescended to omit 'several expressions' from the Double Dealer and the Provoked Wife The great Dryden stood apart at first, but at length in the preface to his Fables (1700) acknowledged he had been justly reproved 'I shall say the less of Mr Collier,' he says, 'because in many things he has taxed me justly, and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine which can be truly argued of obscenity, profaneness, or immorality, and retract them If he be my enemy, let him triumph, if he be my friend, as I have given him no per sonal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of It becomes me not to draw my my repentance pen in the defence of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one.'

But Dryden complained, and fairly, that his antagonist had often perverted his meaning, that he was 'too much given to horse-play in his raillery, and came to battle like a dictator from the plough,' and that 'if zeal for God's house had not eaten him up, it had at least devoured some part of his good manners and civility' No doubt Collier erred by pedantry and want of dis-He treats with as fierce indignation whatever appears to him 'profamity' as he does the grossest offences against decency And amongst sins of profaneness he reckons not merely all light allusions to religious words, phrases, and subjects, but any disrespectful comments on Churchmen or ecclesiastical affairs. He does not merely protest against speaking of the clergy at large as hypocrites and impostors, even to assume that some of the clergy were unworthy of their cloth was with him a sin, and the usual ejaculations of impatience were treated as hemous examples of blasphemy have been trying to him, a partisan of the Stewart cause, to have to attack an institution so intimately bound up as was the theatre with the principles of the Restoration, and painful to the High Churchman to be spokesman of an argument usually associated with censorious Presbyterians

novelty and scandal of the practice. And first, I shall

In treating of this head, I hope the reader does not expect that I should set down chapter and page, and give bim the citations at length. To do this would be a very unacceptable and foreign employment. Indeed the passages, many of them, are in no condition to be handled be that is desirous to see these flowers let him do it in their own soil 'tis my business rather to kill the root than transplant it. But that the poets may not complain of injustice, I shall point to the infection at a distance, and refer in general to play and person.

Now among the curiosities of this kind we may reckon Mrs Pinchwife, Horner, and Lady Fidget in the Country Wife, Widow Blackacre and Olivia in the Plain Dealer These, tho' not all the exceptionable characters, are the most remarkable. I'm sorry the author should stoop his wit this low, and use his understanding so unkindly Some people appear coarse and slovenly out of poverty they can't well go to the charge of sense. They are offensive like beggars for want of neces sames. But this is none of the Plain Dealer's case, he can afford his muse a better dress when he pleases then the rule is, where the motive is the less the fault is the greater To proceed. Jacinta, Elvira, Dalinda, and Lady Plyant, in the Mock Astrologer, Spanish Friar, Love Triumphant and Double Dealer, forget themselves extreamly and almost all the characters in the Old Batchelour are foul and nauseous. Love for Love and the Rdapse strike sometimes upon this sand, and so likewise does Don Sebastian.

I grant the abuse of a thing is no argument against the use of it. However, young people particularly should not entertain themselves with a lewd picture, especially when 'tis drawn by a masterly liand. For such a liberty may probably raise those passions which can neither be discharged without trouble, nor satisfyed without a crime 'tis not safe for a man to trust his virtue too far, for fear it should give him the slip! But the danger of such an entertainment is but part of the objection. 'tis all scandal and meanness into the bargain. It does in effect degrade himman nature, sinks reason into appetite, and breaks down the distinctions between man and beast. Goals and monkeys, if they could speak, would express their brutality in such language as this

To argue the matter more at large

Smuttness is a fault in behaviour as well as in religion Tis a very coarse diversion, the entertainment of those who are generally least both in sense and station. The looser part of the mob have no true relish of decency and honour, and want education and thought to furnish out a gentile conversation. Barrenness of fancy makes them often take up with those scandalous liberties. A vitious imagination may blot a great deal of paper at this rate with ease enough and 'tis possible convenience may sometimes invite to the expedient. The modern poets seem to use smut as the old ones did machines, to relieve a fainting invention. When Pegasus is jaded and would stand still, he is apt like other tits to run into every puddle.

Obscenity in any company is a rustick uncreditable talent, but among women 'tis particularly rude. Such talk would be very affrontive in conversation, and not endur'd hy any lady of reputation. Whence then comes it to pass that those liberties which disoblige so much in conversation should entertain upon the stage? Do the

women leave all the regards to decency and conscience behind them when they come to the play house? Or does the place transform their inclinations, and turn their former aversions into pleasure? Or were their pretences to sobriety elsewhere nothing but hypocrisy and grimace? Such suppositions as these are all satyr and invective they are rude imputations upon the whole sex. To treat the ladies with such stuff is no better than taking their money to abuse them. It supposes their imagination vitious, and their memories ill furnish'd that they are practised in the language of the stews, and pleas'd with the scenes of brutishness. When at the same time the customs of education and the laws of decency are so very cautious and reserv'd in regard to women I say so very reserv'd, that 'tis almost a fault for them to under stand they are ill used. They can't discover their disgust without disadvantage, nor blush without disservice to their modesty. To appear with any skill in such cant looks as if they had fallen upon ill conversation, or managed their curiosity amiss In a word, he that treats the ladies with such discourse must couclude either that they like it, or they do not To suppose the first is a gross reflection upon their virtue. And as for the latter case, it entertains them with their own aversion, which is ill nature, and ill manners enough in all conscience. And in this particular custom and conscience, the forms of breeding and the maxims of religion are on the same In other instances vice is often too fashiouable, but here a man can't be a sinner without being a clown

In this respect the stage is faulty to a scandalous degree of nauseousness and aggravation For

1st The poets make women speak smuttily Of this the places before mention'd are sufficient evidence if there was occasion they might be multiplyed to a much greater number indeed the comedies are seldom clear of these blemishes and sometimes you have them in tragedy For instance. The Orphans Monimia makes a very improper description, and the royal Leonora in the Spanish Friar runs a strange length in the history of love And do princesses use to make their reports with such filsom freedoms? Certainly this Leonora was the first queen of her family Such raptures are too lascivious for Joan of Naples Are these the tender things Mr Dryden says the ladies call on him for? I suppose he means the ladies that are too modest to show their faces in the pit. This entertainment can be fairly design'd for none but such. Indeed it hits their palate exactly It regales their lewdness, graces their character, and keeps up their spirits for their vocation now to bring women under such misbehaviour is violence to their native modesty, and a mispresentation of their sex. For modesty, as Mr Rapin observes, is the character To represent them without this quality is to of women make monsters of them and throw them out of their Euripides, who was no negligent observer of humane nature, is always careful of this decorum Phædra when possess'd with an infamous passion, takes all imaginable pains to conceal it. She is as regular and reserv'd in her language as the most virtuous matron Tis true, the force of shame and desire, the scandal of satisfying and the difficulty of parting with her inclinations, disorder her to distraction. However, her frensy is not lewd, she keeps her modesty even after she has lost her wits. Had Shakespear secur'd this point for his young virgin Ophelia, the play had been better contrivid Since he was resolv'd to drown the lady lile a kitten, he

preach and write in defence of the new creed, his first manifesto being The Truth Exalted (1668), and this was immediately followed by The Sandy Foundation Shaken, in which he expressly set himself to refute from Scripture those 'so generally believed and applauded doctrines, viz. the Trinity of distinct and separate persons in the unity of essence, 'the yulgar doctrine of Satisfaction being dependent on the second person of the Trinity,' and 'the Justification of impure persons by an imputative righteousness' Attacks like this on the commonly received doctrines of the Trinity. the Atonement, and Justification by Faith explain the suspicion and abhorrence with which the early Quakers were regarded by all orthodox communions and sects, and for publishing this treatise without license Penn was committed to the Tower Imprisonment only increased his ardour During a confinement of eight months in 1668-69 he produced several treatises, the best of which, No Cross, no Crown, enjoyed great popularity Shortly after his release he was again taken up and tried by the City authorities The jury sympa thised with the persecuted apostle of peace, and would return no harsher verdict than 'Guilty of speaking in Gracechurch Street.' They were browbeat by the insolent court, and kept two days and nights without food, fire, or light, but they would not yield, and their final verdict was 'Not Guilty' Penn and the jury were all thrown into Newgate On an appeal to the Court of Common Pleas, Penn triumphed, but he was imprisoned six months for refusing the oath of allegiance.

In 1670 Admiral Penn died, reconciled to his son, whom he left sole executor of his will admiral's estate was worth £1500 a year, and he had claims on the Government amounting to about In consideration of these unliquidated but acknowledged claims Charles II granted to William Penn-who longed to establish a Christian democracy across the Atlantic-a vast territory on the banks of the Delaware in North America. Penn was constituted sole proprietor and governor He proposed to call his colony Silvania, as being covered with woods. The king is said to liave suggested that, in compliment to the admiral, Penn should be prefixed, and in the charter the colony was named Pennsilvania. Articles for the settlement and government of the new state were drawn up by Penn, with the assistance, it was said (on insufficient grounds), of Algernon Sidney They were liberal and comprehensive, allowing the utmost civil and religious freedom to the colonists governor sailed to America in 1682, and entered into a treaty of peace and friendship with the native tribes, which was religiously observed. The signing of this treaty under an elm tree the Indian king being attended by his sachems or warriors, and Penn accompanied by a large body of his pilgrim-followers, is one of those picturesque pas sages in history on which poets and painters delight to dwell, but unluckily it seems certain that

these Lenni Lenape Indians had, as disarmed subjects of the 'Five Nations,' no right to convey to Penn any property in the soil, which was not theirs The governor, having constituted his council or legislative assembly, laid out his capital city of Philadelphia, and governed the colony wisely for two years, with full tolerance for all that was not by Puritanism regarded as wicked (card playing, play-going, &c. being of course strictly forbidden as 'evil sports and games') Murder alone was treated as a capital offence. The colonial dictator returned to England in 1684.



WILLIAM PENN After F Place

For the next four years and a half, till the abdication of James II, Penn appears in the novel character of a court favourite. He attended Whitehall almost daily, his house was crowded with visitors, and in consequence of his supposed influence with the king he might, as he himself says, have amassed great riches He procured the release of about twelve hundred Quaker brethren imprisoned for refusing to take the oath of allegiance or to attend church. So he was accused of being a Jesuit in disguise, and of holding correspondence with the court of Rome Even Tillotson was led to believe this calumny, but was convinced by Penn of the entire falsehood of the charge Lord Macaulay revised some of the accusations against Penn, and represented him as conniving at the intolerance and corruption of the court. The specific cases adduced rest on doubtful evidence, but evidently Penn, misled by a little selfimportance, and childishly hopeful of the great things to be expected from James, had mixed himself up too much with the proceedings of the court, yet could not prevent all acts of cruelty and extortion MrW E. Forster was held to have proved that

and goodness. But for all this, I must allow a great advantage to the gentleman, and therefore prefer his station, just as the apostle Paul, who afer he had humbled the Jews, that insulted upon the Christians with their law and rites, gave them the advantage upon all other nations in statutes and judgments. I must grant that the condition of our great men is much to be pre ferred to the ranks of inferior people. For first, they have more power to do good, and if their hearts be equal to their ability, they are blessings to the people of Secondly, the eyes of the people are any country usually directed to them, and if they will be kind, just, and helpful, they shall have their affections and services. Thirdly, they are not under equal straits with the inferior sort, and consequently they have more help, leisure, and occasion to polish their passions and tempers with books and conversation. Fourthly, they have more time to observe the actions of other nations, to travel and view the laws, customs, and interests of other countries. and bring home whatsoever is worthy or imitable. And so an easier way is open for great men to get honour. and such as love true reputation will embrace the best means to it. But because it too often happens that great men do little mind to give God the glory of their prospenty, and to live answerable to his mercies, but on the contrary live without God in the world, fulfilling the lusts thereof, his hand is often seen either in impoverish ing or extinguishing them, and raising up men of more virtue and humility to their estates and dignity ever, I must allow that among people of this rank there have been some of them of more than ordinary virtue, whose examples have given light to their families. And it has been something natural for some of their descen dants to endeavour to keep up the credit of their houses m proportion to the ment of their founder. And to say true, if there be any advantage in such descent, 'tis not from blood but education, for blood has no intelligence in it, and is often spurious and uncertain, but education has a mighty influence and strong bias upon the affec tions and actions of men In this the ancient nobles and gentry of this lingdom did excel, and it were much to be wisht that our great people would set about to recover the ancient occonomy of their houses, the strict and virthous discipline of their ancestors, when men were honoured for their a chievements, and when nothing more exposed a man to shame than his being born to a nobility that he had not a virtue to support.

The following will show the style of the maxims in Fruits of Solitude, some 850 in number

## On Temperance

To this a spare diet contributes much Eat therefore to live and do not live to eat That's like a man, but this below a beast.

Have wholesome but not costly food, and be rather cleanly than dainty in ordering it.

The receipts of cookery are swelled to a volume, but a good stomach excels them all, to which nothing contributes more than industry and temperance.

If thou rise with an appetite, thou art sure to sit down with one.

Rarely drink but when thou art dry, nor then between meals, if it can be avoided

The smaller the drink the clearer the head and the cooler the blood, which are great benefits in temper and business.

Strong liquors are good at some times and in small proportions, being better for physic than food, for cordials than common use.

The most common things are the most useful, which shews both the wisdom and goodness of the great Lord of the family of the world

All excess is ill, but drunkenness is the worst sort, it spoils the health, dismounts the mind, and unmans men, it reveals secrets, is quarrelsome, lascivious, impudent, dangerous, and mad, in fine, he that's drunk is not a man, because he is so long void of reason, that distinguishes a man from a beast.

Penn wrote in all over forty works and pamphlets, and his collected works (1726) fill three volumes. There are Lives by Clarkson (1813), Barker (1852), Janney (1852), Hepworth Dixon (new ed 1856), Burdette (1882) Stoughton (new ed 1863), Sparks, Draper Bridges and others. And see Mr Gosses edition of Some Fruits of Solitude (1900).

Robert Barclay (1648-90), the apologist of the Quakers, was born at Gordonstown in Morayshire, the son of Colonel David Barclay, who had served under Gustavus Adolphus, and lost but recovered his estate under Charles II Robert was educated at the Scots College at Paris, of which his uncle was rector, but withstood, not without difficulty, the temptation to become a Catholic. and returned to his native country in 1664. Two years afterwards his father made open profession of the principles of Quakerism, and in 1667, when only nineteen years of age, Robert Barclay became 'fully convinced,' as his friend William Penn has expressed it, 'and publicly owned the testimony of the true light.' His first defence of the new doctrines, Truth cleared of Calumnies (1670), was a reply to a book published in Aberdeen Barclay walked through the streets of Aberdeenunseasonably-clothed in sackcloth and ashes, and published a Seasonable Warning and Serious Exhortation to and Expostulation with the Inhabitants of Aberdeen Other controversal treatises followed A Catechism and Confession of Faith (1673), and The Anarchy of the Ranters (1676) His great work, originally written and published in 1676 in Latin, appeared in English in 1678, and is entitled An Apology for the true Christian Divinity, as the same is held forth and preached by the People called in scorn Quakers, &-c His appeal in it to the king had no effect in stopping persecution, for after Barclay's return from Holland and Germany, which he visited now and later in company with Fox and Penn, he was in 1677 imprisoned along with many other Quakers at Aberdeen, through the procurement of Archbishop Sharp In prison he wrote a treatise on Universal Love He was soon liberated, and subsequently gained favour at court. Both Penn and he were on terms of intimacy with James II, and just before the sailing of the Prince of Orange for England in 1688, Barclay in a private conference with His Majesty urged James to make some concessions to the people. He was one of twelve Quakers who in 1682 acquired East New Jersey, and was thereafter appointed nominal governor, with power to appoint a deputy

frequently to lie, because the persons obtaining these titles, either by election or hereditarily, may frequently be found to have nothing really in them deserving them or answering to them as some to whom it is said. Your Excellency, liaving nothing of excellency in them, and he who is called I our Grace appears to be an enemy to grace, and he who is called Your Hononr is known to I wonder what law of man or be base and igroble what patent ought to oblige me to make a lie, in calling good evil, and evil good I wonder what law of man can secure me in so doing from the just judgment of God, that will make me account for every idle word. And to lie is something more. Surely Christians should be ashamed that such laws, manifestly crossing the law of God, should be among them

Fourthly, as to those titles of Holiness, Eminency, and Excellency, used among the Papists to the pope and cardinals, &c., and Grace, Lordship, and Worship, used to the clergy among the Protestants, it is a most blasphemous usurpation For if they use Holiness and Grace because these things ought to be in a pope or in a bishop, how came they to usurp that peculiarly to themselves? Ought not holiness and grace to be in every Christian? And so every Christian should say Your Holiness and Your Grace one to another Next, how can they in reason claim any more titles than were practised and re ceived by the apostles and primitive Christians, whose successors they pretend they are, and as whose successors (and no otherwise) themselves, I judge, will confess any honour they seek is due to them? Now if they neither sought, received, nor admitted such honour nor titles, how came these by them? If they say they did, let them prove it if they can we find no such thing in The Christians speak to the apostles the Scripture without any such denomination, neither saying, If it please your Grace, Your Holiness, nor Your Worship, they are neither called My Lord Peter, nor My Lord Paul, nor yet Master Peter, nor Master Paul, nor Doctor Peter, nor Doctor Paul, but singly Peter and Paul, and that not only in the Scripture, but for some hun dreds of years after so that this appears to be a manifest fruit of the apostacy For if these titles arise either from the office or worth of the persons, it will not be demed but the apostles deserved them better than any now that call for them. But the case is plain, the apostles had the holiness, the excellency, the grace, and because they were holy, excellent, and gracious, they neither used nor admitted such titles, but these having neither holiness, excellency, nor grace, will needs be so called to satisfy their ambitious and ostentatious mind, which is a mani fest token of their hypocrisy

Fifthly, as to that title of Majesty usually ascribed to princes, we do not find it given to any such in the Holy Scripture, but that it is specially and peculiarly ascribed unto God We find in the Scripture the proud Ling Nebuchadnezzar assuming this title to himself, who at that time received a sufficient reproof by a sudden judg ment which came upon him. Therefore in all the com pellations used to princes in the Old Testament it is not to be found, nor act in the New Paul was very civil to Agrippa, yet he gives him no such title. Neither was this title used among Christians in the primitive times. Hence the Ecclesiastical History of the Reformation of France, relating the speech of the Lord Rochefort at the assembly of the estates of France held under Charles the Ninth in the year 1560, saith, 'That this harangue was

well remarked in that he used not the word Majesty, invented by flatterers of late years.' And yet this author [Beza] minded not how his master Calvin used this flattering title to Francis the First, King of France, and not only so, but calls him Most Christian King in the epistle to his Institutions, though by his daily persecuting of the Reformers it was apparent he was far from such even in Calvin's own esteem. Snrely the complying with such vain titles, imposed and introduced by Anti-christ, greatly tended to stain the Reformation and to render it defective in many things.

Barclay 5 Apology and Catechum have been often reprinted, his works were collected in 1692 (1 vol. folio), and republished in 1718

Thomas Ellwood (1639-1713), Milton's Quaker friend, was born at Crowell in Oxford of good family, was educated mainly at the Free School of Thame, and till his conversion to Quakerism in 1659 was a sprightly and rather foppish youth 'taking my swing,' as he writes, 'in all such vain courses as were accounted harmless recreations? His father, as averse to the new creed as Admiral Penn, sometimes beat him with great severity. particularly when the son persisted in remaining covered in his presence. In a succession of embarrassing interviews, Squire Ellwood knocked or 'tore violently' off Thomas's head all the young man's hats, one after the other, and he seems to have been well provided. But there remained another cause of offence

Whenever I had occasion to speak to my father. though I had no hat now to offend him, yet my language did as much, for I durst not say 'you' to him, but 'thou' or 'thee,' as the occasion required, and then he would be sure to fall on me with his fists. At one of these times. I remember, when he had beaten me in that manner, he commanded me, as he commonly did at such times, to go to my chamber, which I did, and he followed me to the bottom of the stairs Being come thither, he gave me a parting blow, and in a very angry tone said 'Sirrah, if ever I hear you say thou or thee to me again, I'll strike your teeth down your throat.' I was greatly gneved to hear him say so, and feeling a word rise in my heart unto him, I turned again, and calmly said unto him 'Should it not be just if God should serve thee so, when thou sayest "thou" or "thee" to him?' Though his hand was up, I saw it sink, and his countenance fall, and he turned away, and left me standing there.

Ellwood is specially interesting as having been a pupil of Milton, and one of those who read to the blind poet in 1662, his services as reader securing from Milton in return guidance in his own studies for two months, until they were ended by illness and a succession of imprisonments His later life was largely spent in controversy and in suffering persecution, mainly for refusing to take the oath of allegiance. The History of the Life of Thomas Ellwood written by his own hand, hut completed b) a friend, was first published in 1714, and often republished (5th ed 1855, ed by Henry Morley, 1885, h<sub>3</sub> C G Crump in 1900) Ellwood furnishes interesting facts about the London prisons, in which he and many of his brother Quakers were confined, and the manner in which they were

treated both there and out of doors. It is melancholy to note how very few of all the miseries of their lives would have hefallen them, or how swiftly they could have been got over, had the Quakers been able to make the merely formal concession required of them-on the hat question and the thou question at home, and ahout taking of the oath of allegiance when brought before the magistrates Though as a Quaker faithful unto the utmost extremity, Ellwood evidently found the 'old man' in him asserting itself pretty often in the way of righteous indignation and the impulse to strenuous self defence, and unlike the stricter Friends, he had no scruples about providing for the defence of himself and comrades before the law-courts by help of professional lawyers Besides his own Life, Ellwood wrote a score of controversial treatises, including A Seasonable Dissuasive from Persecution, A Fair Examination of a Foul Paper, Truth Defended, Sacred Histories of the Old and New Testaments, and more than one volume of poems, including a Daviders in five books He edited the Journal of his friend George Fox

In his Life he describes his intercourse with Milton, whose literary standing he defines in a sufficiently surprising manner, and expounds the poet's insistence on a quite un English and a specifically Italian pronunciation of Latin

## Milton as Latin Tutor

I mentioned before that when I was a boy I had made some good progress in learning, and lost it all again before I came to be a man, nor was I rightly sensible of my loss therein till I came among the Quakers then I both saw my loss and lamented it, and applied myself with nimost diligence at all leisure times to recover it, so false I found that charge to be which in these times was east as a reproach upon the Quakers, that they despised and decried all human learning, because they denied it to be necessary to a gospel ministry, which was one of the controversies of those times But though I toiled hard and spared no pains to regain what once I had been master of, yet I found it a matter of so great diffi culty that I was ready to say as the noble eunuch to Philip in another case, 'How can I, unless I had some man to guide me?' This I had formerly complained of to my especial friend Isaae Pennington, but now more earnestly, which put him upon considering and contriing a means for my assistance.

He had an intimate aequaintance with Dr Paget, a physician of note in London, and he with John Milton, a gentleman of great note throughout the learned world for the accurate pieces he had written on various subjects and occasions. This person, having filled a public station in the former times, lived now a private and retired life in London, and having wholly lost his sight kept always a man to read to him, which usually was the son of some gentleman of his acquaintance, whom in kindness he took to improve in his learning. Thus by the mediation of my friend Isaac Pennington with Dr Paget, and of Dr Paget with John Milton, was I admitted to come to him, not as a servant (which at that time he needed not), nor to be in the house with him, but only to have the liberty

acknowledgment for the favour he had done me in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him, and after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him 'Thou hast said much here of Paradice lost, but what hast thon to say of Paradise found?' He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse, then brake off that discourse, and fell upon another subject

After the sickness was over, and the city well cleansed, and become safely habitable again, he returned thither And when afterwards I went to wait on him there, which I seldom failed of doing whenever my occasions drew me to London, he shewed me his second poem, called Paradise Regaired, and in a pleasant tone said to me 'This is owing to you, for you put it into my head at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of'

Dr Thomas Sprat, Bishop of Rochester (1635-1713), was praised by Dr Johnson as 'an author whose pregnancy of anagmation and eloquence of language have deservedly set him high in the ranks of literature.' Lord Macaulay also eulogised him as 'a very great master of our language, and pessersed at once of the eloquence of the orator, the controversialist, and the historian' Born at Beaminster in Dorset, at Wadham College, Oxford, he studied mathematics under its warden, Dr Wilkins, in whose house scientific inquirers used to meet Sprat's intimacy with Wilkirs led to his election in 1663 as a member of the Royal Society, and in 1667 he published the history of that learned body, with the object of dissipating the prejudice and suspicion with which it was regarded by the public. Ordained in 1661, he was appointed chaplain to the Duke of Buckingham, whom he is said to have aided in writing the Rehearsal, in 1676 he was made chaplain to the king Successively Canon of Westminster (1669), Canon of Windsor (1681), and Dean of Westminster 1733), he obtained the see of Rochester in 1684. I may ear, by command of King Charles, he pub -hed an account of the Ryehouse Plot, for which, after the Revolution, he printed an apology, but having submitted to the new government, he was allowed, notwithstanding his attachment to the abdicated monarch, to remain unmolested in his bishopric. In 1692 he was falsely charged with 30 ning in a conspiracy for the restoration of Junes, but cleared himself after a confinement of eleven days In his earlier days Sprit wrote poems long included in collections of poetry-one on the death of the Protector (1658), and a Pindaric Ode on the Plague of Athens (1659) His reply to Sorbières' Voyage en Angleterre (1663) was a defence of England and Englishmen, 'full of Just satire and ingenuity,' as Addison said. But his best known work was his History of the Royal Society The Life of his friend Cowley (1667) Dr Johnson called 'a funeral oration rather than a biography' Two collections of sermons (1697 and 1710) were popular 'his language,' said Doddridge, 'is always beautiful.' Sprat was

over-much given to hospitality, and over-profuse in expenditure.

## God revealed in Experimental Philosophy

We are guilty of false interpretatious of providences and wonders, when we either make those to be miracles that are none, or when we put a false sense on those that are real, when we make general events to have a private aspect, or particular accidents to have some universal signification. Though both these may seem at first to have the strictest appearance of religion, yet they are the greatest usurpations on the secrets of the Almighty, and unpardonable presumptions on his high prerogatives of punishment and reward

And now, if a moderating of these extravagances must be esteemed profaneness, I profess I cannot absolve the experimental philosopher. It must be granted that he will be very scrupnlous in believing all manner of commentaries on prophetical visions, in giving liberty to new predictions, and in assigning the causes and marking ont the paths of God's judgments amongst his creatures.

He cannot suddenly conclude all extraordinary events to be the immediate finger of God, because he familiarly beholds the inward workings of things, and thence perceives that many effects, which use to affinght the ignorant, are brought forth by the common instruments of nature. He cannot be suddenly inclined to pass censure on men's eternal condition from any temporal judgments that may befall them, because his long converse with all matters, times, and places has taught him the truth of what the Scripture says, that 'all things happen alike to all? He cannot blindly consent to all imaginations of devout men about future contingencies, seeing he is so rigid in examining all particular matters He cannot be forward to assent to spiritual raptures and revelations, because he is truly acquainted with the tempers of men's bodies, the composition of their blood, and the power of fancy, and so better under stands the difference between diseases and inspirations

But in all this he commits nothing that is irreligious. 'Tis true, to deny that God has heretofore warned the world of what was to come, is to contradict the very Godhead itself, but to reject the sense which any pri wate man shall fasten to it, is not to disdain the Word of God, but the opinions of men like ourselves. To declare against the possibility that new prophets may be sent from heaven, is to insinnate that the same infinite Wisdom which once shewed itself that way is now at an end But to slight all pretenders that come without the help of miracles, is not a contempt of the Spirit, but a just circumspection that the reason of men be not overreached To deuy that God directs the course of human things is stupidity, but to hearken to every prodigy that men frame against their enemies, or for themselves, is not to reverence the power of God, but to make that serve the passions, the interests, and revenges of men

It is a dangerous mustake into which many good men fall, that we neglect the dominion of God over the world if we do not discover in every turn of himan actions many supernatural providences and miraculous events. Whereas it is enough for the honor of his government that he guides the whole creation in its wonted course of causes and effects as it makes as much for the reputation of a prince's wisdom, that he can rule his subjects peaceably by his known and standing laws, as that he is

often forced to make use of extraordinary justice to pumish or reward

Let us then imagine our philosopher to have all slowness of belief and rigour of trial, which hy some is miscalled a blindness of mind and hardness of heart. Let us suppose that he is most unwilling to grant that anything exceeds the force of nature but where a full evidence convinces him. Let it be allowed that he is always alarmed, and ready on his guard, at the noise of any miraculous event, lest his indement should be sur prised by the disguises of faith. But does he by this diminish the anthority of ancient miracles? or does lie not rather confirm them the more, by confining their number, and taking care that every falsehood should not mingle with them? Can he by this undermine Christianity, which does not now stand in need of such extraordinary testimonies from heaven? or do not they rather endanger it who still venture its truths on so hazardous a chance, who require a continuance of signs and wonders, as if the works of our Saviour and his apostles had not been sufficient? Who ought to be esteemed the most carnally minded-the enthusiast that pollutes religion with his own passions, or the experi menter that will not use it to flatter and obey his own desires, but to subdue them? Who is to be thought the greatest enemy of the gospel—he that loads men's faiths by so many improbable things as will go near to make the reality itself suspected, or he that only admits a few arguments to confirm the evangelical doctrines, but then chooses those that are unquestionable?

By this I hope it appears that this inquiring, this scrupulous, this incredulous temper, is not the disgrace but the honour of experiments. And therefore I will declare them to be the most seasonable study for the present temper of our nation. This wild amusing men's minds with prodigies and conceits of providence has been one of the most considerable causes of those spiritual distractions of which our country has long been the theatre This is a vanity to which the English seem to have been always subject above others is scarce any modern historian that relates our foreign wars but he has this objection against the disposition of our countrymen, they used to order their affairs of the greatest importance according to some obscure omens or predictions that passed amongst them on little or no foundations. And at this time, especially this last year [1666], this gloom, and ill boding humour has prevailed. So that it is now the fittest season for experi ments to anse, to teach us a wisdom which springs from the depths of knowledge, to shake off the shadows and to scatter the mists which fill the minds of men with a vain consternation. This is a work well becoming the most Christian profession For the most apparent effect which attended the passion of Christ was the putting of an eternal silence on all the false oracles and dissembled inspirations of ancient times

#### Cowley's Love of Retirement

Upon the kings happy restoration, Mr Cowley was past the fortieth year of his age, of which the greatest part had been spent in a various and tempestinous condition. He now thought he had saerificed enough of his life to his curiosity and experience. He had en joyed many excellent occasions of observation. He had been present in many great revolutions, which in that timultuous time disturbed the peace of all our neighbour

opposed the course of a government in a pure and unselfish spirit, that man was Lord William The suspicious correspondence with Barillon (see the section on ALGERNON SIDNEI, Vol I page 715) leaves him unsullied, for the ambassador distinctly mentions Russell and Lord Holles as two who would not accept bribes When brought to trial (July 1683), under the same circumstances as those which have been related in Sidney's case—with a packed jury and a brutal judge-and refused a counsel to conduct his defence, the only grace that was allowed him was to have an amanuensis When Lord Russell asked, 'May I have somebody to write, to assist my memory?, the Attorney-General answered, 'Yes, a servant,' and the Lord Chief-Justice added, 'Any of your servants shall assist you in writing anything you please for you.' But Lord Russell proudly replied, 'My wife is here, my lord, to do it.' And when the spectators turned their eyes and beheld the devoted lady rising to and her lord in his uttermost distress, a thrill of sympathy ran through the assembly Lady Russell, after the condemnation of her husband, personally pled for his pardon, but in vain. He loved her as such a wife deserved to be loved, and on taking his final farewell of her, said, 'The bitterness of death is now past!' Fifty years after Lady Russell's death appeared that collection of her Letters which entitled her to a place in our literary history Dr Fitzwilliam, her father's chaplain, became Canon of Windsor Lord William Cavendish, afterwards second Duke of Devonshire, married Lady Russell's daughter Henri Massue de Ruvigni, Lidy Russell's cousin, was a Huguenot noble (son of a French ambassador) who settled in England on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, took service under William III, and was made Viscount (1692) and Earl (1697) of Galway

# To Dr Fitzwillam.

As you profess, good Doctor, to take pleasure in your writings to me, from the tesumony of a conscience to forward my spiritual welfare, so do I to receive them'as one to me of your friendship in both worldly and spiritual concernments, doing so, I need not waste my time nor yours to tell you they are very valuable to me. That you are so contented to read mine, I make the just allowance for, not for the worthiness of them, I know it cannot be, but however, it enables me to keep up an advantageous conversation without scruple of being too troublesome. You say something sometimes, by which I should think you seasoned or rather tainted with being so much where compliment or praising is best learned, but I conclude that often what one heartily wishes to be in a friend, one is apt to believe is so. The effect is not nought towards me, whom it animates to have a true, not false title to the least virtue you are disposed to attribute to me. Let I am far from such a vigour of mind as surmounts the secret discontent so hard a destiny as mine has fixt in my breast, but there are times the mind can hardly feel displeasure as while such friendly conversation entertaineth it, then a grateful sense moves one to express the courtesie.

If I could contemplate the conducts of Providence with the uses you do, it would give ease indeed, and no disas trous events should much affect us. The new scenes of each day make me often conclude myself very void of temper and reason, that I still shed tears of sorrow and not of joy, that so good a man is landed safe on the happy shore of a blessed eternity, doubtless he is at rest, tho' I find none without him, so true a partner he was in all my joys and griefs. I trust the Almighty will pass hy this my infirmity. I speak it in respect to the world. from whose enticing delights I can now be better weaned I was too rich in possessions whilst I possest him relish is now gone, I bless God for it, and pray, and ask of all good people (do it for me from such you know are so) also to pray that I may more and more turn the stream of my affections upwards, and set my heart upon the ever-satisfying perfections of God, not starting at his darkest providences, but remembering continually either his glory, justice, or power is advanced by every one of them, and that mercy is over all his works, as we shall one day with ravishing delight see in the mean time. I endeavour to suppress all wild imaginations a melancholy fancy is apt to let in, and say with the man in the gospel 'I believe, help thou my unbelief'

WOBORNE ABBY, 27th Noor 1685

#### To Lord Cavendish.

Tho' I know my letters do Lord Cavendish no service, yet as a respect I love to pay him, and to thank him also for his last from Limbeck, I had not been so long silent, of the death of two persons both very near and dear to me had not made me so uncomfortable to myself, that I knew I was utterly unfit to converse where I would never be ill company The separation of friends is My sister Mountague was one I loved ten derly, my Lord Gainsborough was the only son of a sister I loved with too much passion they both deserved to be remembered kindly by all that knew them both began their race long after me, and I hoped should have ended it so too, but the great and wise Disposer of all things, and who knows where 'tis best to place his creatures, either in this or in the other world, has ordered it otherwise. The hest improvement we can make in these cases, and you, my dear Lord, rather than I, whose glass runs low, while you are young, and I hope have many happy years to come, is, I say, that we should all reflect there is no passing thro' this to a better world without some crosses, and the scene sometimes shifts so fast, our course of life may be ended before we think we have gone half way, and that a happy eternity depends on our spending well or ill that time allotted us here for probation

Live virtuously, my lord, and you can't dye too soon, nor live too long I hope the last shall be your lot, with many blessings attending it

29th October 1690.

## To the Earl of Galway

I have before me, my good lord, two of your letters, both partially and tenderly kind, and coming from a sincere heart and honest mind (the last a plain word, but, if I mistake not, very significant) are very comfort able to me, who, I hope, have no proud thoughts of myself as to any sort. The opinion of an esteemed friend, that one is not very wrong, assists to strengthen a weak and willing mind to do her duty towards that

Almighty Being who has from infinite bounty and goodness so checkered my days on this earth, as I can thank fully reflect I felt many, I may say as many years of pure and (I trust) innocent, pleasant content, and happy enjoy ments as this world can afford, particularly that higgest blessing of loving and being loved by those I loved and respected, on earth no enjoyment certainly to be put in the ballance with it. All other are like wine, which intoxicates for a time, but the end is bitterness, at least not profitable. Mr Waller, whose picture you look upon, has, I long remember, these words

'All we know they do above

Is that they sing and that they love'

The best news I have heard is, you have two good companions with you, which I trust will contribute to divert you this sharp season, when, after so sore a fit as I apprehend you have felt, the air even of your improving pleasant garden can't be enjoyed without hazard.

[1712

Richard Cumberland (1631-1718), born at London, and educated at St Paul's and at Cambridge, held various cures from 1658, and was raised by King William to the see of Peterborough in 1691 He had published, in 1672, a Latin work, De Legibus Natura Disquisitio Philosophica, 'A Philosophical Inquiry into the Laws of Nature, in which their form, order, promulgation, and obligation are investigated from the nature of things, and in which also the philosophical principles of Hobbes, moral as well as civil, are considered and refuted? This erudite but verbose treatise expounds some novel views. and lays down a distinctly utilitarian criterion in The laws of nature he deduces from the results of human conduct, regarding that to be commanded by God which conduces to the happiness of man The public good is the summum bonum, and 'universal benevolence' the fountain of all virtue. He wrote also a learned essay on Jewish Weights and Measures (1686), dedicatedoddly enough-to his friend Samuel Pepvs, then President of the Royal Society, and a translation of Sanchomatho's Phanician History (translated from Eusebius, with disquisitions, not published till 1720) He was a really learned man and an acute thinker, but at best a poor writer sentences are involved, he lacks humour and vivacity, grace and point, and his works are hopelessly tedious even where most suggestive. In the performance of his Episcopal duties he displayed rare activity, moderation, and benevolence. When expostulated with by friends about his too great labours, he replied with the now proverbial maxim, 'I will do my duty as long as I can, a man had better wear out than rust out.' Yet he lived to the age of eighty-six, in the enjoyment of such mental vigour that he successfully studied Coptic only three years before his death. The dramatist who bore the bishop's name was his great-grandson.

There is a Life by Payne prefixed to the Sanchoniathon (1720). The De Legibus was twice translated (by Meacock in 1727, by Towers in 1750).

The self, I mean thy Better Half, already Dead!
The Tear, were just which at thy Birth did flow,
For then, alass! thou cams't t'engage
The Miseries of Life, but now
Thou art allowed to quit the Tragick Stage,
Now to be careful to prolong the seene,
And act thy Troubles o'er agen,

Is Tolly not to be forgiv'n even in thy doating Age

Can Cramps, Catarrhs, and Palsies be
Such charming Company?
What Pleasures can the grave deprive
Thy Senses of? what Inconvenience give,
From which thou art exempted while alive?
At worst thou canst but have
Cold lodging in the grave,
Nor ly'st thou warmer now, tho' cover'd o'er

In Turr, till thy faint limbs can bear no more.

Thou leeps't each might in so much Sear cloth bound,
Thou det need no more to lodge thee underground

Nicholas Brady (1659-1726), born at Bandon, as educated at Westminster, Christ Church (Oxford), and Dublin, and held from 1696 to his death the living of Richmond, along with Stratford-on Avon and Clapham in succession. He also kept a school at Richmond. The metrical version

of the Psalms by him and Tate was authorised in 1696. His tragedy, The Rape, on a plot from the history of the Goths and Vandals, his blankverse Eneid, his Ode for St Cecilia's Day, and his sermons have long since sunk into deserved oblivion.

Thomas Tenison (1636-1715), Archbishop of Canterbury, born at Cottenham in Cambridge shire, studied at Corpus Christi, Cambridge, and was made Bishop of Lincoln by William III in 1691, and primate of all England in 1694. He was a favourite at court, crowned Queen Anne and George I, and strongly supported the Hanoverian succession. His works comprise anti-papal tracts, sermons, and a criticism of Hobbes, but though Swift was unfair when he said he was a very dull man, the Archbishop was not a power in literature, and his books are not read.

Matthew Menry (1662-1714) was born at Broad Oak farmhouse, Malpas, Flintshire, the son of Philip Henry, a pious and learned minister, just ousted by the Act of Uniformity. He entered as a student of law in Gray's Inn, but, yielding to a strong desire for the office of the ministry, he soon abandoned the pursuit of the law, and turned his attention to theology, which he studied with great diligence and zcal. In 1687 he was chosen

1 5

pastor of a Nonconformist congregation at Chester, whence he removed in 1712 to Hackney Of a variety of theological works published by him, the

largest and best I nown is his Exposition of the Old as d New Testaments (1710), which he did not live to complete, the Commentary on the Epistles being added by various divines. The work has little exegetical value, and is far from being a safe guide

to the actual meaning of the sacred text, but as a treasury of practical religion and manual of hints for pulpit use, it soon secured a place in the very first class of expositors vorks Robert Hall for the last two years of his life read daily two chapters of Matthew Henry's Commentary, increasingly delighted with the cop ousness, variety, and pious ingenuity of the thoughts, the simplicity, strength, and pregnancy of the expressions. Chalmers was a warm admirer of Henry, and for nearly two centuries the Commentar was the constant study companion and vade-recum of a very large proportion of evangelical preachers of all denominations in English-speaking countries and colonies The following extract from the exposition of Matthew vi. 21 may be taken as a specimen of the persons and pointed remarks with which the work abounds

#### 'Te cannot serve God and Memmon.'

Mamrion 's a Syriack word that signifies gain, so that whatever it is in this world that is, or that we account to be gain to us (as S. Paul speaks, Phil iii 7), that's mammon 'Whatever is in the world, the last of the fiesh, the lnst of the eye, and the pride of life,' it is mammon. To some their belly is their mammon, and they serve that; to others, their ease, their sports and pastimes, are their mammon, to others, worldly riches, to o ners, honours and preferments the praise and applanse of men was the Phansees' mammon, in a word, self, the nn tv m which the world's trinity centres. sensual secular self, is the mammon which cannot be served in conjunction vall God for if it be served, 'tis in competition with him, and in contradiction to him He does no say we must not, or we should not, but we canno serve God and mammon, we cannot love both, or hold to both, or hold by both, in ob ervance, obedience, attendance, trus', and dependence, for they 'My are contrary the one to the other. God saith son, give me thine heart, Mainmon saith 'No, give it me' God saith 'Be content with such things as ye have,' Mammon saith 'Grasp at all that ever thou cana--" Rem, rem, quocunque modo rem."' God saith 'Defraud no , never tell a lye, be honert and just in all the dealings, ' Mammon saith 'Cheat thy own father if thou canst get by it' sanh 'Be chantable,' Mammon sanh 'Hold thy own, this giving undoes us all.' God saith 'Be careful for nothing,' Mammon south 'Be careful for every thing' God saith 'Keep holy the Sabbath-day,' Hammon saith 'Make use of that day, as well as any other, for the world' Thus inconsistent are the commands of God and Mammon, so that we cannot serve both Let us not, then, halt between God and Baal, but "chuse you this day's hom ye will serve," and abide by your choice.

Henry Aldrich (1647-1710), born at Westmunster, passed in 1662 from Westmunster School to Christ Church, Oxford, of which he became a canon in 1682, and dean in 1689. He it was who urged Charles Boyle to edit the *Epistles of Phalaris* (see Vol I p 754), and so started a memorable controvers. He designed the Peckwater Quadrangle, wrote the well-known

catch, 'Hark, the bonny Christ Church Bells,' and a 'smoling catch' for four smokers, set. English words to Italian anthems and songs, and indited Latin verses and epigrams, but he is less remembered as architect, verse-writer, composer, or inveterate smoker than as the author of the Artis Logica Compendium (1691), which was long a standard text-book, and of which, though it is a by no means brilliant performance, a new edition appeared in 1862.

Humphrey Prideaux (1648-1724), born at Padstos, from Westminster passed to Christ Church, Oxford His Marmora Oxoniensia (1676), an account of the Arundel Marbles, procured for him patronage through which he was in 1679 appointed rector of St Clement's, Oxford, and erelong a canon of Norwich 1688 he became Archdeacon of Suffolk, and in 1702 Dean of Norwich His nine works include a Life of Mahon et (1697), Directions to Churchwardens (1701, 15th ed. 1886), and The Old and New Testamert connected in the History of the Jews and Neighbouring Nations (1715-17, 27th ed 1876) See Prideaux's Letters to John Ellis (Camden Soc. 1875) In virtue of the first and last named books he long ranked as a historian. The Life of Mahomet is wholly polemical, levelled as much against the English deists as against the Arabian impostor But Prideaux's Connection, as the more important work was generally called, was a solid contribution to the knowledge of the subject, though in nowise profound or original, and was only superseded in general use by more scholarly works a century and a half after its appearance.

Sir George Etherege, the Restoration dramatist who in England founded the comedy of intrigue, was born probably in 1634. He lived much in his early life at Paris, studied law, had an intrigue with the actress Mrs Barry (on whose daughter he afterwards settled £6000), was knighted and married a wealthy widow, and in 1686 was Resident at the Imperial court at Ratisbon He varied the monotony of what he regarded as banishment with coursing, drinking, play, flirtation with actresses, and correspondence with Middleton, Dryden, Betterton, and others He seems to have died in Paris in 1691, and not, as used to be said, by falling downstairs after a banquet at Ratis-He sought his inspiration in Molière, and out of his comedy of intrigue grew the legitimate comed, of manners that culminated in Congreve and rendered possible the dramatic triumphs of Goldsmith and Sheridan The Jonsonian types and 'humours' made way for real characters, sketched from the life even when the portraiture is but superficial, his fops are unsurpassed He is less brutal and more sprightly and frivolous than Wycherley, but not so eminent a master of theatrical effect, several of his characters are more perfectly individualised, more

human, concrete, and living than either Wycherley's or Congreve's, though Congreve's worl shows Rochester lamented that Etherege's more power indolence checked the productiveness of a min 'who had as much sense, fance, judgment, and wit as any writer of the day' His three plays are The Comical Revenge, or, Love is a Tub (1664), She World of She Could (1668), and The Mar of Mode, or, Sir Fopling Flutter (1676)-all The first is mainly highly popular in their day a farce, the second has serious scenes and a good deal of buffoonery, the third is the best and most readable. Dorimant, accepted as a sketch of Rochester, and Sir Fopling a study of the then famous Beau Hewitt, with points taken from Etherege himself, passed into literature as striking characterisations Medley was Sir Charles Sedley With all his grossness, 'gentle George' shows both restraint and a certain distinction

## From 'The Man of Mode'

Medle: Is it not great indiscretion for a man of credit, who may have money enough on his word, to go and deal with lews, who for hitle sums make men enter into bonds, and give judgment?

Bellair Preach no more on this text, I am determined, and there is no hope of my conversion

Doriman' Leave your unnecessary fiddling, a wasp that's buzzing about a man's nose at dinner, is not more troublesome than thou art

Hanay You love to have your cloaths hang just,

Dor I love to be well dress'd, sir and think it no scandal to my understanding

Hands Will you use the essence, or orange flower water?

Dor I will smell as I do to day, no offence to the ladies' noses.

Hardy Your pleasure, sir

Dor That a man's excellency should be in neatly tying of a ribbond, or a cravat! How careful's nature in furnishing the world with necessary coxcombs!

Bell That's a mighty pretty suit of yours, Dommant

Dor I am glad't has your approbation

Bell No man in town has a better fancy in his clouths than you have.

Dor You will make me have an opinion of my genius.

Med There is a great critick, I hear, in these matters lately arriv'd piping hot from Paris.

Bell Sir Fopling Flutter, you mean

Med The same.

Bell He thinks himself the pattern of modern galldntry

Dor He is indeed the pattern of modern foppers

Med He was yesterday at the play, with a pair of gloves up to his elbows, and a perriwing more exactly curl d than a lady's head newly dress'd for a ball

Bell What a pretty lisp he has I

Dor Hol that he affects in imitation of the people of quality in France

Med His head stands for the most part on one side, and his looks are more languishing than a lady's when she lolls at stretch in her coach, or leans her head care lessly against the side of a box i' the play house.

Dir He is a person indeed of great acquired follies

Med He is like many other, beholden to his education for making him so eminent a coxcomb, many a fool had been lost to the world, had their indulgent parents wisely bestow d neither learning nor good breeding on 'em.

hell He has been, as the sparkish word is, brisk upon the ladies already, he was yesterday at my aunt Townley and gave Mrs Lovent a catalogue of his good qualities, under the character of a complete gentleman, who, according to Sir Fopling, ought to dress well, dance well, fence well, have a genius for love letters, an agree able voice for a chamber, be very amorous, something discreet, but not over constant

Med Pretty ingredients to make an accomplished person.

Dr I am glad he pitch d upon Loveit.

bell How o?

Dor I wanted a fop to lay to her charge, and this is as put may be...

Bell I am confident she loves no man but you.

Do. The goal forting were enough to make me vain, but that I am in my nature modest

Bell Hark you, Dormant, with your leave, M-Medley, its only a secret concerning a fair lady

Med Your pool breeding sir, gives you too much trouble, you might have whisper'd without all this ceremony

Bell How stand your affairs with Ballinda of late?

Dor. She sin little jilling laggage

Bell Nov, I believe her falle enough, but she's ne'er the worse for your purpose, she was with you vesterda, in a disquise at the play

Dor There we fell out, and resolved never to speak to one another more

Itell The occursion?

Dr Want of courage to meet me at the place appointed. These young women apprehend loving, as much as the young men do fighting at first, but once enter d, like them too they all turn bullies straight.

Har di Sir, your man without desires to speak with you [76 Bit LAIR.

Bill Gentlemen, I'll return immediately [Ext

Mal A very pretty fellow this

Dir lie's handsom well bred and by much the most tolerable of all the young men that do not abound m wit

Med Ever well dress d, always complainent, and seldom importanent vou and he are grown very intimate, I see

Dor It is our mutual interest to be so, it makes the women think the better of his understanding, and judge more favourably of my reputation. It makes him pass upon some for a man of very good sense, and me upon others for a very civil person.

Med What was that whisper?

Dor A thing which he would fain have known, but I did not think it fit to tell him, it might have frighted him from his honourable intentions of marrying

Med Limilia, give her her due, has the best reputation of any young woman about the town, who has beauts enough to provoke detraction her carriage is unaffected, her discourse modest, not at all consorious, nor pretending like the counterfeits of the age.

See Gosse's Seventeenth Century Studies (1883), and the edition of Etherege's works by A. W. Verny (1888).

Thomas Shadwell, a dramatic writer of some note in his day, though now hardly remembered save as the 'MacFlecknoe' of Dryden's satire, was born in 1640 or 1642 at Broomhill House, near Brandon in Norfolk, the son of a gentleman of He passed from Cambridge without a degree to the Middle Temple, but not finding law to his liking, he deserted it, and after an interval of foreign travel, betook himself seriously to literature. His first comedy of The Sullen Lovers (1668), based on Molicre, had great success, and he continued from year to year to entertain the town with a succession of pieces. of which nearly a score are extant and fill a complete edition in four volumes (1720) condemned The Royal Shepherdess (1668) for its silliness. The Humourists is not open to the same criticism Lpsom Wells (1720) is coarse but clever The Miser is Moliere's Avaie with new characters and incidents The Enchanted Island is a rifacimento of Shakespeare's Tempest, and in his preface to Timon of Athens, while professing respect for 'the inimitable hand of Shakespear,' Shadwell 'can truly say, I have made it into a play,' by dislocating the action, introducing new and superfluous characters (especially women) and new scenes and passages, omitting much of the best, abridging, paraphrasing, and expanding Shakespeare's words, and transmogrifying the whole into a caricature The Libertine has Don Juan for hero The True Widow. The Lancashire Witches, The Squire of Alsatia, Bury Fair, The Amorous Bigot, and The Volunteers (not published till 1693) are others of the Shadwell made Ben Jonson his model, and sought to amuse by the humours or eccen tricities of his typical characters, but most of his plays belong rather to the comedy of manners as illustrated by Wycherley Shadwell also wrote numerous odes and occasional poems The immortality which the plays must have failed to achieve for him he vas fated to attain in another way With Dryden he was at first on terms of friendly intimacy, and indeed the great poet contributed the prologue to his True Widow, but when Dryden flung his Absalom and Achitophel and The Medal into the cause of the court, Shadwell was rash enough to make a gross attack upon him in the Medal of John Bayes, with such uncomplimentary terms as 'half wit, half-fool,' 'abandoned rascal,' 'knavery,' and the like. Dryden heaped deathless ridicule upon his antagonist in the stinging satire of MacFlecknoe and as 'Og' in the second part of Absalom and Achitophel MacFlecknoe is called on the titlepage 'a Satire on the True Blue Protestant T S,' described further as the literary heir and representative of Flecknoe, whom Dryden thought proper to treat as a despicable rhymester (see Vol. I p 784)

Though Shadwell's works, hasty and careless as they are, exhibit lively talent and comic

force, all that the reading world now knows of Shadwell is that 'Shadwell never deviates into But this is obviously a preposterous exaggeration He was not a poet, but his plays are clever and skilfully put together were gross and indecent could be no reason for Dryden's denunciation, and no doubt personal, professional, and religious hostility made Dryden uncritical in the extravagance of his abuse, as he was unreasonable in the vituperative terms he used of his habits and personal appearance. Rochester, who was no fool, credited Shadwell with exceptional wit and humour in conversation. if not in his plays Addison praised his humour Scott recognised him as an acute observer of human nature, and Mr G A. Aitken has recently spoken of his 'excellent but coarse' comedies, giving interesting pictures of the times have been some consolation to Shadwell to succeed his enemy in the laureateship, which in 1688 Dryden had to resign He did not survive long to enjoy it, however, as in 1602 he died-of an overdose of laudanum, it is said 'The times' by Shadwell's representation seem to have been as unvirtuous and anti-virtuous as it is possible to conceive. Of the seven ladies or maids who appear in Epsoin Wells, four are expressly described amongst the dramatis persona as 'an imperious strumpet, 'very whomsh,' or worse, and the other three might have been described in terms not much more complimentary main business and amusement alike of men and women was the unholiest self-indulgence of the obtrusive loyalty to Church and State professed by most of the characters, the clergy who appear are degraded, servile vulgarians, whom the fine old English gentlemen treat with the utmost contempt and insolence (the passages in the Lancashire Witches which give the most disrespectful pictures of a domestic chaplain were expunged at first playing by the Master of the Revels, but printed in italic, the grossest passages seem to have passed muster from the beginning) The fine old English gentleman who hates London ways and French habits equally gives an account of the London magistrates singularly like the revelations in the Tammany trials-the magistrates live off blackmail exacted from footpads, pickpockets, and improper persons of various sex In the Lancashire Hitches the and condition Lancashire dialect is freely used, and with good effect, and the representation of witch-proceedings are justified by long notes from the Malleus Maleficarum, from Remigius, Bodinus, and many other authors

In the Squire of Alsatia, Belfond, the foolish son of a country squire, comes to London in the absence of his father, and falls among a set of bullies and sharpers—Cheatly, Shamwell, and Captain Hackum—who frequent the Whitefriars or Alsatia, a place behind the Temple, which still preserved the old privileges of sanctuary, and had

thus become a notorious haunt of the worst characters in the town. Its privileges were abolished in 1697, nine years after Shadwell's play appeared

From 'The Squire of Alsatia'

Belfond Cousin Shamwell, well met, good morrow to

Sham vell Cousin Belfond, your humble servant what makes you abroad so early? 'the not much past seven

Belf You know we were bowsy last night I am a little hot headed this morning, and come to take the fresh air here in the Temple Walks.

Sham Well, and what do you think of our way of living here? Is not rich generous wine better than your

poor hedge wine stum'd?

Belf O yes, a world adad! Ne'er stir, I could never have thought there had been such a gallant place as London here I can be drunk over night, and well next morning, can ride in a coach for a shilling, as good as a deputy licutenant,—then for the women! Merey upon us, so civil and well bred! And I am in that fear of my father besides, adad, he'd knock me i' th' head, if he should hear of such a thing Lord! what will he say when he comes to know I am at London, which he in all his life time would never suffer me to see, for fear I should be dekauch'd, forsooth, and allows me little or no money at home, neither

Sham What matter what he says? Is not every foot

of the estate entail'd upon you?

Belf Well, I'll endure't no longer! If I can but raise money I'll teach him to use his soa like a dog, I'll warrant him

Sham You can ne'er want that take up on the rever sion, 'its a lusty one, and Cheatly will help you to the ready, and thou shalt shine, and be as gay as any spruce prig that ever walk'd the street.—This morning your cloaths and liveries will come home, and thou shalt appear rich and splendid like thyself, and the mobile shall worship thee.

Belf The mobile! that's pretty [CHEATLY enters] Sweet Mr Cheatly, my best friend, let me embrace thee

Cheatly My sprightly son of timber and of acres, my noble hear, I salute thee the cole is coming, and shall be brought in this morning

Belf Cole! Why 'tis summer, I need no firing now Besides, I intend to burn billets

Cheat My lusty rustic, learn and be instructed Cole is, in the language of the witty, money The ready, the rhino, thou shalt be rhinocerical, my lad, thou shalt

Belf Admirable, I swear! Cole! ready! rhino! rhinocerical! Lord, how long may a man live in igno raace in the country—And how much cole, ready, and rhino, shall I have?

Cheat Enough to set thee up to spark it in thy brother's face and ere thou shalt want the ready, the darby, thou shalt make thy fruitful acres in reversion to fly, and all thy sturdy oaks to bend like switches! But thou must squeeze, my lad, squeeze hard, and seal, my bully Sham well and I are to be bound with thee. [HACKUM enters]

Belf I am mightily beholden to you both O, noble Captain Hackin, your servant, servant, Captain.

Hackum Your humble trout, good noble squire, you were brave and bowzy last night, i' faith you were

Belf Yes, really I was clear, for I do not remember

what I did, or where I was elear, clear, is not that right?

Sham Ay, ay! Why you broke windows, scour'd, broke open a house in Dorset Court, and took a pretty wench, a gentleman's natural, ay ay by force.

Belf Now you put me in mind, I recollect somewhat of this matter, my shoulders are pluguy sore, and my arms black and blue, but where 's the wench, the natural, ha, Captum?

Hacl Ah, Squire, I led her off I have her safe for ou

Bdf But does not the gallant thunder and roar for

Hack The scoundrel dares not, he knows me, who never I nev fear in my life for my part, I love magna minuty and honour, and those things, and fighting is one of my recreations.

Belf O brive Ciptum

Hack But, Squire, I had damn'd ill luck afterwards, I went up to the Guning Ordinary, and lost all my ready, they left me not a rag or sock pox o' the tatts for me, I believe they put the doctor upon me.

Belf Tatts and doctor! What's that?

Sham The tools of sharpers, false dice.

Hack Hark you, priviliee, noble Squire, equip me with a couple of meggs, or two couple of smelts.

Belf Smelts! What, shall we bespeak another dish of fish for our dunner?

Sham No, no, meggs are guineas, smelts are half guineas, he would borrow a couple of guineas

Belf Meggs' smelts! Ha, ha, ha, very pretty by my troth and so thou shalt, dear Captain, there are two meggs, and I vow and swear I nm glad I have 'em to pleasure you, adad I am

Hack You are so lionest a gentleman, quarrel every day and I'll be your second, once a day at least and I'll say this for you, there's not a finer gentleman this day walks the Fryars, no dispraise to any man, let him be what he will

Belf Adad you make me proud, sir [Louroop enters] O Lolpoop, where have you been all this morning, sirrah?

Tolfoof Why 'tis but rear marry, 'tis meet a bit past eight by 'r Lady, you were sow drunken last neeght, I had thoughten you wouden ha leen a bed aw the morn well, mine evne ake a grzing up and down on aw the fine sights, but for aw that, soud me north to my own cauntry again

Belf O silly rogue! You are only fit for eattle. Gentlemen, you must excuse him, he knows no better

Lolp Marry, better quoth a! B, th' mess, thus is a life for the deel to be drunken each night, break windows, roar, sing, and swear i' th' streets, go to loggerheads with the constable and watch, han harlots in gold and silver lace. Heaven bless us, and send me a whome again.

Belf Pence, you sancy scoandrel, or I'll cudgel you to pap sırrah, do not provoke me, I say, do not

Lolf Odsflesh, where 's money for an this? Yeowst be run agraunt soon, and you takken this caurse, Ise tell a that

Belf Take that, sirrah, I'll teach you to mutter what, my man become my master

Lolp Waunds! give me ten times more, and send me whome again at after. What will and measter say to this? I mun ne'er see the face of him, I wot

Sham Hang lum, rogue, toss him ia n blanket

Cheat Let me talk with him a little. Come on fellow

Lolp Talk! Well, what sen ye?

Cheat Why, put the case, you are indebted to me twenty pounds upon a scire facias, I extend this up to an outlawry, upon affidavit upon the nist prius I plead to all this matter, non est inventus upon the pannel what is to be done more in this case, as it lies before the bench, but to award out execution upon the posse comitatus, who are presently to issue out a certiorar?

Lolp I understand a little of sizes, nisi prizes, affidavi, sussurai! but by the mass I cannot tell what to mack of aw this together, not I

Belf Ha, ha, puppy! Owl! Loggerhead! O silly country put! Here's a prig indeed he'll ne'er find out what 'tis to cut a sham or banter

Lolp Sham and banter are heathen Greek to me but yeow have cut out fine wark for yoursel last neeght I went to see the hause yeow had brocken, aw the windows are pood dawne. I askt what was the matter, and by th' mass they haw learnt your name too they saiden Squire Belfond had done it , and that they hadden gotten the Lord Chief Justice warren for you, and wooden bring a pair of actions against yeow

Belf Is this true?

Lolp Ay, by the mass

Chat No matter, we'll bring you off with a wet finger, trust me for that.

Belf Dear friend, I rely upon you for every thing Sham We value not twenty such things of a rush Hack If any of their officers dare invade our privileges, we'll send 'em to hell without bail or mainprize.

(From Act 1 sc. 2)

Shadwell's works were published, with a Life, in four volumes in 1720. An edition of *The Laucashire Witches* was printed by Mr Halliwell (afterwards Halliwell Phillipps) in 1853.

William Wycherley (1640 '-1716), born at Clive near Shrewsbury, where his father possessed a handsome property, was, next to Congreve, chief of the school of the comedy of manners bred to the law, Wycherley did not practise his profession, but lived gaily 'upon town' Pope says he had 'a true nobleman look,' and he was one of the favourites of the Duchess of Cleveland. He wrote four comedies—Love in a Wood (1672), The Gentleman Dancing-master (1673), The Country Wife (1675), and The Plain Dealer (1677) first was received with applause, the second, a farcical comedy of intrigue, was not so popular, the Country Wife, greatly cleverer, is much coarser in plot and details than Molière's École des l'emmes, on which it is largely based, the Plain Dealer, his masterpiece, is founded on Le Misanthrope The first was written when the author was only nineteen, the last was acted in 1674. In spite of its naughtiness, the Country Wife was praised by Steele as a 'very pleasant and instructive satire, Dryden calls Wycherley 'my dear friend' and an excellent poet, speaks of 'the satire, wit, and strength of manly Wycherley,' and commends the Plain Dealer as 'one of the most bold, most general, and most useful satires which has ever been presented in the English theatre' phrase 'manly Wycherley' must surely have had in it something of the nature of a complimentary pun, and an allusion to the chief character in the Voltaire says 'All Wycherley's Plain Dealer strokes are stronger and bolder than those of our Misanthrope, but then they are less delicate, and the rules of decorum are not so well observed' Pope was proud to receive the notice of the author of the Country Wife Their published correspondence is well known, and is interesting from the superiority maintained in their intercourse by the boy-poet of sixteen over his mentor of sixty-four The pupil grew too great for his master, and the unnatural friendship was dissolved, renewed, and broken again Wycherley represents the comedy of manners. not the comedy of human nature, wit, humour, sprightly conversation, mirthful situations and



WILLIAM WYCHERLEY
From an Engraving after the Painting by Sir Peter Lely

talk, are aimed at rather than strength of plot or credibility The whole is utterly artificial, and therefore the nastiness is perhaps less offensive. Congreve is vastly more brilliant in Wycherley's own line. Macaulay has vehemently impeached Wycherley's profligacy and the indecency and artificiality of his plays, and has justly said that his verse, of which a volume was published late in his life, was beneath criticism. Leigh Hunt thought some of the detached Maxims and Reflections written by Wycherley in his old age not unworthy of his reputation, and quoted as specially good, 'The silence of a wise man is more wrong to mankind than the slanderer's speech' Wycherley married the young widow the Countess of Drogheda, lived unhappily with her, and after her death was constantly in debt or money troubles spent some years in the Fleet, but James II, having seen the Plain Dealer, paid his debts and gave him a pension. At the age of seventy-five

Wycherley married a young girl in order to defeat the expectations of his nephew, and died cleven days afterwards. The extracts that follow are both from the *Plain Dealer* 

# Mr Manly and Lord Plausible

Manly Tell not me, my good Lord Plausible, of your decorums, supercihous forms, and slavish ecremonies your little tricks, which you, the spaniels of the world, do daily over and over, for and to one another, not out of love or duty, but your service fear

Plausible Nay, i' faith, i' faith, you are too passionate, and I must humbly beg your pardon and leave to tell you they are the arts and rules the prudent of the world walk by

Man Let 'em But I ll linve no leading strings, I can walk alone. I hate a harness, and will not tug on in a faction, kissing my leader behind, that another slave may do the like to me.

Plaus What, will you be singular then? like nobody? follow, love, and esteem nobody?

Man Rather than be general, like you, follow every body, court and kiss everybody, though perhaps at the same time you linte everybody

Plaus Why, scriously, with your pardon my dear friend-

Man With your pardon, my no friend, I will not, as you do, whisper my hatred or my scorn, call a man fool or knave by signs or mouths over his shoulder, whilst you have him in your arms. For such as you, like common whores and pickpoel ets, are only dangerous to those you embrace.

Plans Such as II Heavens defend me' upon my honour-

Man Upon your title, my lord, if you'd have me believe you

Plaus Well, then, as I am a person of honour, I never attempted to abuse or lessen any person in my life.

Man. What, you were afraid?

Plaus No, but seriously, I hate to do a rude thing, no, faith, I speak well of all mankind

Man I thought so but know, that speaking well of all mankind is the worst lind of detraction, for it takes away the reputation of the few good men in the world, by making all alike. Now, I speak ill of mo t men, because they deserve it, I that can do a rude thing, ruther than an unjust thing

Plans Well, tell not me, my dear friend, what people deserve, I ne'er mind that I, like an author in a dedication, never speal well of a min for his sake, but my own I will not disparage any man to disparage myself for to speak ill of people beliend their backs is not like a person of honour, and truly to speak ill of 'em to their faces is not like a complainant person. But if I did say or do an ill thing to anybody, at should be sure to be behind their backs, out of pure good manners

Man Very well, but I that am an unmannerly ser fellow, if I ever speak well of people (which is very seldom indeed) it should be sure to be behind their backs, and if I would say or do ill to any, it should be to their faces. I would jostle a proud, strutting, over looking coxcomb, at the head of his sycophants, rather than put out my tongue at him when he were past me, would frown in the arrogant, big, dull face of an over

grown knove of lusines, rather than vent my sphera against him when his back vere torrest, would give fawning laves the let while they embrace or commend me, cowards, while they lead, cold a raveal by no other title, though his father led let him adules. Ingli at fools aloud before their movine, and mut desire people to leave me is led their viviagrow at last as trouble-ome as they vere at hist important.

Plant I would no have my visits treablesome

Man. The only way to be xere no to have 'em tous le some, is to make 'em when people are not at home. For your visits, like other good turns, are more of hong when inde or done to a man in his alsence. It post why should any one, because ho has nothing to do go and disturb another man's business?

Plent 1 beg your pardon, my dear friend What, y a have business?

Man If you have any, I would no detain your laid

Fine Datum me, dear ent. I can rever have en split of your company

Man I in afred I should be tire one. I know the shat you think

Plane Well deriver I were a divine negotic I fed. Han I to I you want

Laner Your most for Hul--

Man God be wase my lord

La m Your nost humble---

Mar Fares ell.

Plans And eternally-

M n And eternally decrement— [1 id] Then the devil take three eternally

Plant You shall the no ceremony, he my life

Wn I done inten lit

Pais Why do you s'ir then?

Mer. Only to see you out of doors, that I may still emagainst more welcomes

Plans Nix, faith that shall not pass a pen your most furthful humble servant

Man Nor this any more upon me. [ 'si'?

Paus Well, you are too strong for me

Man [Ind.] I desconer be visited by the place, for that only would keep a man from reals and his deare shut

[Last term to gent Let Plat sield

re erters -- 12 1 FFFMAN

Freeman Faith I am sorry you would let the fop 30 I intended to have had some sport with him

Man Sport with him! A pox! then why did you not stay? You should lave emoyed your coxcomb, and had him to yourself for me.

Fig. No, I should not have cared for him without you neither, for the pleasure which fops afford is like that of drinking, only good when 'tis shared and a fool, like a bottle, which would make you merry in company, will make you dull alone. But how the devil could you turn a man of his quality down stairs? You use a lord with very little ccremony, it seems

Man A lord! What, thou art one of these who esteem men only by the marks and value fortune has set upon 'em, and never consider intrinsic worth! but counterfeit honour will not be current with me. I weigh the man, not his title, 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better or heavier. Your lord is a leaden shilling, which you bend every way,

and debases the stamp le terrs, instead of being mised by i

### Widow Blackagre and her Lawyers

Hilder Let's see Jerry where are my minutes? Cons., Mr Quain pray go tall a great neal for me in chareery, let your would be easy, and your sanse hard, my cause requires it branch it bravely, and deck my cause with flowers, that the state may be hidden. Go, go, and be sure you remember the decree of my Lord Chancellor. Truckets quart' of the queen.

Curret I will, as I see can elexicitate or examplify mater of fait haffle truth with impulence answer exception with questions though never so importanent, for reasons give few words, for law and equity, tropes and figures and so relax and energate the snews of the rangument with the old of my elocuence. But when my lungs can reason no longer, and not being able to say anything more for our cause, say everything of our adversary, whose reputation, though never so clear and existent in the eye of the world, set with sharp invectives.—

Bid Mas, Phargigate.

Que no With polynome and some investise, I say I aid deface, supe out, and obliterate his fair reputation, even as a record with the juice of ferron and ell such a story (for the tru hion't), all the vicinant do fir our cuers in chancers, is telling a story), a finitions, a long story, such a story—

Wil Go, save the breath for the cause tale at the har Mr Quant was are so copionsly fluen, you can ween an one's ear, somethan your our toneue. Go. ment our alverranes' council, and the court, go, thou art a fine-spoke a person adad I shall make the wife reatous of me of you can but court one court into a decree for us. Go, get you gore, and remember-[Hri for -Ext Qt if 7]-Cort, Mr Hunter, pray bank soundly for me, at the king's beach blutter, spatter, que lon, cavil but be sare your argument be intricate enough to confound the cour, and then you do my be mess. Talk what you will, but he sure yar tongue rever stand still, for our own noise till secure your sense from censure tis like coughing or hemming when one has got the belly ache, which stiffes the unmannerly no - Go, dear rogue, and succeed and I'll invite thee, ere i be long, to more loased venison.

Biunder I II warrant you, after your verdict, your judgment shall not be arrested upon it's and and's [Exit

Hid Cone Mr Petulant, Ict me give you some new ms ructions for our cause in the Exchequer - We the barons sat?

Petulart Yes, no, may be they are, may be they are not what know I? what care I?

Wid Heyday' I wish you would but snap up the counsel on t's her side anon at the bar as much, and have a little more patience with me, that I might instruct you a little better

B' You instruct me what is my brief for, mistress?

Will As, but you seldom read your brief but nt the bar, if you do it then.

Pet Perhaps I do, perhaps I don t, and perhaps tis time enough pray hold yourself contented, mistress

Wid \ay, if you go there too, I will not be contented, air, though you, I see, will lose my cause for want of speaking, I wo' not you shall hear me, and shall be instructed. Let's see your brief

By Send your solicitor to me. Instructed by a woman' I d have you to I now, I do not wear a bar gown——

Wid by a woman t and I d have you to know I am no common woman, but a woman conversant in the laws of the land, as well as yourself, though I have no bar-gown

Per Go to, go to, mistress, you are importment, and there s your brief for you instruct me l

[Tlines her breviate at Fer

Wid Impertment to me, you saucy Jack, you' you return my breviate, but where 's my fee? you il he sure to keep that, and scan that so well, that if there chance to be but a brass half crown in 't, one's sure to hear on't again would you would but look on your breviate half so narrowly! But pray give me my fee too, as well as my brief.

Pro Mistress that s without precedent. When did a econord ever return his fee, pray? and you are impertment and ignorant to demand it.

Mist Importment again, and ignorant, to me 'Gads leadings, you pure upstart in the law, to use me so 'you green bay carrier, you murdirer of unfortunate causes, the clerks 'nk's scarce off of your fingers,—you that newly come from lamp blacking the judges' shoes, and are not fit to wipe mine, you call me important and ignorant! I world give thee a cuff on the ear, sitting the cour's, if I very ignorant. Marry gop, if it had not been for me thou liadst been yet but a hearing counsel in the lar.

[Frit PITULANT Linter BUTTONCOWN]

Mr. Buttongovn. Mr. buttongown, whither so fist?
What, won't you s'ay till we are heard?

But I cannot, Mrs. Blief acre, I must be at the council, my lord's cau e stays there for me

Hid And mire suffers here.

But I enmot help it

Hid I m nadore.

But What's that to me?

If ul Consider the five pound fee, if not my cause that was something to you,

But Away, away' pray be not so troublesome, mistress I must be gone

Wid Nay, but consider a little. I am your old client, my lord but a new one, or let him be what he will be will hardly be a better client to you than myself. I hope you believe I shall be in law as long as I live, therefore am no despicable client. Well, but go to your lord, I know you expect he should make you a judge one day, but I hope his promise to you will prove a true lord's promise. But that he might be sure to full you, I wish you had his bond for t

But But what, will you yet be thus impertment, mistress?

Bid Nay, I be seek you, sir, stay, if it be but to tell me my lord's case, come, in short——

e my lord's case, come, in short——

But Nay, then—— [Exit

Wid Well Jerry, observe child, and lav it up for hereafter. These are those lawyers who, by being in all causes, are in none—therefore if you would have 'em for you, let your adversary fee 'em, for he may chance to depen I upon 'em, and so, in being against thee, they 'll be for thee

Jerry Ay, mother, they put me in mind of the un confectionable wooers of widows. Therefore have a care of 'em, forsooth. There's advice for your advice.

Wid Well said, boy—Come, Mr Sphteause, pray go see when my cause in Chancery coines on, and go speak with Mr Quillit in the Kings bench, and Mr Quirk in the Common pleas, and see how matters go there

Major Olifox [entering] Lady, a good and propitions morning to you, and may all your causes go as well a if I myself were judge of 'cm'

Wid Sir, excuse me, I am busy, and cannot answer compliments in Westminster Hall—Go, Mr Splitcause, and come to me again to that bool sellers, there I'll stay for you, that you may be sure to find me

Old No, sir, come to the other bookseller's I'll attend your lady ship thither [Jail Struckust.]

itend your ladyship thither

Hid Why to the other?

O'd Because he is my bookseller, Indi

Wid What, to sell you lozenges for your enterth or medicines for your corns? What else can a major deal with a bookseller for?

Old Lady, he prints for me

117d Why, are you an author?

Old Of some few e says, deign you, lady to perise 'em.—[1side] She is a woman of parts, and I must win her by showing mine.

Bockseller's Log Will you see Culpepper, mistress? 'Aristotle's Problems?' 'The Complete Midwife?'

Wid No, let's see Dalton, Hughs, Shepherd, Wingate

B Boy We have no law bool s

Hid No! you are a pretty bookseller then

Old Come, have you e'er a one of my essays left?

B Boy Ves, sir, we have enough, and shall always have 'em

Old How so?

B Log Why, they are good, stendy listing ware

Old Nay, I hope they will live let's see—Be pleased, madam, to peruse the poor endeavours of my pen for I have a pen, though I say it, that——

Jer Pray let me see 'St George for Christendom,' or 'The Seven Champions of I ugland

Wid No, no, give him 'The Young Clerk's Guide—What, we shall have you read yourself into a humour of rambling and fighting, and studying inilitary discipline, and wearing red breeches.

Old Nay, if you talk of military discipline, show him my 'Treatise of the Art Military'

Wid Hold, I would as willingly he should read a play

Jer O, pray forsooth, mother, let me have a play Wid No, sirrah, there are young students of the law enough spoiled already by plays. They would make you in love with your laundress, or, what's worse, some queen of the stage that was a laundress. But stay, Jerry, is not that Mr What d'ye call him, that goes there, he that offered to sell me a suit in chancery for five hundred pounds, for a hundred down, and only paying the clerk's fees?

Jer Ay, forsooth, 'tis he.

Wid Then stay here, and have a care of the bags, whilst I follow him —Have a care of the bags, I say

For And do you have a care, forsooth, of the statute against champarty, I say [Exil Widow BLACKICEF

Leigh Hunt edited the works of Wycherley Congreve Vanbrugh and Farquhar (1840 new ed 1865) and Mr W C. Ward edited Wycherley in the Merinaid Series (1876). See Hazhitts English Comic Writers (1819 new ed 1869) and Ward's Dramatic Litera ture (1875).

Aphra Behn (1640-89), her first name as also spelt Avi Avi), the female Wycherley, was the first Inglish professional authoress. The comedies of Mrs Belin are grossly indecorous, and of the whole seventeen which she wrom - besides various novels and poems - not one is now neted, read or Mrs Belin was daughter of John remembered Johnson, a barber, and born at Wye in Keet m 1610 With a relative whom she called 'friher.' and who was Lughsh heutenant-covernor of Surmam, slic went to the West India, and become acquainted with the princels slare Oromalo, or whose stors she founded a novel. In 1658 she returned to Ingland, and soon after marry in Mr Behn, a weilthy London merchant of Dutch descent, she found her will to the Inglish court Her husband died before 1666, t hereupon she's is employed as a political ope by Charles II , and while residing at Antwerp she was enabled, but I r aid of her losers and idmiters to any information to the British Government as to the interded Dutch itrick on Chubim. Her adires has per acted on, and on her return to Lindand the be sok to literature as a profession She was a nearly i score of drames ino ils comedies which he very course but livel and amu in - Fre Firest Marriage, Aldelozer, The Review Detail of The Loren Lift, &c. She borro ed frech from older drimatists and from the French theatre Her considies attricted more alterium in her lifetime than her novel. Of the novels, Orner ko is the best I no sn, bo hat and her son of 7/2 Num, or the Lair Lord In Lin, were dimmitted by Southerne, and in the section on Southerne (Vol. 11 pp. 63-65) a passage from each is The Aur opens with a closer saire on town fops "Inectious" Tom Brown, not himself very careful to avoid offence makes a candid friend write to her and of her 'Those were the two linicks you were cliedy happy in, one was to make libertines laugh, and the other to make modest women blush? Mrs Ke th of Ravelston's criticism is known to all lovers of Scott. The venerable lady remembered how in her youth Mrs Behn's stories were universally admired, and asked Scott to get her a sight of them. In spite of his misgivings Scott says, 'To hear was to obey So I sent Mrs Aphra Behn, curiously sealed up, with "Private and confidential" on the packet, to my gay old grand aunt next time I saw her afterwards she gave me back Aphra, properly wrapped up, with nearly these words "Take back your bonny Mrs Helm, and if you will take my advice put her in the fire, for I found it impossible to get through the very first novel But is it not," she said, "a very odd thing that I, an old woman of eights and upwards, sitting alone, feel myself ashamed to read a book which, sixty years ago, I have heard read aloud for the amusement of large circles, consisting of the first and most creditable society in I ondon 2"? Like so many of her contemporaries, Mrs Belin

wrote 'Pindaricks' on the death of Charles II and other notable events and occasions longest poem was a tedious allegorical Vovage to the Isle of Love, some of the lyrics in her plays and amongst her poems are admirable Mr Gosse places her 'in the first rank of English female writers' Her life was less scandalous than her literary work, she was the friend of Dryden and Otway, and it should be recorded to her credit that by her Oroonoko she was the first English writer to stir sympathy with the slave. As Mr Swinburne has put it 'This improper woman of genius was the first literary abolitionist—the first champion of the slave on record in the history of fiction' That is a better justification than ought else in her plays and novels for her resting-place in Westminster Abbey, and brings her into strange companionship with Mrs Beecher Stowe. An eighth edition of her works appeared in 1735

## Song from Abdelazer'

Love in fantastic triumph sat,
Whilst bleeding hearts around him flowed,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
And strange tyrunnic power he shewed
From thy bright eyes he took his fires,
Which round about in sport he hurled
But 'twas from mine he took desires
Enough to undo the amorous world

From me he took his sighs and tears,
From thee his pride and eruelty,
From me his languishment and fears,
And every killing dart from thee
Thus thou and I the god have armed,
And set him up a deity
But my poor heart alone is harmed,
While thine the victor is, and free.

## The Dream

The grove was gloomy all around, Murmuring the stream did pass, Where fond Astrea laid her down Upon a bed of grass, I slept and saw a piteous sight, Cupid a weeping lay, Till both his little stars of light Had wept themselves away Methought I asked him why he cried, My pity led me on,-All sighing the ead boy replied, 'Alas! I am undone! As I beneath you myrtles 12), Down by Diann's spring's, Amyntas stole my bow aviay, And pinioned both my wings.' 'Alas 1' I eried, "twas then thy darts Wherewith he woundled me? Thou mighty deity of liearts, He stole his power from thee? Revenge thee, if a god thou be, Upon the amorous swain, I'll set thy wings at liberty, And thou shalt fly again,

And, for this service on my part,
All I demand of thee
Is, wound Amyntas' cruel heart,
And make him die for me.'
His silken fetters I untied,
And those gay wings displayed,
Which gently fanned, he mounting cried,
'Farewell, fond easy maid!'
At this I blushed, and angry grew
I should a god believe,
And waking found my dream too true,
For I was still a slave

Oroonoko, the hero of the romance, was a young and gallant African prince, grandson of the reigning king, eminently accomplished and distinguished for his military provess, he was thus shamefully betrayed into slavery by Englishmen

Oroonoko was no sooner return'd from this last con quest, and receiv'd at court with all the joy and magnificence that could be express'd to a young victor, who was not only return'd triumphant, but belov'd like a deity, than there arriv'd in port an Inglish ship. The master of it had often before been in these countries, and was very well known to Oroonoko, with whom he had traffick'd for slaves, and had us'd to do the same with his predecessors.

This commander was a man of a finer sort of address and conversation, better bred, and more engaging than most of that sort of men are, so that he seem'd rather never to have been bred out of a court, than almost all his life at sea This captain therefore was always better received at court than most of the traders to those countries were, and especially by Oroonoko, who was more envilued, according to the European mode, than any other had been, and took more delight in the white nations, and, above all, men of parts and wit. To this captain he sold abundance of his slaves, and for the favour and esteem he had for him, made him many pre sents, and oblig'd him to stay at court as long as possibly he could Which the captain seem'd to take as a very great honour done him, entertaining the prince every day with globes and maps, and mathematical discourses and instruments, eating, drinking, hunting, and living with him with so much familiarity, that it was not to be doubted but he had gain'd very greatly upon the heart of this gallant young man And the captain, in return of all these mighty favours, besought the prince to honour his vessel with his presence some day or other at dinner, before he should set sail, which he condescended to accept, and appointed his day. The captain, on his part, fail'd not to have all things in a readiness, in the most magnificent order he could possibly and the day being come, the captain, in his boat rieldly adorn'd with carpets and velvet cushions, rowed to the shore to receive the prince, with another longboat, where was plac'd all his musick and trimpets, with which Oroonoko was extremely delighted, who met him on the shore, attended by his French governor, Jamoan, Aboan, and about an hundred of the noblest of the youths of the court and after they had first carried the prince on board, the boats fetch'd the rest off, where they found a very splendid treat, with all sorts of fine wines, and were as well enter tain'd as 'twas possible in such a place to be

The prince having drank hard of punch and several sorts of wine, as did all the rest (for great care was taken

they should want nothing of that part of the entertain ment), was very merry, and in great admiration of the ship, for he had never been in one before, so that he was curious of beholding every place where he decently might The rest, no less curious, who were not quite overcome with drinking, rambled at their pleasure force and aft, as their fancies guided 'em so that the captain, who had well laid his design before, gave the word, and seiz'd on all his guests, they dapping great irons sud dealy on the prince, when he was leap'd down into the hold, to view that part of the vessel and loeling him fast down, securd him. The same treachery was us'd to all the rest, and all in one instant, in several places of the ship, were lash'd fast in irons, and betray'd to slavers That great design over, they set all hands at worl to hoist sail, and with as treacherous as fair a wind they made from the shore with this innocent and glorious prize, who thought of nothing less than such an entertainment

Some have commended this act as brave in the cap tain, but I will spare my sense of it, and leave it to my render to judge us he pleases. It may be easily guess d in what manner the prince resented this indignity, who may be best resembled to a hon taken in a toil, so he raged, so he struggled for hixery, but all in viin and they had so wisely minniged his fetters, that he could not use a hand in his desence, to quit himself of a life that would by no means endure slavery nor could be move from the place where he was ty d, to any solid part of the ship, against which he might have beat his head, and have finish'd his disgrace that way. So that being deprived of all other means, he result'd to perish for want of food, and pleased at last with that thought and tell d and tir'd by rage and indignation, he laid himself dos n and sullenly resolved upon dying, and refused all things that were brought him

This did not a little vex the captain, and the more so because he found almost all of cm of the same humour, so that the loss of so many brave slaves, so tall and goodly to behold, would have been very considerable the there fore order d one to go from him (for he would not be seen himself) to Oroonoko, and to assure him he was afflicted for having rashly done so unhospitable a deed, and which ; could not be now remedied, since they were for from shore, but since he resented it in so ligh a nature, he assur'd him he would revoke his resolution, and set both him and his friends ashore on the next land they should touch at, and of this the messenger gave him his oath, provided he would resolve to live And Oroonol o, whose honour was such, as he never had violated a word in his life himself, much less a solemn asseveration, la hev'd in an instant what this man said, but reply d he expected for a confirmation of this to have his shameful fetters dismiss'd. This demand was carried to the cip tain, who return'd him answer that the offence had been so great which he had put upon the prince, that he durst not trust him with liberty while he remain'd in the ship, for fear lest by a valour natural to lum, and a revenge that would animate that vilour, he might commit some outrage fatal to himself and the king his master, to whom the vessel did belong To this Oroonoko reply d, he would engage his honour to behave himself in all friendly order and manner, and obes the command of the captain, as he was lord of the king's vessel, and general of those men under his command

This was deliver'd to the still doubting captain, who could not resolve to trust a heathen, he said, upon his

parole, a man that had no sense or notion of the god that he worshipped Oroonel o then reply d, he is every sorry to hear that the captain pretended to the kno sledg and nor hip of any gods, who had taught him no b ner principles than not to credi as he would be credi li but they told him the difference of their faith oceas on d that district for the captain had prote ted to him apen the word of a Christian, and as orn in the name of a great God, which if he should violate, he must expect et real torments in the world to come. "Is that all the oldiga tions he has to be just to his oath? (refly d Orional or I et him I now, I sucar la ma homour, a lucia in suotate would not only ren ler me contemptible and de pre- t by all brase and honest men and to give my off perpetual pain, but it would be etern-the offendin and dig feesing all mail and learning betra arg, circumverting and onterging all men. But praishtien's hereafter are sof ford by one shelf and the will take in common whether this God has re en it error no tis stare w secretly, and deferred so long, while the man of rehonour suffer every moment the sorn and contenue of the hones er world, and discovery day in minimals in his fame, which is more y highle than life. I speck he this to move label, but it show you how you mit ake when you magine that he who will yin't a his hit air will keep his word with his god " 5% turning from him with a di dainful sinde he refreed to miswer han, also he neged him to I now what one or he should cores he ck to his cap ain so that he departed with our eagen, any more

The cap ain pondering and considing what to the is was concluded that nothing bit Oromot on Harts would encourage any of the reis to be a except the Liberta would encourage any of the reis to be a except the Liberta whom the captain could not prefer to keep in one but only told him he was secretal because he must not something in favour of the prince. Lat that the should be fixed as soon as they came to land. So that they can childed it wholly necessary to five the prince from his irons that he might show him if to the reis that they mush have an evel upon hum, and that they could not fear a single man.

This bein, resolved to make the obligation of eigenter the captain lumiselt went to Oroon do, where, after many compliments and as urances of what he had already promised, he, receiving from the prince his parole at his hand for his good behaviour, drames d his rrows, and brought him to his own each n where, after having treated and reposed him a while (for he had neither eat nor slept in four days before) he has night him to visit those obstinate people in change who refused all mainer of sustenance, and intreated him to oblige can to eat, and assure can of their liberty the firit opportunits.

Oronnol o, who was too generous no to give credit to his words, show'd himself to his people, who were transported with execus of jay at the sigh of their darling prince, falling at his feet and kissing and embruon, cm believing as some divine oracle, all he as and embruon, and believing as some divine oracle, all he as and embruors that he came those whom he had seen act so nobly in arms and that they could not give him greater proofs of their love and friendship since twas all the security the captain (his friend) could have against the revenge, he said, they maint possibly justly take for the injuries sustained by him. And they all with one accord assur'd him that they could not suffer enough, when it was for his repose and safets

After this they no longer refused to eat, but took what was bronght 'em, and were pleased with their captivity, since by it they hoped to redeem the prince, who all the rest of the voyage was treated with all the respect due to his birth, tho' nothing could divert his melancholy, and he would often sigh for Imoinda, and think this a prinishment due to his misfortane in having left that noble maid behind him that fatal night in the Otan, when he fled to the camp

Possess'd with a thousand thoughts of past joys with this fair young person, and a thousand griefs for her eternal loss, lie endnr'd a tedious voyage, and at last arrived at the month of the river of Sirinam, a colony belonging to the king of England, and where they were to deliver some part of their slaves There the ---chants and gentlemen of the country going on board, to demand those lots of slaves they had already agreed on, and, amongst those, the overseers of those plantations where I then chanc'd to be, the captain, who had given the word, order'd his men to bring up those noble slaves in fetters, whom I have spoken of, and having put 'em some in one and some in other lots, with women and children (v hich they call Pickaninies), they sold 'em off as slaves to several merchants and gentlemen, not putting any two in one lot, because they would separate 'em far from each other, nor daring to trust 'em together, lest rige and courage should put 'em upon contriving some great action, to the ruin of the colony

Oroonoko was first seiz'd on, and sold to our overseer, who had the first lot, with seventeen more of all sorts and sizes, but not one of quality with him. When he saw this, he found what they meant, for, as I said, he under stood English pretty well, and being wholly unarm'd and defenceless, so as it was in vain to make any resist ance, he only beheld the captain with a look all fierce and disdainful, upbraiding him with eyes that forc'd blushes on his guilty cheeks, and cry d in passing over the side of the ship 'Farewel, Sir, 'tis worth my suffer ings to gain so true a knowledge, both of you and of your gods, by whom you swear' And desiring those that held him to forbear their pains, and telling 'em he would make no resistance, he cry'd, 'Come, my fellow slaves, let us descend, and see if we can meet with more honour and honesty in the next world we shall touch upon ' So he nimbly leapt into the boat, and showing no more concern, suffer'd himself to be row d up the river, with his seventeen companions.

The gentleman that bought him was a young Cornish gentleman, whose name was Trefry, a man of great wit and fine learning, and was carried into those parts by the lord ---, Governor, to manage all his affairs. He re flecting on the last words of Oroonoko to the captain, and beholding the richness of his vest, no sooner came into the boat but he fix'd his eyes on him, and finding something so extraordinary in his face, his shape and mien, a greatness of look, and haughtiness in his air, and finding he spoke English, had a great mind to be enquiring into his quality and fortune, which, though Oroonoko endeavonr'd to hide, by only confessing he was above the rank of common slaves, Trefry soon found he was yet something greater than he confess'd, and from that moment began to conceive so vast an esteem for him, that he ever after lov'd him as his dearest brother, and shew d him all the civilities due to so great a man

Part of the continuation of Oroonoko s story is given at page 63 below in Southerne's dramatised rendering

Elkanah Settle (1648-1724), born at Dunstable, went from Oxford University to London to make a living by his pen, and at eighteen (in 1665) made a hit by his tragedy of Cambyses (printed 1671) To annoy Dryden, Rocbester got his high-flown Empress of Morocco played at Whitehall by the court lords and ladies (1671) In Absalom and Achitophel Dryden, enraged and icalous, scourged 'Doeg' with his scorn, and Settle replied, not very effectively, in Absalour Senior, or Achitophel Transprosd, and Reflectious on Some of Mr Dryden's Plays Love and Revenge, The Conquest of China, Ibrahim or the Illustrious Bassa, and Fatal Love were acted before 1680 For a time petted by the court, he had lost favour and took the Whig side, writing in this cause not merely The Temale Prelate, a play on Pope Joan, but a series of pamphlets in Shaftesbury's interest and against the succession of the Duke of York. But in 1683 he was writing down Oates, ridiculing the Popish Plot, denouncing Lord William Russell and Algernon Sidney, and making a Panegyrick of Judge Jeffreys, and (in 1685) issuing a Heroic Poem in bonour of James II's coronation Appointed City poet in 1691, in the following years he brought out a series of City He compiled lives of two impostors and cheats, a pamphlet on the cruelties of the Dutch towards the English in the East Indies. and a 'Pindarick' ode on the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts The Ladies Triumbh was the last of some eight plays produced between 1694 and 1718, but long ere this their author was writing comicalities for Bartholomew Fair, acting in a booth there, and producing (for a livelihood) elegies and complimentary poems. In 1718 he was admitted to the Charterhouse

Thomas Otway (1652-85), born twelve years after Wycherley, was one of Dryden's younger contemporaries who succeeded where the master had failed, his plays - brilliant achievements associated with a melancholy history - sound the tones of deepest tragedy with singular Born the son of a clergyman at Trotton near Midhurst in Sussex, Otway proceeded from Winchester College to Christ Church, Oxford, but left in 1672 without taking his degree. same year he made his appearance as an actor on the London stage. It was an absolute breakdown, but here he doubtless acquired a knowledge of dramatic art which stood him in good stead when he began to write for the theatre produced three tragedies, a farce, and a comedy -Alcibiades (1675), Don Carlos (1676, based on the same French romance by St Réal as Schiller's), Titus and Berenice (from Racine, 1677), The Cheats of Scapen (adapted from Molicre, 1677), and Friendship in Fashion (1678)—which were successfully performed, but Otway was always in poverty, mainly owing to drink and other kinds of dissipation Betterton, Mrs Barry, and Mrs Brace-

girdle were amongst the actors who helped to secure popularity for his plays, it was a lifelong heart-break to the dramatist that Mrs Barry flouted his almost abject devotion to her The Earl of Plymouth procured him in ensignship in a foot regiment, and the poet went for a year or two to Flanders He was soon cashiered for his irregularities, and returning to England, he resumed writing for the stage. In 1680 he produced The Orphan and Cains Marius, tragedies, in 1681, The Soldier's Fortune, a comedy full of autobiographical detail, and in 1682, Venice Preserved The Atheist (1684), a continuation of The Soldier's Fortune, was his last play, and Otway's short but eventful life came to a premature end after twenty years of want and extravagance. One biographer says the



THOMAS OTWAY
From an Engraving after a Portrait by Beal.

cause of his death was his hastily swallowing, after long fasting, a piece of bread which charity had supplied. Another story makes him die of fever brought on by fittigue or by drinking water when violently heated. Whatever was the last of his misfortunes, he was at the time in great poverty, and apparently skulking from creditors at a publichouse on Tower Hill.

The fame of Otway now rests on his two trage dies, The Orphan and Venice Preserved, but on these it rests as on the pillars of Hercules Scott said his talents in scenes of passionate affection 'rival at least and sometimes excel those of Shakespeare more tears have been shed, probably, for the sorrows of Belvidera and Monimia than for those of Juliet and Desdemona.' This is excessive praise. The inherent indelicacy and unpleasant associations of the plot have driven The Orphan from the theatres, but Venice Preserved was played

at Drury Lane so recently as 1829 The stern, plotting character of Pierre is well contrasted with the presolute, sensitive, and affectionate nature of Jaffier, and the harsh, unnatural cruelty of Priuli serves as a dark shade to set off the bright purity and tenderness of his daughter Belvidera is Otway's creation, a creation of high dramatic genius The dramatist's genius shines in his delineation of the passions of the heart, the ardour of love, and the excess of misery and despair His humour is clumsy and gross, and his comedy is very poor, though the farce is funny and rollicking is in Otway little of the rant or bombast Dryden too of an admitted. He was partly influenced by French models, there is something classical in the simplicity and skill he shows in the working of his plots, and in his concentration of interest on a few figures or groups of figures, of development of character there is little or none. The versification is sometimes rugged and irregular, and there are plenteous redundancies and inflated expressions, due largely to linste and carelessness Venice Preserved, which Mr Gosse, like most critics, has praised as 'simply the greatest tragic drama between Shakespeare and Shelley,' excited keen interest in French, Dutch, German, Russian, and Italian versions. The following extract is the opening of the play, the shorter detached extracts which follow it are all from The Orphan

#### From 'Venice Preserved.'

Printh No more! I'll hear no more, begone and leave me.

Jaffier Nothers me! by my suffering but you shall!

\*\* lord, my lord! I'm not that abject wretch

\*\* is hil ince Patience! where's the distance throws

Me b ck so far, but I may boldly speak

la nght, though proud oppression will not hear me?

Pri Have you not wronged me?

Could my nature e'er

Have brooked injustice or the doing wrongs, I need not now thus low have bent myself To gain a hearing from a cruel father Wronged you?

I es, wronged me! in the nicest point, The honour of my house, you've done me wrong You may remember-for I now will speak, And urge its baseness-when you first came home From travel, with such hopes as made you looked on By all men's eves, a youth of expectation, Pleased with your growing virtue, I received you, Courted and sought to raise you to your ments, My house, my table, may my fortune too, My very self was vours, you might have used me To your best service, like an open friend I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine, When, in requital of my best endeavours, You treacherously practised to undo me, Seduced the weakness of my age's darling, My only child, and stole her from my bosom-Oh, Belvidera!

Jaf 'Tis to me you owe her Childless you had been else, and in the grave Your name extinct, no more Pruli heard of You may remember, scarce five years are past, Since in your brigantine you sailed to see The Adriatic wedded by our duke, And I was with you your unskilful pilot Dashed us upon a rock, when to your boat You made for safety, entered first yourself, The affrighted Belvidera, following next, As she stood trembling on the vessel's side, Was by a wave washed off into the deep. When instantly I plunged into the sea, And buffeting the billows to her rescue, Redeemed her life with half the loss of mine. Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her, And with the other dashed the saucy waves, That thronged and pressed to rob me of my prize. I brought her, gave her to your despairing arms Indeed, you thanked me, but a nobler gratitude Rose in her soul for from that honr she loved me, Till for her life she paid me with herself

Pri. You stole her from me, like a thief you stole

At dead of night, that cursed hour you chose To rifle me of all my heart held dear May all your joys in her prove false, like mine I A sterile fortune and a barreu bed Attend you both continual discord make Your days and nights bitter and grievous still May the hard hand of a vexatious need Oppress and grind you, till at last you find The curse of disobedience all your portion!

Jaf Half of your curse you have bestowed in vain Heaven has already crowned our faithful loves With a young boy, sweet as his mother's beauty May he live to prove more gentle than his grandsire, And happier than his father 1

Pri Rather live
To but thee for his bread, and din your ears
With hungry cries, whilst his unhappy mother
Sits down and weeps in bitterness of want

Jaf You talk as if 'twould please you

Pri 'Twonld, by Heaven'
Once she was dear indeed, the drops that fell
From my sad heart when she forgot her duty,

The fountain of my life, were not so precious! But she is gone, and if I am a man I will forget her

Jaf Would I were in my grave!

Pre
And she, too, with thee,
For living here, you're but my cursed remembrancers

I once was happy 1

Jaf You use me thus, because you know my soul Is fond of Belvidera. You perceive My life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me. Were I that thief, the doer of such wrongs As you upbraid me with, what hinders me Bnt I might send her back to you with contumely, And court my fortune where she would be kinder?

Pri You dare not do't.

Jaf Indeed, my lord, I dare not. My heart, that awes me, is too much my master Three years are past since first our vows were plighted, During which time the world must bear me witness I've treated Belvidera like your daughter, The daughter of a senator of Venice Distinction, place, attendance, and observance, Due to her birth, she always has commanded

Out of my little fortune I have done this, Because, though hopeless e'er to win your nature, The world might see I loved her for herself, Not as the heiress of the great Priuli

Pri No more

Jaf Yes, all, and then adieu for ever There's not a wretch that lives on common charity But's happier than me, for I have known The luscious sweets of plenty, every night Have slept with soft content about my head, And never waked but to a joyful morning Yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn, Whose blossom'scaped, yet's withered in the ripening

Pt Home, and be humble, study to retrench,
Discharge the lazy vermin of thy hall,
Those pageants of thy folly
Reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife
To humble weeds, fit for thy little state
Then to some suburb cottage both retire,
Drudge to feed loathsome life, get brats, and starve.
Home, home, I say

[Exit

Jaf Yes, if my heart would let me—
This proud, this swelling heart—home I would go,
But that my doors are hateful to mine eyes,
Filled and dammed up with gaping creditors,
Watchful as fowlers when their game will spring,
I've now not fifty ducats in the world,
Yet still I am in love, and pleased with ruin.
O Belvidera! Oh! she is my wife—
And we will bear our wryward fate together,
But ne'er know comfort more.

[Belvidera enters]

Jaf Poor Belvidera!

Belvidera Lead me, lead me my virgins
To that kind voice. My lord, my love, my refuge l
Happy my eyes when they behold thy face,
My heary heart will leave its doleful beating
At sight of thee, and bound with sprightful joys
Oh smile as when our loves were in their spring,
And cheer my fainting sonl 1

Jaf

As when our loves
Were in their spring! His, then, my fortune changed
Art thou not, Belvidera, still the same, [thee?
Kind, good, and tender, as my arms first found thee?
If thou art altered, where shall I bave harbour?
Where case my loaded heart? oh, where complain?

Bel Does this appear like change, or love decaying, When thus I throw myself into thy bosom, With all the resolution of strong truth? Beats not my heart as 'twould alarum thine To a new charge of bliss? I joy more in thee Than did thy mother when she hugged thee first, And blessed the gods for all her travail past

Jaf Can there in woman be such glorious faith? Since all ill stories of thy sex are false. Oh woman, lovely woman! Nature made thee To temper man we had been brutes without you, Angels are painted fair, to look like you There's in you all that we believe of Heaven, Amazing brightness, purity, and truth, Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

Bd If love be treasure, we'll be wondrous rich I have so much my heart will surely break with't Vows ean't express it when I would declare How great's my joy, I'm dnmb with the big thought, I swell and sigh and labour with my longing Oh lead me to some desert, wide and wild,

Barren as our misfortunes, where my soul May have its vent, where I may tell aloud To the high heavens and every list'ning planet, With what n boundless stock my bosom's fraught, Where I may throw my eager arms about thee, Give loose to love, with kisses kindling joy, And let off all the fire that's in my heart!

Jaf O Belvidera! doubly I'm a beggar
Undone by fortune and in debt to thee
Want, worldly want, that bungry meagre fiend,
Is at my heels, and chases me in view
Canst thou bear cold and hunger? Can these limbs,
Framed for the tender offices of love,
Endure the bitter gripes of smarting poverty?
When banished by our miseries abroad
(As suddenly we shall be) to seek out
In some far climate where our names are strangers
I or charitable succour, wilt thou then,
When in a bed of straw we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads,
Wilt thou then talk thus to me? Wilt thou then
Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love?

Bel Oh I will love thee, even in madness love thee

Though my distracted senses should forsake me,
I'd find some intervals when my poor heart
Should 'suage itself, and be let loose to thine
Though the bare earth be all our resting place,
Its roots our food, some clift our habitation,
I ll make this arm n pillow for thy head,
And as thou sighing liest and swelled with sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest,
Then praise our God, and watch thee till the morning

Jaf Hear this, you Heavens, and wonder how you

Reign, reign, ye monarchs that divide the world, Busy rebelhon ne'er will let you know Tranquillity and happiness like mine, Like gaudy ships, the obsequious billows fall And rise again, to lift you in your pride, They wait but for a storm, and then devour you I in my private bark already wrecked, Like a poor merchant, driven on unknown land, That had by chance packed up his choicest treasure In one dear casket, and saved only that Since I must wander farther on the shore, Thus ling my little but my precious store, Resolved to scorn and trust my fate no more

made her !

## Parting

Where am I? Surt I wander midst enchantment, And never more shall find the way to rest. But O Monima' art thou indeed resolved To punish me with everlasting absence? Why turn'st thou from me? I'm alone already Methinks I stand upon a naked beach Sighing to winds and to the seas complaining, Whilst afar off the vessel sails away, Where all the treasure of my soul's embarked Wilt thou not turn? O could those eyes but speak, I should know all, for love is pregnant in them, They swell, they press their beams upon me still Wilt thou not speak? If we must part for ever, Give me but one kind word to think upon, And please myself withal, whilst my heart's breaking

#### A Witch

Through a close lane as I pursued my journey, And meditated on the last night's vision, I spied a wrinkled hag, with age grown double, Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to licrself, Her eyes with sealding rheum were galled and red, Cold palsy shook her head, her hands seemed withered. And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapped The tattered remnant of an old striped hanging, Which served to keep her carcass from the cold So there was nothing of a piece about her Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patched With different coloured rags—black, red, white, yellow-And seemed to speak variety of wretchedness I usked her of my way, which she anformed me, Then craved my charity, and bade me hasten To save a sister At that word I started !

# A Splenetic View of Woman

Woman the fountain of all human frailty 1
What mighty ills have not been done by woman 1
Who was 't betrayed the Capitol? A woman
Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman
Who was the cause of a long ten years war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman,
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman,
Woman to man first as a blessing given.
When innocence and love were in their prime.
Happy a while in Paradise they lay,
But quickly woman longed to go astray,
Some foolish new adventure needs must prove,
And the first devil she saw she changed her love,
To his temptations lewdly she inclined
Her soul, and for an apple damned mankind.

#### Morning

Wished Morning's come, and now upon the plains And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks, The happy shepherds leave their homely huts, And with their pipes proclaim the new born day The lusty swain comes with his well filled scrip Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls, With much content and appetite he eats, To follow in the fields his daily toil, And dress the grateful glebe that yields him fruits. The beasts that under the warm hedges slept, And weathered out the cold bleak night, are up, And, looking towards the neighbouring pastures, raise The voice, and bid their fellow brutes good morrow The cheerful birds, too, on the tops of trees, Assemble all in choirs, and with their notes Salute and welcome up the rising sun.

#### A Boar Hunt

When you Castalio, and your brother left me, Forth from the thickets rushed another boar, So large, he seemed the tyrant of the woods, With all his dreadful bristles raised up high, They seemed a grove of spears upon his back, Foaming he came at me where I was posted, Best to observe which way he'd lead the chase, Whetting his huge long tusks, and gaping wide, As if he already had me for his prey, Fill brandishing my well poised javelin high, With this bold executing arm I struck. The ugly brindled monster to the heart.

## Fine Speeches

Fine speeches are the instruments of knaves Or fools that use them when they want good sense, But honesty needs no discusse nor ornament

#### Honest Men.

Honest men Are the soft easy cushions ou which knaves Repose and fatten

Otway translated one or two things from Ovid and Horace, wrote a number of prologues and epilogues, some epistles and occasional verses, and a few songs Windsor Castle, published posthumously, is a panegyric of Charles II The Poet's Complaint of his Muse, or a Satire against Libels (1680), is largely laudation of the Duke of York, the fickle Muse having deserted her true love for Libel, the anti-Catholic agitation which temporarily drove James from England in 1679 The mutual devotion of the poet and the Muse is first described, and in the sixth of the twenty one stanzas of this nondescript 'Pindaric' ode the breach between them is thus described

But in this most transporting height,
Whence I looked down, and laught at fate,
All of a sudden I was altered grown,
I round me looked, and found myself alone,
My faithless Muse, my faithless Muse, was gone,
I tried if I a verse could frame

Oft I in vain involed my Clio's name.

The more I strove, the more I fuled,
I chased, I bit my pen, curst my dull skull, and railed,
Perchand to force m' untoward thought, and at the left

Resolved to force m' untoward thought, and at the last
A line came forth, but such a one, [prevailed.
No travelling matron in her child birth pains,
Full of the joyful liopes to bear a son,
Was more astonished at th' unlooked for shape

Of some deformed baboon, or ape, Than I was at the hideous issue of my brains

I tore my paper, stabbed my pen,

And swore I'd never write again,

Resolved to be a doating fool no more
But when my reckoning I began to make,
I found too long I'd slept, and was too late awake,

I found m' ungrateful Muse, for whose false sake
I did myself undo,

Had robbed me of my dearest store, My precious time, my friends, and reputation too, And left me helpless, friendless, very proud, and poor

The whistling winds blew fiercely o'er his head,
Cold was his lodging, hard his bed,
Aloft his eyes on the wide heavens he cast,
Where we are told peace only's found at last,
And as he did its hopeless distance see,
Sighed deep and cried, How far is peace from me'

This is one of Otway's songs

#### The Enchantment

I did but look and love a while, 'Twas but for one half hour, Then to resist I had no will, And now I have no power To sigh and wish is all my ease, Sighs, which do heat impart Enough to melt the coldest ice, Yet cannot warm your heart

O' would your pity give my heart One corner of your breast, 'Twould learn of yours the winning art, And quickly steal the rest

The best edition of Otway is Thornton's (3 vols 1813). See Johnson's Lives, Ward's Dramatic Literature, Mr Gosse in Seventeenth Century Studies and the Hon Roden Noels volume on Otway in the 'Mermaid Series (1888). There are German books on the Don Carlos of Otway and Schiller and their relation to the romance of the Abbé St Réal by Löwenberg (1886) and Ernst Muller (1888).

Thomas Southerne (1660-1746) was born at Osmantown near Dublin, and studied at Trinits College, but in 1678 came to England and enrolled himself in the Middle Temple as a student of law He entered the army in 1685, and rose rapidly to the rank of captum, but the Revolution dashed his hopes of further promotion. He was a friend of Dryden, who entrusted him with the completion of his Cleomenes, was praised by Pope, and lived to be spoken of as 'the poets' Nestor' His later days were spent in retirement and in the possession of a considerable fortune, largely the outcome of his dramatic successes He wrote ten plays, but only two fully exhibit his characteristic powers-Isa bella, or the Fatal Marriage (1694), and Oroonoko (1696) The latter is founded on Aphra Behn's novel (see above, page 57), and that on an actual occurrence, Oroonoko, an African prince, having been stolen from his native kingdom of Angola and carried to one of the West India Islands impassioned intensity of Oroonoko's sufferings, his burst of horror and indignation at the slave-trade, and his devotion to the beautiful and virtuous Imoinda are powerfully and pathetically presented Isabella is more regular than Oroonoko, and the part of the heroine affords scope for a tragic actress scarcely inferior in pathos to Belvidera, but on the whole Southerne is excelled by Otway in depth of passion and vigorous character drawing. The plot of Isabella is also based on Mrs Behn's romance of The Nun In abject distress and believing her husband to be dead, Isabella is hurried into a second marriage. Biron returns, and the heroine's agony ends in madness and death. Comic scenes are interspersed throughout Southerne's tragedics. which, though they relieve the sombre colouring of the main action and interest of the piece, are some times misplaced and unwelcome. Thus there were comic scenes in Oroonoko, subsequently omitted And bathos intrudes from time to time, as will be seen in the extracts Of the comedies, one or two are amusing, though more than gross enough. In the following scene from Oromoko hero and heroine unexpectedly meet after long separation, both being now slaves on the plantations of Surmam (at this time British), in the presence of the Governor

Oroonoko O all you gods Who govern this great world and bring about Things strange and unexpected, can it be? My soul steals from my body through my eyes, All that is left of life I'll gize away, And die upon the pleasure.

This is strange! Governor Orov If you but mock me with your image here [He runs to her If she be not Imounda-

Ha! she faints!

Nay, then, it must be she-it is Imoinda My heart confesses her, and leaps for joy, Kasses her To welcome her to her own empire here. I feel her all in every part of me O let me press her in my eager arms, Wake her to life, and with this kindling kiss Give back that soul she only sent to me Imounda! oh, thy Oroonoko calls.

Imoinda (reviving) My Oroonoko! Oh! I can't be heve

What any man can say But if I am

To be deceived, there's something in that name, That voice, that face-

Oh! if I know myself, I cannot be mistaken Never here Embracing her Orco

You cannot be mistaken I am vours, Your Oroonoko, all that you would have, Your tender, loving husband

Imo All, indeed, That I would have my husband! then I am Alive, and waking to the joys I feel They were so great, I could not think 'em true, But I believe all that you say to me For truth itself, and everlasting love, Grows in this breast, and pleasure in these arms

Oros Take, take me all, inquire into my heart-You know the way to every secret there-My heart, the sacred treasury of love And if in absence I have disemployed A mite from the rich store, if I have spent A wish, a sigh, but what I sent to you, May I be cursed to wish and sigh in vain, And you not pity me.

Oh! I believe, And know you by myself If these sad eyes, Since last we parted, have beheld the face Of any comfort, or once wished to see The light of any other heaven but you, May I be struck this moment blind, and lose Your blessed sight, never to find you more.

Oroo Imoinda! Oh! this separation Has made you dearer, if it can be so, Than you were ever to me. You appear Like a kind star to my benighted steps, To guide me on my way to happiness I cannot miss it now Governor, friend, I ou think me mad, but let me bless you all, Who anyways have been the instruments Of finding her again Imoinda's found l And everything that I would have in her

B'andford Sir, we congratulate your happiness, I do most heartily

And all of us. But low it comes to pass-

That would require More precious time than I can spare you now

I have a thousand things to ask of her, And she as many more to know of me But you have made me happier, I confess, Acknowledge it, much happier than I Have words or power to tell you Captain, you, Even you, who most have wronged me, I forgive. I will not say you have betrayed me now I'll think you but the minister of fate, To bring me to my loved Imoinda here Ino How, how shall I receive you? how be worthy

Of such endearments, all this tenderness? These are the transports of prosperity, When fortune smiles upon us

Let the fools Oroo Who follow fortune live upon her smiles, All our prosperity is placed in love, We have enough of that to make us happy This little spot of earth you stand upon Is more to me than the extended plains Of my great father's kingdom In full delights, in joys to power unknown, Your love my empire, and your heart my throne.

## From 'The Fatal Marriage'

Isabella I've heard of witches, magic spells, and charms, That have made nature start from her old course, The sun has been eclipsed, the moon drawn down From her career still puler, and subdued To the abuses of this under world Now I believe all possible. This ring, This little ring with necromantic force, Has rused the ghost of pleasure to my fears, Conjured the sense of honour and of love Into such shapes, they fright me from myself! I dare not think of them

Nurse (entering) Madam, the gentleman's below Isa I had forgot, pray, let me speak with him.

[Exil Nurse.

This ring was the first present of my love To Biron, my first husband, I must blush To think I have a second Biron died (Still to my loss) at Candy, there's my hope, Oh, do I live to hope that he died there? It must be so, he's dead, and this ring left, By his last breath, to some known faithful friend, To bring me bick again, that's all I have to trust to. Enter BIRON

My fears were woman's-I have viewed him all, And let me, let me say it to myself, I live again, and rise but from his tomb Biron Have you forgot me quite?

Forgot you! Bir Then sarewell my disguise, and my missortunes! My Isabella ! [He goes to her, she faints

Isa Hai

Oh ' come agun, Thy Biron summons thee to life and love, Once I had charms to wake thee, Thy once loved, ever loving husband calls, Thy Biron speaks to thee.

My husband! Biron! Bir Excess of love and joy for my return Has overpowered her I was to blame To take thy sex's softness unprepared, But sinking thus, this dying in my arms, This ecstasy has made my welcome more

[T.xit]

[Going

Than words could say Words may be counterfeit, False coined, and current only from the tongue, Without the mind, but passion s in the sonl, And always speaks the heart Where have I been? Why do you keep him from me? I know his voice, my life, upon the wing, Hears the soft Inre that brings me back again . 'Tis he himself, my Biron, the dear man. My true loved husband, do I hold you fast, Never to part again? Can I believe it? Nothing but you could work so great a change, There's more than life itself in dving here. If I must fall, death's welcome in these arms. Bir Live ever in these arms. But pardon me, Excuse the wild disorder of my sonl . The joy, the strange surprising joy of seeing you, Of seeing you again, distracted me. Bir Thou everlasting goodness ! Isa Answer me

What hand of Providence has brought you back To your own home again? O satisfy Th' impatience of my heart, I long to know The story of thy sufferings Oli, tell me all, For every thought confounds me

My best life! at leisure all. Isa We thought you dead, killed at the siege of Candy Bir There I fell among the dead, But hopes of life reviving from my wounds. I was preserved but to be made a slave

I often writ to my hard father, but never had An answer I writ to thee too

What a v orld of woe Isn Had been prevented but in hearing from you! Bir Alas! thou couldst not help me Isa. You do not know how much I could have done. At least, I'm sure I could have suffered all, I would have sold myself to slavery,

Without redemption, given up my child, The dearest part of me, to basest wants

Bir My little boy !

My life, but to have heard Aside You were alive-which now too late I find. Bir No more, my love, complaining of the past, 'Tis over price We lose the present 10y

Of all my pains that thus we meet again. I have a thousand things to say to thec.

[Aside Isa Would I were past the hearing Bir How does my child, my boy, my father too?

I hear he's living still.

Well, both, both well, And may he prove a father to your hopes, Though we have found him none.

Come, no more tears. Bir

Isa Seven long years of sorrow for your loss Have mourned with me.

And all my days to come Shall be employed in a kind recompense For thy afflictions Cau't I see my boy?

Isa He's gone to bed, I'll have him brought to you. Bir To-morrow I shall see him, I want rest Myself, after my weary pilgrimage

Isa Alas! what shall I get for you? Bir Nothing but rest, my love. To-night I would not Be known, if possible, to your family

I see my nurse is with you, her welcome would Be tedious at this time, to morrow will do better

Isa I'll dispose of her, and order everything As you would have it.

Bir Grant me but life, good Heaven, and give the To make this wondrous goodness some amends. Imeans And let me then forget her, if I can Oh! she deserves of me much more than I Can lose for her, though I again could venture A father and his fortune for her love! You wretched fathers, blind as fortune all ! Not to perceive that such a woman's worth Weighs down the portions von provide your sons. What is your trash, what all your heaps of gold. Compared to this, my heartfelt happiness? What has she in my absence undergone! I must not think of that, it drives me back Upon myself, the fatal cause of all Isa (returning) I have obeyed your pleasure -

Everything is ready for you.

Bir I can want nothing here, possessing thee. All my desires are carried to their aim Of happiness, there's no room for a wish, But to continue still this blessing to me, I know the way, my love. I shall sleep sound

Isa Shall I [attend] you?

By no means, I've been so long a slave to others' pride, To learn, at least, to wait upon myself, You'll make haste after?

Isa I'll but say my prayers, and follow you. My prayers ' no. I must never pray again

Prayers have their blessings, to reward our hopes, But I have nothing left to hope for more

What Heaven could give I have enjoyed, but now The baneful planet rises on my fate,

And what's to come is a long life of woe, Yet I may shorten it. I promised him to follow-him!

Is he without a name? Biron, my husband

My husband! Ha! What, then, is Villeroy? Oh, Biron, hadst thou come but one day sooner I would have followed thee through beggary,

Through all the chances of this mortal life. Wandered the many ways of wretchedness With thee, to find a hospitable grave.

For that 's the only bed that 's left me now What's to be done? for something must be done.

Two husbands ' yet not one '

And yet a wife to neither Hold, my brain. Ha! a lucky thought

Works the right way to rid me of them all, All the reproaches, infamics, and scorns, That every tongue and finger will find for me. Let the just horror of my apprehensions But keep me warm, no matter what can come. Tis but a blow If I should miss my heart?-But every part is mortal to such wounds. Yet I will see him first,

Have a last look, to heighten my despair, And then to rest for ever

Editions of his plays were published in 1713 and 1721 (2 vols.), a better one in three volumes with a Life of Southerne, was dedicated to Garrick in 1774. In a prologue he had been called great Otways peer, and greater Dryden's friend. vived The Aun in 1757, but had to Bowdlerise it Orognoko was still being performed about 1830. See Colley Cibber's Afology (ed Lowe, 1889).

opposers whatever, has bravely and generously starved a million of poor Higonots at home, and sent to ther million of them a-grazing into foreign countries, contrary to solemn edicts and repeated promises, for no other provocation that I know of but because they were such coxcombs as to place him upon the throne. In short, friend Nero. thou mayest pass for a rogue of the third or fourth class, but be advised by a stranger, and never shew thyself such a fool as to dispute the pre-eminence with Lewis le Grand, who has murdered more men in his reign, let me tell thee, than thon hast murdered tines, for all thon art the viest thrummer upon cat gut the sun ever beheld However, to give the devil his due, I will say it before thy face and behind thy back, that if thou hadst reigned as many years as my gracions master has done, and hadst had, instead of Tigellinus, a Jesuit or two to have governed thy conscience, thon mightest, in all probability, have made a much more magnificent figure, and been inferior to none but the mighty monarch I have been talking of

# An Indian's Account of a London Gaming-house

The English pretend that they worship but one God, but for my part, I don't believe what they say, for besides several living divinities, to which we may see them daily offer their vows, they have several other manimate ones to whom they pay sacrifices, as I have observed at one of their public meetings, where I hap pened once to be

In this place there is a great altar to be seen, built round and covered with a green wachum, lighted in the midst, and encompassed by several persons in a sitting posture, as we do at our domestick sacrifices. At the very moment I came into the room, one of those, who I supposed was the priest, spread upon the altar certain leaves which he took out of a little book that he held in his hand. Upon these leaves were represented certain figures very awkwardly painted, however, they must needs be the images of some divinities, for in proportion as they were distributed round, each one of the assistants made an offering to it, greater or less according to his devotion. I observed that these offerings were more considerable than those they make in their other temples

After the aforesaid ceremony is over, the priest lays his hand in a trembling manner, as it were, upon the rest of the book, and continues some time in this posture, seized with fear, and without any action at all. All the rest of the company, attentive to what he does, are in suspense all the while, and the unmovable assistants are all of them in their turn possest by different agitations, according to the spirit which happens to seize them. One joins his hands together, and blesses Heaven, another, very earnestly looking upon his image, grinds his teeth, a third bites his fingers, and stamps upon the ground with his feet. Every one of them, in short, makes such extra ordinary postures and contortions, that they seem to be no longer rational creatures. But scarce has the priest returned a certain leaf, but he is likewise seized by the same fury with the rest. He tears the book, and devours it in his rage, throws down the altar, and curses the sacrifice. Nothing now is to be heard but complaints and groans, cries and imprecations. Seeing them so transported and so furious, I judge that the God that they worship is a jealous deity, who, to punish them for what they sacrifice to others, sends to each of them an evil demon to possess him

(From Amusements Serious and Comi al)

## Laconics, or New Maxims of State and Conversation.

If your friend is in want, don't carry him to the tavern, where you treat yourself as well as him, and entail a thirst and headache upon him next morning. To treat a poor wretch with a bottle of Burgundy, or fill his snuff box, is like giving a pair of lace ruffles to a man that has never a shirt on his back. Put something into his pocket.

What is sauce for a goose is sauce for a gander When any calamities befell the Roman empire, the pagans used to lay it to the charge of the Christians when Christianity became the imperial religion, the Christians returned the same compliment to the pagans.

That which passes for current doctrine at one juncture and in one chimate won't do so in another. The cavaliers, in the beginning of the troubles, used to trump up the 12th of the Romans upon the parliament, the parliament trumped it upon the army, when they would not disband, the army back again upon the parliament, when they disputed their orders. Never was poor chapter so unmercifully tossed to and fro again.

Not to flatter ourselves, we English are none of the most constant and easy people in the world. When the late war pinched us—Oh! when shall we have a peace and trade again? We had no sooner a peace, but—Huzza, boys, for a new war! and that we shall soon be sick of

A widow and a government are ready, upon all occasions, to tax the new husband and the new prince with the ments of their predecessors, unless the former husband was hanged, and the former king sent to grass, and then they had them take fair warning by their destiny

For a ling to engage his people in war, to carry off every little ill humour of state, is like a physician's ordering his patient a flux for every pimple.

The surest way of governing, both in a private family and a kingdom, is for a husband and a prince sometimes to drop their prerogative.

What a fine thing it is to be well mannered upon occasion! In the reign of King Charles II a certain worthy divine at Whitehall thus addressed himself to the auditory at the conclusion of his sermon. In short, if you don't live up to the precepts of the gospel, but abandon yourselves to your irregular appetites, you must expect to receive your reward in a certain place which 'tis not good manners to mention here.

A man in throwing dirt at an adversary does often bespatter himself

Some books, like the city of London, fare the better for being burnt.

'Twas a merry saying of Rabelais, that a man ought to buy all the bad books that come out, because they will never be printed again

The style of his satires and epigrams may be gathered from a verse of his address 'To Mr D'Urfey on his uncomparable Ballads,' beginning—

Thou cur, half French half English blood, Thou mongrel of Parnassus,

and containing the verse-

Thou write Pindarics, and be damned!
Write epigrams for cutiers,
None with thy lyrics can be shammed
But chambermuds and butlers

John Vanbrugh united what Leigh Hunt called - for no very obvious reason - the 'apparently incompatible geniuses' of comic writer and architect. His Blenheim and Castle Howard have outlived The Provoked Wife or The Relapse, yet the latter were for many years highly popular, and even Pope, though he admits his want of grace, says that he never wanted wit The grand son of a Ghent Protestant refugee (Vanbrug), Vanbrugh was the son of a Cheshire sugar-baker who rose to be an esquire and comptroller of the Treasury Chamber, besides marrying the daughter of Sir Dudles Carlton Baptised in London 24th January 1664, young Vanbrugh was educated as architect in France, and by his wit, handsome figure, and geniality won a footing in society



SIR JOHN VANBRUGH
From an Engraving by J Faber after a Picture by J Richardson
painted in 1725

1685 he obtained a commission in the army 1690 he was seized at Calais and imprisoned at Vincennes and in the Bastille, before his release in 1692 he had been planning a comedy Relapse (suggested by Colley Cibber's work) was produced with success in 1697, and was recast by Sheridan (as A Trip to Scarborough) in 1777, and by Hollingshead in 1870 Æsop (based on a French original) followed directly, The Provoked Wife (1697) produced a powerful impression The indecencies of the Relapse and the Provoked Wife were largely utilised by Jeremy Collier in his philippic against the contemporary stage. Later pieces were The False Friend (1702, from Lesage), and The Country House, The Confederacy, The Mistake (from Molière in 1705) Meanwhile as architect he had made his famous design for Castle Howard (built 1702-14), and Lord Carlisle appointed him Clarencieux King at-Arms In 1703-5 he built the

Oueen's Theatre in Haymarket, of which he was lessee, manager, and principal dramatic author In 1705 also he commenced his novel and imposing design for the great national structure at Blenheim, an enterprise that led to quarrels with the imperious Duchess of Marlborough, and was stopped by the queen's command in 1712 He was licavily out of pocket by the transaction, though some of the arrears were paid in the next The Duchess did her best to irritate and annoy him, and to make him liable for outlays Spite of these embarrassmade on her behalf ments, he built many noteworthy mansions, in cluding Dalkeith Palace, was knighted by George I. and appointed comptroller of the royal works and architect to Greenwich Hospital (in succession to He died at Whitehall, 20th March 1726 At the time of his death Vanbrugh was engaged on a comedy, finished by Colley Cibber as The Provoked Husband, and long a favourite piece. The architectural designs of Vanbrugh were praised by Sir Joshua Reynolds for their display of imagina tion and their originality of invention, but ridiculed by Swift and other wits of the day for heaviness and incongruity of design. His aim was always to produce the impression of vastness and grandiosity

The first thing in Vanbrugh's plays which strikes the reader is the lively ease of his dialogue greve had more wit, but less nature and less genuine unaffected humour and gaiety drew more from living originals, and depicted the manners of his times—the coarse debauchery of the country knight, the gallantry of town wits and fortune hunters, and the love of French intrigue and French manners in his female characters. Lord Foppington in the Relapse is the original of most of those luxurious coxcombs who abound in modern comedy, intent on dress, fashion and self indulgence, full of silly affectations (as in utterance), but not without wit and spirit he loses his mistress he consoles himself with this reflection

Now, for my part, I think the wisest thing a man can do with an aching heart is to put on a serene counter ance, for a philosophical air is the most becoming thing in the world to the face of a person of quality. I will therefore bear my disgrace like a great min and let the people see I am above an affront [Aloud] Dear Tam, since things are thus fallen out, prithee give me leave to wish thee joy. I do it de bon court—strike me dumb! You have married a woman beautiful in her person, charming in her airs, prudent in her conduct, canstant in her inclinations, and of a nice marality—split my windpipe!

The young lady thus eulogised, Miss Hoyden, is the lively, ignorant, romping country-girl to be met with in most of the comedies of this period. In the *Provoked Wife* the coarse pot-house valour and absurdity of Sir John Brute (Garrick's famous part) is well contrasted with the fine lady airs and affectation of his wife, transported from the country to the hotbed luxuries of London fashion and

extravagance. Such scenes delighted our playgoing ancestors, and may still please us, in spite of faults of taste, for their own wit and, like antique family portraits, as pictures of a departed generation Vanbrugh's portraits were exaggerated and heightened for dramatic effect, yet on the whole they are characteristic likenesses There is an endless flow of vivacity and plenty of lively satire and broadly humorous raillery, but the whole is dashed with the most unblushing licentiousness 'The licence of the times,' as Leigh Hunt says, 'allowed Vanbrugh to be plain spoken to an extent which was perilous to his animal spirits, but, like Dryden, he to some extent repented of these indiscretions-though he was one of the most confident 'answerers' of Collier's impeachment.

The following is part of the scene in the *Provoked Wife* in which Sir John Brute, having disguised himself in his lady's dress and joined in a drunken midnight frolic, is taken by the constable and watchmen before a Justice of the Peace

Justice Well, Mr Constable, what is the matter there? Constable An't please your worship, this here comical sort of a gentlewoman has committed great outrages to-night. She has been frolicking with my Lord Rake and his gang, they attacked the watch, and I hear there has been a man killed. I believe 'tis they have done it.

Just Why, truly, she does seem a little masculine about the mouth.

2nd Watchman Yes, and about the hands too, an't please your worship I did but offer in mere civility to help her up the steps into our apartment, and with her gripen fist—ay, just so, sir [Sir John knocks him down Sir John I felled him to the ground like an ox.

Just Out upon this boisterous woman! Out upon her!
Sir John Mr Justice, he would have been uncivil! It
was in defence of my honour, and I demand satisfaction

was in defence of my honour, and I demand satisfaction 2nd Watch I hope your worship will satisfy her honour in Bridewell, that fist of hers will make an admirable hemp beater

Sir John Sir, I hope you will protect me against that libidinous rascal, I am a woman of quality and virtue too, for all I am in an undress this morning

Just Why, she has really the air of a sort of a woman a little something out of the common —Madam, If you expect I should be favourable to you, I desire I may know who you are.

Sir John Sir, I am anybody, at your service

Just Lady, I desire to know your name.

Sir John Sir, my name's Mary

Just Av, but your surname, madam?

Sir John Sir, my surname's the very same with my husband's.

Just A strange woman this!—Who is your husband, pray?

Sir John Sir Jolin

Just Sir John who?

Sir John Sir John Brute

Jus' Is it possible, madam, you can be my Lady Brute?

Sir John That happy woman, sir, am I only a little in my meriment to night.

Just I am concerned for Sir John

Sir John Truly so am I

Inst I have heard he's an honest gentleman

Sir John As ever drank.

Just Good lack! Indeed, lady, I'm sorry he has such a wife.

Sir John I am sorry he has any wife at all

Just And so, perhaps, may he.—I doubt you have not given him a very good taste of matrimony

Sir John Taste, sir l Sir, I have scorned to stint him

to a taste, I have given him a full meal of it

Just Indeed I believe so! But pray, fair lady, may he have given you any occasion for this extraordinary conduct?—does he not use you well?

Sir John A little upon the rough sometimes

Inst Ay, any man may be out of humour now and then

Sir John Sir, I love peace and quiet, and when a woman don't find that at home, she's apt sometimes to comfort herself with a few innocent diversions abroad

Just I doubt he uses you but too well Pray how does he as to that weighty thing, money? Does he allow you what is proper of that?

Sir John Sir, I have generally enough to pay the reekoning, if this son of a whore of a drawer would but bring his bill

Just A strunge woman this!—Does he spend a reasonable portion of his time at home, to the comfort of his wife and children?

Sir John He never gave his wife cause to repine at his being abroad in his life

Just 'Tis a great pity he should have been thus disposed of —Pray, madam (and then I've done), what may be your ladyship's common method of life? If I may presume so far

Str John Why, sir, much that of a woman of quality Just Pray how may you generally pass your time, madam? your morning for example.

Sir John Sir, like a woman of quality. I wake about two o'clock in the afternoon—I stretch—and make a sign for my chocolate. When I have drank three cups I slide down again upon my back, with my arms over my head, while my two maids put on my stockings. Then, hanging upon their shoulders, I am trailed to my great chair, where I sit—and yawn—for my breakfast. If it don't come presently, I he down upon my couch to say my prayers, while my maid reads me the play bills

Just Very well, madam

Sir John When the tea is brought in, I drink twelve regular dishes, with eight slices of bread and butter And half an hour after, I send to the cook to know if the dinner is almost ready

Just So, madam !

Sir John By that time my head is half dressed, I hear my husband swearing himself into a state of perdition that the meat's all cold upon the table, to amend which I come down in an hour more, and have it sent back to the kitchen to be all dressed over again

Just Poor man!

Sir John When I have dired, and my idle servants are presumptuously set down at their case, to do so too, I call for my coach, to go visit fifty dear friends, of whom I hope I shall never find one at home while I shall live

Just So, there's the morning and afternoon pretts well disposed of ' Pray, madam, how do you passyour evenings?

Sir John Like a woman of spirit, sir, a great spirit Give me a box and dice Seven's the main! Oons! Sir, I set you a hundred pound! Why, do you think women are married now a days to sit at home and mend napkins? Sir, we have nobler ways of passing time

Just Mercy upon us, Mr Constable, what will this

age come to 2

Con What will it come to, indeed, if such women as these are not set in the stocks?

Sir John Sir, I have a little urgent business calls upon me, and therefore I desire the favour of you to bring matters to a conclusion

Just Madam, if I were sure that business were not to commit more disorders, I would release you

Sir John None

Just Then, Mr Constable, you may discharge her Sir John Sir, your very humble servant. If you please to accept of a bottle——

Just I thank you kindly, madam, but I never drink in a morning Good by t'ye, madam, good by t'ye

There are editions of Vanbrugh by W A Ward (1893) and A. E. H. Swaen (1896).

William Congreve wrote a series of comedies which, more than any others in the English language, abound in witty dialogue and lively incident, though their licentiousness has banished them from the stage. Born at Bardsey near Leeds, and baptised 10th February 1670, he was of a good family, and his father held a military employment in Ireland, where the poet was educated-first at Kilkenny School, and then at Trinity College, He studied law in the Middle Temple, but finding, as Leigh Hunt says, that, having family as well as wit and scholarship, he could make way in life without a profession, he early began to write His first publication was a novel of cross purposes and disguises, Incognita, full of ornate Gongorism and silly mock-sentiment, not without resemblances to Shakespeare's funcy plays, and closely akm to the prose comedy invented by Etherege and strengthened by Wycherles translated the seventh satire of Juvenal (1692), and next appeared as a writer for the stage His Old Bachelor was produced, under Dryden's auspices, in January 1693, and acted with great applause. Other plays soon appeared The Double Dealer in 1693, Love for Love in 1695, Mourning Bride, a tragedy, in 1697, and The Way of the World in 1700 In 1710 he published a collection of miscellaneous poems, of which one little piece, Dorrs, is worthy of his fame. position was assured as one of the foremost wits He was eminently popular in society, and good fortune faithfully followed him He received a succession of lucrative offices—a commissionership of wine licenses (1705-14), the secretaryship for Jamaica (from the first year of George I's reign, and worth £700 a year), and an appointment in the Customs He was flattered and praised, was treated as a literary genius of the first rank, but was singularly free of literary jealous; in the sunshine of opulence and courtly society, Congreve wished to forget that he was an author,

he maintained the affectation of insisting that his plays were dashed off quite carelessly for his own amusement, and when Voltaire waited upon him. he said he would rather be considered a gentleman than a poet 'If you had been merely a gentle man,' said the witty Trenchman, 'I should not have come to visit you? He lived a luxurious and apparently happy life, though latterly afflicted with gout and an affection of the eyes which termi nated in total blindness. He died at his house in London on 19th January 1730 Congreve had contracted a close intimacy with the Duchess of Marlborough (daughter of the great Duke), sat at her table drily, and assisted in her household management On his death he left the bulk of his fortune, amounting to about £10,000, to this eccentric lady The Duchess spent seven of the ten thousand pounds in the purchase of a diamond necklace. 'How much better would it have been to have given it to Mrs Bricegirdle!' said Young the poet and clergyman, indeed it was commonly believed-wrongly-that the famous actress had been married to Congreve Johnson thought it should have gone to the Congreve family, then in distress and poverty The Duchess honoured the poet's remains with a splendid funeral. The corpse lay in state under the ancient roof of the Jerusalem Chamber, and was interred in Westminster Abber The pall was borne by the Duke of Bridgewater, Lord Cobham, the Earl of Wilmington (who lind been Speaker, and was afterwards first Lord of the Treasury), and other men of high consideration The Duchess of Marlborough, if report is to be believed, further manifested her regard for the de ceased poet in a manner that spoke more for her devotion than her taste. It is said that she had a figure of him in nory or was, which moved by clockwork, and was placed daily at her table, and that the feet of this doll were regularly blistered and anointed by the doctors, as poor Congreve's feet had been for the gout.

Congreve remains the greatest master of the English comedy of repartee. Dryden complimented him as adorned by every muse and grace, and, extravagant in panegyric, declared of him

Heaven, that but once was produgal before, To Shakespeare gave as much, he could not gave him more

Pope dedicated to him his translation of the *Iliad* What higher honours could have been paid to a writer whose laurels were won by the age of thirty? Yet his plays are generally without the higher gifts of poetry or imagination, and his comic genius was devoted to illustrating a scheme of life almost wholly given up to sensuality and intrigue, with out a trace of higher or nobler aims, or the barest sense of responsibility. He is the most perfect master of polished dramatic dialogue in English, and had no equal as a painter of con temporary life and manners, such as they were He is not so grossly indecent as Etherege or Wycherley. We admire his brilliant dialogue and

repartee, and his wealth of incident and variety of character, but the absence of the higher virtues which ennoble life-the beauty and gracefulness of woman's virtue, the feelings of generosity, truth, honour, affection, modesty, and tenderness-leaves his pages barren and lacking in any permanent interest. His glittering, artificial life palls on the lovers of nature or of poetry His second comedy, the Double Dealer, was in every way stronger than the Old Bachelor, but either the satire on the heartless sexual morals of the time was too serious to please the people satirised, or even Congreve's complaisant public were shocked by the outrageous immorality of Maskwell and Lady Touchwood The play was a failure at first, but its merits were soon fully recognised The Mourning Muse of Alexis, a poetic dialogue on Queen Mary's death. was as full of artificial conceits as Incognita Love for Love is, no doubt, the finest prose comedy in the English language So late as 1842 Macready revived it (modified, of course) at Drury Lane, and there have been still later revivals (as in Mr Watts-Dunton has said of it that, abundant and brilliant as is the wit, the coruscations do not, as in Congreve's other plays, outdazzle the sweeter and softer light of the humour, and the characterisation is true, some of it beautiful the character of Ben, Congreve gave here the first really humorous and effective presentation of the rollicking English tar, afterwards so frequent and fertile a subject in the hands of Smollett and other novelists and dramatists The Mourning Bride, Congreve's only tragedy, possesses higher merit than most of the serious plays of that day Vincaulay said, it is poor compared with Shakespeare and with the best plays of Ford or Massinger, but stands high amongst the tragedies of the age in which it was written To find anything so good one must go back to Otwav's Venuce Preserved or forward to Rowe's Fair Penitent It has the stiffness of the French school, with no small affectation of fine writing, without passion, yet it possesses poetical scenes and admirable passages, nobly The opening lines have often been worded quoted

Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak
I've read that things manimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been informed
By magic numbers and persuasive sound
What then am I? Am I more senseless grown
Than tree, or flint? O force of constant woe!

Congreve was next busily occupied in the famous Jeremy Collier controversy, defending the morality of the new stage (see page 35). It would have been wiser had he, like Dryden, remained silent, his answer to Collier's trenchant polemic was voted dull even by his own party. Collier produced a powerful repartee, and the public were mainly on the side of the Nonjuring High Churchman. Congreve's last play, The Way of the World (1700), though quite as full of intellectual brilliance as

Love for Love, and evidently written with more care, not to say labour, licks the humorous impulse seen in Congreve's masterpiece. The wit of the dialogue is not sufficiently held in hand to work out the characters and the plot. It comes more completely than does any other of Congreve's plays within the scope of the Duke of Buckingham's strictures (see Vol. I. p. 788) upon the comedy of repartee.

Another fault, which often does befal, Is when the wit of some great poet shall So overflow, that is, be none at all, That ev'n his fools speak sense, as if possest, And each by inspiration breaks his jest, If once the justness of each part be lost, Well may we laugh, but at the poet's cost

The Way of the World was received with comparative coldness, and Congreve wrote no more for the stage, for the next twenty-eight years he did not add to his literary reputation

Dr Johnson thought the following extract from the Mourning Bride, describing a cathedral, the most poetical paragraph in the whole range of the drama—finer than any in Shakespeare—and by such extravagant eulogy injured the piece Had he said it was better than anything in the tragedies of Dryden, Lee, Otway, Rowe, Southerne, or Addison, he would not, in Viacaulay's judgment and ours, have been far wrong

Almeria It was a fancied noise, for all is hushed Leonora It bore the accent of a human voice.

Alm It was thy fear, or else some transient wind Whistling through hollows of this vaulted nisle.

We'll listen

Leon Hark!

Alm No, all is hushed and still as death 'Tis dreadful! How reverend is the face of this tall pile, Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof, By its own weight made steadfast and immovable, Looking tranquillity—It strikes an awe And terror on my aching sight, the tombs And monumental caves of death look cold, And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart. Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice, Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes Leon—Let us return, the horror of this place

And silence will increase your melancholy

Alm It may my fears, but cannot add to that

No, I will on, shew me Anselmo's tomb,

Lead me o'er bones and skulls and mouldering earth

Of human bodies, for I'll mix with them,

Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corpse

Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride

Of Garcia's more detested bed that thought

Exerts my spirits, and my present fears

Are lost in dread of greater ill. Then shew me,

Lead me, for I am bolder grown lead on

Where I may kneel and pay my yows again

To him, to Heaven and my Alphonso's soul

In Congreve's comedies there is a constant stream of wit and liveliness, and quick interchange of dialogue and incident. He was a master of dramatic rules and art, but was often careless and sometimes too complicated in his plots. From the sparkling, highly wrought love-scenes of Congreve it would be perilous to quote. I have read two or three of Congreve's plays over before speaking of him,' said. Thackeray in one of his famous lectures, 'and my feelings were rather like those which I dare say most of us here live had at Pompeu, looking at Sallust's house and the relics of an orgy—

a dried wine-iar or two, a charred supper-table, the breast of a dancing-girl pressed against the ashes. the laughing skull of a jester, a perfect stillness round about, as the cicerone twangs his moral, and the blue sky shines calmly over the The Con greve muse is dead, and her song choked in Time's ashes We gaze at the skeleton, and wonder at the life which once revelled in its mad veins We take the skull up, and muse over the frolic and daring, the wit, scorn, passion, hope, desire, with which that empty bowl once fermented We think of the

glances that allured, the tears that melted, of the bright eyes that shone in those vicant sockets, and of hips whispering love and cheeks dimpling with smiles that once covered you ghastly framework. They used to call those teeth pearls once. See I there's the cup she drank from, the gold chain she wore on her neck, the vase which held the rouge for her cheeks, her looking-glass, and the harp she used to dance to Instead of a feast we find a grave stone, and in place of a mistress a few bones!'

# From The Old Bachelor'

Bellmour Vainlove, and abroad so early! Good morrow I thought a contemplative lover could no more have parted with his bed in a morning, than he could have slept in 't.

Vainlove Bellmour, good morrow Why, truth on't is, these early sallies are not usual to me, but business,

as you see, sir-[Showing letters]—and business must be followed, or be lost

Bell Business! And so must time, my friend, be close pursued or lost. Business is the rub of life, perverts our aim, easts off the bias, and leaves us wide and short of the intended mark.

Vain Pleasure, I guess you mean Bell Ay, what else has meaning?
Vain Oh, the wise will tell you—

Bell More than they believe or understand

Vain How, how, Ned? a wise man says more than he understands?

Bell Ay, ay, wis dom's nothing but a pretending to know and believe more than we really do You read of but one wise man, and all that he I new was, that he knew nothing Come, come, leave business to idlers, and wisdom to fools, they have need of 'em Wit Le my faculty, and pleasure my occupa tion, and let father I ime shake his glass I et low and carthly souls grovel till they have worked them schies six feet deep into a grave Busi ness is not my ele nient, I roll in a higher orb, and dwell-

Vain In castles i' th' air of thy own building—that 's thy element, Ned. Well, as high a flyer as you

are, I have a lure may make you stoop [Thinging a letter (From Act i. sc. 1)



WILLIAM CONGREVE.
From the Portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller in the National Portrait Gallery

# From the Same

Sir Joseph Wittel Oh, here a comes. Ay, my Hector of Troy, welcome, my bully, my back, egad, my heart has gone pit a pat for thee.

Bluff. How now, my young knight? Not for fear, I hope? He that knows me must be a stranger to fear

Sir Jos Nay, egad, I hate fear ever since I had like to have died of fright—but—

Bluffe But! Look you here, boy, here's your antidote, here's your Jesuit's Powder for a shaking fit. But who hast thou got with thee, is he of mettle?

Sir Jos Ay, bully, a devilish smart fellow, a' will fight like a cock.

Bluffe Say you so? Then I'll honour him But has he been abroad? for every cock will fight upon his own danglill

Sir Jos I don't know, but I'll present you

Bluffe I'll recommend myself Sir, I honour you, I understand you love fighting I reverence a man that loves fighting, sir, I kiss your hilts

Captain Sharper Sir, your servant, but you are mis informed, for unless it be to serve my particular friend, as Sir Joseph liere, my country, or my religion, or in some very justifiable cause, I'm not for it

Bluffe O Lord, I beg your pardon, sir! I find you are not of my palate, you can't relish a dish of fighting without sweet sauce. Now, I think—

Fighting for fighting's sake's sufficient cause Fighting to me's religion and the laws'

Str Jos Ah, well said, my hero! Was not that great, sir? By the Lord Harry, he says true, fighting is meat, drink, and cloth to him But, back, this gentleman is one of the best friends I have in the world, and saved my life last night. You know I told you

Bluffe Ay, then I honour him again.—Sir, may I crave your name?

Sharper Ay, sir, my name 's Sharper

Str Jos Pray, Mr Sharper, embrace my back—very well By the Lord Harry, Mr Sharper, he is as brave a fellow as Cannibal, are you not, bully back?

Sharper Hannibal, I believe you mean, Sir Joseph? Bluffe Undoubtedly he did, sir Faith, Hannibal was a very pretty fellow, but, Sir Joseph, comparisons are odious. Hannibal was a very pretty fellow in those days, it must be granted, but alas, sir, were he alive now, he would be nothing, nothing in the earth

Sharper How, sir? I make a doubt if there be at this day a greater general breathing

Bluffe Oh, excuse me, sir, liave you served abroad,

Sharper Not I, really, slr

Bluffe Oh, I thought so —Why, then, you can know nothing, sir I am afraid you scarce know the history of the late war in Flanders with all its particulars

Sharper Not I, sir, no more than public papers or greettes tell us.

Bluffe Gazette! Why, there again now—why, sir, there are not three words of truth, the year round, put into the Gazette.—I'll tell you a strange thing now as to that. You must know, sir, I was resident in Flanders the last campaign, had a small post there, but no matter for that. Perhaps, sir, there was scarce any thing of inoment done but a humble servant of yours that shall be nameless was an eye witness of—I won't say had the greatest share in 't, though I might say that too, since I name nobody, you know Well, Mr Sharper, would you think it? In all this time, as I hope for a truncheon, that rascally gazette writer never so much as once mentioned me—not once, by the wars! Took no more notice than as if Nol Bluffe had not been in the laud of the living

Sharfer Strange 1

Sir Jos Yet, by the Lord Harry, its true Mr Sharper, for I went every day to coffee houses to read the Gazette myself

Bluffe Ay, ay, no matter You see, Mr Sharper, after all, I am content to retire—live a private person. Scipio and others have done it

Sharper Impudent rogue! [Aside

Sir for Ay this damned modests of yours—egad, if he would put in for 't, he might be made general himself yet.

Bluffe Oh, fi, no, Sir Joseph, you know I hate this

Sir Jos Let me but tell Mr Sharper a little, how you ate fire once out of the mouth of a cannon, egad, he did, those impenetrable whiskers of his have confronted flames.

Bluffe Death' What do you mean, Sir Joseph?
Sir Jos Look you now, I tell you he's so modest, he'll own nothing

Bluff: Pish, you have put me out, I have forgot what I was about. Pray, hold your tongue, and give me leave——————————————————[Angrily

Str Jos I am dumb

Bluffe This sword I think I was telling you of, Mr Sharper,—this sword I'll muntain to be the best divine, anatomist, lawyer, or casuist in Europe, it shall decide a controversy, or split a cause

Sir Jos Nay, now, I must speak, it will split a liair, by the Lord Harry, I have seen it.

Bluffe Zounds, sir, it's a lie' you have not seen it, nor shan't see it sir, I say you can't see What d'ye say to that, now?

Sir Jos I am blind

Bluffe Death ' had any other man interrupted me— Sir Jos Good Mr Sharper, speak to him, I dare not look that way

Sharfer Captain, Sir Joseph's penitent

Bluffe Oh, I am calm, sir, calm as a discharged culverin—bit 'twas indiscreet, when you know what will provoke me. Nay, come, Sir Joseph, you know my heat's soon over

Sir Jos Well, I am a fool sometimes, but I'm sorry Bluffe Enough

Sir Jos Come, we'll go take a glass to drown ani mosities - Mr Sharper, will you partake?

Sharper I wait on you, sir, nay, pray Captain, --- you are Sir Josephi's back (From Act 11 se. 1)

## From 'The Double Dealer'

Lady Frolli Then you think that episode between Susan the dairy maid and our coachman is not amiss? You know I may suppose the dairy in town, as well as in the country

Brisk Incomparable, let me perish! But, then, being an heroic poem, had you not better call him a charioteer? Charioteer sounds great. Besides, your ladyship's coachman having a red face, and you comparing him to the sun—and you know the sin is called Heaven's charioteer

Lady F Oh! infinitely better, I am extremely be a holden to you for the lint Stay we'll read over those half a-score lines again. [Pulls out a paper] Let me see here, you know what goes before—the comparison you know [Reads]

For as the sun shines every day, So of our coachman I may say—

Brisk I nm afraid that simile won't do in wet weather, because you say the sun shines every day

Lady F No for the sun it won't, but it will do for the conchinan, for you know there's most occasion for a coach in wet weather

Brisk. Right, right that saves all

Lady F Then I don't say the sun shines all the day, but that he peeps now and then, yet he does shine all the day, too, you know, though we don't see him.

Brisk Right, but the vulgar will never comprehend that.

Lady F Well you shall hear Let me see [Reads]

For as the sun shines every day, So of our coachman I may say, He shews his drunken fiery face Just as the sun does, more or less

Brisi That's right, all's well, all's well More or

Lady [ [keads]

And when at night his labour's done, Then, too, like heaven's charioteer, the sun—

Av charioteer does better-

Into the dairy he descends, And there his whipping and his driving ends There he's secure from danger of a bilk, His fare is paid him, and he sets in milk

For Susan, you know, is Thetis, and so-

Brisk Incomparable well and proper, egad! But I have one exception to make don't you think 'bilk'—I know it sig good rhyme—but don't you think 'bilk' and 'fare' too like a hackney coachman?

Lady T I swear and vow I'm afraid so And yet our Jeliu was a hackney coachman when my lord took

Brisk Was he? I'm answered, if Jehn was a hackney coachman \ \ \text{\text{ou may put that in the marginal notes}} \text{though, to prevent criticism, only mark it with a small asterisk, and say, 'Jehn was formerly a hackney coachman'

Lady F I will, vou'd oblige me extremely to write notes to the whole poem

Brisk With all my heart and soul, and proud of the vast honour, let me pensh!

Lord Froth Hee, hee, hee my dear, have you done? Won t you join with us? We were laughing at my Lady Whister and Mr Sneer

Lady F Ay, my dear, were you? Oh! filthy Mr Snecr, he's a nauscous figure, 1 most fulsamie [fulsome] fop, fol! He spent two days together in going about Covent Garden to suit the lining of his coach with his complexion

I end I O silly! Let his aunt is as fond of him as if she had brought the ape into the world herself

Brisk Who? my Lady Toothless? Oh, she's a mor tifving spectacle, she's always chewing the cud like an old ewe

Conthia Ty, Mr Brisk I eringos for her cough

Let  $d\Gamma$  I have seen her take 'em half chewed out of her mouth, and then put them in again—foli'

Iatj I Foli!

Lerd  $\Gamma$  Then she's always ready to laugh when Sneer offers to speak, and sits in expectation of his no jest, with her guins bare, and her mouth open——

Erisk Iske an ovster at low ebb, egad! Ha, ha, ha lead of the last and last and lead of the last and l

I.a.f. F. Then that t'other great strapping lady, I can't hit of her name, the old fat fool that puints so exorbitantly

Bri k I know whom you mean But, dence take me, I can't list of her name either Paints, d'ye say? Why she lays it on with a trovel i Then she has a treat board that bristles through it and makes her look as if she were plastered with lime and hur, let me perish!

Ladi f Oh' you made a song upon her, Mr Brisk

Brisk He? egad, so I did—my lord can sing it.

Cynthia O good my lord, let's hear it

Brisk 'Tis not a song neither—it's a sort of epigram
or rather an epigrammatic sonnet, I don't know what
to call it, but it's satire Sing it, my lord

Lord F [Sings]

Ancient Phylhs has young graces,
'Is a strange thing, but a true one,
Shall I tell you how?
She herself makes her own faces,
And each morning wears a new one,
Where's the wonder now?

Brisk Short, but there's salt in't, my way of writing, egad! (From Act in. sc. 3.)

#### From 'Love for Love'

Ben Legend Where's father?
Servant There, sir, his back's towards you

Sir Sampson My son, Ben! Bless thee, my dear boy, body o' me, thou art heartily welcome.

Ben Thank you, father, and I'm glad to see you Sir S Odsbud, and I'm glad to see thee Kiss me, boy, kiss me again and again, dear Ben. [Kisses him Ben So, so, enough, father Mess, I'd rather kiss these gentlewomen

Sir S And so thou shalt. Mrs Angelica, my son Ben Ben Forsooth, if you please. [Salutes her] Nay, Mistress, I'm not for dropping anchor here, about ship i' faith. [Kisses Mrs Frail] Nay, and you too, my little cock boat—so [Kisses Miss Prue]

Tattle Sir, you're welcome ashore

Ben Thank you, thank you, friend
Sir S Thou hast been many a weary league, Ben,
since I say thee.

Ben Ly, ey, been! been far enough, an that be all Well, father, and how do all at home? How does brother Diek and brother Val?

Sir S Dick! body o me, Dick has been dead these two years, I writ you word when you were at Leghorn

Ben Mess, that's true marry, I had forgot Dick's dead, as you say Well, and how? I have a many questions to ask you Well, you ben't married again, father, be you?'

Sir S No, I intend you shall marry, Ben, I would not marry for thy sake

Ben Nay, what does that signify?—an you marry again, why, then, I'll go to sea again, so there's one for t'other, an that be all Pray, don't let me be your hindrance, e'en inarry a God's name, an the wind sit that way As for my part, mayhap I have no mind to marry

Mrs Frail That would be a pity, such a handsome young gentleman

Ben Handsome! he, he, he, nay, forsooth, an you be for joking, I'll joke with you, for I love my jest, an the ship were sinking, as we say not sea. But I'll tell you why I don't much stand towards matrimony. I love to roam about from port to port, and from land to land I could never abide to be port bound, as we call it Now, a man that is married has as it were, d'ye see, his feet in the hilboes, and mayhap mayn't get 'em out again when he would.

Sir S Ben's a wag

Ben A man that is married, d'ye see, is no more like another man than a galley slave is like one of us free sailors. He is chained to an oar all his life, and may hap forced to tug a leaky vessel into the bargain

Sir S Avery wag! Ben's a very wag! only a little rough, he vants a little polishing

Mrs F Not at all, I like his humour mightily, it's plain and honest, I should like such a humour in a liusband extremely

Ben Say'n you so, forsooth? Marry, and I should like such a handsome gentlewoman hugely. How say you, mistress! would you like going to sea? Mess, you're a tight vessel, and well rigged. But I'll tell you one thing, an you come to sea in a high wind, or that, lady, you mayn't carry so much sail o' your head. Top and topgallant, by the mess

Miss I No? why so?

Ben Why, an you do, you may run the risk to be overset, and then you'll carry your keels above water, he, he, he.

Angelica I swear Mr Benjamin is the veriest wag in nature-an absolute sea wit

Sir S Nay, Ben has parts, but, as I told you before, they want a little polishing. You must not take any thing ill, madam

Hen No, I hope the gentlewoman is not angry, I mean all in good part, for if I give a jest, I take a jest, and so, forsooth, you may be as free with me.

Ang I thank you, sir, I am not at all offended But methinls, Sir Sampson, you should leave him alone with his mistress Mr Tattle, we must not hinder lovers

Tattle Well, Miss, I liave your promise. [Aside Sir S Body o' me, madam, you say true. Look you,

Ben, this is your mistress Come, Miss, you must not be shame faced, we'll leave you together

Miss Prue I can't abide to be left alone, mayn't my cousin stay with me?

Sir S No, no, come, let's away

Ben Look you, father, may hap the young woman mayn't take a liking to me.

Sir S I warrant thee, boy, come, come, ve'll be gone, I ll venture that [They leave Ben and Miss Prue alone

Ben Come, mistress, will you please to sit down? for an you stand astern a that'n, we shall never grapple together Come, I'll haul a chair, there, an you please to sit, I'll sit beside you

Miss Prue You need not sit so near one, if you have anything to say, I can hear you farther off, I an't deaf

Ben Why, that's true as you say, nor I ant dumb, I can be heard as far as another I II heave off to please you [Sits further off] An we were a league asunder, I'd undertake to hold discourse with you, an 'twere not a main high wind indeed, and full in my teeth. Look you, forsooth, I am as it were bound for the land of matrimony, 'tis a voyage, d ye see, that was mone of my seeking, I was commanded by father, and if you like of it, may hap I may steer into your harbour. How say you, mistress? The short of the thing is, that if you like me, and I like yon, we may chance to swing in a hammool together.

Miss P I don't know what to say to you, nor I don't care to speak with you at all

Ben No? I'm sorry for that. But pray, why are you so scornful?

Miss P As long as one must not speal one's nund, one had better not speak at all, I think, and truly I won't tell a he for the matter

Ben Nay, you say true in that, it s but a folly to lie,

for to speak one thing, and to think just the contrary way, is, as it were, to look one way and to row another Nov, for my part, d'ye see, I'm for carrying things above loard, I'm not for keeping anything under hatchies, so that if you ben't as willing as I, say so a God's name, there's no harm done. Mayhap you may be shaine faced, some mudens, thof they love a man well enough, yet they don't care to tell'n so to's face. If that's the ease, why, silence gives consent.

Miss P But I'm sure it is not so, for I'll speak sooner than you should believe that, and I'll speak truth, though one should always tell a lie to a man, and I don't care, let my father do what he will, I'm too big to be whipt, so I'll tell you plainly I don't like you, nor love you at all, nor never will, that's more. So there's your answer for you, and don't trouble me no more, you ugly thing!

Ben Look you, young woman, you may learn to give good words, however I spoke you fair, d'ye see, and civil As for your love or your liking, I don't value it of a rope's end, and mayhap I like you as little as you do me. What I said was in obedience to father I fear a whipping no more than you do But I tell you one thing, if you should give such language at sea, you'd have a cat o' nine tails laid across your shoulders. I lesh! who are you? You heard t'other handsome young woman speak civilly to me of her own accord. Whatever you think of yourself, I don't think you are any more to compare to her than a can of small beer to a bowl of punch.

Miss P Well, and there's a handsome gentleman, and a fine gentleman, and a sweet gentleman, that was here, that loves me, and I love him, and if he sees you speak to me any more, he'll thrash your jacket for you, he will, you great sea calf!

Ben What ' do you mean that fair weather spark that was here just now? Will lie thrush my jacket? Let 'n, let 'n—but an he comes near me, mayhap I may give him a salt eel for 's supper, for all that What does father mean, to leave me alone, as soon as I come home, with such a dirty dowdy? Sea calf! I an't calf enough to liek your chalked face, you cheese curd you Marry thee! oons, I'll marry a Lapland witch as soon, and live upon selling contrary winds and wrecked vessels

Miss P I won't be called names, nor I won't be abused thus, so I won't If I were a man [Cries] you durst not talk at this rate, no, you durst not, you stinking tar barrel!

(From Act ul. sc. 3.)

A good edition of Congreses comedies is that by Mr Henley (1895) all the plays were edited for the Mermaid Series by A. C. Ewald (1883) and there is a short I ife by Mr Gosse (1890)

Nathaniel Lee (1653?-92) was possessed of no small share of the fire of genius, though in him genius was near allied to madness. The son of a Hertfordshire clergyman, a Presbiterian and a pluralist, who conformed at the Restoration, Lee received a classical education at Westminster School and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He tried the stage both as an actor and author, was patronised by Rochester, lived a dissipated and vicious life, and was five years in Bedlam from wild insanity. Recovering his reason, he lived on precarious gifts or charity; and falling into intemperance again, died from

the effects of a fall when he was drunk. He was the author of about a dozen tragedies, mainly on classical themes. The best of the tragedies are The Rival Queens, or Alexander the Great, Mithridates, Theodosius, and Lucius Junius Brutus His comedy, The Princess of Cleve, was founded on Madame La Fayette's romance. Several of the plays were long popular, Alexander (as The Rival Queens came to be called) held the stage for a hundred and fifty years The earlier (and least successful) plays were in rhyme, from Alexander on they were mostly in blank verse. Lee had the honour of being invited to collaborate with Dryden in two pieces In praising Alexander and his friend's power to move the passions, Dryden counsels him to despise those critics who condemn 'the too much vigour of his youthful muse' Here is indicated the source both of Lee's strength and of his weakness. In tenderness and genuine passion he excels Dryden, but his style often degenerates into bombast and extravagant frenzy -defects heightened in his late productions by his Poor Nat was aware of his weak-'It has often been observed against me,' ness he says in his dedication of Theodosius, 'that I abound in ungoverned fancy, but I hope the world will pardon the sallies of youth despondency, and dulness come too fast of themselves. I discommend no man for keeping the beaten road, but I am sure the noble hunters that follow the game must leap hedges and ditches sometimes, and run at all, or never come into the fill of a quarry' Colley Cibber denounces Lee's 'furious fustian and turgid rant,' Addison says his thoughts are 'frequently lost in such a cloud of words that it is hard to see the beauty of them There is an infinite fire in his works, but so involved in smoke that it does not appear in half its lustre.' Steele finds in Alexander 'passion in its purity drawn by a mad poet.' Lee wanted discretion to temper his too luxuriant genius and reduce his poetical conceptions to consistency and order, yet among his wild ardout and rhapsodical enthusiasm are very powerful and graceful lines and passages The following is an unusually pregnant comparison

Speech is morning to the mind, It spreads the beauteous images atroad, Which else lie furled and clouded in the soul

This is a fragment from Lee's Sophenisba

Love, that brightest jewel of a crown, That fires ambition and adorns renown, That with sweet liopes does our harsh pains beguile, And midst of javelins makes the soldier smile

And here is a declaration of love from Theodosius

No more of this, no more, for I disdain All pomp when thou art by far be the noise Of kings and courts from us, whose gentle souls Our kinder stars have steered another way kree as the forest birds we'll pair together, Fly to the arbours, grots, and flowery meads, And in soft murmnrs interchange our souls Together drink the crystal of the stream, Or taste the yellow fruit which autumn yields, And when the golden evening calls us home; Wing to our downy nest, and sleep till morn.

From the same play comes this on self-murder

What torments are allotted those sad spirits,
Who, groaning with the burden of despair,
No longer will endure the cares of life,
But boldly set themselves at liberty,
Through the dark caves of death to wander on,
Like wildered travellers, without a guide,
Eternal rovers in the gloomy maze
Where scarce the twilight of an infant morn,
By a faint glimmer checkering through the trees,
Reflects to dismal view the walking ghosts,
That never hope to reach the blessed fields

Lee's heroic style—verging upon rodomontade—may be seen in lines such as those on Brutus throwing off his disguise of idiocy after the rape of Lucrece by Tarquin

As from night's womb the glorious day breaks forth, And seems to kindle from the setting stars, So, from the blackness of young Tarquin's crime And furnace of his lust, the virtuous soul Of Jinnius Brutus catches bright occasion.

I see the pillars of his kingdom totter The rape of Lucrece is the midnight lantern That lights my genius down to the foundation.

Leave me to work, my Titus, O my son I For from this spark a lightning shall arise, That must ere night purge all the Roman air, And then the thunder of his ruin follows.

For Warburton the following speech of Alexander's contained 'not only the most sublime but the most judicious imagery that poetry could conceive or paint,' for Joseph Warton, on the other hand, there was not in the language 'a more striking example of true turgid expression and genuine fustian and bombast'

When Glory, like the dazzling eagle, stood Perched on my bearer in the Granic flood, When Fortune's self my standard trembling bore, And the pale Fates stood frighted on the shore, When the Immortals on the billows rode, And I myself appeared the leading god

Warton was surely the truer critic.

"Tis hard to be in love and to be wise' is a sen tentious saying from The Princess of Cleve "Tis beauty calls and glory leads the way' is found in Alexander the Great, and thence, too, comes the so variously worded stock quotation about Greek meeting Greek, which is almost never correctly given, and whose authorship and contextual meaning are utterly ignored. It occurs in the heated dispute between Alexander and Kleitos (Lee's Clytus) which goaded Alexander to murdering the old friend who had saved his life. Lee embellishes the standard story with 'an entertainment of Indian singers and dancers the music flourishes' [in Sogdiana, or, say, Bokhara]. When

they had well drunken, Alexander asks the leading question

Who, think you, was the bravest general That ever led an army to the field?

Hephestion, Lysimachus, and the rest with one consent exalt Alexander above all generals dead or alive. Clytus alone, jealous for his old master's fame and the glory of the older military school, is silent for a space. Alexander, delighted with the general chorus of adulation, replies

O, you flatter me!

Clytus They do indeed, and yet ye love them for it,
But hate old Clytus for his hardy virtue.
Come, shall I speak a man more brave than you,
A better general and more expert soldier?

Alexander I should be glad to learn, instruct me, sir

Cly Your father Philip I have seen him march, And fought beneath his dreadful banner, where The stoutest at the table would ha' trembled Nay, frown not, sir, you cannot look me dead When Greeks joyned Greeks, then was the tug of war, The laboured battle sweat, and conquest bled. Why should I fear to speak a truth more noble Than e'er your father Jupiter Ammon told you? Philip fought men, but Alexander women [envy!

Alex Spite! by the gods, proud spite and burning Is then my glory come to this at list, To vanquish women?

And so the debate waxes hot and personal, and after swift exchange of a few stinging speeches, Alexander strikes Clytus through with a javelin. The harsh line with the strained personification of battle and conquest is characteristic of Lee, 'sweat' is of course the old past tense.

John Crowne was the son of 'Colonel' William Crowne, who before 1656 migrated from England to Nova Scotia, and received a grant of land from Cromwell After the Restoration these lands were taken possession of by the French, and John Crowne, coming to England, was for some time gentleman-usher to an old He afterwards became an author by pro fession, and died in obscurity about 1703 He had for a while the doubtful honour of being patronised by Rochester, in opposition to Dryden, as a dramatic poet. His first work was a romance, Pandion and Amphigenera (1665) Between 1671 and 1698 he wrote a dozen plays, including Calisto, a court masque, tragedies, comedies, and a tragi-comedy, besides Timon, a satire, and a heroic poem on the destruction of Jerusalem, a burlesque, &c. Several of the tragedies were on classical subjects, and some The Thyestes tragedy were on English history (1681), founded on Seneca, was well received, and contains not a few fine and powerful The comedy City Politiques takes off many of the conspicuous personages of the day, but the most popular of all Crowne's works was the comedy Sir Courtly Nice (1685)

#### From 'Thyestes'

Thyestes O wondrous pleasure to a banished man, I feel my loved, long looked-for native soil! And oh! my weary eyes, that all the day Had from some mountain travelled toward this place, Now rest themselves upon the royal towers Of that great palace where I had my birth O sacred towers, sacred in your height, Mingling with clouds, the villas of the gods, Whither for sacred pleasures they retire Sacred, because you are the work of gods. Your lofty looks boast your divine descent. And the proud city which lies at your feet, And would give place to nothing but to you. Owns her original is short of yours And now a thousand objects more ride fast On morning beams, and meet my eyes in throngs And see, all Argos meets me with loud shouts!

Philisthenes O joyful sound!

Thy But with them Atreus too——

Phil What ails my father that he stops, and shakes,
And now retires?

This Return with me, my son,
And old friend Peneus, to the honest beasts,
And faithful desert, and well seated caves,
Trees shelter man, by whom they often die,
And never seek revenge, no villainy
Lyes in the prospect of a humble cave

Peneus Talk you of villany, of foes, and fraud?

Thy I talk of Atreus

Per What are these to him?

Thy Nearer than I am, for they are himself [mind Pen Gods drive these impious thoughts out of your Thy The gods for all our safety put 'em there.

Return, return with me.

Poi Against our oaths?

I cannot stem the vengeance of the gods

This Here are no gods, they've left this dire abode.

Pen True race of Tantalus! who parent like Are doomed in midst of plenty to be starved, His hell and yours differ alone in this When he would catch at joys, they fly from him, When glories catch at you, you fly from them.

Thy A fit comparison, our joys and his Are lying shadows, which to trust is hell.

(From Act IV sc. 1)

## Wishes for Obscurity

How miserable a thing is a great man! Take noisy vexing greatness they that please, Give me obscure and safe and silent case. Acquaintance and commerce let me have none With any powerful thing but Time alone My rest let Time be fearful to offend, And creep by me as by a slumbering friend, Till, with ease glutted, to my bed I steal, As men to sleep after a plenteous meal Oh, wretched he who, called abroad by power, To know himself can never find an hour! Strange to himself, but to all others known, Lends every one his life, but uses none, So, ere he tasted life, to death he goes, And himself loses ere himself he knows.

(From Threstes, Act L)

#### Passions

We oft by lightning read in darkest nights, And by your passions I read all your natures, Though you at other times can keep them dark

# Love in Women

These are great maxims, sir, it is confessed, Too stately for a woman's narrow breast Poor love is lost in men's capacious minds, In ours, it fills up all the room it finds

## Inconstancy of the Multitude

I'll not such favour to rebellion show,
To wear a crown the people do bestow,
Who, when their giddy violence is past,
Shall from the king, the adored, revolt at last
And then the throne they gave they shall invade,
And scorn the idol which themselves have made

#### Warriors

I hate these potent madmen, who keep all Mankind awake, while they, by their great deeds, Are drumming hard upon this hollow world, Only to make a sound to last for ages.

Crownes works were edited in 1873-74 by Maidment and Logan (4 vols. 6vo).

George Farquhar (1678-1707) was a better artist, in stage effect and happy combinations of incident and adventure, than most of this rice of comic writers He had an uncontrollable vivacity and love of sport, which still render his comedies attractive both on the stage and in the closet. Farquhar was an Irishman, born in Londonderry After some months at Tranity College, Dublin, he took to the stage, but happening dangerously to wound a fellow-actor in a fencing-scene, he left the boards at the age of eighteen, and procured a commission in the army from the Earl of Orrery first play, Love and a Bottle, came out at Drury Lane in 1698, The Constant Couple in 1700, Sir Harry Wildair in 1701, The Inconstant in 1703, The Stage-coach in 1704, The Twin Rivals in 1705, The Recruiting Officer in 1706, and The Beaux' Stratagem in 1707 Farquhar was early married to a lady who had deceived him by pretending to be possessed of a fortune, and he sank a victim to ill-health and over-evertion in his thirtieth year A letter written shortly before his death to Wilkes the actor possesses a touching brevity of expression 'Dear Bob, I have not any thing to leave to thee to perpeluate my memory but two helpless girls Look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was to the last moment of his life thine—George Farqu'Har.' One of these daughters, it appears, married a 'low tradesman,' and the other became a servant, while their mother died in utter poverty

The Beaux' Stratagem is Farquhar's best comedy. The plot is admirably managed, and the disguises of Archer and Aimwell form a ludicrous yet natural series of incidents. Boniface, the landlord, is still a favourite on the stage, and hence the name (originally Boniface, as if to express genial looks,

and not a derivative from the Litin Bonifacius) has become in ordinary name for any innkeeper as such. Scrub, the servant, is equally true and amusing, and the women characters, as free spoken though not as frail as the fine-bred ladies of Congreve and Vanbrugh, are sufficiently discriminated. Sergeant Kite, in the Recruiting Officer, is an original picture of low life and humour rarely surpassed. Furquiar had not the ripe wit of Congreve, he was the Smollett, not the Fielding, of the stage.

'Tarquhar,' says Leigh Hunt, 'was a goodnatured, sensitive, reflecting man, of so high an order of what may be called the town class of genius as to sympathise with mankind at large upon the strength of what he saw of them in little, and to extract from a quintessence of good sensu an inspiration just short of the romantic and imaginative, that is to say, he could turn what he had experienced in common life to the best He felt the little world too much, and the universal too little. He saw into all false pretensions, but not into all true ones, and if he had had a larger sphere of nature to fall back upon in his adversity, would probably not have The wings of his fancy were too died of it common, and grown in too artificial an air, to support him in the sudden gulfs and aching voids of that new region, and enable him to beat his way to their green islands He was becoming gayer and gaver, when death, in the shape of a sore anxiety, called him away as if from a pleasant party, and left the house ringing with his jest?

## From 'The Beaux' Stratagem'

Boniface This way, this way, gentlemen Aimvell You're my landlord, I suppose?

Bon Yes, sir, I'm old Will Bonifice, pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

Aim Oh, Mr Boniface, your servant

Bon Oh, sir, what will your servant please to drink, 15 the saying is?

Aim I have heard your town of Lichfield much famed for ale, I think I'll taste that

Bon Sir, I have now in my cultar ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire 'its smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy, and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old style

Aim You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Bon As punctual, sir, as I am in the age of my chil
dren I'll shew you such ale Here, tapster, broach
number 1706, as the saying is. Sir, you shall taste my
anno domini I have lived in Lichfield, man and box,
above eight and fifty years, and I believe have not con
sumed eight and fifty ounces of meat.

Aim At a meal, you mean, if one may guess by your bulk?

Bon Not in my life, sir, I have fed purely upon ale I have ste my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon ale. [Tapster enters with tankard] Now, sir, you shall see—— Your worship's health Ha! delicious, delicious fancy it Burgundy, only fancy it—and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart

Aim 'Tis confounded strong

Bon Strong! it must be so, or how would we be strong that drink it?

Aim And have you lived so long upon this ale, land lord?

Bon Eight and fifty years, upon my credit, sir, but it I illed my wife, poor voman, as the saying is

Aim How came that to pass?

Bon I don't know how, sir, she would not let the alc take its natural course, sir, she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is, and an honest gentleman, that came this way from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of nsquebaugh—but the poor woman v as never well after, but however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know

Aim Why, was it the usquebaugh that killed her?

Bon My Lady Bountiful said so She, good lady, did what could be done she cured her of three tympanies but the fourth carried her off but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saving is

Aim Who's that Lady Bountiful you mentioned?

Bon Odds my life, sir, we'll drink her health [Drinks] My Lady Bountiful is one of the best of women. Her last husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pounds a year, and I believe she lays out one half on't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbours.

11m Has the lady any children?

Bon Yes, sir, she has a daughter by Sir Charles, the finest woman in all our county, and the greatest fortune. She has a son, too, by her first husband, Squire Sullen, who married a fine lady from I ondon t' other day, if you please, sir we'll drink his health [Drinks]

Aim What sort of a man is he?

Bon Why, sir, the man's well enough says little, thinks less, and does—nothing at all, faith, but he's a man of great estate, and values nobody

41m A sportsman, I suppose?

Bon Yes, he's a man of pleasure, he plays at whish [whist], and smokes his pipe eight and forty hours together sometimes

Aim You're very happy, Mr Boniface Pray, v hat other company have you in town?

Bon A power of fine ladies and then we have the French officers.

Aim Oh, that's right, you have a good many of those gentlemen Pray, how do you like their company?

Bon So well, as the saying is, that I could wish we had as many more of 'em. They're full of money, and pay double for everything they have. They I now, sir, that we paid good round taxes for the taking of 'em., and so they are willing to reimburse us a little, one of 'em lodges in my house. [Bell rings.] I beg your worships partled. I il wait on you in half a minute.

In the following extract from the opening of the Recruiting Officer, Sergeant Kite enters the market place behind the drummer beating the Grenadiers' Warch, and is followed by a mob

#### From 'The Recruiting Officor'

Kite If any gentlemen, soldiers, or others, have a mind to serve her majesty, and pull down the I reneli king, if any 'prentices have severe masters, any children have undutiful parents, if any servants have too little wages, or any husband a bad wife, let them repair to the noble Sergeant Kite, at the sign of the Raven, in this good town of Shrewsbury, and they shall receive present relief and entertainment Gentlemen, I don't beat my drums here to ensnare or inveigle any man, for you must know, gentlemen, that I am a man of honour besides I don't beat up for common soldiers, no, I list only grenadiersgrenadiers, gentlemen Prny, gentlemen, observe this cap -this is the cap of honour-it dulb a man a gentleman in the drawing of a tricker, and he that has the good fortune to be born six foot high was born to be a great Sir, will you give me leave to try this cap upon your head?

Costar Pearmain Is there no harm in 't? Won't the cap list me?

Kite No, no, no more than I can Come, let me see how it becomes you

Cost Are you sure there is no conjuntion in it?—no gunpowder plot upon me?

Atte No, no, friend, don't fear, man

Cost Mv mind misgives me plaguily. Let me see it. It smells woundily of sweat and brimstone. Smell, Tummas.

Thomas Appletree 13, wauns ['oons, wounds], does

Cost Pray, sergeant, what writing is this upon the face of it?

Kite The crown, or the bed of honour

Cost Pru, now, what may be that same bed of honour?

Kite Oh, a mighty large bed!—bigger by half than
the great bed at Ware—ten thousand people may he in it
together

Cost But do folk sleep sound in this same bed of

honour?

Kite Sound 1-ay, so sound that they never wake.

Cost Wauns! I wish that my wife lay there Kite Say you so? then I find, brother—

Cost Brother! hold there, friend, I am no lindred to you that I know of yet Look ye, sergeaut, no coaxing, no wheedling d've see If I have a mind to list, why, so, if not, why, 'tis not so, therefore take your cap and your brothership back again, for I am not disposed at this present writing No coaxing, no brothering me, faith

Atte I conx' I wheedle' I'm above it, sir I have served twenty campaigns but, sir, you tall well, and I must own you are a man every inch of you, a pretty young sprightly fellow! I love a fellow with a spirit but I seorn to coax, 'tis base, though, I must say that never in my life have I seen a man better built. How firm and strong he treads!—he steps like a castle!—hut I seorn to wheedle any man! Come, honest lad! will you take share of a pot?

Cost Nay, for that matter, I'll spend my penny with the best he that wears a head, that is, begging your pardon, sir, and in a fair way

Are Give me your hand then, and no v, gentlemen. I have no more to say but this—here's a pur e of gold, and there is a tub of hummin, ale at my quarters—its the queen's money and the queen's drinl—she sin gentlemen, and loves her subjects—I hope gentlemen, you won't refuse the queen's health?

Mob No, no, no

Kite Huzza, then 1—huzza for the queen and the honour of Shropshire.

Mob Huzzal

Kite. Beat drum.

TExeunt shouting

The third scene of the second act opens with the entry of Kite leading Costar and Thomas, both drunk, and Kite sings, while the mob choruses

Our 'prentice Tom may now refuse
To wipe his scoundrel master's shoes,
For now he's free to sing and play
Over the hills and far away
Over the hills and over the main,
To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain,
The queen commands, and we'll obey,
Over the hills and far away



GEORGE FARQUHAR
From an Engraving by Clamp in the Burney Collection

We shall lead more happy lives
By getting rid of brats and wives,
That scold and brawl both night and day—
Over the hills and far away
Over, &c.

Kite Hey, boys ' thus we soldiers live! drink, sing, dance, play, we live, as one should say—we live—'tis impossible to tell how we live—we are all princes, why—why you are a king, you are an emperor, and I'm a prince, now an't we?

Thomas No, sergeant, I'll be no emperor

Kite No!

Tha. I'll be a justice of peace.

Kite. A justice-of peace, man !

The Ay wauns will I, for since this pressing act, they are greater than any emperor under the sun

Kite Done, you are a justice-of peace, and you are a king, and I'm a duke, and a rum duke, an't I?

Cost I'll be a queen.

Kite A queen!

Cost Ay, queen of England, that's greater than any king of them all

Kite Brively said, faith I Huzza for the queen But hark'ee, you Mr Justice, and you Mr Queen, did you ever see the queen's picture?

Both No. no. no

Atte I wonder at that, I have two of them set in gold, and as like her majesty, God bless the mark '—see here, they are set in gold [7aling two broad fieces out of his focket, presents one to each]

The Wonderful works of nature 1 [Leeking at it] Cost What's this written about? here's a posy, I

believe Ca ro lus I what a that, sergeant?

Arite Oh, Carolus I why, Carolus is Latin for Queen Anne, that's all

Cost 'Tis a fine thing to be a scollard Sergeant, will you part with this? I'll buy it on you, if it come within the compass of a crown

Atte A crown 'never talk of buying, 'tis the same thing among friends, you know I'll present them to ye both you shall give me as good a thing. Put them up, and remember your old friend when I am 'Over the hills and far away'

[They sing, and fut up the rioner

Enter PLUME, the Recruiting Officer, singing

Over the hills and over the main, To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain, The queen commands, and we'll obey, Over the hills and far away

Come on, my men of mirth, away with it, I'll make one among you. Who are these hearty lads?

Ath Off with your hats, 'ounds' off with your hats, this is the captain, the captain

The We have seen captains afore now, mun

Cost Ax, and lieutenant captains too. Sflesh 1 1'se keep on my nab [hat].

The \nd I'se scarcely doff mine for any cuptain in England My vether's a freeholder

Plume Who are those jolly lads, sergeant?

Kite A couple of honest brave fellows, that are willing to serve the queen. I have entertained 'em just now as volunteers, under your honour's command.

Plume And good entertainment they shall have volunteers are the men I want, those are the men fit to make soldiers, captains, generals

Cost Wauns, Fummas, what's this' are you listed?

The Flesh! not I are you, Costar?

Cost Wauns, not I

Kith What i not listed? ha, ha, ha l a very good jest i' faith

Cost Come, Tummas, we'll go home

Tho Ay, ay, come.

Aile Home! for shane, gentlemen, behave vour selves better before your captain Dear Tummas, honest Costar——

Tho No, no, we'll be gone.

Nate Nav, then, I command you to stay I place you both sentinels in this place for two hours, to watch the motion of St Mary's clock you, and you the motion of St Chad's, and he that dares stir from his post till he be relieved shall have my sword in his guts the next minute.

Plume. What's the matter, sergeant? I'm afrud vou are too rough with these gentlemen

Kite I'm too mild, sir, they disobey command, sir,

and one of them should be shot for an example to the other. They deny their being listed

Cost Shot, Tummas 1

Paume Come, gentlemen, what's the matter?

Cost We don't know, the noble sergeant is pleased to be in a passion, sir—but——

Kite. They disobey command they deny being listed Tho Nay, sergeant, we don't downight deny it neither, that we dare not do, for fear of being shot, but we himbly conceive, in a civil way, and begging your worship's pardon, that we may go home.

Plume. That's easily known. Have either of you received any of the queen's money?

Cost Not a brass farthing, sir

Kite. They have each of them received three and twenty shillings and sixpence, and 'tis now in their pockets

Cost Wanns, if I have a penny in my pocket but a bent sixpence, I'll be content to be listed, and shot into the bargain.

The And I look ve here, sir

Cost Nothing but the queen's picture, that the sergeant gave me just now

Kite See there, a broad piece, three and twenty shillings and sixpence, t' other has the fellow on 't

Plume. The case is plain, gentlemen the goods are found upon you. Those pieces of gold are worth three and twenty shillings and sixpence each

Cost So it seems that Carolus is three and twenty shillings and suspence in Latin?

Tho 'Tis the same thing in Greek, for we are listed Cost Flesh, but we an't, Tummas I desire to be carried before the mayor, captain

Plume [Ande to Kite] 'Twill never do, kite, your damned tricks will ruin me at last. I won't lose the fellow's though, if I can help it.—Well, gentlemen, there must be some trick in this, my sergeant offers to take his oath that you are fairly listed

The Why, captain, we know that you soldiers have more liberty of conscience than other folks, but for me or neighbour Costar here to take such an eath, 'twould be downright perjuration.

Plume [to Kite]. Look ye, rascal, you villain! if I find that you have imposed upon these two honest fellows, I'll trample you to death, you dog! Come, how was't?

The Nay, then, we'll speak. Your sergeant, as you say, is a rogue, an't like your worship, begging your vorship's pardon, and—

Cost Nay, Tummas, let me speak, you know I can read. And so, sir, he gave us those two pieces of money for pictures of the queen, by way of a present

Plume How? by way of a present? the ruscal! I'll teach him to abuse honest fellows like you Scoundrel, rogue, villain! [Beats off the Sergeant, and follows

Both O brave noble captain! huzza' A brave captain, faith!

Cost Now, Tummas, Carolus is Latin for a beating This is the bravest captain I ever saw Wauns, I've a month's mind to go with him

The 'broad piece' a name given to the 20s. piece (Jacobus or Carolus) to distinguish it from the guinea (which was not so broad and thin), had in 1706, when this play was produced, risen in value to 23s. 6d. Broad pieces were called in 11732 and recoined into guineas. Ewald edited Farquhars works in 1893. See also Macaulay's essay on 'The Comic Dramatists of the Revolution, Thackeray's English Humorists and Leigh Hunt's critique in his edition of Wycherles, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar

Nicholas Rowe (1674-1718), who was bred to the law, but early forsook it for the tragic drama, was born at Little Barford in Bedfordshire, and from Westminster School and Dr Busby passed to the Middle Temple. His father had an estate at Lamerton in Devonshire, and was a serjeant at-law in the Temple, by his death in 1692 Nicholas came into  $f_{300}$  a year, and cultivated the muses in chambers in the Temple. His blank-verse tragedy, The Ambitious Stepmother, was acted in 1700 with great success, and it was followed by Tamerlane (1702), The Fair Penitent (1703), Ulysses. The Royal Convert (1705), Jane Shore (1714), and Lady Jane Grey (1715) On rising into fame as an author, Rowe was munifi The Duke of Queensberry cently patronised. made him his secretary for public affairs in 1709he was, of course, a Whig On the accession of George I he was made poet-laureate and a survevor of customs, the Prince of Wales appointed him clerk of his council, and the Lord Chancellor gave him the office of clerk of the presentations The fortunate playwright was a favourite in society, his voice was singularly sweet, his conversation lively, and his manner engaging Pope, Swift, and Addison were amongst bis intimates Spence reports that there was a certain levity and carelessness about him which made Pope declare him to have no heart. Rowe was the first editor of Shakespeare entitled to the name, and the first -of a long series-to collect biographical facts about him His edition, published in 1709 and based on the Fourth Folio, was the earliest octavo one, and the first to contain regular lists of the dramatis personae Rowe was twice married. His widow, who erected a handsome monument over his grave in Westminster Abbey, received a pension from the Crown in consideration not of his dramatic genius, but 'of the translation of Lucan's Pharsalia made by her late husband'

The translation is a spirited enough paraphrase, but little in Rowe's two volumes of miscellaneous poetry rises above dull and respectable mediocrity His tragedies are passionate and tender, in smooth and equable verse His Jane Shore, still performed from time to time, is effective in the pathetic scenes descriptive of the sufferings of the heroine. The Fair Penitent, adapted from Massinger's Fatal Dowry, was long a popular play, and the 'gallant gay Lothario' was the prototype of many stage seducers and romance heroes Richardson elevated the character in his Lovelace, and gave a sanctity to Clarissa's sorrows which leaves Rowe's Calista immeasurably behind. Johnson praised the play heartily both for plot and language, Scott pronounced it greatly inferior to its original incidents of Rowe's dramas, well arranged as they are for stage effect, were studied and prepared in the manner of the French school, and were adapted to the taste of the age As the study of Shakespeare and the romantic drama advanced, Rowedeclined in credit, and is now but seldom acted or

read His popularity in his own day is best seen in the epitaph by Pope—an effusion of friendship presumably not irreconcilable with the anecdote preserved by Spence

Thy relies, Rowe, to this sad shrine we trust, And near thy Shrkespeare place the honoured bust, Oh next him skilled to draw the tender tear, For never heart felt passion more sincere, To nobler sentiment to hire the brive, For never Briton more disdained a slave. Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest! Blest in thy genius, in thy love, too, blest! And blest that, timely from our scene removed, Thy soul enjoys the liberty it loved.

# From 'Jane Shore'

Jane Shore Speak, tell me which is he And oh! what This dreadful vision? See, it comes on me. [would It is my husband! Ah!

Shore
Sustain her head, while I infuse this cordial
Into her dying lips
So, gently raise her!

Bellmour
How fare you, lady?

Jane. My heart is thrilled with horror
Bell
Be of courage,

Your husband lives! tis he, my worthiest friend

Jane Still art thou there? still dost thou hover round
Oh, save me, Bellmour, from his angry shade! [me?

Bell 'Tis he himself I he lives ' look up

Jane
I dare not.
Oh, that my eyes could shut him out for ever!
Shore Am I so hateful, then, so deadly to thee,
To blast thy eyes with horror? Since I'm grown
A burden to the world, myself, and thee,
Would I had ne'er survived to see thee more

Fall then, ye mountains, on my guilty head!
Hide me, ye rocks, within your secret caverus;
Cast thy black veil upon my shame, O night!
And shield me with thy sable wing for ever

Share Why dost thou turn away? Why tremble thus? Why thus indulge thy fears, and in despair Abandon thy distracted soul to horror? Cast every black and guilty thought behind thee, And let 'em never vex thy quiet more. My arms, my heart, are open to receive thee, To bring thee back to thy forsaken home, With tender joy, with fond forgiving love

Jane No, arm thy brow with vengeance, and appear The minister of Heaven's enquiring justice.

Array thyself all terrible for judgment,

Wrath in thy eyes and thunder in thy voice

Pronounce my sentence, and if yet there be

A woe I have not felt, inflict it on me

Shore Waste not thy feeble spirits. I have long Beheld unknown thy mourning and repentance, Therefore my heart has set aside the past, And holds thee white as unoffending innocence. Therefore, in spite of cruel Gloster's rage, Soon as my friend had broke thy prison doors. I flew to thy assistance. Let us haste. Now while occasion seems to smile upon us, Forsake this place of shame, and find a shelter. Jane. What shall I say to you? But I obey

Shore Lean on my arm

Jane

Alas! I am wondrous funt

But that's not strange, I have not ate these three days.

Shore Oh, merciless! Look here, my love, I've
Some rich conserves. [brought you

Jane Oh ' I'm sick at heart!

Shore. Thou murderous sorrow 'Would thou still drink her blood, pursue her still? Must she then die? Oh, my poor penitent 'Spenk peace to thy sad heart—she hears me not Grief misters every sense—help me to hold her

Catesby [with a guard]. Seize on 'em both, as traitors

Bell What means this violence? [to the state!

Cater I lave we not found you In seem of the Protector's strict command,
Assisting this base woman, and abetting

Her infamy?

Share Infamy on thy head!
Thou tool of power, thou pander to anthority!
I tell thee, knave, thou know'st of none so virtuous,
And she that bore thee was an Ethiop to her

Cates You'll answer this at full away with 'em.

Shore Is charity grown treason to your court?

What honest man would live beneath such rulers?

I am content that we should die together

Cates Convey the man to prison, but for her—

Leave her to hunt her fortune as she may

I ne I will not part with him For me, for me!

Oh must be die for me? [Following him—she falls

Shore Inhuman villaus!

Stand off the agomes of death are on her She pulls, she gapes me hard with her cold hand.

Jane Was this blow wanting to complete my ruin? Oh let him go, ye ministers of terror. He shall offend no more, for I will die, And yield obedience to your cruel master. Tarry a little, but a little longer, And take my last breath with you.

Shore

Oh, my love!

Why have I lived to see this bitter moment—

This grief by far surpassing all my former?

Why dost thou fix thy dying eyes upon me

With such an earnest, such a piteous look,

As if thy heart were full of some sad meaning

Thou couldst not speak?

Jane Forgive me' but forgive me' Shore Be witness for me, ye eelestial host,
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul
Accords to thee, and begs of Heaven to show thee,
May such befall me at my latest hour,
And make my portion blest or curst for ever!

Jane Then all is well, and I shall sleep in peace.
'Tis very dark, and I have lost you now
Was there not something I would have bequeathed you?
But I have nothing left me to bestow,
Nothing but one sad sigh Oh! mercy, Heaven! [Dies

# From The Fair Penitent'

Calista Be dumb for ever, silent as the grave,
Nor let thy fond, officious love disturb
My solumn sadness with the sound of joy
If thou wilt soothe me, tell some dismal tale
Of pining discontent and black despair,
For, oh' I've gone around through all my thoughts,
But all are indignation, love, or shame,
And my dear peace of mind is lost for ever
Lucilla Why do you follow still that wandering fire,

That has misled your weary steps, and leaves you

Hence ted in a vallerner of wor?
That false to have to the four the decoder.
Than, and the details there posted the sor,
Kind as the softent sur, in effection.
And faithful as the emples than such.
That never to with a rich such of his win.
Sight a your feet on the original to be

Cat As well think not of hint. My sed so I least forward a did not includently serie, such a retreat as I would well to fit I, was nirequented sale, origin was an interest to a not follow than a loss leaves in a bade leaves and bade ill or ened only dwell. No ound to break it solence but a brock. He had been words an out the west in a most of only turn a sleepe that had been there, I also a a before of a me poor a retch. Who lead long an oright time, had a unidone, so the that sale has out to despair and die in the Alas I for out.

Ct' There I for would hade me from the hose world, from make, and from date, for its the solemn counsel of my soul Never to like with pulled hose of homour. The fixed to die, rather than been the involence. Of each affected she that tells my story.

And there is her posed stare that the a virtuous. To be a tale for facts corned by the women. And putted by the men! On a suppositivate!

And I in you perceive the manifer distruction. The gaping pull that open you before you. And yet rush on, it ough con cross of the decycr? Oh he rame heary are excited that creature. By all the post I such you by all the all. My trend his, heart for bodes, let me entreatly a Nescrito or this faither sman again. Let me forbid his carant.

On the life
I that, a there is a mericum drive me on
I mu., I will belief I have once ago a
Perlape it is the are wolling fate,
And the so intersect half and me care
Ma laboration heart that swells with in hypocon
Heave et all charge the handen that sace done,
Hell a three half retwid in its cell,
And now best ago a

It is the stories of a some feat and stories of a some feat and following feat and some feat the after significant process.

I have been non-elem-of communiting Again the amorbid los of the air of the plant of the property of the property of the property of the property of the air of the property of the air of the property of the

I have the modern terms that the second that the second the second that the second that the second terms to the second terms t

It man more than it would be taken a second full facilities made received and large a full the Man of the large and the properties and second of the large and the large a

The sixte of the translation of Lucan. If need in max be the trated by such contentions passages a

The subgerfalls and note extent he fair. So now has hardly long for the great

Lauring on release responsible of the seasons. At fall, a free when mutatu described.

To sence that the many modeling, And honesty is of en in the write

When fur occasion calls, its fit I to dela-

More sprightly a afrom an occasional poem).

Thus some vito have the tars curvevel.

Are agnorantly led.

To think the e-plone is limps were note.

To high Tom Local to bed.

# Colins Complaint a Song

Disjourn be earlest train
All phore forest en was let 1.
Ar I while a few even it we to thome,
A willow supported his lead.
To wind that blow over the place,
To have his terh a sign did re, by
Ard the leads, in each to his pen,
I an mournfully round ing t

Mas, silly row in that I was '
Thus sailly complained be extra
What is a Held I that for the
I were laster listed in that do I
Should for I held in the deriver, in
'Men should have a plan on the great
I have lead could be a not be a not be so a
When I would exclude the annother in the country of the count

Mor belokus Inteless
Steer It even Inteless
Or latter for the result in the result in

White has two telescents of the second of th

We establish the

Though through the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly,
'Twas hers to be false and to change,
'Tis mine to be constant and die.

'If while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymph of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground
The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress and yew,
And when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true

'Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be finest at every fine show,
And frohe it all the long day,
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talked of or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon
His ghost shall glide over the green'

Six editions of Rowe's works appeared between 1727 and 1792

Susannah Centlivre (c. 1667-1723), dramatist, is said to have been born in Ireland, her surname either Freeman or Rawkins, her father according to one account having fled to Ireland after the Restoration, when his religious or political opinions made him obnovious to the authorities already been the wife or mistress of two or three gentlemen, when in 1700 she produced a tragedy, The Persured Husband, and not long after she appeared on the stage at Bath In 1706 she married Joseph Centlivre, head-cook to Queen Anne, with whom she lived happily till the end Her nineteen plays (with Life, 3 vols 1761, new ed 1872) include The Perjured Husband (1700), The Gamester (1705), The Platonick Lady (1707), The Busybody ('Marplot' its leading character, 1709), A Bickerstaff's Burial, ultimately called The Custom of the Country (1710), The Wonder! A Woman Keeps a Secret (1714), and A Bola Stroke for a Wife (1717), her most original playfor many of them are adaptations of French and other plays or stories Some of her plays, on the other hand, were translated into French and into German She was a strong Whig In the Wender, the scene of which is laid in Lisbon, the principal characters, except Spanish Dons and Donnas, are Colonel Briton, 'a Scotchman,' who has for three years held a command in Spain, and Gibby, his footman, who wears full Highland costume and speaks a dialect absolutely unknown to Highlanders, compounded of Aberdeenshire and south-country Scots, and English or disguised English, with a large element of a sort of Volapuk concocted on hypothetical analogies Much is genuine Scotch (as in Tatham's plays, vol 1 p 786), often very oddly spelt, and, as in the former case, one wonders how many persons in a London audience in 1714—the year the play was produced-would understand that carrich (1 e. carritch) meant catechism, speer ask, kenspeckle

conspicuous and recognisable, and sculdudrie what Allan Ramsay referred to by that name. The institution, if not the word, figures largely in Mrs Centlivre's plays When Gibby in full fig enters to Colonel Briton and a Spanish gentleman, the latter not unnaturally exclaims, 'What have we here?' and Colonel Briton explains 'My footman, this is our country dress, you must know, which for the honour of Scotland I make all my servants wear' But to the London auditory, who must have been at least as much nonplussed by Gibby's 'Doric,' no such explanation is vouchsafed of an utterance of the footman so esoteric as the following

Ay, this is bonny work indeed! to run three hundred mile to this wicked town, and before I can weel fill my weam, to be sent hunting after this black she-devil What gate sall I gang to speer for this wutch, now? Ah for a ruling elder—or the kirk's treasurer—or his mon—I'd gar my master mak twa o' this. But I am sure there's na sick honest people here, or there wud na be sa mickle sculdudrie.

Mary de la Riviere Manley (1672?-1724). novelist, dramatist, and political writer, enjoyed some celebrity among the wits of the Queen Anne period, though neither her life nor writings will bear a close scrutiny She was the daughter of a respected royalist officer, Sir Roger Manley, who, an exile in 1646-60, became in 1667 commander-in chief (not governor) in Jersey (He is wrongly credited by his daughter with being part-author of the famous Letters writ by a Turkish Spy, the first notable example of a description of European things by a feigned Oriental The Letters are largely based on L'Espion Turc of the Genoese G P Marana, and are probably his work, translated and edited) Sir Roger died while his daughter was young, and she fell to the charge of a Mr Manley, her cousin, who drew her into a mock marriage-he had a wife living-and in about three years basely deserted her henceforward was that of an author by profession and a woman of intrigue. The next notable woman after Mrs Aphra Behn to make a liveli hood by literature, she wrote three plays, the Royal Mischief, the Lost Lover, and Lucius—the last being honoured by a prologue from the pen of Steele and an epilogue by Prior Her most famous work appeared in 1709-Secret Memoirs and Manners of several Persons of Quality, of both Sexes From the New Atalantis-a political romance or satire, full of court and party scandal, directed against the Whig statesmen and public characters connected with the Revolution of 1688 This work was honoured with a State prosecution, author, printer, and publisher were arrested, but released in a few days. She met with some favour from a succeeding Tory Ministry, and Memoirs of Europe (1710) and Court Intrigues (1711) were reprinted as third and fourth volumes of the New Atalantis Swift, in his Journal to Stella (January 28, 1711-12), says of Mrs Manley 'She has very generous principles for one of her sort, and a great deal of good sense and invention she is about forty, very homely, and very fat.' She found favour, moreover, with Svift's friend, Alderman Barbour, in vhose house she lived for many years, and there she died. When Swift relinquished the Examiner, Mrs Manley conducted it for some time, the Dean supplying hints, and she appears to have been a ready and effective political writer. All her works, however, have sunk into oblivion. Her novels are worthless, extravagant productions, and the Atalantis is chiefly remembered from a line in Pope. The Baron, in the Rape of the Lock, says

As long as Atalantis shall be read So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!

Atalantis for Atlantis does no undue dishonour to Mrs Manley's scholarship Spite of her cleverness and reading, she had a fatal incapacity to apprehend classical names aright, and refers familiarly to Paulus Diaconius, Cataline, and Isaac Commenus, and quotes 'Baron Annal' apparently without knowing that she was citing the Annales of Baronius Even such spellings as strick (for strict), comparitively, and hipperboly (hyperbole') occur Swift said of Mrs Manley's writing that it 'seemed as if she had about two thousand epithets and fine words packed up in a bag, and that she pulled them out by handfuls. and streved them on her paper, where once in five hundred times they happen to be right' Yet he and his Tory allies willingly co-operated or collaborated with Mrs Manley, he was not above accepting hints from the New Atalantis, as Smollett also did, and in the unfortunate woman's last dark days Swift supported a petition from her to the Government for some reward for her services to the Tory cause, the writing of the Atalantis and lier prosecution for it being accounted amongst her claims

The Memoirs of Europe towards the Close of the Eighth Century she described on the title-page as 'vritten by Eginardus, secretary and favourite to Charlemagne, and done into English by the translator of the New Atalantis' Though in some library catalogues it appears under the head of Eginhard, after his Life of Charlemagne (1), this miscellary was sufficiently like the New Atalantis to appear subsequently as a continuation of that work—contemporary persons being freely dealt with under eighth-century names. It was ironically dedicated to Isaac Bickerstaff in the following characteristic dedication, here reproduced with hier own spelling and punctuation, italics, and long I's

To Isaac Lickerstaff, Esq,

SIR, As a Dedication is of necessity towards the Ornament Ca Work of this kind, I cou'd not hesitate upon my Choice, because Experience (and the Example of the Indians, who in the Worship of their Demons, consult only Fear, which seems to be their strongest Passion) has

taught me to fecure any One that might have been my Hero, from the well bred, further Peffections, of so polite a Pen as yours Tho' your Worship, in the TATLEP of November the Tenth, has been pleased to call a Patron the Filthiest Creature in the Street, &c. yet I cannot but observe, in innumerable Instances, you are so delighted with such Addresses, as even to make 'em to your self I hope therefore, a corroborating Evidence of your Per sections, may not be nnacceptable.

I HAVE learnt from your Worship's Lucubrations, to have all the Moral Virtues in Esteem, and therefore take this Opportunity of doing Justice, and asking a certain worthy Gentleman, one Capt. Steele, pardon, for ever mistal ing him for your Worship, for if I persever'd in that Accusation, I must believe him not in Earnest, when he males me these following Assurances in a Letter, which according to your Example, Sir, who seem prodigiously sond of such Insertions, I venture to Transcribe Verbatim

To Mrs Manley

Madam,

'I HAVE receiv'd a letter from you, wherein you tax me 'as if I vere Bickerstass, with falling upon you as Author 'of the Atalantis, and the Person who honour'd me with 'a Character in that Celebrated Piece I solemnly assure 'you, you wrong me in this, as much as you know you 'do in all else you have been pleased to say of me I had the greatest Sense imaginable of the kind Notice 'you gave me when I was going on to my Rnin, and 'am so far from retaining an Inclination to revenge the Inhumanity with which you have treated Me, that I give my self a Satissaction in that you have cancell d, 'with Injuries, a friendship I should never have been able to return

'THIS vill convince you how little I am an *Ingrate*, 'for I behave you will allow no one that is fo mean as to be forgetful of Services, ever fails in returning Injuries

'As for the Verfe. you quote of mine, they are full my 'Opinion,  $i \in$ 

'Against a Woman's Wit'tis full as low,

' Your Malice, as your Bravery to flow

'and your Sex, as well as your Quality of a Gentle 'woman (a Justice you would not do my Birth and 'Education) shall always preserve you against the Pen of 'your provok d

Sept. 6. 1709

Most humble Servant, Richd. Steele.

Soon after, two most mighty Tatlers came out, levell'd directly at Me, but That I could have forgiven, had they not aim'd to asperse one too Great to name Vain' ridiculous Endeavour' as well the Sun may be covered with a Hand, as such Merit sullied by the Attempts of the most malicious, most witty Pen.

SI CE Mr Steeles reconcil'd Friendfinp (promifed after my Application to him when under Confinement) could never be guilty of fo barbarous a Breach, fince he could not commit the Treacherousest the Basest' the most Abject thing upon the Earth' so contrary to his Assurances! It must be you, Sir, to whom my Thinks are due making me a Person of such Consideration, as to be worthy your important War. A weak unlearned Woman's Writings, to employ so great a Pen' Heavens!

how valuable am I' How fond of that Immortality, even of Injams, that you have promifed! I am ravish'd at the Thoughts of his 1, a thousand Years hence in your indelible Lines, tho' to gre Offence He that burnt the Temple of Diana was Ambitious after much fuch a fort of Pame, as what your Worship feems to have in store for me' Day, (just tho' you are) von even strun a Point to oblige me, as to the Fate of my Atalantis, calling that prefert State Oblicion, which was Suppression. I doubt your Worthip must be forced to make many as bold Attempts, else in my frail Woman's Life there will be little of Heroick Ills worth recording Nor would I for the World (as your Worship seems to sear) by feign'd Names or none at ail, put you to your Criticisms upon the Style of all your Contemporaries, though to give you an Opportunity to show your profound Judgmeut No, Sir. I will not hazard losing my Title to so promising Draw what Longths you please, I shall be proud of furnishing Matter towards your mexhaustible Tatler, and of being a perpetual Monument of Mr Bickerstaff's Gallantry and Morality

As to the following Work (for which I humbly implore your Worship's All sufficient Protection) I refer you to it self and the Prefice But could I have found you in your Sheer Lane, in which Attempt I have wander'd many Hours in vain, I should have submitted it, with that Humility due to so Omnipotent a Censor Receive then, Sir, with your usual Goodness, with the same intent with which it is directed, this Address of,

SIR, Your most Oblig'd Most humble Servant,

D 1

The letter from Steele is a true letter, and acknowledged a real service rendered D M stands, of course for De la Riviere Manley. The attack referred to is in Tailer No. 92. Sheer Lane (spelt also Shear Lane) was Shire Lane near Temple Bar-after wards called I ower Serles Place—in which stood a public house called the 'Trumpet, where the Tailer was said to meet his club. The lane has many other literary associations—with Sir Charles Sedley, Finas Aslimole, the Kit Cat. Club. Theodore. Hook, and Dr. Maguin.

Walter Pope, born at Fawsley in Northamp tonshire, was a half brother of Bishop Wilkins He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1645, but graduated from Wadham College, Oxford, in which college he became dean. Having succeeded Sir Christopher Wren as professor of Astronomy in Gresham College, he died in London a very old man in 1714. Besides scientific papers, he wrote ironical Memoires of M Du Vall and an ode on Claude Duval, translated Select Novels from Ceruntes and Petrurch, wrote Moral and Political Fablis, and was author of The Old Wan's Wish, 'sung a thousand times' by Benjamin Franklin in his youth, and done into Latin by Incent Bourne It is curiously irregular in rhythm, with inany extra syllables The chorus is repeated after each of the twenty verses

# From 'The Old Man's Wish.'

If I here to be old, for I find I go down,
Let this be my fate. In a country town
May I have a warm house, with a stone at my gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.

May I govern my passions with an absolute sway, And grow wiser and better as my strength wears Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay [away,

May my little house stand on the side of a hill With an easy descent to a mead and a mill, That when I've a mind I may hear my boy read In the mill if it rains, if it's dry in the mead

Near a shady grove, and a murmuring brook, With the ocean at distance whereon I may look, With a spacious plain without hedge or stile, And an easy pad mag to ride out a mile.

With Horace and Petrareh, and two or three more Of the best wits that reigned in the ages before, With roast mutton rather than ven'son or teal, And clean though coarse linen at every meal.

With a pudding on Sunday, with stout humming liquor, And remnants of Latin to welcome the vicar, With Monte Fiascone or Burgundy wine To drink the king's health as oft as I dine.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day,
And when I am dead may the better sort say,
In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,
'He's gone and left not behind him his fellow'
May I govern, &c.

Thomas Wharton (1648–1715), first Marquis of Wharton, escaped from the Presbyterian and Puritan régime of his father, the third Baron Wharton, to become the greatest rake in England Famous at Newmarket before he became a keen Whig partisan, he made himself highly ob noxious to the Duke of York, and finally boasted that by his ballad of Lillibulero (1688)—so the word is usually now spelt—set to music by Purcell, he had sung a king out of three kingdoms. He joined the Prince of Orange, but though made Privy Councillor and Master of the Household, did not realise his ambitions under William III was, without doubt, the astutest of the Whig managers He was abhorred by Tories and Churchmen, and described by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu as the 'most profligate, impious, and shameless of men' Swift reviled him as 'an atheist grafted on a dissenter,' Queen Anne dis liked him, but in 1710 he was made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, when he had Joseph Addison as his secretary As a great Whig leader he naturally attained to a marquisate and other honours, which he enjoyed but for a few months That very little ingenuity, the most rudimentary wit, and a plentiful lack of poetry sufficed to produce an epoch-making rhyme will be plain from a verse or two of his early and poor prophetic counter blast to 'The Wearing of the Green' (which oddly enough begins with a precisely similar question)

Ho! broder Teague, dost hear de decree?

Lilli burlero, bullen a la

Dat we shall have a new deputie?

Lilli burlero, bullen a la.

Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a la,

Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a la

Ho! by Shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote Lilli, &c And he vill cut de Englishmen's troate Lilli, &c.

Dough by my shoul de English do praat De laws on dare side and Creist knows what

But if dispence do come from de Pope, We'll hang Magna Charta and dem in a rope.

Now, now de hereticks all go down By Christ and Shaint Patrick the nation's our own.

Dare was an old prophecy found in a bog, Ireland shall be ruled by an ass and a dog

And now dis prophecy is come to pass, For Talbot's de dog and Ja\*\*s is de ass—

the ridiculous-looking refrain being repeated to satiety with each verse as with the first. Lilli burlero and bullen a la were understood to have been Irish watchwords in the rising against the English and Protestants in 1641

Samuel Johnson (1649-1703), Whig divine, was humbly born in Staffordshire or Warwickshire, was educated at St Paul's School and Trinity College, Cambridge, became chaplain to Lord William Russell, and was soon noted for his polemical tracts and sermons In Julian the Apostate (1682) he gave an unflattering portrait of the Duke of York, and continued the controversy in Julian's Atts, which led to arrest, prosecution, and imprisonment. He continued to write pamphlets against popery and for the Revolution cause, was stripped of his robes and pilloned, received three hundred and seventeen lashes and was imprisoned again in 1686, and was said by Calamy, who called him that truly glorious person, to have done more than any man in England besides towards paving the way for King William's revolution He scornfully rejected the usual pretexts by which the Whigs salved their consciences, insisting that William's title was solely the free gift of the Soured by lack of gratitude on the part of the court (for he expected much), he wrote bitterly against Burnet and other favourites, but Dryden reviled him was ultimately pensioned. as Ben-Jochanan in Absalom and Achitophel, and Swift sneered at 'Julian Johnson' Coleridge ranked him high amongst controversial writers His works were published in a folio in 1710, and reprinted in 1713 - Another Samuel Johnson (1691-1773), a Manchester dancing-master and fiddler, produced in 1729 an absurd burlesque called Hurlothrumbo, followed by a series of poor comedies and comic operas

In the Julian pamphlet the Whig Samuel Johnson makes no secret of his design to institute a practical parallel between the Roman Emperor and the heirapparent to the British crown (as Strauss afterwards did with Frederick William IV of Prussia), and to promote the policy of the exclusion bill by insisting on Christian ill-will to Julian. Of the

Roman Catholics he says 'No doubt they would bestow more good words on us if we would all be Passive Protestants, for then the fewer Active Papists would serve to despatch us,' and of passive obedience in Charles I's time says

And yet the arbitrary doctrine of those times did not bring any great terror along with it it was then but a rake, and serv'd only to scrape up a little paltry passive mony from the subject, but now it is become a murdering piece, loaden with no body knows how many bullets. And that the patrons of it may not complain that it is an exploded doctrine, as if men only hooted at it, but con'd not answer it, I shall stay to speak a little more to it.

## From 'Julian the Apostate'

In reading many of the late addresses [against the exclusion of the Duke of York from succeeding to the crown], I cou'd not forbear thinking of those angels which Mahomet saw, whose horns were half fire and half snow those contrarietys which they wore on the outside of their heads, methought, many of our addressers had got on the inside of theirs For with a brave and warm zeal for the Protestant religion and a Protestant prince, they generously offer'd their lives and fortunes, and the last drop of blood, in defence of his Majesty and the religion now establish'd by law, and by and by the same lives and fortunes, and last drop of blood, are promis'd over again to a popish successor. What is this but clapping cold snow upon the head of all their Protestant zeal? For he that offers his service to Loth of these together, lifts himself under two the most adverse partys in the world, and is Guelph and Gibeline at once. What benefit a popish successor can reap from lives and fortunes spent in defence of the Protestant religion, he may put in his eye and what the Protestant religion gets by lives and fortunes spent in the service of a popish successor, will be over the left shoulder

But this contradictious zeal was nothing near so sur prizing as that of our friends of Rippon, who beseech his Majesty, and are very sollicitous, lest he shou'd agree to a bill of exclusion (for plain English is as well under stood on this side the Trent as on the other), and seem to be very much afraid of losing the great blessing of a popish successor. All the sober men that I have met with, who remain unsatisfy'd as to a bill of exclusion, do nevertheless acknowledg, that a popish successor will be a heavy judgment of God to this nation, to which we must patiently submit, as we do to all other calamitys But did ever men pray for a judgment, and make it their humble request, that they might be sure of it? Do they not, on the other hand, when it begins to threaten them, heartily deprecate the evil, and are they not earnest with God to avert it? Nay, do they not more over use all lawful human means to prevent it? There is no judgment represented in scripture to be so immediately the stroke of God as the plague. David, in his great strut, made choice of it under that notion, when he desir d rather to fall into the hands of God than into the hands of men and yet men do constantly make use of all lawful means to prevent it. For, besides their using Hippocrates's receipt of Citò, longe, tarde, and running away from it, they make no scruple of antidoting and fortifying themselves against it. They strive with an infected; air, and with fires, and fames of pitch and far, &c., they endeavour to correct it Nay, they

John Asgill (1659-1738) was in his own time thought by many to be crazy, and is now seldom even named, yet Coleridge 'knew no genume Savon English superior to Asgill's, and 'thought his and Defoe's irony often finer than Swift's. Hanley Castle in Worcestershire, he qualified for the Bar at the Middle Temple. As executor and heir of Nicholas Barbon (believed to have been son of Pruse God Barbon or Barebones), he bought life interests in forfeited estates in Ireland, and so secured a succession of lawsuits and entangle ments that led to his spending his last years within the rules of King's Bench He wrote on banking and registration of titles, and sat in Parliament for Bramber in Sussey, but was expelled for the startling doctrines of his most famous book-an argument to prove that (on the fully developed forensic theory of Christ's having paid the penalty of death inflicted on man for Adam's stn) death is not inevitable for any Christian who claims his right to exemption, and desires to be 'translated' to heaven instead It is doubtful how far he was sincere, how far he allowed his humorous propensities to carry him beyond his own convictions, to make simple people gape. He affected curiously short paragraphs of a single sentence or less Southey quotes largely from him in The Doctor The following is the whole of his pamphlet (1712) - called

## An Essay for the Press

That there should be a restraint upon the press seems a matter of necessity but the manner of it, a matter of debate.

The use and intent of printing is (the same with that of preaching) for communicating our thoughts to others

And there is equal reason (in it self) for suppressing the one as the other

Put this communication being the natural right of mankind (as sociable creatures, and all embarled in one common salvation), the suppressing of either of these is taking away the children's bread

And in this communication, printing is more diffusive than speaking

In the beginning of the gospel, for calling the Gentiles, the Spirit of God interpreted the first preaching of it to ever auditor in his own language.

And since that mirroulous communication of it hath ceased,

It pleased God in his own time to have dietated to Man the invention of printing, to supply the place of it

By which what is at first published in one language only, is made intelligible to all others by translations.

And though several errors have and will be vented by the occasion of this invention, this is no more an argument against the invention itself, than the growing of lares among wheat is an argument against sowing of com

Nor any more a reason for suppressing it by a law, than it would be for shutting up the church-doors beause hypochies crowd into the church with true workippers.

Whenever the sons of God came to present them-

selves before the Lord, Satan would jostle in among them, and present himself before the Lord also

And yet we don't hear that they quitted their devotion

And as Satan used our Saviour himself so

Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a death

So it will be to the end of the world

Wherefore to me, the elergy of the Church of England, in admitting their auditors to the sacraments vithout any personal examination, seem more orthodox with that standing rule, Let every man examine himself, than the ministers of those dissenting congregations, that first put each communicant to a test of experience, there being no such test necessary in the churches of God

Nor are they thereby secure of what they intend (to have none among them but true believers)

A hypocrite will stand and sit, and kneel and pray, as the people of God

And I am apt to believe, that upon such a test, the Pharisee by giving himself so many distinguishing characters, might have had admission, and the poor publican, that had nothing to say for himself to God or man, but Lord have mercy upon me a sinner might have been excluded

And as by the common rules of justice, 'tis better tengulty escape than one innocent suffer

So in common charity among Christians, it is a le s crior to admit ten inworthy than to exclude one believing communicant

And by the like rules both of justice and charity to mankind, 'tis safer to suffer ten errors to be vented than one necessary truth concealed

For man is not bound to embrace the errors, but 'tis at his peril to come to the knowledg of the truth in matters of salvation

When Virgil (by reflection on his own works) finding some things imperfect, had devised them to the flames, the Roman emperor strained a point of law to preserve them from that sentence.

"I rangatur legum potius veneranda potestas"

'Rather than Maro shall in fire burn, Let laws themselves be east into the urn'

All which is hinted as reasons against restraining the press, by subjecting it to a hience

And the project of a tax upon it seems impracticable

Put the present licentionsness being chiefly occasioned by concealing the names of the authors

The most just and natural remedy seems by prohibiting the prints without the names of the authors to them

As the press is now used, it is a paper inquisition, by which any man may be arranghed, judged, and condemned (ay, and broad limits given for his execution too) without ever knowing his accusers

If the be objected to, as an imperfect remedy, for that, netwithstanding this things may be clande tinely printed and dispersed

So they may under the restraint by heence

No prohibition of human laws can to ally extripate the exils prohibited, but serve only to restrain the frequent commusion of them.

When men have once taugh their was seto refruit trespassing upon their neighbor es lands,

Then may they expect to teach their fellow creatures to cease from sin

In the meantime, they must content them-elves with driving the offenders into corners (as they do their cattel into pounds)

Patrick Walker, the Covenanting largio grapher, was born probably in Lanarkshire, some time about the middle of the seventeenth century In 1682, as one of the wild Westland Whies. he was concerned in the shooting of a dragoon near Lanark, and two years later was captured as a rebel and imprisoned in Edinburgh and Dunnottar Castle, suffering, according to his own story, the torture of the thumbscrew and the He made his escape from Leith tolbooth in 1685, and was active in the ribbling of the curates at the Revolution. After the return of peaceful times he seems to have fixed as a packman or pedlar, and, in the words of an unfriendly authority, 'when his means went from him, he became a vagrant person without a calling, and wandered through the country gathering old stories' about the Cameronian saints of the 'lilling time' Walker's own account is, that in the process of research he travelled upwards of a thousand miles in Scotland and ireland in 1722 and 1723. The results appeared in the 'Remarkable Passages' of the Lives of Alexander Peden, John Semple, Richard Cameron, Daniel Cargill, and others which were published mostly by the author himself at Bristo Port in Edinburgh, between 1724 and 1732 Walker was one of the irreconcilable zealots known as 'Society men, who left their testimony in the Hind Let Loose, and his biographies, in their quaint and picturesque sincerity, give striking illustration of the ferocity, fanaticism, and children superstition of that intractable remnant. They had a great chap book vogue-the Life of the miraculous Peden in especial-among the Scottish persuitry of the eighteenth century, and supplied plentiful materials for such later writers as Howie of Lochgoin, while Sir Walter Scott turned them to good account in another fashion for Old Mertality and The Heart of Midlothian In 1827 appeared a reprint, biographia Presbiteriara, a scholarly net edition by Dr D H Fleming in toot fixed Wilker's death in 1745. The first extract is from the life of Peden, the next is 'To the header

#### Brown of Priesthill shot by Claverhouse

In the beginning of May 1685, he [Pe ien] carse to the house of John Brown and Isabel Weir a hom he married before he went last to Ireland, where he stayed all night and in the morning when he took his far wel, he can eout at the door, saving to himself, Poor soman a fearful morning twice over, a dark only in inning. The rest morning between five and exchange a raid John Prown having performed the wer hip of Green laterardy was going with a spade in his liant to make really one past ground the rus here, are dark knewn to mit Hooly, carel Casellouse composit him with three

Here in that place from earth he took departure, Now he has got the garland of the martyr'

This murder was committed betweet six and seven in the morning, Mr Peden was about ten or eleven miles distant, having been in the fields all night he came to the house betweet seven and eight, and desired to call in the family, that he might pray amongst them He said, Lord, when wilt thou avenge Brown's blood? Oh, let Brown's blood be precious in thy sight, and hasten the day when thou'lt avenge it, with Cameron's, Cargill's, and many others of our martyrs' names, and O for that day when the Lord would avenge all their bloods When ended, John Murherd enquired what he meant by Brown's blood. he said twice over, What do I mean? Claverhouse has been at the Preshill this morning, and has eraclly murdered John Brown, his corps are lying it the end of his house, and his poor wife sitting weeping by his corps, and not a soul to speak comfortably to This morning after the sun rising, I saw a strange mountion in the firmament, the appearance of a tenbright elear shining star, fall from heaven to the earth, and indeed there is a clear shiring light fallen this day, the greatest Christian that ever I conversed with

Straigled in the form straighted is still the vernacular word in Scotland for laying out a dead body

# Signs and Wonders

In the year 1686, especially in the months of June and July, many yet nlive can witness, that about the Crosfoord boat, two miles beneath Lanark, especially at the Mains, on the water of Clyde, many people gathered together for several afternoons, where there were showers of bonnets, hats, gans and swords, which covered the trees and ground, companies of men in arms marching in order, upon the water side, companies meeting companies, going all through other, through other, and then all falling to the ground, and disappearing, and other companies immediately appear ing the same way. I went there three afternoons together, and, as I could observe, there were two of the people that were together saw, and a third that saw not and the' I could see nothing, yet there was such a fright and trembling upon these that did sec, that was discernible to all from these that saw not There was a gentleman standing next to me who spake as too many gentlemen and others speak, who said, A pack of damn'd witches and warlocks, that have the second sight, the devil ha't do I see. And immediately there was a discernible change in his countenance, with as much fear and trembling as any woman I say there, who cried out, O all ye that do not see, say nothing, for I persuade you it is matter of fret, and discernible to all that is not stone blind and these who did see, told what works the gans had, and their length and wideness, and what handles the swords had whether small or three barred, or Highland guards and the closing I nots of the bonnets, black or blue, and these who did see them there, altere ever they went abroad, saw a bonnet and a s to d drop in the way. I have been at a los ever ince what to make of this lat however a profane age may mod, dislam, and make sport of these erira relinary things, yet the cone no new things, but our su h things have been in former times.

Har is word of it had acit hard, the devil a thing

Archibald Pitcairne (1652-1713), the chief physician of his day in Edinburgh, and professor for a while at Leyden, was born in Edinburgh, and educated at Edinburgh and Paris. He was notable also in the Scotland of Queen Anne's time as a Latinist, a Jacobite and Episcopalian, and a satirical opponent of the Kirk. The most memorable of his Latin poems, published by Ruddiman in 1727, is the epitaph on Claverhouse, freely translated by Dryden in these lines

Oh last and best of Scots' who didst maintain Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign, New people fill the land, now thou art gone, New gords the temples, and new kings the throne. Scotland and thou did each in other live, Nor wouldst thou her, nor could she thee survive. Farewell' who dying didst support the State, And couldst not fall but with the country's fate.

Pitcairne is also credited with the authorship of The Assembly, a scurrilous comedy saturising the Presbyterian clergy in general, and the proceedings at the recalcitrant General Assembly of 1692 in particular. It is a dull and coarse production, though with occasional effective hits Thus, when one of the persons in it suggests that the Episcopalian curates shall not be expelled as a class but treated each on his own merits, a high-flying minister is made to ask 'Did Joshua, when he extirpated idolators, cite every man to personal appearance and give him a copy of the libel beforehand? Did Christ, when He whipt the huyers out of the Temple, take every particular huxter's wife by the lug" Pitcairne was naturally detested by Presbyterians like Wodrow, who, while admitting his scholarship, has painted him as a profane drunkard and Deist. 'Pitcarnius Scotus' wrote much (in Latin) on fevers and other medical subjects, had bitter pamphlet feuds with several professional colleagues, and carried on a controversy on fermentation with Astruc, the Belgian physician, who, by calling attention to the varying use of Jehovah and Elohim as the names for God, founded the scientific criticism of the Pentateuch library was sold after his death to the Czar Peter the Great.

William Dampier (1652-1715), navigator, was born near Yeovil, and voyaged to Newfoundland, Bantain, Jamaica, and Campeachy Bay After two years among the lawless logwood cutters of Yucatan, he joined in 1679 a band of huccaneers who crossed the Isthmus of Darien and ravaged the coast as far south as Juan Fernandez. another expedition (1683), after seizing a Danish ship at Sierra Leone, he coasted along the shores of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, sailing thence across the Pacific, and touching at the Philippines, China, Marooned on Nicobar Islands and Australia. (1688), he made his way in a native canoe to Atcheen, and got back to England (1691), where he published his Voyage round the World (1697),

emmently interesting in substance, and in style homely but clear and easily read. He conducted (1600-1700) a voyage of discovery to the South Seas, in which he explored the north-west coast of Australia, as also the coasts of New Guinea and New Britain, giving his name to the Dampier Archipelago and Strait. On the return voyage he was wrecked off Ascension, and until relieved some two months later lived with his crew on turtles and goats. The old buccancer was a better pilot than commander, and his cruelty to his lieutenant led to his heing court-martialled 1703 he was reappointed to the command of two privateers (the sailing-master of one of them Alexander Selkirk) to the South Scas, where he was said to have been guilty of drunkenness, brutality, and even cowardice. Dampier returned home at the close of 1707, poor and broken, nor did his angry Vindication re establish his reputation Next year he sailed again as pilot to a privateer, which rescued Selkirk, and returned in 1711 after a prosperous vovage In the portrait of Dampier, 'a rough sailor but a man of exquisite mind,' Coloridge in the Table Talk insisted that he could trace 'that something feminine discoverable in the countenances of all men of genius' Coloridge. who probably knew much less about the buccaneer hydrographer than Dr Laughton, would on no account hear of his being called a pirate. The passage below from the 1683 voyage obviously contributed (as well as the experiences of Selkirk, pub lished 1712) in not a few particulars to Defoe's great picture (1719) of a solitary's life on the island of

#### Juan Fernandez

Both we and Capt. Eaton being bound for John Fernando's Isle, we kept company, and we spared him bread and beef, and he spared us water, which he took in as he passed thro' the Streights [of Magellan].

March the 22d 1684, we came in sight of the island, and the next day got in and anchored in a bay at the south end of the island, and 25 fathom water, not two cables length from the shore. We presently got out our canoa, and went ashore to seel for a Moskito Indian, whom we left here when we were chased hence by three Spanish ships in the year 1681, a little before we went to Arica, Capt. Wathin being then our commander, after Capt. Sharp was turned out.

This Indian lived here alone above three years, and altho' he was several times sought after by the Spaniards, who knew he was left on the island, yet they could never He was in the woods, hunting for goats, when Captain Watlin drew off his men, and the ship was under sail before he came back to shore. He had with him his gun and a knife, with a small horn of powder, and a few shot, which being spent, he contrived a way by notch ing his knife, to saw the barrel of his gun into small pieces, wherewith he made harpoons, lances, hooks and a long I nife, heating the pieces first in the fire, which he struck with his gun flint, and a piece of the barrel of his gun, which he hardned, having learnt to do that among the English The hot pieces of iron he would hammer out and bend as he pleased with stones, and saw them with his jagged knife, or grind them to an edge by

with us saying of themselves they are poor men, and have no name.

This island is in lat 34 d 45 m and about 120 leagues from the main. It is about 12 leagues round, full of high hills and small pleasant valleys, which if manured, would probably produce any thing proper

for the climate. The sides of the mountains are part savannalis, part woodland. Savannahs are clear pieces of land without woods, not because more burren than the wood land, for they are frequently spots of as good land as any, and often are intermixt with wood land The grass in these savannahs at John Ternando's is not a long flaggy grass, such as is usually in the savannalis in the West Indies, but a sort of kindly grass, thick and The woods flourishing the biggest part of the year afford divers sorts of trees, some large and good timber for building, but none fit for masts The cabbage trees of this isle are but small and low, yet afford a good head, and the cabbage very sweet. This tree I shall describe in the Appendix, in the Bay of Campeachy The savanushs are stocked with gosts in great herds but those that live on the east-end of the island are not so fat as those on the west end, for though there is much more grass, and plenty of water in every valley, never theless they thrive not so well here as on the west-end, where there is less food, and yet there are found greater That west end flocks, and those too fatter and sweeter of the island is all high champion ground without any valley, and but one place to land, there is neither wood nor any fresh water, and the grass short and dry Goats were first put on the island by John Ternando,

who first discovered it on his voyage from Lima to Baldivia (and discovered also another island about the same ligness, 20 leagues to the nestward of this) From those goats these were propagated, and the island hath taken its name from this its first discoverer, who when he returned to Lima, desired a patent for it, designing to settle here, and it was in his second voyage hither that he set ashore three or four goats, which have since by their increase so well stock'd the whole island. But he could never get a patent for it, therefore it lies still desti tute of inhabitants, tho' doubtless capable of maintain ing 4 or 500 families, by what may be produced off the land only I speak much within compass, for the savannahs would at present feed 1000 head of cattle, besides goats, and the land being cultivated would proliably hear corn, or wheat, and good pease, yams, or potatoes, for the land in their valleys and sides of the mountains is of a good black fruitful mould about it is likewise very productive of its inhabitants Seals swarm as thick about this island as if they had no other place in the world to live in, for there is not a bay nor rock that one can get ashore on but is full of them Ser hons are here in great companies, and fish, particular larly snappers and rock fish, are so plentiful, that two men in an hours time will take with hook and line as many as will serve 100 men

There are only two bass in the whole island where ships may anchor, these are both at the east end, and in both of them is a rivulct of good fresh water. Either of these bays may be fortified with little charge, to that degree that 50 men in each may be able to keep off 1000, and there is no coming into these bays from the west end, but with prent difficulty, over the mountains, where if 3 men are placed they may keep down as many as come against them on any side. This was partly experienced by 5 Englishmen that Capt Davis left here, who defended themselves against a great body of Spaniards v his landed in the bays, and came here to destroy them, and the the second time one of their consorts deserted and fled to the Spaniards, yet the other four kept their ground, and were afterwards taken in from hence by Capt Strong of London. We remained at John Fernando's sixteen days, our sick men were ashore all the time, and one of Captain Eaton's doctors (for he had four in his ship) tending and feeding them with goat and several herbs, whereof here is plenty growing in the brooks, and their diseases were chiefly scorbutick.

The article on Dampier in the Dictionary of National Biography is by Dr Laughton and there is a Life by Mr Clark Russell (1889)

Richard Bentley (1662-1742), born of ycoman parentage at Oulton near Leeds, passed from Wakefield grammar-school to St John's College. Cambridge, in 1676, as subsizar, and in 1682 was appointed by his college head-master of Spalding grammar-school As tutor to the son of Stillingfleet, then Dean of St Paul's, he accompanied his pupil in 1689 to Oxford, where he was twice appointed to deliver the Boyle Lectures on the Evidences of Religion. He had taken orders in 1600, and to Stillingfleet he owed various good ecclesiastical preferments, with the post of royal His Letter to Mill (1691) librarian at St James's on the Greek chronicler John Malelas is itself a masterpiece, but it was the Dissertation upon the Epistles of Phalaris (1699), an expansion of an earlier essay, that established his reputation throughout Europe, and may be said to mark a The origin and course of new era in scholarship this Battle of the Books is sketched in Vol I of this work in connection with Sir William Temple (page 754) The essay is not merely a monument of erudition, a triumph of penetrative insight in the new art of making accurate philosophy elucidate history, but a great literary masterpiece, in which trenchant argument is enlivened by keen and plentiful wit and satire. The style is direct and simple, with many homely phrases. In 1700 Bentley was appointed Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. The lustory of his mastership is an unbrol en series of quarrels and litigations, provoked by his arrogance and rapacity, but when in 1717 he was made regius professor of Divinity, he contrived to pass scathless through all his con-Only death prevented the Bishop of Ely, visitor of Trinity, from depriving him of his mastership (1714), the university senate did deprive him of his degrees (1718), and another bishop pronounced sentence of deposition (1734) But at his death he was in full possession both of degrees and mastership. This stormy life did not impair his literary activity As 'Phileleutherus Lipsiensis' he attacked Anthony Collins's Discourse of Freethinking with a trenchance of argument, ripeness of scholarship, and a brilliance of style such as none of the deistical writers could command was in these Remarks that he incidentally endorsed the hypothesis that the Homeric poems were put i

together from many separate ballads or lays long after their first date of composition, thus partly He edited a number anticipating Wolf's theory of classical authors-among others, Horace (1711) and Terence (1726)—upon which he bestowed vast Emendations were at once his forte and foible—the latter conspicuously in his edition of Paradise Lost (1732) His theory was that Milton's blindness had necessitated the help of an amanuensis who made stupid mistakes, and of an editor who made mistakes as well as wilful alterations and interpolations. These by internal criticism he set himself to correct, with much superfluous acute-The proposal (1720) to print an edition of the Greek New Testament, in which the received text should be corrected by a careful comparison with the Vulgate and all the oldest existing Greek MSS, was then singularly bold, and evoked violent opposition, in the settling of the New Testament text, his principles were triumphantly carried out by Lachmann The founder of the school of classical criticism of which Porson illustrated the excellences and the defects. he wielded with equal effect the weapons of textual and of higher criticism By uncomplimentary remarks on Pope's Homer he incurred the enmity of the translator and a place in the Dunciad, which reflected more ridicule on the jealous poet than on the great critic Bentley's daughters was the mother of Richard Cumberland the dramatist.

# From the 'Phalaris'

That sophist, whoever he was, that wrote a small book of letters in the name and character of Phalans (give me leave to say this now, which I shall prove by and by) had not so bad a hand at humouring and personating, but that several believed it was the tyrant himself that talked so big, and could not discover the ass under the skin of that lion, for we find Stobeus quoting the 38, and 67, and 72 of those Lpistles, under the title of Phalaris, and Suidas, in the account he gives of him, says he has wrote 'very admirable letters,' erie-edus Sauparias zare, meaning those that we are speaking of And Johannes Tzetzes, a man of much rambling learning, has many and large extracts out of them in his Chiliads, ascribing them all to the tyrant whose livery they wear These three, I think, are the only men among the antients that make any mention of them, but since they give not the least hint of any doubts concerning their author, we may conclude that most of the scholars of those ages received them as true originals, so that they have the general warrant and certificate for this last thousand years before the restoration of learning. As for the modernbesides the approbation of those smaller critics, that have been concerned in the editions of them, and era them np of course, some very learned men have espoused and maintained them, such as Thomas Fazellus and Jacobus Cappellus. I ven Mr Selden himself draws an argument in chronology from them, without discovering any suspicion or jealousy of a cheat, to whom I may dd their latest and greatest advocate, who has honoured them with that most high character, prefixed to the

on the heroic couplet, seems to have suggested Pope's Essay on Criticism. It is in the style of Roscommon, plain, perspicuous, and sensible, but a contains little or no true poetry—less than many of Dryden's prose essays—and is much of it incredibly commonplace in thought and in word Out of Shalespeare's Julius Cæsar he manufactured, with the help of some new love scenes and other tags, two model dramas according to his own—and his contemporaries'—notions of good taste.

From the 'Essay on Poetry' Of all those arts in which the wise excel, Nature's chief master piece is writing well, No writing lifts evalted man so high As sacred and soul moving Poesy No kind of work requires so nice a touch, And, if well finished, nothing shines so much But Heaven forbid we should be so profane To grace the vulgar with that noble name. 'Tis not a flash of fancy, which, sometimes Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest rhymes, Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done True wit is everlasting like the sun, Which, though sometimes behind a cloud retired, Breaks out aguin, and is by all admired Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound Which not the nicest ear vith harshness vound, Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts, And all in vain these superficial parts Contribute to the structure of the whole, Without a genius, too, for that's the soul A spirit which inspires the work throughout, As that of nature moves the v orld about, A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit, Even something of divine, and more than wit, Itself unseen, yet all things by it shewn, Describing all men, but described by none

First, then, of songs, which now so much abound, Without his song no fop is to be found A most offensive weapon which he draws Ou all lie meets, against Apollo's laws Though nothing seems more easy, yet no part Of poetry requires a nicer art, For as in rows of richest pearl there hes Many a blemish that escapes our eyes, The least of which defects is plainly shewn In one small ring, and brings the value down So songs should be to just perfection wrought, Yet when can one be seen without a fault? Exact propriety of words and thought, Expression casy, and the fancy high Yet that not seem to creep nor this to fly, No words transposed, but in such order all, As wrought with care, yet seem by chance to fall.

Of all the ways that wisest men could find To mend the age and mortify mankind, Satire well writ has most successful proved, And cures, because the remedy is loved 'Tis hard to write on such a subject more, Without repeating things oft said before. Some vulgar errors only we'll remove. That stain a beauty which we so much love Of chosen words some take not care enough, And think they should be, as the subject, rough,

This poem must be more exactly made,
And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words conveyed
Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only business was to rail,
But human frailty, nicely to infold,
Distinguishes a satire from a scold
Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down,
A satyr's smile is sharper than his frown,
So, while you seem to slight some rival youth,
Malice itself may pass sometimes for truth

By painful steps at last we labour up Parnassus' hill, on whose bright airy top The epic pocts so divinely shew, And with just pride behold the rest below Heroic poems have a just pretence To be the utmost stretch of human sense. A work of such mestimable worth, There are but two the world has yet brought forth-Homer and Virgil, with what sacred awe Do those mere sounds the world's attentiou draw! Just as a changeling seems below the rest Of men, or rather as a two legged beast, So these gigantic souls, amazed, we find As much above the rest of human kind ! Nature's whole strength united 'endless fame And universal shouts attend their name! Read Homer once, and you can read no more, For all books clse appear so mean, so poor, Verse will seem prose, but still persist to read, And Homer will be all the books you need.

Sir Richard Blackmore (birth year unknown, died 1729) was one of the most fortunate physicians and most severely handled pocts of the age. Born of a good family at Corsham in Wiltshire, and educated at Westminster and St Edmund Hall, Oxford, he took his BA in 1674. He was in extensive medical practice, was knighted in 1697 by William III, and afterwards made censor of the College of Physicians In 1695 he published Prince Arthur, an epic poem, which he says he wrote amidst the duties of his profession, 'for the greatest part in coffee houses, or in passing up and down the Dryden, whom he had attacked for licentiousness, satirised him for writing 'to the rumbling of his chariot-wheels' In Prince Arthur Blackmore flattered himself that he had imitated Virgil's manner, angels taking the place of heathen gods in the management of sublunary affairs King Arthur (1697) he seems to think he had followed rather the Homeric model The twelve dreary books of this preposterous epic are devoted wholly to one of the most fabulous of Arthur's exploits as reported by Geoffrey of Monmouth—an expedition to support the Christian people of Gaul against certain heathen Franks, in which history, ethnology, and commonsense are alike defied The principal enemy is the Frankish king Clotar, assumed to be a heathen-though the Franks were converted to Christianity before the end of the fifth century, and Arthur or his prototype seems to have belonged to the sixth The prince of darkness and his

cluding with a hymn to the Creator of the world. The old fishioned orthodox piety of Blackmore is everywhere apparent in his writings, but the genius of poetry evaporates amidst tedious argumentations, commonplace illustrations, prosing de clamation, and general dullness From the opening of Creation it would appear that he deliberately designed to outsoar Milton 'to heights unknown'to anybody but himself, presumably

No more of courts, of triumplis, or of arms, No more of valour's force, or beauty's charms, The themes of vulgar lays, with just disdain, I leave unsung, the flocks, the amorous swain, The pleasures of the land, and terrors of the main How abject, how inglorious 'tis to lie Grovelling in dust and darkness, when on high Impires immense, and rolling worlds of light, To range their heavenly seenes, the muse invite! I meditate to soar above the skies, To helphts unknown, through ways untry'd to rise I would the Eternal from his works assert, And sing the wonders of creating art While I this unexampled task essay, Pass awful gulfs, and beat my punful way, Celestral Dove ! divine assistance bring, Sustain me on thy strong extended wing,

Lnown

That I may reach the Almighty's sacred throne, And make his causeless power, the cause of all things Thou dost the full extent of nature see, And the wide realms of vast immensity Eternal Wisdom thou dost comprehend, Rise to her heights, and to her depths descend The Inther's sacred counsels thou canst tell, Who in his bosom didst for ever dwell Thou on the deep's dark face, immortal dove ! Thou with Almighty energy didst move On the wild waves, incumbent didst display Thy genial wings, and liatch primaval day Order from thee, from thee distinction came, And all the beauties of the wond'rous frame. Hence stampt on nature we perfection find, Fair as th' idea in the Eternal Mind,

Garth in The Dispensary unkindly makes Black more citc four scraps of his own verse (quite accurately reproduced) from Prince Arthur and King Arthur as sufficiently sonorous to summon the Sibyl from the shades

These lines the pale Divinity shall raise, Such is the power of sound and force of lays,

Blackmore is made to say, and then cites his own

Arms meet with arms, fauchions with fauchions clash, And sparks of fire struck out from armour flash Thick clouds of dust contending warriors raise, And ludeous war o'er all the region brays

Some raying run with huge Hereulean clubs, Some massy balls of brass, some niighty tubs Of cinders bore

Naked and half burnt hills with Indeous wrick Affright the skies and fry the ocean's lack

High rocks of snow and sailing hills of ice, Ap it terch o her with a mighty crush Driven by the win is in rude rencounter dash. Blood, brains, and limbs the highest walls disdain, And all around lay squalid heaps of slain.

In the following singular and original theodicy from Book in of *Creation*, it is noticeable that Blackmore quite admits the Creator might (but for sufficient reasons) have made a much finer world, and he justifies the ways of God to men in the matter of having wasted so much space on mountains not from the majesty or beauty of the everlasting hills, but from their utilitarian 'convenience' for practical purposes

You ask us why the soil the thistle breeds, Why its spontaneous birth are thorns and weeds, Why for the harvest it the harrow needs?

The Author might a nobler world have made,
In brighter dress the hills and vales arrayed,
And all its face in flowery scenes displayed
The glube untilled might plenteous crops have borne,
And brought forth spicy groves instead of thorn
Rich fruit and flowers, without the gardener's pains,
Mightevery hill have crowned, have honoured all the plains
This Nature might have boasted, had the Mind
Who formed the spacious inniverse designed
That man, from labour free, as well as grief,
Should pass in lazy luxury his life.
But He his creature gave a fertile soil,
Fertile, but not without the owner's toil,
That some reward his industry should crown,
And that his food in part might be his own.

But while insulting you arraign the land,
Ask why it wants the plough or hibourer's hand,
Aind to the marble rocks, you ne'er complain,
That they, without the sculptor's skill and pain,
No perfect statue yield, no basse relieve,
Or finished column for the palace give
Yet if from hills unlaboured figures came,
Man might have case enjoyed, though never fame.

You may the world of more defect upbraid,
That other works by Nature are unmade
That she did never, at her own expense,
A palace rear, and in magnificence
Out rival art, to grace the stately rooms,
That she no castle builds, no lofty domes.
Had Nature's hand these various works prepared,
What thoughtful care, what labour had been spared!
But then no realm would one great master shew,
No Phidias Greece, and Rome no Angelo
With equal reason too you might demand
Why boats and ships require the artist's hand,
Why generous Nature did not these provide,
To pass the standing lake or flowing tide

You say the hills, which high in air arise, Harbour in clouds, and mingle with the skies, That earth's dishonour and encumbering load, Of many spacious regions man defraud, For beasts and birds of prey a desolate abode. But can the objector no convenience find In mountains, hills, and rocks, which gird and bind The mighty frame, that else would be disjoined? Do not those heaps the raging tide restrain, And for the dome afford the mountains flow, And bring down riches to the vale below? See how the torrent rolls the golden sand From the high ridges to the flatter land!

The lofty lines abound with endless store
Of mineral treasure and metallic ore,
With precious veins of silver, copper, tin,
Without how barren, yet how rich within!
They bear the pine, the oak and cedar yield,
To form the palace and the navy build

Basse relieve was one of many ways (bas relieve, bass relief, base relief) in which bas relief used to be spelt in English.

Sir Samuel Garth, an eminent London physician, was born in 1661 at Bowland Forest in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and educated at Ingleton, Peterhouse (Cambridge), and Leyden, taking his MD in 1691, and being elected a Fellow of the College of Physicians in 1693 1699 he published his poem of The Dispensary, to aid the College in a war they were then waging with the apothecaries. The latter, supported by some of the physicians, had ventured to prescribe as well as compound medicines, and the physicians advertised that they would give advice gratis to the poor, and establish a dispensary of their own for the sale of cheap 'The original of this difference,' medicines Garth said in the preface, 'has been of some standing, though it did not break out into fury and excess until the time of the erecting of the dispensary, a room in the college set up for the relief of the sick poor' The College triumphed, but in 1703 the House of Lords decided that apothecaries were entitled to exercise the privilege Garth and his brother-physicians resisted was a popular and kindly man, a firm Whig, yet the early encourager of Pope, and when Dryden died he pronounced a Latin oration With Addison he was, politiover his remains cally and personally, on terms of the closest in-On the accession of George 1 he was knighted with Marlborough's sword, and received the double appointment of Physician-in Ordinary to the King and Physician-General to the Army He edited Ovid's Metamorphoses, 'translated by the most eminent hands,' in 1717, and wrote a good many prologues and occasional poems and verses, such as those inscribed on the toastglasses of the Kit-Cat Club, of which he was a member He died 18th January 1719, and was buried in the chancel of the church at Harrowon the Hill. Pope praised him as 'the best good Christian he, although he knows it not,' and Bolingbroke, in oddly similar terms, called him the best natured ingenious wild man I ever knew? The Dispensary is a mock-heroic poem in six cantos, designed, Garth said, 'to rally some of our disaffected members into a sense of their duty,' it culminates in a grand combat between physicians and apothecaries Envy and Disease play a large part, and a delegate is finally sent to the shades to consult Harvey on the matter in dispute. In the management of the plot Garth took hints both from Boileau's Lutrin and from Dryden's MacFlecknoe Some of the leading apothecaries of the day are

happily ridiculed, but the interest of the satire It opens thus has largely passed away

Speak, goddess! since tis thou that best canst tell How ancient leagues to modern discord fell, Ind why physicians were so cautious grown Of others' lives, and lavish of their own, How by a journey to the Elysian plain, Peace triumphed, and old time returned again

Not far from that most celebrated place The Old Barley Where angry Instice shews her awful face, Where little villains must submit to fate. That great ones may enjoy the world in state, There stands a dome, majestic to the sight, The College of Physicians And sumptaous arches bear its oval height, A golden globe, placed high with artful skill, Seems to the distant sight a gilded pill, This pile was, by the pious patron's aim, Raised for a use as noble as its frame, Nor did the learn'd society decline The propagation of that great design, In all her mazes, Nature's face they viewed, And, as she disappeared, their search pursued Wrapt in the shade of night the goddess lies, Yet to the learn'd unveils her dark disguise, But shans the gross access of vulgar eyes

Now she unfolds the faint and dawning strife Of infant atoms kindling into life, How ductile matter new meanders takes. And slender trains of twisting fibres makes, And how the viscous seeks a closer tone, By just degrees to harden into bone, While the more loose flow from the vital urn, And in full tides of purple streams return, How lambent flames from life's bright lamps arise. And dart in emanations through the eyes, How from each sluice a gentle torrent pours, To slake a feverish heat with ambient showers, Whence their mechanic powers the spirits claim. How great their force, how delicate their frame. How the same nerves are fashioned to sustain The greatest pleasure and the greatest pain. Why bilious juice a golden light puts on. And floods of chyle in silver currents run, How the dim speck of entity began To extend its recent form, and stretch to man, Why Envy oft transforms with wan disguise, Ind why gay Mirth sits smiling in the eyes . Whence Milo's vigour at the Olympic's shewn, Whence tropes to Finch, or impudence to Sloane, How matter, by the varied shape of pores Or idiots frames or solemn senators

Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous cause to find How body acts upon impassive mind, How fames of wine the thinking part can fire. Past hopes revive, and present joys inspire, Why our complexions oft our soul declare, And how the passions in the feature are, How touch and harmony arise between Corpored figure and a form unseen, How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil, And act at every summons of the will, With mighty truths, mysterious to descry, Which in the womb of distant causes lie. But now no grand inquiries are descried. Mean faction reigns where knowledge should preside,

Feuds are increased, and learning laid aside. Thus synods oft concern for faith conceal. And for important nothings shew a zeal The drooping sciences neglected pine. And Pean's beams with fiding lustre shine. Amilias No renders here with hectic looks are found, Nor eyes in rheum, through midnight watching, drowned The lonely edifice in sweats complains That nothing there but sullen silence reigns

This place, so fit for undisturbed repose. The god of Sloth for his asylum chose. Upon a couch of down in these abodes, Supine with folded arms, he thoughtless nods, Indulging dreams his godhead full to ease, With murmurs of soft rills, and whispering trees The poppy and each numbing plant dispense Their drowsy virtue and dull indolence, No passions interrupt his easy reign, No problems puzzle his lethargic brain But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed, And lazy fogs hang lingering o'er his head

The poem proceeds to show how the slumbers of the god are effectively and finally disturbed. The Sloane named so disrespect fully is the famous Sir Hans, who was one of the first subscribers to the Dispensary

## On Death.

'Tis to the yulgar death too harsh appears, The ill we feel is only in our fears To die is landing on some silent shore, Where billows never break, nor tempests roar Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er The wise through thought the insults of death defy, The fools through blest insensibility 'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave, Songht by the wretch, and vanquished by the brave. It eases lovers, sets the captive free, And, though a tyrant, offers liberty

(From Canto III )

Often-quoted fragments of the Dispensary are Dissensions like small streams are first begun, Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run

Harsh words, though pertinent, uncouth appear, None please the fancy who offend the ear

Though possession be the undoubted view, To seize is far less pleasure than pursue.

Garth wrote the epilogue to Addison's tragedy of Cato, which ends with the following aspiration

Oh, may once more the happy age appear, When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere, When gold and grandeur were menued things, And courts less coveted than groves and springs! Love then shall only mourn when Truth complains, And Constancy feel transport in its chains, Sighs with success their own soft language tell, And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal Virtue again to its bright station climb, And Beauty fear no enemy but Time, The fair shall listen to desert alone, And every Lucin find a Cato's son

In the same poem occurs the couplet The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix, 'Tis best repenting in a coach and six

Richard Duke (16592-1711), the son of a substantial London citizen, studied at Trinity College, Cambridge, lived for a time a dissolute life with the courtiers, wits, playwrights and actors, and wrote a good many poems which Dr Johnson found 'not below mediocrity' There are trunslations from Ovid, Virgil, Horace, Juvenal, and Theocritus, epistles or addresses to Waller, Dryden, Oty ay, Creech, and others, The Remere, an unfinished political satire, poems on the birth, death, marriage, or accession of princes and private persons, and a number of songs Duke was one of the wits when Swift was a child, as Swift said, but took orders before 1685, held with credit several cures, published sermons, and was by-and-by chaplain to the Queen's Most Gracious Majesty as well as to the Bishop of Winchester, with the rich living of Witney in Oxfordshire

## To Mr Waller

When shame for all my foolish youth had writ Advised 'twas time the rhyming trade to quit, Time to grow wise, and be no more a wit-The noble fire that animates thy age Once more inflam'd me with poetic rige Kings, beroes, nymphs, the brave, the fair, the young, Have been the theme of thy immortal song A nobler argument at last thy Muse, Two things divine, Thee and Herself, does choose. Age, whose dull weight males vulgar spints hend, Gives wings to thine, and bids it upward tend No more confined, above the starry skies, Out from the body's broken cage it flies But oh, vouchsafe not wholly to retire, To join with and complete th' ethereal choir ! Still here remain, still on the threshold stand, Still at this distance view the promised land, Though thou may'st seem, so heavenly is thy sense. Not going thither, but new come from thence,

## An Epistle to Mr Otway

Dear Tom, how melancholy I am grown Since thou hast left this learned dirty town, To thee by this dull letter be it known Whilst all my comfort, under all this care, Are duns, and puns, and logic, and small beer Thou seest I'm dull as Shadwell's men of wit, Or the top scene that Settle ever writ The sprightly Court that wander up and down From gudgeons to a race, from town to town, All, all are fled, but them I well can spare, For I'm so dull I have no business there I have forgot whatever there I I nev, Why men one stocking tye with ribbon blue Why others medals wear, a fine gilt thing, That at their breasts hang dangling by a string, I know no officer of court, nay more, No dog of court, their favourite before. Unpolish'd thus, an errant scholar grown, What should I do but sit and coo alone, And thee, my absent mate, for ever moan

William Walsh (1663-1708) was the son of the lord of the manor of Abberley in Worcestershire, left Wadham College without a degree, and in 1698 was sent to Parliament for his native county Throughout life he supported the Whig and the Honoverian interest Johnson honoured him with a place among the poets, though in his judgment he had 'more elegance than vigour,' and seldom rises higher than to be pretty He was for a while Master of the Horse, and was a man of fashion, 'ostentatiously splendid in his dress' He is known chiefly through his connection with Pope, whom, when still a young man, he helped with encouragement, advice, and criticism, for which Pope was very grateful It was he who gave Pope the famous advice to try and be a correct poet, as this was now the only way of excellency poems comprise pastorals, eclogues, imitations of Virgil and Horace, and a variety of love poems and occasional verses, some of them sprightly enou@h

#### The Unrewarded Lover

Let the dull merchant curse his angry fate, And from the winds and waves his fortune wait Let the loud lawver break his brains, and be A slave to wrangling coxcombs, for a fee Let the rough soldier fight his prince's foes. And for a livelihood his life expose I wage no war, I plead no cause but Love's. I fear no storms but what Celinda moves And what grave censor can my choice despise? But here, fur charmer, here the difference hes The merchant, after all his hazard's past, Enjoys the fruit of his long toils at last . The soldier high in his king's favour stands, And, after having long obey'd, commands. The lawyer, to reward his tedious care. Roars on the bench, that babbled at the bar While I take pains to meet a fate more hard. And resp no fruit, no favour, no reward

## Written in a Lady's Table-book.

With what strange raptures would my soul be blest, Were but her book an emblem of her breast! As I from that all former marks efface, And, uncontrolled, put new ones in their place, So might I chace all others from her heart, And my own image in the stead impart. But ah, how short the bliss would prove, if he Who seized it next might do the same by me!

#### Death

What has this hughear Death that 's worth our care?
After a life in pain and sorrow past,
After deluding hope and dire despair,
Death only gives us quiet at the last.

How strangely are our love and hate misplaced!
Freedom we seek, and yet from freedom flee,
Courting those tyrant sins that chain us fast,
And shunning Death, that only sets us free

'Tis not a foolish fear of future pains,
(Why should they fear who keep their souls from stains?)
That makes me dread thy terrors, Death, to see
'Tis not the loss of riches, or of fame,
Or the vain toys the vulgar pleasures name,
'Tis nothing, Calia, but the losing thee.

# Phyllis's Resolution.

When slaves their liberty require,
They hope no more to gain,
But you not only that desire,
But ask the power to reign

Think how unjust a suit you make,
Then you will soon decline,
Your freedom when you please pray take,
But trespass not on mine

No more in vain, Alcander, crave,
I ne'er will grant the thing,
That he who once has been my slave
Should ever be my king

John Dunton (1659-1733), son of the rector of Graffham, Hunts, was apprenticed to a London bookseller, and acquired much varied knowledge, in spite of love, politics, and other distractions He took a shop, married happily, made some lucky ventures, but was involved in financial troubles as security for relatives He visited America, Holland, and Cologne, settled with his creditors, and kept shop for ten years with fair prosperity, his Athenian Gazette (afterwards Athenian Mercury, 1691-97) being specially successful as one of the earliest journals devoted to answering correspon-He wrote political pamphlets on the Whig side, satires, &c, to the number of forty, published six hundred books, and carried out a few of the 'six hundred projects' he cherished He marned a second time unhappily, and under the real and imaginary troubles of his later years his mind seems to have crossed the line between crackbrained flightiness and sheer lunacy, as may be gathered from his extraordinary Life and Errois of John Dunton (1705)

An abridgment of the Athenian Oracle, Dunton's own four-volume selection of articles from the Athenian Mercury, was edited by John Underhill in 1802

George Stepney (1663-1707) was one of Johnson's poets, reported in youth to have made grey authors blush,' but adjudged by Johnson to have 'little either of the grace of wit or the vigour And time has confirmed this judg-Stepney's poems figure in collections like ment Chalmers's British Poets, but nobody reads them, and his name is all but forgotten. Of Pembrokeshire stock, he was the son of a groom of the chamber to Charles II, became famous at Cambridge as a writer of Latin verse, and chose a diplomatic career Than this envoy to the Emperor, to the Elector Palatine, the Electors of Brandenburg, Saxony, Mainz, Treves, and Cologne, and the Landgrave of Hesse, 'no Englishman knew the affairs of Germany so well and few Germans better' His work is but small in volume He made some free translations or imitations from Juvenal, Horace, and Ovid, praised William III and Mary in neat and commonplace verses as he had done James II, and wrote 'occasional poems,' like so many of his contemporaries

#### Dreams

At dead of night imperial Reason sleeps, And Fancy with her train loose revels I ceps, Then airy pliantoms a mix'd scene display, Of what we heard, or saw, or wish'd by day, For memory those images retains Which passion form'd, and still the strongest reigns Huntsmen renew the chace they lately run, And generals fight again their battles won Spectres and furies haunt the murderer's dreams, Grants or disgraces are the courtler's themes. The miser spies a thief, or a new hoard, The cit's a knight, the sycophant a lord Thus fancy 's in the wild distraction lost, With what we most abhor or covet most But of all passions that our dreams control, Love prints the deepest image in the soul

John Pomfret (1667-1702) was the son of the rector of Luton, Bedfordshire, and himself a clergyman In 1695 he became rector of Maulden, also in Bedfordshire, and had the prospect of preferment, but the Bisliop of London, absurdly regarding as immoral in the mouth of a married clergy man the gently cynical wish to have no wife, expressed in The Choice, considered and rejected the poetical candidate Detained in London by this unsuccessful negotiation, Pomfret caught smallpox and died His works comprise occasional poems and some 'Pindaric Essays' in Cowley's manner, Cruelty and Lust, on Colonel Kirke's proceedings, and Reason a Poem upon the Divine Attributes The only piece of Pomfret's now remembered—we Dr Johnson can hardly say read—is The Choice said that perhaps no poem in our language had been oftener perused, and Southey still as why Pomfret was the most popular among the English It is difficult nowadays to conceive that The Choice could ever have been a truly popular It is a graceful but tame and monotonous celebration, in neat verse, of the mild joys of a country retirement, a modest dwelling, with wood, garden, and stream, a clear and competent estate, and the enjoyment of lettered case and happiness -a subject sufficiently often liandled by Pomfret's contemporaries, and Thomson and Cowper, one might have thought, would long ere Southey's. time have obliterated all but the dim memory of Pomfret's commonplaces

# From 'The Choice'

If Heaven the grateful liberty would give
That I might choose my method how to live,
And all those hours propitious fate should lend,
In blissful ease and satisfaction spend,
Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform, not little nor too great,
Better if on a rising ground it stood,
On this side fields, on that a neighbouring wood.
It should within no other things contain
But what are useful, necessary, plain,
Methinks 'tis nauscous, and I'd ne'er endure
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden grateful to the eye
And a cool rivulet run murmuring by,

On whose delicious banks a stately row Of shady limes or sycamores should grow At th' end of which a silent study placed, Should be with all the noblest authors graced Horace and Virgil, in v hose mighty lines Immortal wit and solid learning shines, Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew He that with judgmen reads his charming lines, In which strong art with stronger nature joins, Must grant his fancy does the best excel-His thoughts so tender, and expressed so well With all those moderns, men of steady sense, Esteemed for learning and for eloquence. In some of these, as fancy should advise I'd always tal e my morning exercise, For sure no minntes bring us more content Than those in pleasing useful studies spent.

I'd have a clear and competent estate, That I might live genteelly, but not great. As much as I could moderately spend, A little more, sometimes to oblige a friend Nor should the sons of poverty repine Too much at fortune, they should taste of mine, And all that objects of true pity were SLould be relieved with what my wants could spare, For that our Maker has too largely given Should be returned in gratitude to Heaven A frugal plenty should my table spread, With healthy, not luxurious, dishes spread, Enough to satisfy, and something more, To feed the stranger, and the neighbouring poor Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food Creates diseases and inflames the blood But what's sufficient to make nature strong, And the bright lamp of life continue long, I'd freel, take, and as I did possess, The bounteons Author of my plenty bless

# Matthew Prior.

Matthew Prior vas born 21st July 1664, probably at Wimborne-Minster in East Dorsetshire, but was brought up at Westminster, and sent to the school there. His father, a Nonconformist joiner, died, and Matthew was adopted by an uncle, Samuel Prior, who kept the Rhenish Wine House in Channel (now Cannon) Row, Westminster Earl of Dorset here found him once reading Horace, and got his uncle to send the lad back to Westminster, in 1681 he became a king's scholar, and in 1683 was elected to a scholarship at St John's College, Cambridge. Here he distinguished himself, and amongst other verses, produced (1687), in conjunction with Charles Montagu (afterwards Earl of Halifax), a no-popery slit entitled the City Mouse and Country Mouse, burlesquing Dryden's Hind and Panther, in which Bayes figures somewhat as in the Rehearsal Earl of Dorset subsequently obtained for him an appointment as secretary to Lord Dursley, afterwards Earl of Berkeley, ambassador to the Hague. In this post Prior showed gifts unusual in successful poets, and secured the approbation of King William, who made him one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber In 1697 he was appointed secretary to the embassy on the treaty of Ryswick, and next year he was secretary of embassy at Johnson relates that, viewing at Versailles Le Brun's pictures of the victories of Louis, Prior, on being asked whether the King of England's palace had any such decorations, happily replied 'The monuments of my master's actions are to be seen everywhere but in his own house.' After his return to England Prior was appointed a Commissioner of Trade and Plantations In 1701 he entered the House of Commons for the borough of East Grinstead, and abandoning his former friends, the Whigs, joined the Tories in impeaching Lord This came with a bad grace from Prior, for the charge against Somers was that he had advised that partition treaty in which the poet himself had had a share He showed his patriotism by afterwards celebrating in verse the battles of Blenheim (1704) and Ramillies (1706) When the Whig Government was overturned, Prior became attached to Harley's administration, and went with Bolingbroke to France in 1711 to negotiate a treaty of peace. He lived in splendour in Paris, was a favourite of the French monarch, and enjoyed all the honours of ambassador was recalled, sore against his will, to London in Queen Anne being dead, and the Whigs again in office, Prior was committed to custody on a charge of high treason. The charge vas that he had held clandestine conferences with the French plenipotentiary—though, as he justly replied, no treaty was ever made without private interviews and preliminaries, it was suggested, too, that Bolingbrol e and he were intriguing for the Pretender The Whigs were indignant at what they regarded as the disgraceful treaty of Utrecht, Prior only shared in the blame of the Government and the unpopularity of Bolingbroke. After two vears' confinement, the poet was released without a tnal He had in the interval written his poem of Alma, and being now left without any other support than his fellowship of St John's, and very improvident to boot, he produced Solomon, the most elaborate of his works He further issued a collected edition of his poems (1718), which was sold to subscribers for two guineas a copy and realised four thousand guineas. An equal sum was presented to Prior by Lord Oxford's son, Lord Harley, now Earl of Oxford, and thus he had laid up a provision for old age. He was now ambitious only of comfort and private enjoyment-or said so Even these he did not long possess, he died on the 18th of September 1721, at Lord Harley's seat at Wimpole, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. The Duchess of Portland, Lord Harley's daughter, said Prior 'made himself beloved by every living thing in the house-master, child, and servant, human creature or animal' To this lady as a child he had addressed his well-known verses beginning

My noble lovely little Peggy, Let this, my first epistle, beg ye, At dawn of morn and close of even To lift your heart and hands to heaven In double beanty say your prayer, 'Our Father' first, then 'Notre Père.'

He was said to have been fond of toping and of low company, and at the time of his death was, according to Arbuthnot, on the point of marrying a certain Bessy Cox, who kept an alehouse in Long Acre To this person and to his secretary, Prior left his estate. Arbuthnot, writing to a friend the month after Prior's death, says 'We are to have a bowl of punch at Bessy Cox's She would fain have put it upon Lewis that she was his (Prior's) Emma she owned Flanders Jane was his Chloe.' To this doubtful Chloe some of his happiest verses were



MATTHEW PRIOR
From the Portrait by Jon Richard on in the National Portrait
Gallery

devoted, even high born ladies might well have envied such compliments as these

What I speak, my fair Chloe, and what I write, shows
The difference there is betwixt Nature and Art,
I court others in verse, but I love thee in prose,
And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart
The god of us verse men—you know, Child—the Sun,

How after his journeys he set up his rest,
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,
At night he reclines on his Thetis's breast,

So when I am wearied with wandering all day,
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come,
No matter what beauties I saw in my way,
They were but my visits but thou art my home.

To Chloe was inscribed his Henry and Emira, a poem upon the model of the Nut-brown Maia, but in discarding the simplicity of the original, Prior sacrificed much of its charm

The works of Prior range over a variety of styles

and subjects-odes, songs, epistles, epigrams, and tales, he was unquestionably versatile, though not always equal to himself in grace. His longest poem, Solomon on the Vanity of the World, was by its author thought his best, and so too thought It is free, of course, from the objections that can be raised against some of the others, and is perhaps the most carefully written, but the tales and lighter pieces of Prior are undoubtedly his happiest efforts. In these he displays that 'charming ease' Cowper commends, together with the lively illustration and colloquial humour of his master, Horace. Few poets have possessed in greater perfection the art of graceful and fluent versification. His narratives flow on like a clear stream, without break or fall, and interest us by their perpetual good humour and vivacity, even when they wander into metaphysics, as in Alma, or into coarseness, as in his tales-though Johnson called Prior's works 'a lady's book' Alma is still read by those who like its model, Hudibras, but Henry and Emma, also very popular at first, is forgotten The Secretary, The Female Phaton, and the lines To a Child of Quality, all famous in his lifetime, were not included in the poems of 1718 Pope and Beattie praised four (unprinted) prose Dialogues of the Dead by him, an interesting 'History of his own Time,' printed amongst his works, is of doubtful authenticity Prior, who was tall and lank in person, and in manner usually somewhat solemn, was vain of his gifts, though he constantly professed that his poetry was but the accident of a busy life. Thackeray thought 'Prior's seem to me, he highly of his work says, 'amongst the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly humorous of English lyrical poems' His classical allusions and images—in the fashion of the day-seem not to carry with them the air of pedantry or restraint. Like Swift he liked to versify the common occurrences of life and relate personal feelings and adventures, but he had none of the Dean's bitterness or misanthropy, and employed no stronger weapons of satire than raillery and arch allusion. He contrived to combine playfulness with grace and even a measure of dignity His verses to children-a department in which he was a pioneer—are delightful. He sported on the surface of existence, noting its foibles, its pleasures, and eccentricities, but without the power of penetrating into its recesses or evoking the nobler passions of our nature. He was the most natural of artificial poets-a seeming paradox, yet as true as the old maxim that the perfection of art is the art of concealing it.

# For My Own Monument

As doctors give physic by way of prevention, Matt, alive and in health, of his tombstone took care, For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention May haply be never fulfilled by his heir

Then take Matt's word for it, the sculptor is paid That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye, Yet credit but lightly what more may be said, For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

Yet counting as far as to fifty his years, His virtues and vices were as other men's are, High hopes he conceived, and he smothered great fears, In a life party-coloured, half pleasure, half care.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave, He strove to make int'rest and freedom agree, In public employments industrious and grave, And alone with his friends, Lord! how merry was he.

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot, Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust, And whirled in the round as the wheel turned abont, He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust

This verse, little polished, though mighty sincere, Sets neither his titles nor ment to view, It says that his relies collected he here, And no mortal yet knows too if this may be true.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway, So Matt may be killed and his bones never found, False witness at court, and fierce tempests at sea, So Matt may yet chance to be hanged or be drowned

If his bones he in earth, roll in sea, fly in air, To Fate we must yield, and the thing is the same, And if passing thon giv'st him a smile or a tear, He cares not—yet, prithee, be kind to his fame.

'The sculptor was Antoine Coysevox The bust was presented to Prior by Louis XIV

# Epitaph Extempore

Nobles and Heralds, by your leave,
Here hes what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve,
Can Bonrbon or Nassau claim higher?

Instead of being extempore, this is more probably a recollection like Goldsmith's Ned Purdon. There is an old epitaph—

'Johnnie Carnegie lais heer Descendit of Adam and Eve, Gif ony can gang hieher Ise willing gie him leave.

## An Epitaph

Interred beneath this marble stone, Lie sanntering Jack and idle Joan While rolling threescore years and one Did round this globe their courses run, If human things went ill or well, If changing empires rose or fell, The morning past, the evening came, And found this couple still the same They walked and ate, good folks What then? Why, then they walked and ate again, They soundly slept the night away, They did just nothing all the day Nor sister either had nor brother, They seemed just tallied for each other Their moral and economy Most perfectly they made agree, Each virtue kept its proper bound, Nor trespassed on the other's ground. Nor fame nor censure they regarded, They neither punished nor rewarded He cared not what the footman did Her maids she neither praised nor chid,

So every servant took his course. And, bad at first, they all grew worse Slothful disorder filled his stable. And sluttish plenty decked her table. Their beer was strong, their wine was port. Their meal was large, their grace was short. They gave the poor the remnant meat. Just when it grew not fit to eat. They paid the church and parish rate, And took, but read not the receipt, For which they claimed their Sunday's due. Of slumbering in an upper new No man's defects sought they to know. So never made themselves a foe. No man's good deeds did they commend. So never raised themselves a friend Nor cherished they relations poor, That might decrease their present store. Nor barn nor house did they repair. That might oblige their future heir They neither added nor confounded. They neither wanted nor abounded Nor tear nor smile did they employ At news of public grief or joy When bells were rung and bonfires made, If asked, they ne'er denied their aid, Their jug was to the ringers carried. Whoever either died or married Their billet at the fire was found. Whoever was deposed or crowned Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise, They would not learn, nor could advise, Without love, hatred, joy, or fear, They led-a kind of-as it were, Nor wished, nor cared, nor laughed, nor cried, And so they lived, and so they died

To a Child of Quality (one of the Dorset House), Five Years Old, the Author Forty 1704

Lords, knights, and squires, the numerous band That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters, Were summoned by her high command To shew their passion by their letters.

My pen amongst the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obeyed

Nor quality nor reputation

Forbid me yet my flame to tell

Dear five years-old befriends my passion,

And I may write till she can spell

For, while she makes her silkworms beds With all the tender things I swear, Whilst all the house my passion reads, In papers round her baby's hair,

She may receive and own my flame,
For though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtneus dame,
And I for an inhappy poet.

Then, too, alas when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends;
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

For, as our different ages move,

'Tis so ordained (would Fate but mend it ')

That I shall be past making love,

When she begins to comprehend it

Bibr in the sixteenth line is a doll. Cf Tatler No 95

# Abra's Love for Solomon.

Another nymph, amongst the many fur That made my softer hours their solemn care. Refore the rest affected still to stand, And natched my eye, preventing my command Abra-she so was called-didst soonest haste To grace my presence. Abra y ent the last, Abra was ready ere I called her name . And, though I called another, Abra came. Her equals first observed her growing zeal, And laughing, glossed that Abra served so well To me her actions did unheeded die. Or were remarked but with a common eye, fill, more apprised of what the rumonr said. More I observed peculiar in the maid The sun declined had shot his western ray. When tired with business of the solemn day, I purposed to unbend the evening hours. And banquet private in the women's howers I called before I sat to wash my hands-For so the precent of the law commands-Love had ordained that it was Abra's turn Fo mix the sweets and minister the um With awful homage, and submissive dread, The maid approached, on my declining head To pour the oils, she trembled as she poured. With an unguarded look she now devoured My nearer face and now recalled her eye. And herved, and strove to hide, a sudden sigh "And whence," said I, "canst thou have dread or כ מוזים

What can the imagery of sorrow mean? Seeluded from the world and all its care, Hast thou to grieve or joe, to hope or fear? For sure,' I added, 'sure they little heart Ne'er felt love's anger, or received his dart'

Abashed she blushed, and with disorder spoke Her rising shame adorned the words it broke

'If the great master will descend to hear
The humble series of his handmaid's care,
O! while she tells it, let him not put on
The look that awes the nations from the throne!
O' let not death severe in glory he
In the king's frown and terror of his eye!
Mine to obey, the part is to ordain,
And, though to mention be to suffer pain,
If the ling smile whilst I my woe recite,
If weeping I find favour in his sight,
Flor fast my tears, full rising his delight,
O' witness earth beneath, and heaven above!
For can I hide it? I am sick of love,
If madness may the name of passion bear,
Or love be called what is indeed despair

'Thou Sovereign Power, whose secret will controls
The inward bent and motion of our souls!
Why hast thou placed such infinite degrees
Between the cause and cure of my disease?
The mighty object of that riging fire,
In which unputied, Abra must expire.

Had he been born some simple shepherd's heir. The lowing herd or fleecy slieed his care. At morn with him I o'er the hills had run. Scornful of winter's frost and summer's sun. Still asking where he made his flock to rest at noon. For him at night, the dear expected guest. I had with hasty joy prepared the feast, And from the cottage, o'er the distant plain, Sent forth my longing eye to meet the swain. Wavering, impatient, tossed by hope and fear, Till he and joy together should appear, And the loved dog declare his master near On my declining neck and open breast I should have Julled the lovely youth to rest. And from beneath his head, at dawning day, With softest care have stol'n my arm away. To use and from the fold release his sheep, Fond of his flock, indulgent to his sleep Or if kind heaven, propitious to my flame-For sure from heaven the faithful ardour came-Had blest my life, and decked my natal hour With height of title, and extent of power Without a crime my passion had aspired. Found the loved prince, and told what I desired. Then I had come, preventing Sheba's queen, To see the comcliest of the sons of men. To hear the charming poet's amorous song. And gather honey falling from his tongue, To take the frigrant kisses of his mouth, Sweeter than breezes of her native South, Likening his grace, his person, and his mien, To all that great or beauteous I had seen '

Here o'er her speech her flowing eyes prevail. O foolish maid! and O, unhappy tale! I saw her, 'twas humanity, it gave Some respite to the sorrows of my slave Her fond excess proclaimed her passion true, And generous pity to that truth was due Well I entreated her, who well deserved, I called her often, for she always served Use made her person easy to my sight, And ease insensibly produced delight Whene'er I revelled in the women's bowers-For first I sought her but at looser hours-The apples she had gathered smelt most sweet, The cake she kneaded was the sayour, meat But fruits their odour lost, and ments their taste, If gentle Abra had not decked the feast Dishonoured did the sparkling goblet stand, Unless received from gentle Abra's hand, And, when the virgins formed the evening choir, RaisiOn their voices to the master lyre, Too fla I thought this voice, and that too shrill, One sheved too much, and one too little skill, Nor could my soul approve the music's tone, Till all was hushed, and Abra sung alone Fairer she seemed distinguished from the rest, And better mien disclosed, as better drest A bright tiara round her forehead tied, To juster bounds confined its rising pride The blushing ruby on her snowy breast Rendered its panting whiteness more confessed, Brieelets of pearl give roundness to her arm, And every gem augmented every charm Her senses pleased, her beauty still improved, And she more lovely grew, as more beloved.

# Written in Mezeray's History of France

Whate'er thy countrymen have done By law and wit, by sword and gun, In thee is faithfully recited, And all the living vorld that view. Thy work give thee the praises due, At once instructed and delighted

Yet for the fame of all these deeds,
What beggar in the Invalides,
With lameness broke, vith blindness smitten,
Wished ever decently to die,
To ha e been either Mezeray
Or any monarch he has written?

It's strange, dear author, yet it true is, That down from Pharamond to Louis, All covet life, yet call it pain, All feel the ill, yet shun the cure. Can sense this paradox endure? Resolve me, Cambray or Fontaine.

The man in graver tragic known (Though his best part long since was done) Still on the stable desires to tarry, And he who played the Harlequin, After the jest still loads the scene, Unvilling to retire, though weary

Cambray is, of course, Fenelon, who was Archbishop of Cambrar, François de Eudes Mezeray (1610-83) wrote what was long the standard Histoire de France Sir Walter Scott, about a year before his death, repeated these verses when on a Border tour with Mr Lock hart. They me two beggars old soldiers, one of whom recognised Scot, and bade God bless him. The mendicants went on their way, and we stood breathing on the Looll. Sir Walter followed them with his eye, and plan ing his such firmly on the sod repeated without break or hesitation Priors verses to the historian Mezeray That he applied them to himself was touchingly obvious.

## The Thief and the Cordelier -A Ballad.

Who has e'er been at Paris must needs I now the Greve, The fatal retreat of the unfortunate brave, Where honour and justice most oddly contribute To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet

Derry down, down, hey derry down

There death breaks the shackles which force had put on,
And the hangman completes what the judge but begun,
There the 'squire of the pad, and the knight of the post,
Find their pains no more balked, and their hopes no
more crossed

Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are known,

And the king, and the law, and the thief, has his own, But my hearers cry out 'What a deuce dost thou ail? Cast off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.'

Derry down, &c.

Twas there, then, in civil respect to harsh laws, And for want of false witness to back a bad cause, A Norman, though late, was obliged to appear, And v ho to assist but a grave Cordelier? Derry down, &c.

The 'squire, whose good grace was to open the scene, Scemed not in great haste that the show should begin, Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart, And often tool leave, but was loath to depart Derry down, &c. 'What frightens you thus, my good son' says the priest.

'You murdered, are sorry, and have been confessed'
'O father' my sorrow will scarce save my bacon,
For 'twas not that I murdered, but that I was taken'
Detry down, &c

'Pooh, prithee ne'er trouble thy head with such fancies, Rely on the aid you shall have from St Francis, If the money you promised be brought to the chest, You have only to die, let the church do the rest' Derry down, &c

'And what will folks say if they see you afraid? It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade Courage, friend, to-day is your period of sorrow, And things will go better, believe me, to morrow? Derry down, &c.

'To morrow!' our hero replied in a fright,
'He that's hanged before noon ought to think of to night.
'Tell your heads,' quoth the priest, 'and be fairly trussed up,
For you surely to night shall in paradise sup

Derry down. &c.

'Alas' quoth the 'squire, howe'er sumptuous the treat, Parbleu' I shall have little stomach to eat, I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace, Would you be so kind as to go in my place'

Derry down, &c

'That I vould,' quoth the father, 'and thank you to boot, But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit, The feast I proposed to you I cannot taste, For this night by our order is marked for a fast 'Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the hangman, he said 'Despatch me, I prithee, this tronblesome blade, For thy cord and my cord both equally tie, And we live by the gold for which other men die.'

Derry down, &c.

# Ode to a Lady

She refusing to continue a Dispute with me, and leaving me in the Argument.

Spare, generous victor, spare the slave, Who did unequal v ar pursue, That more than triumph he might have In being overcome by you'

In the dispute whate er I said,

My heart was by my tongue belied,

And in my looks you might have read

How much I argued on your side

Yon, far from danger as from fear,

Might have sustained an open fight
For seldom your opinions err,

Your eyes are always in the right.

Why, fair one, would you not rely
On reason's force vith beauty's joined?
Could I their prevalence deny,
I must at once be deaf and blind

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the fight aspired,
To keep the beauteous foe in view,
Was all the glory I desired

But she, howe'er of victory sure,

Contemns the wreath too long delayed,
And, armed with more immediate power,

Calls cruel silence to her aid.

Deeper to wound she shuns the fight,
She drops her arms to gam the field
Secures her conquest by her flight,
And triumphs when she seems to yield.

So when the Parthian turned his steed, And from the hostile camp withdrew, With cruel skill the backward reed He sent, and as he fled he slew

# Theory of the Mind.

I say, whatever you maintain Of Alma in the heart or brain, The plainest man alive may tell ve Her sent of empire is the belly From hence she sends out those supplies Which make us either stout or wise Your stomach makes your fabrie roll Just as the bias rules the bowl That great Achilles might employ The strength designed to ruin Troy. He dined on hon's marrow, spread On toasts of ammunition bread, But, by his mother sent away Amongst the Thracian girls to play. Esseminate lie sat and quiet-Stringe product of a cheese cake diet! Observe the various operations Of food and drink in several nations. Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel Upon the strength of water gruel? But who shall stand his rage or force If first he rides, then eats his horse? Salads, and eggs, and lighter fare Tune the Italian spark's guitar. And, if I take Dan Congreve right, Pudding and beef make Britons fight. Tokas and coffee cause this work Between the German and the Turk

And both, as they provisions want, Chicane, avoid, retire, and faint As, in a watch's fine machine, Though many artful springs are seen . The added movements, which declare How full the moon, how old the year, Derive their secondary power From that which simply points the honr. For though these gimcracks were away-Ouare would not swear, but Quare would say-However more reduced and plain. The watch would still a watch remain But if the horal orbit ceases, The whole stands still or breaks to pieces, Is now no longer what it was, And you may e'en go sell the case. So if unprejudiced you scan The goings of this clockwork, man, You find a hundred movements made By fine devices in his head, But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke That tells his being what's o'clock If you take off his rhetoric trigger, He talks no more in trope and figure. Or clog his mathematic wheel, His buildings fall, his ship stands still, Or, lastly, break his politic weight, His voice no longer rules the state Yet, if these finer whims are gone, Your clock, though plain, will still go on But spoil the organ of digestion, And you entirely change the question, Alma's affairs no power can mend, The jest, alas! is at an end. Soon ceases all the worldly bustle, And you consign the corpse to Russel

(From Alma)

Alma here symbolises the mind Quare was a noted watchmaker of the day, Russel an undertaker, mentioned in Garth's Dispensary

The best edition of Priors Poems is by Mr Brimley Johnson (2 vols. 1892) and there is a good selection by Mr Austin Dobson (1889). See also articles in the Contemporary Review for May 1890, and the Quarterly Review for October 1899.

# THE AGE OF QUEEN ANNE



and the appearance of Thomson's Winter in 1726 make the best boundary-marks for the so-called Augustan age of English literature, which is likewise styled the age of

Oueen Anne, although it really includes also the reign of George I It is true that the activity and influence of the greatest poet of the period extended far beyond the latter limit. for Pope lived on till near the middle of the century, and his Dunciad, Essay on Man, and Satires were all produced during the reign of George II The same is true in a measure of Swift, who died a month after the hattle of Prestonpans, as well as of some minor men like Gay, whose Fables and Beggar's Opera in their dates of publication just overpass the line here Yet that line seems on the whole as little arbitrary as possible, since the appearance of Thomson marks the beginning of the slow return to nature in poetry, which, despite its lingering conventionalism, shows a nascent reaction against the limited ideals of correctness associated with the name of Pope. Moreover, the great bulk of the definitely Augustan literature had been produced before the end of 1726 All the work of Addison and Steele, and all the greatest work of Swift from the Tale of a Tub down to Gulliver's Travels, as well as Pope's Essay on Criticism, Rape of the Lock, and Homer, were given to the world within what is roughly the first quarter of the eighteenth century, and the same holds good of the novels of Defoe It is perhaps not insignificant that the dividing line thus drawn in literature may be traced also in the sphere of public affairs, for in the few years before 1726 the generation of statesmen which had flourished under Queen Anne made way for their successors hope, Sunderland, Marlborough, and Cowper had died between 1720 and 1723 in that latter year Atterbury was exiled, and Bolingbroke extinguished by pardon and return from banishment, while Oxford ended his days in 1724. The close of the first twenty-six years of the eighteenth century may be said, indeed, to coin cide with the critical point of the transition from Pope and Swift to Thomson and Richardson and Fielding, and also from the contemporaries of Harley and St John to those of Walpole and the Pelhams

The epithet Augustan, so often applied to the period of Queen Anne, suggests a parallel with the age of Virgil and Horace which can only partially be justified. Assuredly there was no Virgil among the poets of eighteenth-century England, and if Pope may be accepted as all we have for an English Horace, he must be taken as but a maimed one at the best. With a sharper sating genius than the Roman, and almost as shrewd a knowledge of human life and character, he has none of the geniality that delights us in the Epistles, and as little of the lyric charm that gives immortality to the Odes The Horatian quality in the age of Queen Anne is to be sought rather in the work of Addison, and not in Addison's verse but in his prose. The papers of the Spectator, in their delightful and always genial mingling of humour, satire, and observation, show all the best of Horace's traits, except of course the purely poetical, while at the same time they are absolutely unstained by the characteristically Horatian blots As for the sinister and solitary genius of Swift, there is no parallel to that in any literary age whatever creator of the Struldbrugs and the Yahoos there was certainly little of that urbanity which is reckoned as a specially Augustan trait, and indeed the literary urbanity of the age of Anne is to be found less in the gracious tone of a polished civilisation than in an absorption in the artificial life of what had come to be called 'the town' Virgil and Horace are always at home—and even most at home—in the country, but it is not so with Swift or Pope, or even, despite his Shepherd's IVal of pastorals, with Here again, however, an exception must be made for Addison, who is as much at his ease in Worcestershire as in the Strand, and whose portrait of Sir Roger de Coverley recalls Horace's pictures of the farmers among the Samnite hills

On the other hand, there are one or two

particulars in which the age of Queen Anne on the literary side did really resemble that of Augustus. It was an age of comparative repose and contentment and prosperity after civil disquiet, and an age too in which letters were splendidly encouraged by the great. peculiar development of literary patronage due to the Revolution has been considered on a former page, and here it will suffice to say that in no other period has English literature owed so much to the imitators of Mæcenas, so that even Pope, who thanked Homer alone for his pecuniary independence, was indebted to Harley and St John for his social position, while Addison's essays procured him a Secretaryship of State It has to be added, however, that the end of the period saw the decline of the political patronage of letters under Walpole's unromantic That shrewd opportunist was quick to perceive that the consolidation of the Whig oligarchy had made literary aid superfluous to the administration Not clever satire or pamphleteering but crafty political management was needed to sustain the Minister's majority, and so under Walpole English literature passed into those gloomy decades through which Fielding and Johnson struggled.

The statement that the age of Queen Anne was one of comparative repose and content may seem paradoxical in face of the fact that it was occupied by a long foreign war, by constant Incobite intrigue, and by the conflict of fierce political factions. Yet the wai, illustrated by the victories of Marlborough was brilliantly successful, and served to Jovershadow the Jacobite intriguing, while strife of Whigs and Tories, with all its billerness, was far less violent than the civil brois of the later Stuart reigns or even of the time of William III great majority of the per ple were undoubtedly more contented with their political lot than they had been since the years immediately succeeding the Restoration The were ruled now not by a real or suspected Papist, or a Dutch intruder, but by a native so dereign of the old line, ferrently attached to the attonal Church The constitution and the succe. sion had been settled, the danger from Scotland was peacefully avoided by the Union of 1707, and every year the Tower guns were sounding the news of glorious victorics over the French It would seem that the nation was really very little troubled by fears of Jacobitism and it is significant at least that, so far as its abiding literature gives evidence, there might almost have been no such

thing as Jacobitism at all Of the Tory revival promoted largely perhaps by the publication of Lord Clarendon's great History in 1704-7there are traces in plenty, especially in the jeur d'esprit of Arbuthnot and the voluminous pamphleteering of Swift, though even this reyival has left no such mark on our literature as the terrible factions of Charles II's time have done in the satires of Dryden Jacobitism one must turn to the subterranean literature of the time-to secret memoirs and libellous broadsheets and clandestine correspondence, or at the best to such unread tracts of Defoe as And what if the Pretender should come? or Hannibal at the Gate England in truth was almost as hopeful and as well satisfied with herself in the reign of Queen Anne as in the reign of Queen Victoria, and although her self-consciousness did not issue, as in the case of Augustan Rome, in a great national epic or history, it is sufficiently evident in the optimism of Pope, the easy good-humour of Addison, and

even the mordant activity of Swift

Passing from these general aspects to some of the particular features of the age, one may note that in poetry it consummated the effort after orderliness and correctness which had followed as a natural reaction upon the licentious degeneracy of Elizabethan vigour that consummation Pope of course was the grand agent, and his influence is seen in all the minor poets (some of them little more than his satellites) from Gay and Parnell down to Fenton and Broome A fresh reaction against the excess of convention and correctness was of course mevitable, and the return to nature, which at first and for long was made with reverent loyalty to the authority of Pope, has been discerned by some in the poems of the Countess of Winchilsea, who would thus be a very small and early herald of Thomson the drama the Restoration comic model lingered on in the work of Farquhar till 1707, but was gradually supplanted by the sentimental comedy, wherein Steele, the first effective moraliser of the stage, was succeeded by Colley Tragedy was continued mainly by Nicholas Rowe, a very much weaker and purer Otway; but the entire lack of aptitude for the poetic drama was most signally shown in Addi son's Cato, the production of which, in the year of the Treaty of Utrecht, was one of its conspicuous literary events Rowe and Addison are far more notable in other regards—the one as the first critical editor of Shakespeare (followed ere long by Pope himself and Theobald), and the other as the earliest popular and sympathetic critic of Milton English literary criticism may almost be said to begin with the Spectator, which led the way in its attempt to sho and explain to intelligent men and women at large the methods and merits of a classic English writer. The age, indeed, was essentially though crudely critical, as beseemed a generation that made correctness the main poetic virtue, and its bent in this direction is to be seen in the sallies of the Scriblerus Club, the bitter war of Pope against the dunces, and the frenzies of Mr John Dennis

Swift is the greatest name of the period in prose, and infinitely the greatest master of satire in the language. His style shows the highest reach of that essentially pamphleteering manner which in its plain directness of appeal to the multitude had always maintained a contrast to the academic manner as developed in different varieties by Bacon, Hooker, and Browne an influence on English prose, however, he has been second to Addison, who simplified and perfected what one may call the gentlemanly style affected by Sir Wilham Temple Hardly any development in English literature has been so momentous as that which vas begun by the Tatler in 1709, and continued by the more famous Spectator (1711) and the Guardian Not only did these papers mark the rise of periodical writing, and give a fresh start and a new form to the English essay, but they also did more than anything else to spread a knowledge and love of literature among the middle classes, to diffuse an atmosphere of politeness and culture, and offer a model of easy and unaffected expression At the same time the art of epistolary writing made a great advance in the hands of Pope and Swift, and above all of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the first of whose charming letters from the East was written in 1717 Soon afterwards, between 1719 and 1724, came the tales of Daniel Defoe, beginning with Robinson Crusoe, and marking a preliminary stage in the evolution of the English novel.

A few other prose writers in different fields deserve a word of notice. The works of Lord Bolingbroke, one of the great political figures of the age, were mostly written and published long afterwards, but his Letter to Sir William Wyndham, composed in 1717, shows his essentially oratorical style almost at its best. In

1711 the third Lord Shaftesbury had published the Characteristics, a collection of philosophical essays in stately and somewhat too rhetorical Shaftesbury has often been ranked as one of the Deists, an active and notable band of controversialists in their day, though now Their leaders were such men half-forgotten as Toland, Tindal, Woolston, and Anthony Collins, and their attacks on revelation raised a fierce controversy, which was begun by the Nonjuror Leslie so early as 1697, and culminated perhaps in the encounter of Anthony Collins and Bentley in 1713 The polemical monuments of Deism are not of great literary interest, but the movement is noteworthy as showing the change of the ecclesiastical battleground from the old question of Papal supremacy which had occupied the attention of combatants in the century before important also because of the effect it had on French speculation through the agency of Voltaire, whose memorable sojourn in England began just at the end of this period, in 1726 1 loftier and rarer spirit than most of those engaged in the Deistical controversy was Bishop Berkeley, famous in metaphysics as the exponent of an extreme idealism, but mentionable here mainly for the hterary grace of dialogues like Hylas and Philonous, which are the most successful adaptations in our language of the manner and method of Plato Externally the Church was strong, prosperous, and even aggressive in the reign of Oucci Anne, while among its ministers were some of the most brilliant intellects of the age-notably Atterbury and Swift It was already, however, very largely affected by a practical if not a dogmatic rationalism, which was to prevail for more than a century, until the romantic and Tractarian movements had ended the reign of common-sense An eccentric but not an insignificant phenomenon vas the career of the wayward Whiston, who managed to combine Arianism with supernaturalism, and was in consequence deprived of the Cambridge professorship, in which he had succeeded Newton Outside the bounds of the Establishment the same rationalising tendency is apparent, and it was in the reign of Queen Anne that the Unitarian sect in England (not then consciously rationalist) had its beginning out of the isolated congregations-many of them Presbyterianwhich in the preceding half-century had left the Anglican Church

the other-as morally decisive. But as it was not published, it was of no help to Swift in the complications with Vanessa, who followed him to Ireland and established herself at a house of hers not far from Dublin-complications which, also in some of their details resting on evidence probable only, are certain, and must have been great. unhappy lady, a figure not so attractive as her rival, but to be pitied quia multum amavit, died in 1723. In the interval Swift-v hether out of genuine Irish patriotism, or to revenge himself on the Whigs, is a moot point-had been working un a line of attack against the undoubted misdeeds of the Irish Government, and a year later the best of handles was given to him by the affair called 'Wood's halfpence.' The idlest attempts have been made by his detractors to lessen the scandal It will probably be sufficient even for those who are not prone to listen to 'Iri's grievances,' to mention two simple facts. In the first place. Wood was empowered to coin thirty pence out of twelve-pennyworth of copper, and there are suspicions that he did not always keep even to this comfortable margin of profit. In the second, after his contract had been cut down from the preposterous sum of £,108,000 to £,40,000, its entire withdrawal was supposed to require a solatium of £3000 a year for eight years. At any rate, Swift took up the matter in the famous Drapier's Letters (1724, see infra), and, not without some slight personal risk, beat the Government completely, becoming thereby the idol of Ireland. Not long afterwards, in 1726 and 1727, he made visits to his friends in England, and these visits not merely knit up old friendship anew, but were fruitful in literary work. This was the time when Gulliver's Travels appeared Moreover, Swift's genius had always been remarkable for its suggestive and stimulative power over his friends, and there is no doubt that both the Beggar's Opera and the Dunciad owed something, perhaps much, to him But Stella's health had been breaking for some time, and she died in 1728, shortly after his return from the second visit. Of the world-famous inscription, 'Only a woman's hair,' on a lock of hers in his writing, it is sufficient to say that there have been persons, apparently possessing heads, who have charged Swift with wanting a heart. He outlived her for nearly twenty years, and probably wrotecertainly published-some of his most characteristic and brilliant work the Modest Proposal (see infra), one of the very apices of the irony of the world, the charming Polite Conversation, almost good-natured in its satire on society, the verses, in their peculiar way consummate, 'On the Death of Dr Swift, 'Rhapsody of Poetry,' and 'Legion Club,' with those, virtually though not technically authenticated, on the 'Last Judgment.' But the mysterious disease which had afflicted his whole life, which he himself set down to some ailment of the stomach, but which is now held to have been a local affection close to but not necessarily affecting the brain, was

increasing, and, aided by disappointment, bereavement, and the 'fierce indignation' which in the happiest circumstances and highest health would probably have still been fated to him, made his life more and more of a misery At last its ravages gained the brain itself, and after some five years, sometimes of hideous torture, sometimes of apathetic vacancy, a series of epileptic fits ended in his death on October 19, 1745 He lies buried, with Stella, in his cathedral, and the Latin inscription written by himself still records that sava indignatio which is an undoubted psychological and historical fact, and which perhaps wisdom will join with charity in bidding us not too hastily to condemn as a moral fault. An intelligent passerby, like him who has secured immortality for himself in the case of Ben Jonson, might have added Addison's verdict forty years before-'The greatest genius of the nation

Of his character no adequate discussion, or even summary, is possible in a small space. To those who would reduce all human nature to a set of probable types, acting consciously in accordance with or deliberately against certain accepted moral rules and intellectual principles, it must always be an insoluble enigma or a shocking deformity and abnormality To those who like cheap and glaring antitheses it is an easy prey But those who are content to admit infinite diversity, plus in at least many cases not a little mystery, in human character, will find Swift not at all astounding except in his genius, and only incomprehensible as great things and persons usually are. It may, however, bepermitted to dissent from some high authorities who assert his entire sanity before the last breakdown In the discernment of right from wrong. and in the co-ordination of action to consequence, he was no doubt as sane as the sanest But the too famous 'coarseness' (for which coarseness itself is a word too fine) of his ideas and language has rather horribly suggestive analogies in some symptoms of insanity itself, and the suggestion is repeated in other traits of his character rate, one famous saying would not here be out, for of the greatness of the wits allied to this madness no one himself possessing wit however small can doubt

These wits were shown both in prose and in verse, but admirable as are some of Swift's verses, it cannot be said that those are wholly wrong who maintain that even the widest form of Dryden's alleged sentence, 'You will never be a poet,' Pindaric or other, was justified Not only does Swift never attain the finest, rarest, most charming strokes of poetry, but it can hardly be said that his very best things (with the possible exception of the 'Last Judgment,' where the light style of the medium and the tremendous gravity of the sense create the most mary ellously effective discord) gain very much from their poetic form Swift has made them capital in poetry, he could have made them as capital, though in a slightly different way, in

it may be as well to note that during great part of his life he kept up a dropping fire of papers on religious or at least ecclesiastical and clerical By far the greatest result of his Irish campaigns was The Dramer's Letters (1724), which, enhemeral and casual as was their subject, are as pieces of literature almost if not quite the equal of his greatest work, and the Modest Proposal as to the Children of the Irish Poor (1729), which need not fear comparison with anything either of his own or another's In the Letters the protean variety of the attack, the astonishing verisimilitude (so interesting to compare with Defoe's different use of the same device) of the exposition, the cunning appeal (without any ostentatious 'writing down') to the vulgar understanding, combined with prodigies of irony and advocacy only to be appreciated by the keenest wits, are the main things to be noticed The Modest Proposal (to relieve the distress of Ireland doubly by the use of Irish children from twelve to eighteen months old as an article of food) is perhaps the capital example in little of Swift's thought, style, and general method of procedure Those (and there have been not a few) who are simply too much shocked and disgusted by the bare idea of it need hardly hope ever to understand him fully, and there is perhaps something of a counter danger in the possibility of exaggerating his humanity and his indignation at oppression, so as to obscure his artistic delight in the grave and orderly conduct of a monstrous and paradoxical proposition Between the Drapter (which is only 'Draper') and the Modest Proposal came Gulliver's Travels (1726), which is not only his most popular but also his most complete as well as most ambitious book. It is possible that in sheer clear intellectual power this book is not quite the equal of the Tale. but it has as much more variety as it has more art, and the stream flows distinctly from source to sea instead of first meandering in tangled reaches and then sinking in sands In the two earlier divisions -the accounts of Lilliput, where men's height is an inch for our foot, and of Brobdingnag, where it is a foot for our inch-the satire on humanity is comparatively good-humoured, the absurdity rather than the malignity of man is the thing chiefly insisted upon. In the third the attack on the pedants and 'projectors' of Laputa and Balmbarbi grows much more savage, while the appalling description of the Struldbrugs or decrepit immortals of Luggnagg shows us not only what Swift but too truly feared for himself, but one of his reasons for detesting humanity. Then in the fourth part, the description of the Houyhnhnms and Yahoos, the batteries are shifted, and it is no longer at the folly and feebleness of man but at his brutal and almost devilish corruption that they are levelled. Perhaps the picture, which Swift appears to hold up to contrasted admiration, of the Houyhnlinm character - sensible, orderly, prudent, but utterly without passion or enthusiasm of any kind—is more really depressing than even the baboon-like bestiality of his male and female Yahoos. As a whole, however, the book, with the possible exception of the Struldbrug passage, is much too amusing to depress at all. Dullness (especially German dullness) has picked out this and that reminiscence of or similarity to preceding work, especially that of Cyrano de Bergerac, but this is usual and negligible. There is no more original work of genius in literature than Gulliver's Travels

The only two pieces still requiring mention (of about a hundred credited to him) are Polite Conversation (1738) and the Directions to Servants, the latter not published except posthumously piece, though very amusing in parts, and a wonderful instance of that microscopic observation which had so much to do with Swift's success, is at best a little trivial, and at worst spoilt by the nastiness which is his greatest weakness But the Polite Conversation is perfectly charming Purporting to be the talk of a fashionable set in London during something like the double round of the clock, it not merely abounds with strokes of humour, not merely hits types and ways which exist very little changed to day, but clothes those types with dramatic individualities in a fashion never indulged in by Swift elsewhere. Even Lemuel Gulliver is but an eidolon compared with 'Miss' and Tom Neverout, Lady Smart and the Colonel Everywhere, or almost everywhere, else Swift's comedy turns, or seems constantly on the point of turning, either to the sternest tragedy or it least to acrimonious invective Here, keen as is the rapici and unerring as is the artist's fence, he never exactly takes off the button that keeps it a harmless foil

Yet if not the greatest, the most unique, the most charming, the most pathetic, the most varied in appeal of Swift's works remains to be mentioned, and that is what he never meant for a work at allthe Journal to Stella This consists of the budgets of diary-letters which he sent to his beloved and her companion (for this strange etiquette of the third person was kept up even here) during his momentous stay in London during the last years of the queen (2nd September 1710 to 6th June As vivid as Pepys, shot through and through by the light of an intellect beside which that of the good, or at least agreeable, Clerk of the Acts is a mere farthing candle, dealing with matters of the greatest historical and social interest publicly, and revealing in private one of the strangest tragi comedies in the great theatre of Love, diversified by the extraordinary 'little language' or baby jargon which Swift sprinkles here and there as a sort of caress to his correspondent, this wonderful book even by itself defies the existence of anything like a second to it But standing as it does between the Tale and Gulliver, it completes, as nothing else possibly could, the evidence of the greatness and the strangeness of its author's genius

From 'On Poetry a Rhapsody'

Not empire to the rising sun,
By valour, conduct, fortune won,
Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern states,
Not skill in sciences profound,
So large to grasp the circle round,
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the Muse's lyre.
Not beggar's brat or bulk begot,
Not bastard of a pedler Scot,

Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes, The spawn of Bridewell or the stews, Not infants dropt, the spurious pledges Of gipsies littering under hedges,

Are so disqualified by fate
To rise in church, or law, or state,

As he whom Phabus in his ire
Hath blasted with poetic fire

# A Description of the Morning

Now hardly here and there a hackney coach

Appearing shewed the ruddy morn's approach The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door Had pared the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor Now Moll had whirled her mop with dextrous airs, Prepared to scrub the entry and the stairs. The youth with broomy stumps begun to trace. The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place. The small coal man was heard with cadence deep. Till drowned in shriller notes of chimney sweep. Duns at his lordship's gate began to meet, And brick dust Moll had screamed through half the street. The turnkey now his flock returning sees, Duly let out a nights to steal for fees, The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,

#### From Cadenus and Vanessa!

And school boys lag with satchels in their hands.

But Cupid, full of mischief, longs To vindicate his mother's wrongs On Pallas all attempts are vain One way he I nows to give her pain, Vous on Vanessa's heart to take Due vengeance, for her patron's sake, Those early seeds by Venus sown, In spite of Pallas now were grown, And Cupid hop'd they would improve By time, and ripen into love The boy made use of all his craft. In vain discharging many a shaft, Pointed at colonels, lords, and beaux Cadenus warded off the blows, For, placing still some book betwixt, The darts were in the cover fix'd. Or, often blunted and recoil'd, On Plutarch's Morals struck, were spoild

The Queen of Wisdom could foresee,
But not prevent, the Fates decree
And human caution tries in vain
To hreak that adamantine chain
Vanessa, though by Pallas taught,
By Love invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wisdom's aid,
Was in the very search betray'd

Cupid, though all his darts were lost, Vet still resolv'd to spare no cost He could not answer to his fame The triumphs of that stubborn dama. A numbh so hard to be subdued, Who neither was coquette nor prude. I find, said he, she wants a doctor, Both to adore her and instruct her I'll give her what she most admires, Among these venerable sires Cidenus is a subject fit. Grown old in politics and wit, Caress'd by ministers of state, Of half mankind the dread and hate Whate'er vexations love attend, She need no rivals apprehend Her sex, with universal voice, Must laugh at her capricious choice. Cadenus many things had writ Vanessa much esteem'd his wit, to

And call d for his poetic works
Meantime the boy in secret lurks,
And while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private stand
Took aim, and shot with all his strength
A dart of such prodigious length,
It pierc'd the feeble volume through,
And deep transfiv'd her bosom too
Some lines, more moving than the rest,
Stuck to the point that pierc d her breast,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown increas'd her smart

Vanessa, not in years a score, Dreams of a gown of forty four Imaginary charms can find In eyes with reading almost blind Cadenus non no more appears Declin'd in health, advanc d in year-She fancies music in his tongue, Nor further looks, but thinks him young What mariner is not afraid To venture in a slip decay'd? What planter will attempt to yoke A sapling with a falling oak? As years increase, she brighter shines Cadenus with each dry declines And he must fall a prey to time, While she continues in her prime. Cadenus, common forms apart, In every scene had kept his heart, Had sigh'd and languish'd, you d and writ, For pastime, or to show his wit But books, and time, and state affairs Had spoil d his fashionable airs He now could praise, esteem, approve, But understood not what was love His conduct might have made him styl'd A fither, and the nymph his child That innocent delight he took To see the virgin mind her book, Was but the master's secret jou In school to hear the finest boy Her knowledge with her fancy grew, She hourly press'd for something new,

Ideas came into her mind

So fast, his lessons lagg d behind,

She reason'd, without plodding long, Nor ever gave her judgment wrong But now a sudden change was wronght She minds no longer what he taught. Cadenus was amaz'd to find Such marks of a distracted mind For though she seem'd to listen more To all he spoke than e'er before. He found her thoughts would absent range, Yet guess'd not whence could spring the change. And first he modestly conjectures His pupil might be tird with lectures. Which help'd to mortify his pride. Yet gave him not the heart to chide Bnt in a mild dejected strain. At last he ventur d to complain Said she should be no longer teaz'd. Might have her freedom when she pleas'd Was now convine'd he acted wrong To hide her from the world so long, And in dull studies to engage One of her tender sex and age That every nymph with envy own'd, How she might sline in the grande monde, And every shepherd was undone To see her closster d like a nun. This was a visionary scheme He wak'd, and found it but a dream, A project far above his skill. For nature must be nature still If he were bolder than became A scholar to a courtly dame, She might excuse a man of letters Thus tutors often treat their betters And, since his talk offensive grew, He came to take his last adieu.

Vanessa, fill'd with just disdain, Would still her dignity maintain, Instructed from her early years To scorn the art of female tears.

Had he employ'd his time so long To teach her what was right and wrong. Let could such notions entertain That all his lectures were in vain? She own'd the wandering of her thoughts, But he must answer for her faults. She well remember'd to her cost That all his lessons were not lost. Two maxims she could still produce, And sad experience taught their use, That virtue, pleas d by being shown, Knows nothing which it dares not own, Can make us without fear disclose Our inmost secrets to our foes That common forms were not design'd Directors to a noble mind Now, said the nymph, to let you see My actions with your rules agree, That I can vulgar forms despise, And have no secrets to disguise, I I new, by what you said and writ, How dangerous things were men of wit, You caution'd me against their charms, But never gave me equal arms, Your lessons found the weakest part, Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart. 61

Cadenus felt within him rise Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise. He kney not how to reconcile Such language with her usual style And yet her words were so exprest, He could not hope she spoke in jest His thought had wholly been confin'd To form and cultivate her mind He hardly knew, till he was told. Whether the nymph were young or old. Had met her in a public place, Without distinguishing her face Much less could his declining age Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage, And, if her youth indifference met, His person must contempt beget Or grant her passion be sincere, How shall his innocence be clear? Appearances were all so strong. The world must think him in the wrong Would say he made a treacherous use Of wit to flatter and seduce The town would swear lie had betray'd By magic spells the harmless maid And every bean would have his jokes, That scholars were like other folks. And when Platonic flights were over, The tutor turn'd a mortal lover ' So tender of the young and fair! It show'd a true paternal care-Five thousand guineas in her purse l The doctor might have fancy'd worse -

Hardly at length he silence broke, And falter'd every word he spoke. Interpreting her complaisance, Just as a man sans consequence. She rallied well, he always knew Her manner now was something new, And what she spoke was in an air As serious as a tragic player But those who aim at ridicule Should fix upon some certain rule, Which fairly hints they are in jest, Else he must enter his protest For, let a man be ne er so wise. He may be caught with sober lies, A science which lie never taught, And, to be free, was dearly bought, For, take it in its proper light, 'Tis just what eoxcombs call a bite.

But, not to dwell on things minute, Vanessa finish'd the dispute, Brought weighty arguments to prove That reason was her guide in love. She thought he had himself describ'd. His doctrines when she first imbih d, What he had planted, now was grown. His virtues she might call her own, As he approves, as he dislikes, Love or contempt her fancy strikes Self tove in nature rooted fast Attends us first and leaves us last Why she likes him, admire not at her, She loves herself, and that's the matter How was her tutor wont to praise The geniuses of ancient days!

(Those authors he so oft had nam'd, For learning, wit, and wisdom fam'd,) Was struck with love, esteem, and awe, For persons whom he never saw Suppose Cadenus flourish'd then. He must adore such godlike men If one short volume could comprise All that was witty, learn d, and wise, How would it be esteem'd and read, Although the writer long were dead ! If such an author were alive, How all would for his friendship strive, And come in crowds to see his face ! And this she takes to be her case Cadenus answers every end, The book, the author, and the friend. The utmost her desires will reach, Is but to learn what he can teach His converse is a system fit Alone to fill up all her wit While every passion of her mind In him is cent'red and confin'd Love can with speech inspire a mute. And trught Vanessa to dispute This topic, never touch'd before, Display'd her eloquence the more Her knowledge, with such pains acquir'd, By this new passion grew inspired, Through this she made all objects pass, Which gave a tincture o'er the mass. As rivers, though they bend and twine, Still to the sea their course incline. Or, as philosophers who find Some favourite system to their mind, In every point to make it fit, Will force all nature to submit. Cadenus, who could ne'er suspect IIIs lessons would have such effect, Or be so artfully apply'd. Insensibly came on her side It was an unforeseen event. Things took a turn he never meant. Whoe'er excels in what we prize, Appears a hero in our eyes Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught. Will have the teacher in her thought. When miss delights in her spinnet, A fiddler may a fortune get . A blockhead, with melodious voice, In boarding schools may have his choice, And oft the dancing master's art

Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.

Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame,

And, though her argaments were strong,

At least could hardly wish them wrong

Howe'er it came, he could not tell,

Preferr'd before a crowd of beaux !

So bright a nymph to come unsought!

Such wonder by his ment wrought!

'Tis ment must with her prevail!

He never knew her judgment fail

But sure she never talk'd so well

His pride began to interpose,

In learning let a nymph delight,

The pedant gets a mistress by 't

Cadenus, to his grief and shame,

She noted all she ever read! And had a most discerning head!

'Tis an old ninxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools,
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit

So, when Cadenus could not hide, He chose to justify his pride, Construing the passion he had shown, Much to her praise, more to his own. Nature in him had ment plac'd, In her a most judicious taste. Love, lutherto a transient guest, Ne'er held possession of his breast. So long attending at the gate, Disdain'd to enter in so lite. Love why do we one passion call, When 'tis a compound of them all? Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet, In all their emipages meet . Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear, Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear, Wherein his dignity and age Forbid Cadenus to engage But friendship, in its greatest height, A constant, rational delight, On virtue's basis fix'd to last, When love allurements long are past, Which gently warms, but cannot burn, He gladly offers in return, His want of passion will redeem With gratitude, respect, esteem With that devotion we bestow, When goddesses appear below

While thus Cadenus entertains Vanessa in exalted strains. The nymph in sober words entreats A truce with all sublime conceits For why such raptures, flights, and fancies, To her who durst not read romances? In lofty style to make replies, Which he had taught her to despise? But when her tutor will affect Devotion, duty, and respect, He fairly abdicates the throne The government is now her own, He has a forfeiture incurr'd, She vows to take him at his word, And hopes he will not think it strange, If both should now their stations change, The nymph will have her turn to be The tutor, und the papil, he Though she already can discern Her scholar is not apt to learn, Or wants capacity to reach The science she designs to teach, Wherein his genius was below The skill of every common beau, Who, though he cannot spell, is wise Enough to read a lady's eyes, And will each accidental glance Interpret for a kind advance But what success Vanessa met

But what success Vanessa met Is to the world a secret yet, Whether the nymph, to please her swain, Talks in a high romantic strain, Or whether he at last descends
To act with less seraphic ends,
Or, to compound the business, whether
They temper love and books together,
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold

# From 'Verses on the Death of Dr Swift'

As Rochefoucault his Maxius drew From nature, I believe them true They argue no corrupted mind In him, the fault is in mankind

This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast
'In all distresses of our friends
We first consult our private ends,
While nature kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us 'If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes Our equal raised above our size. Who would not at a crowded show Stand high himself, I eep others low? I love my friend as well as you. But why should he obstruct my view? Theu let me have the higher post. Suppose it but an inch at most If in a battle you should find One whom you love of all mankind, Had some heroic action done, A champion killed, or trophy won. Rather than thus be overtoon d. Would you not wish his laurels eropp'd? Dear lionest Ned is in the gout. Lies racked with pain, and you without How patiently you hear him groan! How glad the case is not your own!

What poet would not grieve to see His brother write as well as he? But, rather than they should excel, Would wish his rivals all in hell?

Her end when Emulation misses, She turns to Envy, stings, and hisses The strongest friendship yields to Pride, Unless the odds be on our side

Vain human kind I fantastie race I Thy various follies who can trace? Self love, ambition, envy, pride, Their empire in our liearts divide. Give others riches, power, and station, Tis all on me an usurpation. I have no title to aspire, I et, when you sink, I seem the higher In Pope I cannot read a line, But with a sigh I wish it mine When he can in one couplet fix More sense than I can do in six, It gives me such a jealous fit, I cry 'Pox take him and his wit' I greeve to be outdone by Gay In my own humorous biting way Arbuthnot is no more my friend, Who dares to irony pretend, Which I was born to introduce, Refined it first, and shewed its usc.

St Johu, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had some repute for prose,
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside.

Have I not reason to detest 'em'
To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts, but never to my friend
I tamely can endure the first,
But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of proem, Proceed we therefore to our poem.

If with such talents heaven hath blest 'em.

The time is not remote, when I Must by the course of nature die . When, I foresee, my special friends Will try to find their private ends Aud, though 'tis hardly understood, Which way my death can do them good, Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak 'See, how the dean begins to break! Poor gentleman! he droops apace! You plainly find it in his face That old vertigo in his head Will never leave him till he's dead. Besides his memory decays He recollects not what he says. He cannot call his friends to mind, Forgets the place where last he dined. Plies you with stories o'er and o'er-He told them fifty times before How does he fancy we can sit To hear his out of fashion wit? But he takes up with younger folks. Who for his wine will bear his jokes. Faith, he must make his stories shorter, Or change his comrades once a quarter In half the time he talks them round. There must another set be found

'For poetry he's past his prime, He takes an hour to find a rhyme His fire is out, his wit decayed, His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade I'd have him throw away his pen—But there's no talking to some men'

And then their teuderness appears
By adding largely to my years
'He's older than he would be reekoned,
And well remembers Charles the Second
He hardly drinks a pint of wine,
And that, I doubt, is no good sign
His stomach, too, begins to ful,
Last year we thought him strong and hale,
But now he's quite another thing,
I wish he may hold out till spring'
They hug themselves and reason thus
'It is not yet so bad with us.'

In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes
Some great misfortune to portend
No enemy can match a friend
With all the lindness they profess,
The ment of a lucky guess
(When daily How d've's come of course,
And servants answer 'Worse and worse')

Would please them better than to tell,
That, 'God be prused' the dean is well'
Then he who prophesied the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest
'Yon know I always feared the worst,
And often told you so at first'
He'd ruther choose that I should die,
Than his prediction prove a lie.
Not one foretells I shall recover,
But all agree to give me over

Yet should some neighbour feel a pain Just in the parts where I complain, How many a message would he send! What hearty prayers that I should mend! Inquire what regimen I kept? What give me ease, and how I slept? And more lament when I was dead, Than all the snivellers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear, For, though you may mistake a year, Though your prognostics run too fast, they must be verified at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive!

How is the dean? 'He's just alive'

Now the departing prayer is read,

'He hardly breathes' 'The dean is dead'

Before the passing bell begun,
The news through half the town is run,
'Oh! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?'
'I know no more thin what the news is,
'Tis all bequeathed to public uses'
'To public uses! there's a whim!
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avariee, and pride
He gave it all—but first he died
And had the dean in all the nation
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood!'

Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains. Three genuine tomes of Swift's Remains! And then to make them pass the glibber, Revised by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber He'll treat me as he does my betters, Publish my will, my life, my letters, Revive the libels born to die, Which Pope must bear, as well as I

Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I love my death lament
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day
St John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear
The rest will give a shrug, and cry
'I'm sorry—but we all must die !

One year is past, a different scene!
As further mention of the dean,
Who now, alas! no more is missed,
Than if he never did exist.
Where's now this favourite of Apollo?
Departed and his works must follow,
Must undergo the common fate,
His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country squire to Lintot goes, A bookseller Inquires for Swift in verse and prose

Says Lintot 'I have heard the name, He died a year ago ' 'The same ' He searches all the shop in vain 'Sir, you may find them in Duck lane I sent them, with a load of books, Last Monday to the pastry cooks To fancy they could live a year! I find you're but a strunger here. The dean was famous in his time, And had a kind of kniek at rhyme His way of writing now is past, The town has got a better taste I keep no antiquated stuff, But spiek and span I have enough Pray, do but give me leave to shew 'em Here's Colley Cibber's birthdi poem, This ode you never yet have seen By Stephen Duck upon the quren Then here's a letter finely penned Against the Crastsman and his friend, It clearly shows that all reflection On ministers is disaffection Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication, And Mr Henley's last orition The hawkers have not got them yet, Your honour please to buy a set?'

Suppose me dead, and then suppose A club assembled at the Rose, Where, from discourse of this and that, I grow the subject of their chat. And while they toss my name about, With favour some, and some without, One, quite indifferent in the cause, My character impartial draws 'The dean, if we believe report, Was never ill received at conrt As for his works in verse and prose, I own myself no judge of those Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em, But this I know, all people bought 'em, As with a moral view designed To cure the vices of mankind, His vein, ironically grave, He shamed the fool, and lashed the knave. To steal a hint was never known, But what he writ was all his own

"He never thought an honour done him, Because a duke was proud to own him, Would rather slip aside, and choose To talk with wits in dirty shoes, Despis'd the fools with stars and garters, So often seen caressing Chartres He never courted men in station, Nor persons held in admiration, Of no man's greatness was afraid, Because he sought for no man's aid Though trusted long in great affairs, He gave himself no haughty airs Without regarding private ends, Spent all his credit for his friends And only chose the wise and good, No flatterers, no allies in blood But succour'd virtue in distress, And seldom fail'd of good success. As numbers in their hearts must own, Who, but for him, had been unknown

'With princes kept a due decorum. But never stood in twe before 'em He follow'd David's lesson just . In princes never put thy trust And would you make hmi truly sonr. Provoke him with a slave in power The Irish senate if you nam'd. With what impatience he declaim'd i Fair I iberty was all his cry. For her he stood prepar'd to die, For her he boldly stood alone. For her he oft expos'd his own Two kingdoms, just as faction led, Had set a price upon his head. But not a traitor could be found. To sell him for six hundred pound

'Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen, He might have rose like other men But power was never in his thought, And wealth he valu'd not a great Ingratitude he often found. And pitied those who meant the wound But kept the tenor of his mind. To ment well of human kind Nor made a sacrifice of those Who still were true, to please his foes He labour'd many a fruitless honr, To reconcile his friends in power, Saw mischief by a faction brewing. While they pursu d each other's ruin But finding your was all his care, He left the court in mere despair

By innocence and resolution, He bore continual persecution, While numbers to preferment rose, Whose merits were to be his foes, With even his own familiar friends, Intent upon their private ends, I ike renegadoes now he feels, Against hlm lifting up their heels

'The dean did by his pen defeat
An infamous destructive cheat,
Taught fools their interest how to know,
And gave them arms to ward the blow
Liny has own'd it was his doing,
To save that hapless land from ruin,
While they who at the steerage stood,
And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.

'In exile, with a steady heart, He spent his life's declining part, Where folly, pride, and faction sy ay, Remote from St John, Pope, and Gay His friendships there, to few confin d, Were always of the middling lind No fools of rank, a mongrel breed, Who fain would pass for lords indeed Where titles give no right, or power, And peerige is a wither d flower. He would have held it a disgrace, If such a wretch had I nown his face.

'Perhaps I may allow the dean Had too much satire in his vein, And seem'd determind not to starve it, Because no age could more deserve it Yet make never was his aim He hash d the vice, but spar d the name No individual could resent,
Where thousan is equally were meant,
His satire points at no defect,
But what all mortals may correct,
For he abhorr'd that senseless tribe
Who call it humour when they gibe
He spard a hump, or crooked nose,
Whose owners set not up for beaux
True genuine dulness mov'd his pity,
Unless it offer'd to be witty
Those who their ignorance confest,
He ne'er offended with a jest,
But laughed to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.

'He knew a hundred pleasing stories, With all the turns of Whigs and Tories Was cheerful to his dying day, And friends would let him have his way

'He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad,
And show'd by one sature touch,
No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom lie hath left his debtor,
I wish it soon may have a better'

Curll was the Dean's pet aversion, the bookseller who published bogus pieces in Swift's name Tibbalds is Theobald the editor of Shakespeare Meere James Moore (afterwards J Moore Smythe) of forgotten dramatist satirised in the Dinetad Stephen Duck a farm labourer who took to rhyming and was patronised by Queen Caroline 'Orator Henley was a quack preacher, True Crafturan was a political periodical organ of the opposition to Walpole, Sir Robert is Walpole Colonel Francis Charteris was infumous (see Arbuthnot's epitaph page 146) the six hundred founds refers to proclamations offering that sum for the discovery of the author of two of Swift's pamphlets. Wood was the destructive cheat.

## Mrs Frances Harris's Petition, 1700

To their excellencies the Lords Justices of Ireland,
The humble petition of Frances Harris,
Who must starve and die a mind if it miscarries,
Humbly sheweth, that I went to warm myself in Lady
Betty's chamber because I was cold,

And I had in a purse seven pounds, four shilling, and sixpence, besides farthings, in money and gold

So because I had been buying things for my lady last

I was resolv'd to tell my money, to see if it was right Now, you must know, because my trunk has a very bad lock.

Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows, is a very small stock.

I keep in my pocket, tied about my middle, next my smock.

So when I went to put up my purse, as God would have it, my smock was intripped

And instead of putting it into my pocket, down it slipp'd, Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my lady to bed.

And, God knows, I thought my money was as safe as my maidenhead

So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very light,

But when I searchd, and must d my purse, Lord' I thought I should have sunt outright.

'Lord' mindiam,' says Mart, 'how d ye do?'--'Indeed,' says I, 'never worse

Hut pray Mary, can you tell what I have done with my purse?"

'Lord help me '' says Mary, 'I never stirr d ont of this place 1'

'Nay,' said I, 'I had it in Lady Betty's chamber, that's

a plain case.'

So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm However, she stole away my garters, that I might do myself no harm

So I tumbled and toss'd all night, as you may very well think.

But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a wink. So I was a dream d, methonght, that I went and search'd

the folks round,

And in a corner of Mrs Dukes's box, tied in a rag, the money was found

So next morning we told Whittle, and he fell a swearing Then my dame Wadger came, and she, you know, 15 thick of hearing

'Dame,' said I, as loud I could bawl, 'do von know what a loss I have had?'

'Nay,' said she, 'my Lord Colway's folks are all very

For my Lord Dromedary comes a Tnesday without fail' 'Pngh!' said I, 'but that's not the business that I ail'

Says Cary, says he, 'I have been a servant this five and twenty years, come spring,

And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of such a

'I es,' says the steward, 'I remember when I was at my Lady Shrewsbury's.

Such a thing as this happen'd, just about the time of gooseberries?

So I went to the party suspected, and I found her full of

(Now, you must know, of all things in the world, I hate a thief ) However, I was resolv'd to bring the discourse slily

about 'Mrs Dukes,' said I, 'here's an ugly accident has

happen'd out 'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a louse,

But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the house. 'Tis true, seven pounds, four shillings, and sixpence

makes a great hole in my wages Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in these

Now, Mrs Dukes, you know, and every body understands, That though 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go with

out hands.' 'The devil take me!' said she (blessing herself,) 'if ever

So she roard like a bedlam, as though I had call d her

all to naught So you know, what could I say to her any more? I c'en lest her, and came away as wise as I was before. Well, but then they would have had me gone to the

cunning man ! 'No,' said I, 'tis the same thing, the Chaplain will be here anon'

So the Chaplun came in Now the servants say he is my sweetheart,

Because he s always in my chamber, and I always take his part

So, as the deval would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder d,

'Parsen' said I, 'can you cast a nativity, when a body's plunder'd?'

(Now you must know, he hates to be call'd Parson, like the deal!) 'Truly,' says he, 'Mrs Nab, it might become you to be

more civil.

If your money be gone, as a learned Divine says, d'ye You are no text for my handling, so take that from

I was never taken for a Conjurer before, I'd have you to know?

'Lord' said I, 'don't be angry, I am sure I never thought you so,

You know I honour the cloth, I design to be a Parson's

I never took one in 10ur coat for a conjurer in all my life '

With that he twisted his girdle at me like a rope, as who 'Now you may go hang yourself for me!' and so went

away Well I thought I should have swoon'd. 'Lord' said

I, 'what shall I do? I have lost my money, and shall lose my true love too " Then my lord call'd me 'Harry,' said my Lord, 'don't

I'll give you something toward thy loss ' 'And,' says

my lady, 'so will I Oh ' but, said I, what if, after all, the Chaplain won't come to?

For that, he said (an't please your Excellencies), I must petition you.

The premises tenderly consider'd, I desire your Excel lencies protection.

And that I may have a share in next Sunday's collection, And, over and above, that I may have your Excellences letter.

With an order for the Chaplain aforesaid, or, instead of him, a better

And then your poor petitioner, both night and day, Or the chaplain (for 'tis his trade), as in duty bound, shall ever pray

Vanbrugh's House, built from the ruins of Whitehall that was burnt, 1703

In times of old, when Time was young, And poets their own verses sung, A verse would draw a stone or beam, That now would overload a team, Lead them a dance of many a mile, Then rear them to a goodly pile. Each number had its different power Heroic strains could build a tower. Sonnets, or elegies to Chloris, Might raise a house about two stories, A lync ode would slate, a catch Would tile, an epigram would thatch. But, to their own or landlord's cost, Now poets feel this art is lost. Not one of all our transful throng Can raise a lodging for a song For Jove consider'd well the case, Observ'd they grew a numerous ruce,

And should they build as fast as write,

Twonld ruin undertakers quite.

He wisely chang'd their element

This evil therefore to prevent,

On earth the God of Wealth was made Sole patron of the building trade, Leaving the wits the spacious air, With licence to build eastles there And 'tis conceiv'd, their old pretence To lodge in garrets comes from thence

Premising thus, in modern way, The better half we have to say, Sing, Muse, the house of Poet Van, In higher strains than we began

Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it) Is both a herald and a poet, No wonder then if nicely skill'd In both capacities to build As herald, he can in a day Repair a house gone to decay, Or, by achievements, arms, device, Erect a new one in a trice. And as a poet, he has skill To build in speculation still 'Great Jove "he cry d, 'the art restore To build by verse as heretofore, And make my Muse the architect, What palaces shall we erect ' No longer shall forsaken Thames Lament his old Whitehall in flames, A pile shall from its ashes rise, Fit to invade or prop the skies

Jove smil'd, and like a gentle god, Consenting with the usual nod, Told Van, he knew his talent best, And left the choice to his own breast. So Van resolv'd to write a farce. But, well perceiving wit was scarce, With cunning that defect supplies Takes a French play as lawful prize, Steals thence his plot and every joke, Not once suspecting Jove would smoke, And (like a wag set down to write) Would whisper to himself, 'a bite' Then, from this motler mingled style, Proceeded to erect his pile. So men of old, to gain renown, did Build Babel with their tongues confounded. Jove saw the cheat, but thought it best To turn the matter to a jest Down from Olympus' top he slides, Laughing as if he'd burst his sides Ay, thought the god, are these your tricks? Why then old plays deserve old bricks, And since you're sparing of your stuff, Your building shall be small enough. He spale, and grudging, lent his aid, Th' experienc'd bricks, that knew their trade (As being bricks at second hand), Nov move, and now in order stand

The building, as the poet writ,
Rose in proportion to his wit
And first the prologue built a wall,
So wide as to encompass all.
The scene, a wood, produc'd no more
Than a few scrubby trees before.
The plot as yet lay deep, and so
A cellar next was dug below
But this a work so hard was found,
Two acts it cost him under ground.

Two other acts, we may presume, Were spent in building each a room Thus far advanced, he made a shift To ruse a roof with act the fifth. The epilogue behind did frame A place not decent here to name Now poets from all quarters ran, To see the house of brother Van Lool 'd high and low, walk'd often round, But no such house was to be found. One asks the watermen hard by, 'Where may the poet's palace he?' Another of the Thames inquires, If he has seen its gilded spires? At length they in the rubbish spy A thing resembling a goose pye Thither in haste the poets throng, And gaze in silent wonder long Till one in raptures thus began To praise the pile and builder Van 'Thrice happy poet! who mayst trail Thy house about thee like a snail Or, harness d to a nag at ease Take journeys in it like a chaise, Or in a boat whene'er thou wilt, Canst make it serve thee for a tilt! Capacious house! 'tis own'd by all Thou'rt well contriv'd, though thou art small For every wit in Britain's isle May lodge within thy spacious pile Like Bacchus thou, as poets feign, Thy mother burnt, art born again, Born like a phænix from the flame But neither bulk nor sliape the same As animals of largest size Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies; A type of modern wit and style, The rubbish of an ancient pile So chemists boast they have a power, From the dead ashes of a flower Some faint resemblance to produce, But not the virtue, taste, or juice. So modern rhymers wisely blast The poetry of ages past, Which, after they have overthrown, They from its ruins build their own

## The Day of Judgment

With a whirl of thought oppress d, I snnk from reverie to rest A horrid vision seiz'd my bead, I saw the graves give up their dead! Jove, arm'd with terrors, bursts the skies, And thunder roars and lightning flies ! Amaz'd, confus'd, its fate unknown, The world stands trembling at his throne I While each pale sinner hung his head, Jove, nodding, shook the heavens, and said 'Offending race of human kind, By nature, reason, learning, blind, You who, through frailty, stepp'd aside, And you, who never fell from pride You who in different sects were shamm'd, And come to see each other damn'd (So some folk told you, but they knew No more of Jove's designs than you)

—The world's mad business now is o'er, And I resent these pranks no more —I to such blockheads set my wit! I damn such fools '—Go, go, you're bit.'

The three extracts that follow are from the *Tale* of a *Tub*. The overpowering and overshadowing greatness of this book is believed to have sometimes produced an impression that Swift invented the title-phrase. This is of course quite wrong Ben Jonson had actually used it, as the title of his last play (1633), seventy years before. Nearly a hundred earlier (1538) it occurs in Bale, and is probably much older still, having, like all such alliterative popular sayings, no definitely ascertainable origin

## The Epistle Dedicatory to His Royal Highness Prince Posterity

SIR,-I here present your highness with the fruits of a very few lessure hours, stolen from the short intervals of a world of business, and of an employment quite alien from such amusements as this, the poor production of that refuse of time which has lain heavy upon my hands during a long prorogation of parliament, a great dearth of foreign news, and a tedious fit of rainy weather for which and other reasons it cannot choose extremely to deserve such a patronage as that of your highness, whose numberless virtues, in so few years, make the world look upon you as the future example to all princes for although your highness is hardly got clear of infancy, yet has the universal learned world already resolved upon appealing to your future dictates, with the lowest and most resigned submission, fate having decreed you sole arbiter of the productions of human wit, in this polite and most accomplished age Methinks the number of appel lants were enough to shock and startle any judge, of a genius less unlimited than yours but in order to prevent such glorious trials, the person, it seems, to whose care the education of your highness is committed, has resolved (as I am told) to keep you in almost a universal ignorance of our studies, which it is your inherent birth right to inspect

It is amazing to me that this person should have the assurance, in the face of the sun, to go about persuading your highness that our age is almost wholly illiterate, and has hardly produced one writer upon any subject I know very well that when your highness shall come to riper years, and have gone through the learning of antiquity, you will be too curious to neglect inquiring into the authors of the very age before you and to think that this insolent, in the account he is preparing for your view, designs to reduce them to a number so insignificant is I am ashamed to mention, it moves my zeal and my spleen for the honour and interest of our vast flourishing body, as well as of myself, for whom, I know by long experience, he has professed and still continues a peculiar malice

It is not unlikely that, when your highness will one day peruse what I am now writing, you may be ready to expostulate with your governor upon the credit of what I here affirm, and command him to shew you some of our productions. To which he will answer (for I am well informed of his designs) by asking your highness, where they are? and what is become of them? and pretend it a demonstration that there never were any, hecause they

Not to be found! who has are not then to be found mislaid them? are they sunk in the abyss of things? it is certain, that in their own nature, they were light enough to swim upon the surface for all eternity Therefore the fault is in him, who tied weights so heavy to their heels as to depress them to the centre. Is their very essence destroyed? who has annihilated them? were they drowned by purges, or martyred by pipes? who administered them to the posteriors of ---- ? But, that it may no longer be a doubt with your highness who is to be the author of this universal ruin, I beseech you to observe that large and terrible scythe which your governor affects to bear continually about him Be pleased to remark the length and strength, the sharpness and hardness of his nails and tceth consider his baneful, abominable breath, enemy to life and matter, infectious and corrupting and then reflect, whether it be possible for any mortal ink and paper of this generation to make a suitable resistance. O' that your highness would one day resolve to disarm this usurping maitre du palais of his furious engines, and bring your empire hors de page

It were needless to recount the several methods of tyranny and destruction which your governor is pleased to practise upon this occasion. His inveterate malice is such to the writings of our age, that of several thousands produced yearly from this renowned city, before the next revolution of the sun there is not one to be heard of unhappy infants! many of them barbarously destroyed, before they have so much as learnt their mother tongue to beg for pity. Some he stifles in their cradles, others he frights into convulsions, whereof they suddenly die some he flays alive, others he tears limb from limb. Great numbers are offered to Moloch, and the rest, tainted by his breath, die of a languishing consumption

But the concern I have most at heart, is for our corporation of poets, from whom I am preparing a petition to your highness, to be subscribed with the names of one hundred thirty six of the first rate, but whose immortal productions are never likely to reach your eyes, though each of them is now an hamble and an earnest appellant for the laurel, and has large comely volumes ready to shew for a support to his pretensions. The never-dying works of these illustrious persons, your governor, sir, has devoted to unavoidable death, and your highness is to be made believe, that our age has never arrived at the honour to produce one single poet.

We confess Immortality to be a great and powerful goddess, but in vain we offer up to her our devotions and our sacrifices, if your highness's governor, who has usurped the priesthood, must, by an unparalleled ambition and avariee, wholly intercept and devour them

To affirm that our age is altogether unlearned and devoid of writers in any kind, seems to he an assertion so bold and so false that I have been some time thinking the contrary may almost be proved by uncontrollable demonstration. It is true, indeed, that although their numbers be vast, and their productions numerous in proportion, yet are they hurried so hastily off the scene, that they escape our memory and elude our sight. When I first thought of this address, I had prepared a copious list of titles to present your highness, as an undisputed argument for what I affirm. The originals were posted fresh upon all gates and corners of streets, but, returning in a very few hours to take a review, they were all torn down, and fresh ones in their places. I enquired after them among readers and booksellers, but I enquired in

vain, the memorial of them was lost among men, their place was no more to be found and I was laughed to scorn for a clown and a pedant, without all taste and refine ment, little versed in the course of present affairs, and that knew nothing of what had passed in the best companies of court and town. So that I can only avow in general to your highness that we do abound in learning and wit, but to fix upon particulars is a task too slippery day to affirm to your highness that there is a large cloud near the horizon, in the form of a bear, another in the zenith, with the head of an ass, a third to the westward. with claws like a dragon, and your highness should in a few minutes think fit to examine the truth, it is certain they would all be changed in figure and position, new ones would arise, and all we could agree upon would be, that clouds there were, but that I was grossly mistaken in the zoography and topography of them

But your governor perhaps may still insist, and put the question, What is then become of these immense bales of paper which must needs have been employed in such numbers of books? can these also be wholly annihilate, and so of a sudden, as I pretend? What shall I say in return of so invidious an objection? It ill befits the distance between your highness and me, to send you for ocular conviction to a jakes, or an oven, to the windows of a bawdy house, or to a sordid lantern. Books, like men their authors, have no more than one way of coming into the world, but there are ten thousand to go out of it, and return no more.

I profess to your highness, in the integrity of my heart. that what I am going to say is literally true this minute I am writing what revolutions may happen before it shall be ready for your perusal, I can by no means warrant however, I beg you to accept it as a specimen of our learning, our politeness, and our wit I do there fore affirm, upon the word of a sincere man, that there is now actually in being a certain poet, called John Dryden, whose translation of Virgil was lately printed in a large folio, well bound, and, if diligent search were made, for aught I know, is yet to be seen There is another, called Nahum Tate, who is ready to make oath that he has caused many reams of verse to be published, whereof both himself and his bookseller (if lawfully required) can still produce authentic copies, and therefore wonders why the world is pleased to make such a secret of it. There is a third, known by the name of Tom Durfey, a poet of a vast comprehension, a universal genius, and most pro-There are also one Mr Rymcr, and one found learning Mr Dennis, most profound critics There is a person styled Dr Bentley, who has written near a thousand pages of immense erudition, giving a full and true account of a certain squabble, of wonderful importance, between him self and a bookseller he is a writer of infinite wit and humour, no man rallies with a better grace, and in more with these eyes I have beheld the person of William Wotton, B.D., who has written a good sizeable volume against a friend of your governor (from whom, alas! he must therefore look for little favour), in a most gentle manly style, adorned with the utmost politeness and civility, replete with discoveries equally valuable for their novelty and use, and embellished with traits of wit so poignant and so apposite that he is a worthy yoke mate to his forementioned friend

Why should I go npon farther particulars, which might

fill a volume with the just eulogies of my contemporary brethren? I shall bequeath this piece of justice to a larger work, wherein I intend to write a character of the present set of wits in our nation—their persons I shall describe particularly and at length, their genius and understandings in miniature

In the meantime, I do here make bold to present your highness with a faithful abstract drawn from the universal body of all arts and sciences, intended wholly for your service and instruction nor do I donbt in the least but your highness will peruse it as earefully and make as considerable improvements as other young princes have already done by the many volumes of late years written for a help to their studies

That your highness may advance in wisdom and virtue, as well as years, and at last ontshine all your royal ancestors, shall be the daily prayer of, Sir, your highness's most devoted, &c.

#### Clothes-religion and Clothes-philosophy

Abont this time it happened a sect arose whose tenets obtained and spread very far, especially in the grand monde, and among everybody of good fashion. They worshipped a sort of idol, who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This idol they placed in the highest part of the house, on an altar erected about three foot, he was shown in the posture of a Persian emperor, sitting on a superficies, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a goose for his ensign, whence it is that some learned men preteud to deduce his original from Jupiter Capitolinus.

The worshippers of this deity had also a system of their belief, which seemed to turn upon the following fundamentals They held the universe to be a large suit of clothes, which invests everything, that the earth is invested by the air, the air is invested by the stars, and the stars are invested by the primum mobile. Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and fashionable dress. What is that which some call land but a fine coat faced with green? or the sea, but a waistcoat of water tabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious a jonrneyman Nature has been to trim up the vegetable beaux, observe how sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a beech, and what a fine doublet of white satin is worn To conclude from all, what is man himself by the birch but a micro coat, or rather a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings? As to his body there can be no dispute, but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress. To instance no more, is not religion a cloak, honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt, self love a surtout, vanity a shirt, and conscience a pair of breeches?

#### Characteristics of Modern Critics

I shall conclude with three maxims, which may serve both as characteristics to distinguish a true modern critic from a pretender, and will be also of admirable use to those worthy spirits who engage in so useful and honour able an art. The first is, that criticism, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the truest and best when it is the very first result of the critic's mind, as fowlers reckon the first aim for the surest, and seldom fail of missing the mark if they stay for a second Secondly, the true critics are known by their talent of

swarming about the noblest writers, to which they are carried merely by instinct, as a rat to the best choese, or as a wasp to the fairest fruit. So when the king is on horseback, he is sure to be the dirtiest person of the company, and they that make their coart best are such as bespatter him most. Lastly, a true critic, in the perusal of a book, is like a dog at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what the guests fling away, and consequently is apt to snarl most when there are the fewest bones.

## A Meditation upon a Broomstick.

This single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourish iag state in a forest, it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs, bat now in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered hundle of twigs to its sapless trunk, it is now at best but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the brunches on the earth, and the root in the air, it is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and, hy a capricious kind of fate, destined to make her things clean, and be nasty itself, at length, worn out to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use of kindling a When I beheld this I sighed, and said within Surely man is a broomstick! nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk, he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bandle of hairs (all covered with powder) that never grew on his head, but now should thus our broomstick pretend to enter the seene, proud of those birehen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and de spise Its vanity Partial judges that we are of our own excellences, and other men's defaults!

But a broomstick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head, and pray, what is man but a topsy turvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be, grovelling on the earth! and yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances, rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruptions to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before, sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away. His last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving, till, worn to the stumps, like his brother besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by

One of the 'Miscellaneous Essays' described as being 'according to the style and manner of the Hon' Robert Boyle's Meditations

# Inconveniences likely to attend the Abolition of Christianity

I am very sensible how much the gentlemen of wit and pleasure are apt to murmin and be shocked at the sight of so many daggled tail parsons, who happen to fall in their way and offend their eyes, but at the same time, those wise reformers do not consider what an advantage and felicity it is for great wits to be always provided with objects of scorn and contempt, in order to exercise and

improve their talents, and divert their spleen from falling on each other, or on themselves, especially when all this may be done without the least imaginable danger to their persons And to urge another argument of a parallel nature if Christianity were once abolished, how could the freethinkers, the strong reasoners, and the men of profound learning be able to find another subject so calculated in all points whereon to display their abilities? What wonderful productions of wit should we be deprived of from those whose genius, by continual practice, hath been wholly turned upon raillery and invectives against religion, and would, therefore, be never able to shine or distinguish themselves on any other subject! We are daily complaining of the great decline of wit among us, and would we take away the greatest, perhaps the only topic we have left? Who would ever have suspected Asgill for a wit, or Toland for a philosopher, if the ia exhaustible stock of Christianity had not been at hand to provide them with materials? What other subject through all art or nature could have produced Tindal for a profound author, or furnished him with readers? It is the wise choice of the subject that alone adorns and distinguishes the writer. For had a hundred such pens as hese been employed on the side of religion, they would immediately have sunk into silence and oblivion

Nor do I think it wholly groundless, or my fears altogether imaginary, that the abolishing of Christianity may perhaps bring the church in danger, or at least put the senate to the trouble of another securing vote. I desire I may not be misunderstood, I am far from pre suming to affirm or think that the church is in danger at present, or as things now stand, but we know not how soon it may be so, when the Christian religion is repealed As plausible as this project seems, there may be a dangerous design lurking under it. Nothing can be more notorious than that the atheists, deists, Socinians, anti trinitarians, and other subdivisions of freethinkers, are persons of little zeal for the present eeclesiastical establish ment. Their declared opinion is for repealing the sacra mental test, they are very indifferent with regard to ceremonies, nor do they hold the jus divinum of episco Therefore this may be intended as one politic step towards altering the constitution of the church established, and setting up preshytery in its stead, which I leave to be further considered by those at the helm

And therefore if, notwithstanding all I have said, it shall still be thought necessary to have a hill brought in for repealing Christianity, I would himbly offer an amendment, that, instead of the word Christianity, may be put religion in general, which I conceive will much hetter answer all the good ends proposed by the projectors of it. For as long as we leave in being a God and his Providence, with all the necessary consequences which curious and inquisitive men will be apt to draw from such premises, we do not strike at the root of the evil, although we should ever so effectually annihilate the present scheme of the Gospel. For of what use is freedom of thought, if it will not produce freedom of action? which is the sole end, how remote soever in appearance, of all objections against Christianity therefore the freethinkers consider it a sort of edifice, wherein all the parts have such a mutual dependence on each other, that if you happen to pull out one single nail, the whole fahrie must fall to the ground

(From the Argument against abolishing Christiantly in England)

## The Spider and the Bee

Things were at this crisis, when a material accident fell out. For, upon the highest corner of a large window there dv elt a certain spider, swollen up to the first mag nitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies. r hose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisadoes, all after the modern way of fortification After you had passed several courts you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenne, and ports to sally out, upon all occasions of prev or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person, by swallows from above, or to his palace, by brooms from below, when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself, and in he went. where expatiating a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the ontward walls of the spider's citadel. which, yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first that nature was approaching to her final dissolution, or else that Beelzebub with all his legions was come to revente the death of many thousands of his subjects, whom his enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth and meet his fate. Meanwhile the bee had acquitted himself of his toils. and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his vangs, and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb By this time the spider was adventured ont, when, beholding the chasms, the ruins, and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wit's end, he stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst length, casting his eye npon the bee, and wisely gather ing causes from events (for they knew each other by sight), A plague split you, said he, for a giddy son of a whore, is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here? could not you look before you, and be d-n'd' do you think I have nothing else to do (in the devil's name) but to mend and repair after your arse? Good words, friend, said the bee (having now pruned himself, and being disposed to droll), I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more, I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born Sirrah, replied the spider, if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners. I pray have patience, said the bee, or you'll spend your substance, and, for aught I see, yon may stand in need of it all, toward the repair of your house Rogue, rogue, replied the spider, yet methinks you should have more respect to a person, whom all the world allows to be so much your betters. By my troth, said the bee, the comparison will amount to a very good jest, and you will do me a favour to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute At this the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry, to urge on his own reasons without the

least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite, and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction

Not to disparage myself, said he, by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond with out house or home, without stock or inheritance? born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone pipe. Your livelihood is a universal plunder upon nature, a freebooter over fields and gardens, and, for the sake of stealing will rob a nettle as easily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to show my improvements in the mathematics) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether ont of my own person

I am glad, answered the bee, to hear you grant. at least that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice, for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music, and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit indeed all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden. but whatever I collect thence enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now, for you and your skill in architecture, and other mathematics, I have little to say building of yours there might, for aught I know, havebeen labour and method enough, but by woeful expemence for us both, it is plain the materials are naught a and I hope you will henceforth take warning and con sider duration and matter, as well as method and art. You boast indeed of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself : that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast, and though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet I doubt you are somewhat obliged, for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions by sweepings exhaled from below, and one insect formishes you with a share of poison to destroy another So that in short the question comes all to this, whether is the nobler being of the two, that which by a lazy contemplation of four inclies round, by an overweening pride, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all intoexcrement and venom, producing nothing at all but flybane and a cobweb, or that which hy a universal range, with long search, much study, true indigment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax.

This dispute was managed with such eagerness, clamour, and warmth, that the two parties of books, in arms below, stood silent a while, waiting in suspense what would be the issue, which was not long undetermined for the bee, grown impatient at so much loss of time, fled straight away to a bed of roses, without looking for a reply, and left the spider, like an orator, collected in himself, and just prepared to burst out.

(From The Battle of the Books )

#### Refinement of Style

The following letter has laid before me many great and manifest evils in the world of letters, which I had overlooked, but it opens to me a very busy scene, and it will require no small care and application to amend errors, which are become so universal. The

affectation of politeness is exposed in this epistle with a great deal of wit and discernment, so that, what ever discourses I may fall into hereafter upon the subject the writer treats of, I shall at present lay the matter before the world without the least alteration from the words of my correspondent.

## To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq

SIR,-There are some abuses among us of great con sequence, the reformation of which is properly your province, although, as far as I have been conversant in your papers, you have not yet considered them These are, the deplorable ignorance that for some years had reigned among our English writers, the great de pravity of our taste, and the continual corruption of I say nothing here of those who handle particular sciences, divinity, law, physic, and the like, I mean the traders in history and politics and the belles lettres, together with those by whom books are not translated, but (as the common expressions are) done out of French, Latin, or other languages, and made English I cannot but observe to you that until of late years a Grub street book was always bound in sheepskin, with suitable print and paper, the price never above a shilling, and taken off wholly by common tradesmen or country pedlars, but now they appear in all sizes and shapes and in all places they are handed about from lapfuls in every coffeehouse to persons of quality, are shown in Westminster hall and the Court of Requests, you may see them gilt, and in royal paper, of five or six hundred pages, and rated accordingly I would engage to furnish you with a catalogue of English books, published within the com pass of seven years past, which at the first hand would cost you a hundred pounds, wherein you shall not be able to find ten lines together of common grammar or eommon sense

These two evils, ignorance and want of taste, have produced a third, I mean the continual corruption of our English tongue, which without some timely remedy will suffer more by the false refinements of twenty years past than it has been improved in the foregoing hundred. And this is what I design chiefly to enlarge upon, leaving the former evils to your animadversion

But instead of giving you i list of the late refine ments crept into our language, I here send you a copy of a letter I received some time ago from a most accomplished person in this way of writing, upon which I shall make some remarks. It is in these terms

'SIR,-I cou'dn't get the things you sent for all about town -I tho't to ha' come down myself, and then I'd ha' bro't nm, bnt ha'nt don't, and I believe I can't do't, that's pozz.--Tom begins to g'imself airs, because he's going with the plenipo's - 'Tis said the French king will bamboozle us agen, which causes many specu The Jacks, and others of that kidney, are verry uppish and alert upon't, as you may see by their phizz's -- Will Hazard has got the hipps, having lost to the tine of five hindr'd pound, tho' he under stands play very well, nobody better He has promis't me upon rep to leave off play, but you know 'tis a weakness he's too apt to give into, tho' lie has as much wit as any man, nobody more he has lain incog ever since.-The mobb's very quiet with us now -I helieve you tho't I banter'd you in my last like a country put.-I shan't leave town this month, &c.'

This letter is, in every point, an admirable pattern of the present polite way of writing, nor is it of less authority for being an epistle you may gather every flower of it, with a thousand more of equal sweetness, from the books, pamphlets, and single papers offered us every day in the coffee houses. And these are the beauties introduced to supply the want of wit, sense, humour, and learning, which formerly were looked upon as qualifications for a writer. If a man of wit who died forty years ago were to rise from the grave on purpose, how would he be able to read this letter? and after he had gone through that difficulty, how would he be able to understand it? The first thing that strikes your eye is the breaks at the end of almost every sentence, of which I know not the use, only that it is a refinement, and very frequently practised. Then you will observe the abbreviations and elisions, by which consonants of most obdurate sounds are joined together without one softening vowel to intervene and all this only to make one syllable of two, directly contrary to the example of the Greeks and Romans altogether of the Gothie strain, and of a natural fen dency towards relapsing into barbarity, which delights in monosyllables, and uniting of mute consonants, as it is observable in all the northern languages. And this is still more visible in the next refinement, which consists in pronouncing the first syllable in a word that has many, and dismissing the rest, such as phize, hipps, mobb, posz, rep, and many more, when we are already overloaded with monosyllables, which are the disgrace of our language. Thus we crum one syllable, and cut off the rest, as the owl fattened her mice after she had bit off their legs, to prevent them from running away, and if ours be the same reason for maiming words, it will certainly answer the end, for I am sure no other nation will desire to borrow them words are lutherto but fairly split, and therefore only in their way to perfection, as ineog and plenipo, but in a short time, it is to be hoped, they will be farther docked to me and plen. This reflection has made me of late years very impatient for a peace, which I believe would save the lives of many brave words as well as The war has introduced abundance of poly syllables, which will never be able to live many more campaigns. Speculations, operations, preliminaries, and ba. sadors, palisadoes, communications, circumvallations, battalions, as numerous as they are, if they attack us too frequently in our coffeehouses, we shall certainly put them to flight, and cut off the rear

The third refinement observable in the letter I send you consists in the choice of certain words invented by some pretty fellows, such as banter, bamboozle, country put, and kidney, as it is there applied, some of which are now struggling for the vogue, and others are in possession of it. I have done my utmost for some years past to stop the progress of mob and banter, but have been plainly borne down by numbers, and betrayed by those who promised to assist me

In the last place, you are to take notice of certain choice phrases scattered through the letter, some of them tolerable enough, till they were worn to rags by servile imitators. You might easily find them, although they were not in a different print, and therefore I need not disturb them.

These are the false refinements in our style, which you ought to correct first, by arguments and fair means,

but if those fail, I think you are to make use of your anthority as censor, and by an annual index expurgatorius expunge all words and phrases that are offensive to good sense, and condemn those barbarous mutilations of vowels and syllables In this last point the usual pretence is, that they spell as they speak standard for language' to depend upon the caprice of every coxcomb, who, because words are the clothing of our thoughts, cuts them out, and shapes them as he pleases, and changes them oftener than his dress I believe all reasonable people would be content that such refiners were more sparing of their words and liberal in their syllables. On this head I should be glad you would bestow some advice upon several young readers in our churches, who, coming up from the uni versity full fraught with admiration of our town polite ness, will needs correct the style of our prayerbooks In reading the absolution, they are very careful to say 'Pardons and absolves,' and in the prayer for the royal family it must be endue'um, enrich'um, prosper'um, and bring'um, then in their sermons they use all the modern terms of art, sham, banter, mob, bubble, bully, cutting, shuffling, and palming, all which, and many more of the like stamp, as I have heard them often in the pulpit from some young sophisters, so I have read them in some of those sermons that have made a great noise of late. The design, it seems, is to avoid the dreadful imputation of pedantry, to show us that they know the town, understand men and manners, and have not been poring upon old unfashionable books in the unit ersity

I should be glad to see you the instrument of introducing into our style that simplicity which is the best and truest ornament of most things in human life, which the politer ages always aimed at in their building and dress (simplex munditus) as well as their productions It is manifest that all new affected modes of speech, whether borrowed from the court, the town, or the theatre, are the first perishing parts in any language, and, as I could prove by many hundred instances, have been so in ours The writings of Hooker, who was a country clergyman, and of Parsons the Jesuit, both in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, are in a style that, with very few allowances, would not offend any present reader, much more elear and in telligible than those of Sir Henry Wotton, Sir Robert Naunton, Osborn, Daniel the Instorian, and several others who writ later, but being men of the court, and affecting the phrases then in fashion, they are often either not to be understood, or appear perfectly

What remedies are to be applied to these evils I have not room to consider, having, I fear, already taken up most of your paper besides, I think it is our office only to represent abuses, and yours to redress them—I am, with great respect, Sir, yours, &c.

(From The Tatler, No. 230.)

## Diversions of the Court of Lilliput

The emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known, both for dexterity and mag nificence. I vas diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed with a slender white thread extended about two feet, and twelve niches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little

This diversion is only practised by those persons who are candidates for great employments and high favour at court. They are trained in this art from their wouth, and are not always of noble birth or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace (which often happens), five or six of those candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope, and whoever jumps the highest, without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers them selves are commanded to shew their skill, and to con vince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty Flimnap, the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summerset several times together upon a trencher fixed on a rope which is no thicker than a common pack My friend Reldresal, principal thread in England secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer, the rest of the great officers are much upon a par

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the ministers them selves are commanded to shew their dexterity, for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far that there is hardly one of them who has not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that, a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would infallibly have broke his neck if one of the king's cushions that accidentally lay on the ground had not weakened the force of his fall.

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shewn before the emperor and empress and first minister, upon particular occasions. The emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads, of six inches long, one is blue, the other red, and the third green threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the emperor has a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favour The eeremony is performed in his majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity, very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the new or old world. The emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates, advancing one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it, backward and forward, several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other, sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue coloured silk, the red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear girt twice round about the middle, and you see few great persons about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles

(From Gullever's Travels)

The Treasurer was doubtless Sir Robert Walpole, then Prime Minister dismissed in 1717 through the intrigues of Sunderland and Stanhope. The cushion was prohably Sir Robert's interest with the Duchess of Kendal, the mistress of George I. Walpole held both the orders of the Garter and the Bath. here ridiculed.

The Projectors in the Academy of Lagado

I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the reademy. I very room has in it one or more projectors, and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin were all of the same colour. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put into phials hermetically scaled, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement He told me he did not doubt in eight years more that he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate, but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me 'to give him something as an encouragement to in genuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers' I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them

I saw another at work to calcine see into gunpowder, who likewise showed me a treatise he had written con eerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish

There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof, and working downwards to the foundation, which he justified to me by the lile practice of those two prudent insects, the becaude the spider

There was an astronomer who had undertaken to place a sun-dial upon the great weather each on the town house, by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun, so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turnings of the wind.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the reademy, where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided

The first professor I saw was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame which tool up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the roca, he said, perhaps I might wonder to see him emr oved in a project for improving speculative know alge by practical and mechanical operations But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness, and he flattered lumself that a more noble, exalted thought rever spring in any other man's head. Every one knew now laborious the usual method is of nttaining to art and sciences, whereas by his contribunce, the most gnorus, person, at a reasonable charge, and with a little 'wdily labour, may write books in philosophy, poetry, politics law, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study. He then led ne to the frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks It was thenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room The superficies was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a Jie, but some larger than others They were nll linled together by slender wires These bus of wood were covered on every square with paper pasted on them, and on these papers were written all the words of their language in their several moods, tenses, and decrensions, but without any order The professor then desired me to observe, for he was going to set his engine at work

The pupils, at his erminand, tool each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame, and giving them a salden turn the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed He then commanded six and thirty of the lade to read the several lines softly as they appeared upon the frame, and where they found three or four v ords together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining hoys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or fear times, and at every turn the engine was so contrived that the vords shifted min ner place as the quare bits of wood moved up ide down. Six hours a day the young students were employed in this labour and the profes or whered me several volumes in large folio, already collected, of broken sentence, which he intended to piece together, and out of the c rich materials to give the vorid a complete hody of all arts and science

We next went to the school of language, where three professors sat in consiliation upon improving that of their own country

The first project was to shorten discourse by citing polysyllable into one, and leaving out serbs and par ticiples, because, in reality, all things imaginable are hut nouns. The other was a scheme for en irely abolish ing all words whatevever and the was night as a great advantage in point of health as well as hereity, for it is plain that ever word we speal is in some degree a diminution of our lungs by corre on, wh consequently contributes to the shortening of our Inco. An expedient was therefore offered, that since words are only names for things, it would be more convenent for all men to carry about them such thing as were necessary to express the particular business they are to discourse on. And this invention would certainly live taken place, to the great case as well as I calth of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate had not threatened to raise a rebellion, it iess they might be allowed the liberty to speal with their tongues, after the manner of their fo clurate such constant irreconcilable enemies to s ience are the common people

Inother great adventage proposed by this invention was, that it would serve as a universal language to be understood in all civilised nations, whose goods and utensils are generally of the same kind or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended. And thus ambassadors would be qualified to treat with foreign princes or ministers of state, to who e tongues they were utter stranger.

I was at the mathematical school where the master trught his pupils after a method scarce imaginable to us in Lurope The proposition and demonstration were fairly written on a thin wafer, with ink composed of a cephalic tineture. This the student was to smallow upon a fasting stomach, and for three days following eat Is the water digested, nothing but bread and water the tineture mounted to his brun, Learing the proposi tion along with it. But the success hath not litherto been answerable, partly by some error in the quantum or composition, and partly by the perverseness of lads, to whom this bolus is so nauscous that they generilly steal aside, and discharge it upwards before it can operate neither have they been yet persuaded to use so long an abstinence as the prescription

In the school of political projectors I was but ill entertained, the professors appearing in my judgment wholly out of their senses, which is a seene that never fails to make me melanchols. These unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to choose favourites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity, and virtue, of teaching ministers to consult the public good, of rewarding ment, great abilities, and eminent services, of instructing princes to know their true interest, by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people, of choosing for em ployments persons qualified to exercise them, with many other wild impossible chimeras, that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive, and confirmed in me the old observation, that there is nothing so extravagant and irrational which some philosophers have not maintained for truth

But, however, I shall so far do justice to this part of the academy as to acknowledge that all of them rere not so visionary. There was a most ingenious doctor, who seemed to be perfectly versed in the whole nature and system of government. This illustrious person had very usefully employed his studies in finding out effectual remedies for all diseases and corruptions to which the several kinds of public administration are subject, by the vices or infirmities of those who govern, as well as by the licentiousness of those who are to For instance, whereas all writers and reasoners have agreed that there is a strict universal resemblance between the natural and political body, can there be anything more evident than that the health of both must be preserved, and the diseases cured, by the same prescriptions? This doctor therefore proposed that upon the meeting of a senate, certain physicians should attend at the three first days of their sitting, and at the close of each day's debate feel the pulses of every senator, after which, having maturely considered and consulted upon the nature of the several maladies, and the methods of cure, they should on the fourth day return to the senate house, attended by their apothecaries stored with proper medicines, and, before the members sat, administer to each of them lenitives, aperitives, abs'ersives, corrosives, restringents, palliatives, laxatives, cephalalgies, ieteries, apoplilegmatics, acoustics, as their se eral cases required, and, according as these medicines should operate, repeat, alter, or omit them at the next meeting

He likewise directed that every senator in the great council of a nation, after he had delivered his opinion, and argued in the defence of it, should be obliged to give his vote directly contrary, because, if that were done, the result would infallibly terminate in the good of the public.

When parties in a state are violent, he offered a wonderful contrivance to reconcile them. The method is this. You take a hundred leaders of each party, you dispose them into couples of such whose heads are nearest of a size, then let two nice operators saw off the occiput of each couple at the same time, in such manner that the brain may be equally divided. Let the occiputs thus cut off be interchanged, applying each to the head of his opposite party man. It seems indeed to be a work that requireth some exactness, but the professor assured us that if it were dexterously performed, the cure would be infallible. For he argued thus, that the two half brains being left to debate the

matter between themselves within the space of one skull would soon come to a good understanding, and produce that moderation, as well as regularity of thinking, so much to be wished for in the heads of those who imagine they come into the world only to watch and govern its motion and as to the difference of brains in quantity or quality, among those who are directors in faction, the doctor assured us, from his own knowledge, that it was a perfect trifle.

(From Gullwer's Travels)

#### From 'Journal to Stella.'

Did the bishop of London die in Wexford? poor gentleman! did he drink the waters? were you at his burial? was it a great funeral? so far from his friends! But he was very old we shall all follow And yet it was a pity, if God pleased good man, not very learned I believe he died but poor Did he leave any charity legacies? who held up his pall? was there a great sight of clergy? do they design a tomb for him? are you sure it was the bishop of London? because there is an elderly gentleman here that we give the same title to or did you fancy all this in your water, as others do strange things in their wine? they say, these waters trouble the head, and make people imagine what never came to pass Do you make no more of killing a bishop? are these your Whiggish tricks?-Yes, yes, I see you are in a fret O faith, says you, saucy Presto, I'll break your head, what, can't one report what one hears without being made a jest and a laughing stock? are these your English tricks, with a murrain?—and Sacheverell will be the next bishop?

I was with the secretary this morning, who was in a mighty hurry, and went to Windsor in a chariot with lord keeper, so I was not invited, and am forced to stay at home, but not at all against my will, for I could have gone, and would not. I dined in the city with one of my printers, for whom I got the Gazette, and am come home early, and have nothing to say to you more, but finish this letter, and not send it by the bellman Days grow short, and the weather grows bad, and the town is splenetic, and things are so oddly contrived that I cannot be absent, otherwise I would go for a few days to Oxford, as I promised They say, 'tis certain that Prior has been in France, nobody doubts it. I had not time to ask the secretary, he was in such haste. Well, I will take my leave of dearest MD for a while, for I must begin my next letter to night consider that, young women, and pray be merry, and good girls, and love Presto There is now but one business the ministry wants me for, and when that is done, I will take my leave of them never got a penny from them, nor expect it. In my opinion, some things stand very ticklish, I dare say nothing at this distance. Farewell, dear sirrahs, dearest lives there is peace and quiet with MD, and nowhere else. They have not lessure here to think of small things, which may ruin them, and I have been forward enough Farewell again, dearest rogues I am never happy but when I write or think of MD I have enough of courts and ministers, and wish I were at Larreor and if I could with honour come away this moment, I would Bernage came to see me to-day, he is just landed from Portugal, and come to ruse recruits he looks very well and seems pleased with his station and manner of life he never saw London

nor England before, he is ravished with Kent, which was his first prospect when he landed. Farewell again, &c &c. (Dated 24th and 25th August 1711)

# From 'Polite Conversation,'

It was in the year 1695, and the sixth of his late majesty King William the Third, of ever glorious and inmortal memory, who rescued three kingdoms from popery and slavery, when, being about the age of six and thirty, my judgment mature, of good reputation in the world, and well acquainted with the best families in town, I determined to spend five mornings, to dine four times, pass three afternoons and six evenings every week, in the houses of the most polite families, of which I would confine myself to fifty, only changing as the masters or ladies died, or left the town, or grew out of vogue, or sunk in their fortnnes, or (which to me was of the highest moment) became disaffected to the government, which practice I have followed ever since to this very day, except when I happened to be sick, or in the spleen upon cloudy weather, and except when I entertained four of each sex at my own lodgings once in a month, by way of retaliation

I always kept a large table book in my pocket, and as soon as I left the company I immediately entered the choicest expressions that passed during the visit which, returning home, I transcribed in a fair hand, but somewhat enlarged, and had made the greatest part of my collection in twelve years, but not digested into any method, for this I found was a work of infinite labour, and what required the nicest judgment, and consequently could not be brought to any degree of perfection in less than sixteen years more.

Herein I resolved to exceed the advice of Horace, a Roman poet, which I have read in Mr Creech's admir able translation, that an author should keep his works nine years in his closet before he ventured to publish them and, finding that I still received some additional flowers of wit and language, although in a very small number, I determined to defer the publication, to pursue my design, and exhaust (if possible) the whole subject, that I might present a complete system to the world for I am convinced by long experience that the critics will be as severe as their old envy against me can make them I foresee they will object that I have inserted many an wers and replies which are neither witty, humorous, polite, nor authentic, and have omitted others that would have been highly useful as well as entertuning But let them come to particulars, and I will holdly engage to confute their malice.

For these last six or seven years I have not been able to add above nine valuable sentences to enrich my collection from whence I conclude that what remains will amount only to a trifle. However, if after the publication of this work, any lady or gentleman, when they have read it, shall find the least thing of importance omitted, I desire they will please to supply my defects by communicating to me their discoveries, and their letters may be directed to Simon Wagstaff, Esq., at his lodgings next door to the Gloucester head in St. James's street, paying the postage. In return of which favour, I shall make honourable mention of their names in a short preface to the second edition.

In the mean time, I cannot but with some pride, and much pleasure, congratulate with my dear country, which has outdone all the nations of Europe in advancing the

whole art of conversation to the greatest height it is capable of reaching, and therefore, being entirely convinced that the collection I now offer to the public is full and complete, I may at the same time boldly affirm, that the whole genius, humour, politeness, and eloquence of England are summed up in it, nor is the treasure small, wherein are to be found at least a thousand shining questions, answers, repartees, replies, and rejoinders, fitted to adorn every kind of discourse that an assembly of English ladies and gentlemen, met together for their mitual entertainment, can possibly want especially when the several flowers shall be set off and improved by the speakers, with every circumstance of preface and circumlocution, in proper terms, and attended with praise, laughter, or admiration

#### From 'Thoughts on Various Subjects'

We have just religion enough to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another

When we desire or solicit anything, our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it, when it is obtained, our mind runs only on the bad ones.

When a true genius appeareth in the world, you may know him by this infallible sign, that the dinness are all in confederacy against him

I am apt to think that, in the day of judgment, there will be small allowance given to the wise for their want of morals, or to the ignorant for their want of faith, because both are without excuse. This renders the advantages equal of ignorance and knowledge. But some scruples in the wise, and some vices in the ignorant, will perhaps be forgiven upon the strength of temptation to each

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes on the next 'Future ages shall talk of this, this shall be famous to all posterity 'whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now

It is in disputes as in armies, where the weaker side setteth up false lights, and maketh a great noise, that the enemy may believe them to be more numerous and strong than they really are

I have known some men possessed of good qualities, which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves, like a sun dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbours and passengers, but not the owner within

If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, &c. beginning from his youth, and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last!

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

Censure is the tax a man payeth to the public for being eminent.

No wise man ever wished to be younger

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before

Complaint is the largest tribute Heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion

The common fluency of speech in many men and most women is owing to a scarcity of matter and

scarcity of words for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of both, whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready at the mouth. So people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty than when a crowd is at the door.

To be vain is rather a mark of himility than pride. Vain men delight in telling what honours have been done them, what great company they have kept, and the like, by which they plainly confess that these honours were more than their due, and such as their friends would not believe if they had not been told whereas a man truly prond thinks the greatest honours below his merit, and consequently scorns to boast. I therefore deliver it as a maxim, that whoever desires the character of a proud man ought to conceal his vanity.

Every man desireth to live long, but no man would be

If books and laws continue to increase as they have done for fifty years past, I am in some concern for future ages, how any man will be learned, or any man a lawyer

A nice man is a man of nasty ideas

If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keeps his at the same time

Very few men, properly speaking, live at present, but

are providing to live another time.

Princes in their infancy, childhood, and youth are said to discover prodigious parts and wit, to speak things that surprise and astonish strange, so many hopeful princes, so many shameful kings! If they happen to die young, they would have been prodigies of wisdom and virtue if they live, they are often prodigies indeed, but of another sort.

As universal a practice as lying is, and as easy a one as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good lies in all my conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty

Sir Walter Scott's edition of Swift's Works (19 vols. 1814) and ed. 1824) includes most of what was valuable in the editions of Hawkesworth and Sheridan, a nev edition by Temple Scott, with biographical introduction by Mr Lecky, began in 1897 (vol. viii. 1899). Selections are by Traill (1884-85), Lewin (1886), H. Morley (1889-90), and Crail. (1892). John Forster published vol. 1. of a Life in 1875, and there are Lives by Crail (1882), Leslie Stephen (1882). Moriarty (1893), and Churton Collins (1893). See also Swift in Ireland by R. Ashe King (1896) and Mr Herbert Paul's Men'and Letters (1901).

GEORGE SAINTSBURY

John Arbuthnot, or Arbuthnott (1667–1735), the friend of Pope, Swift, Gay, and Prior, shared with his brother-wits—mostly keen Tories—in many humorous publications called forth chiefly by political events. His father was Episcopal parish minister of Arbuthnott in Kincardineshire, and was ejected after the Revolution, one of his brothers fought under Dundee at Killiecrankie, another in Mar's rebellion in 1715, and John himself was, according to Chesterfield, 'a Jacobite by prejudice, a republican by reflection and reasoning'. Having studied at Aberdeen and University College, Oxford, he took a degree in medicine at St Andrews (1696), and, settling in London, where

before this he had taught mathematics, he became known as a wit and as author of an Examination of Dr Woodward's Account of the Deluge, and an Essay on the Usefulness of Mathematical Learning (1700) Happening to be at Epsom when Prince George was taken ill there, Arbuthnot treated the case so successfully that he was made the prince's regular physician. In 1705 he was appointed physician to the queen In 1715 Pope and he assisted Gay in the unlucky farce, Three Hours after Marriage The satirical Memoirs of the Extraordinary Life, Works, and Discoveries of Martinus Scriblerus, published in Pope's works (1741), was chiefly, if not wholly, written by Arbuthnot The design of this work, as expounded by Pope, was to ridicule all the false tastes in learning, under the character of a man of capacity who had dipped into every art and science, but injudiciously in each. Cervantes was the model, but though the witty authors copied his grave irony with success, the fine humanity and genial imagination of the Spanish novelist are wholly wanting in Scriblerus It is highly probable that the character of Cornelius Scriblerus suggested to Sterne the idea His oddities and absurdities of Walter Shandy about the education of his son-in describing which Arbuthnot displays extensive and curious learningare worthy of Sterne. Useful hints are thrown out amidst the ridicule and pedantry of Scriblerus. and one might almost think the author was poking fun at 'object lessons' when we read that 'the old gentleman so contrived it, to make everything contribute to the improvement of his knowledge, even to his very dress. He invented for him a geographical suit of clothes, which might give him some hints of that science, and likewise some knowledge of the commerce of different nations He had a French hat with an African feather, Holland shirts and Flanders lace, English cloth lined with Indian silk, his gloves were Italian, and his shoes were Spanish. He was made to observe this, and daily catechised thereupon, which his father was wont to call "travelling at home." He never gave him a fig or an orange but he obliged him to give an account from what country it came?

Another monument of Arbuthnot's wit and humour is his *History of John Bull* (1712), designed to ridicule the Duke of Marlborough and turn the nation against the French war The allegory is well sustained, and the satirical allusions wonderfully happy, though the political disputes of that time have largely lost their interest. In the like ironical vein are his Treatise concerning the Altercation or Scolding of the Ancients and his Art of Political Lying His wit, always pointed, is seldom acrimonious, and never without strong reasons personally offensive Of his serious works, the most notable, besides medical treatises, was a series of dissertations on ancient coins, weights, and measures He was singularly careless of his literary fame, published his best things anonymously, and let his friends court and after them at will, accordingly some things quite unworthy of him were falsely attributed to him. After the death of Queen Anne all court functionaries were changed, and Arbuthnot removed from St. James's to Dover Street. Swift affirmed he knew his art but not his trade, and declared, 'He has more wit than we all have, and more humanity than wit' Arbuthnot, though displaced at court still had a good practice in great houses, and to the end main tained his unaffected cheerfulness and good nature. From 1723 he was in ill health, and bore with



JOHN ARBUTHNOT, MD

By special permission, from the Portrait by C. Jervas in the

Royal College of Physicians London

dignity beconvement and suffering. His severest utterance is his epitaph on Colonel Charteris, the most notorious blackguard of the day

Here continueth to rot the body of FRANCIS CHAPTRES, who, with an inflexible constancy, and immitable uniformity of life, persisted, in spite of age and infirmities, in the practice of every human vice, excepting prodigality and hypocrisy, his insatiable avarice exempted him from the first, his matchless impudence from the second. Nor was he more singular in the undersating pravity of his minners than successful in accumulating wealth, for, without trade or profes sion, without trust of public money, and without bribe worthy service, he required, or more properly created, a ministerial estate He was the only person of his time who could eheat with the mask of honesty, retain his primeval meanness when possessed of ten thousand a year, and having daily deserved the gibbet for what

he did, was at last condemned to it for what he could not do. Oh, indignant reader! think not his life use less to mankind. Providence connised at his execuble desirns, to give to after ages a conspicuous proof and example of how small estimation is exorbitant wealth in the sight of God, by his bestowing it on the most inworthy of all mortals.

## John Bull (the English), Nic Frog (the Dutch) and Hocus (the Duke of Marlborough).

Bull, in the main, was an honest plain dealing fellow, cholene, hold, and of a very unconstant temper, he dreaded not old Lewis either at lineksword, single falchion, or endgel play but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him, if you flattened him, you might lead him like a child. John's temper depended ery much upon the air, his spirits note and fell with the weather John was quick, and understood he begins very well, but no man alive was more employ in loof me into his accompts or more cheated by partners, apprentices, and servants. This was occasioned by his being a boon companion, losing his bottle and has diversion for to say truth, no man Lep a better house than John nor spent his mones more generously. Br I han and fair dealing John had acquired some plans, and might have kept them, hal it and been for Li un happy lawant

Nie I rog was a cumming alse who reson quite the reverse of John in many particular cove ous fragil minded domestic affairs, would pinch his och to save his pocket, never lost a farthing his circless servants or bad debtors. He did not eare much for any som of diversions except tricks of high German artist, and legical comming no man exceeded. Nie in these year it must be owned that Nie vas a fair dealer, and in that way acquired immense riches.

Hocus was an old cunning attornes, and though the was the first con iderable suit that ever he was ergaged in, he showed himself superior in addres to most his profesion, he kept always good clears he loved money, was smooth tongued, gave good words and seldom lost his temper, he was not worse than an infidel, for he provided plentifully for his family, but he loved himself better than them all the neigh hours reported that he was henjecked, which was impossible by such a mild spirited woman as his wife was

The Duchess of Marlborough was a termacent. The Teep wis charged the great duke with peculation as commander in chief and with prolonging the war on that account

## John Bull's Mother (the Church of England)

John had a mother whom he loved and honoured extremely a discreet, grave, solver, good-conditioned cleanly old gentlewoman as ever lived, she was more of your cross grained terringant, scolding jades, that one had as good be hanged as live in the house with, such as are always censuring the conduct and telling scandalous stories of their neighbours, extolling their own good qualities, and undervaluing those of others. On the contrary, she was of a nicely spirit, and, as she was strictly virtuous herself, so she always put the best construction upon the words and actions of her neighbours, except where they were irreconcilable to the rules of honesty and decency. She was neither one of

your precise prudes, nor one of your fantastical old belles, that dress themselves like girls of fifteen, as she neither wore a ruff, forehead cloth, nor high crowned hat, so she had laid aside feathers, flowers, and crimpt ribbons in her head-dress, fur below scarfs, and hooped petiticoats. She scorned to patch and paint, yet she loved to keep lier hands and lier face clean. Though she vore no flaunting laced ruffles, she would not keep herself in a constant sweat with greasy flannel, though lier hair was not stack with jewels, she was not ashamed of a diamond cross—she was not, like some ladies, hang about with toys and trinkets, tweezer cases, pocket-glasses, and essence bottles, she used only a gold watch and an almanac, to mark the hours and the holidays.

Her furniture was neat and genteel, well fancied, with a lon gout As she affected not the grandeur of a state with a canopy, she thought there was no offence in an elbow chair, she had laid aside your carving, gilding, and japan work as being too apt to gather dirt, but slie never coald be prevailed upon to part with plain wainsco and clean hangings. There are some ladies that affect to smell a stink in everything, they are always highly perfumed, and continually burning frank meense in their rooms, she was above such affectation, yet she never would by aside the use of brooms and scrubbing brushes, and scrupled not to lay her linen in fresh lavender. She was no less genteel in her behaviour, well bred, without affectation, in the due mean between one of your affected courtesying pieces of formality, and your romps that have no regard to the common rules of civility There are some ladies that affect a mighty regard for their relations must not eat to-day for my uncle Tom, or my consin Betty died this time ten years, let's have a ball to night, it is my neighbour such a one's She looled upon all this as grimace, yet birthday she constantly observed her husband's birthday, her wedding day, and some few more. Though she was a truly good woman, and had a sincere mo lierly love for her son John, yet there wanted not those who en deavoured to create a misunderstanding between them, and they had so far prevailed with him once that he turned her out of doors [i.e. in 1643-60], to his great sorrow, as he found afterwards, for his affairs went on at sixes and sevens

She was no less judicious in the turn of her con versation and choice of her studies, in which she far exceeded all her sex, your rakes that hate the company of all sober grave gentlewomen would bear hers, and slie would, by her handsome manner of proceeding, sooner reclaim them than some that were more sonr and reserved. She was a zealous preacher up of chastity and conjugal fidelity in wives, and by no means a friend to the newfangled doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom, though slie advanced her opinions with a becoming assurance, yet slie never usliered them in, as some positive creatures will do, with dog matical assertions-this is infallible, I cannot be mis taken, none but a rogue can deny it. It has been observed that such people are oftener in the wrong than anybody Though she had a thousand good qualities, she was not without her faults, amongst which one might perhaps reckon too great lenity to her servants, to whom slic always give good counsel, but often too gentle correction

Bull's Sister Peg (the Scottish Nation and Church)

John had a sister, a poor girl that had been starved at nurse, anybody would have guessed miss to have been bred up under the inflaence of a cruel stepdame, and John to be the fondling of a tender mother John looked ruddy and plump, with a pair of cheeks like a trumpeter, miss looked pale and wan, as if she had the green sickness, and no wonder, for John was the darling, he had all the good bits, was crammed with good pullet, chicken, pig, goose, and capon, while miss had only a little oatmeal and water, or a dry crust without butter John had his golden pippins, peaches, and nectarines, poor miss a crab apple, sloe, or a blackberry Master lay in the best apart ment, with his bed chamber towards the south sun, miss lodged in a garret, exposed to the north wind, which shrivelled her countenance. However, this usage, though it stunted the girl in her growth, gave her a hardy constitution, she had life and spirit in abund ance, and knew when she was ill used now and then she would seize upon Jolin's commons, snatch a leg of a pullet, or a bit of good beet, for which they were sure to go to fisticulf. Master was indeed too strong for her, but miss would not yield in the least point, but even when master had got her down, she would scratch and bite like a tiger, when he gave her a cuff on the car, she would prick him with lier knitting needle. John brought a great chain one day to tie her to the bcd post, for which affront miss aimed a penknife at his heart. In short, these quartels grew up to rooted aversions, they gave one another nicknames, she called him Gundy guts, and he called her Lousy Peg, though the girl was a tight clever wench as any was and through her pale looks you might diseern spirit and vivacity, which made her not, indeed, a perfect beauty, but something that was agreeable. It was barbarous in parents not to take notice of these early quarrels, and make them live better together, such domestic feuds proving afterwards the occasion of misfortunes to them both Peg had, indeed, some odd humours and comical antipathy, for which John would jeer her 'What think you of my sister Peg,' says he, 'that faints at the sound of an organ, and vet will dance and frisk at the noise of a bagpipe?' 'What's that to you, Gundy guts' quoth Peg, 'everybody's to choose their own music.' Then Peg had taken a fancy not to say her paternoster, which made people imagine strange things of her Of the three brothers that have made such a clutter in the world, Lord Peter, Martin, and Jack [the Pope, Luther, and Calvin], Jack had of late been her inclination Lord Peter she detested, nor did Martin stand much better in her good graces, but Jack had found the way to her heart.

#### The Celerity and Duration of Lies

As to the celerity of their motion, the author says it is almost incredible. He gives several instances of hes that have gone faster than a man can ride post. Your terrifying lies travel at a prodigious rate, above ten miles an hour. Your whispers move in a narrow vortex, but very swiftly. The author says it is impossible to explain several phenomena in relation to the celerity of lies, without the supposition of synchronism and combination. As to the daration of lies, he says there are of all sorts, from hours and days to ages, that there are some which, like insects, die and revive again in a different

form, that good artists, like people who build upon a short lease, will calculate the duration of a he surely to answer their purpose—to last just as long, and no longer, than the turn is served

The properest contradiction to a lie is ano lier lie For example, if it should be reported that the Pre tender was in I ondon, one would not contradict it by saying he never was in Ingland, but you must prove by eye witnesses that he came no further than Greenwich, and then went back again. Thus, if it be spread about that a great pur on were dving of some disease, you must not say the truth, that they are in health and never had such a disease, but that they are slowly recovering of it. So there was not long ago a gentleman who affirmed that the treats with I rance, for bringing popers and slavers into England, was signed the 15th of September, to which another answered very judiciously, not by opposing truth to his he, that there was no such treats. But that to his certain know ledge there were many things in that treaty not yet adjusted

## Letter to Pope

I little doubt of your I ind concern for me, nor of that of my Lord Bathur t I have nothing to repay my friends with at present but pravers and good wishes I have the satisfaction to find that I am as officiously served by my friends as he that has thousands to leave in legacies, besides the assurance of their sincerity Almighty has made my bodily disease as easy as a thing of that nature can be. I have found relief sometimes from the air of this place, my nights are bad, but many poor creatures are wor e. As for you, my good friend, I think since our first requirintance there has not been any of those little suspicions or jealousies which often affect the sincerest friendship, I am sure not on my side I must be so sinecre as to own that though I could not help valuing you for those talents which the world praises, jet they were not the foundation of my friend ship They were quite of another sort, nor will I at present offend you by enumerating them. And I make it my last request, that you will continue that noble dis dain and abhorrence of vice which you seem naturally endued with, but still with regard to your own safety and study more to reform than chastise, though the one cannot be effected without the other

Lord Bathurst I have always honoured for every good quality that a person of his runk ought to have Pray give my respects and kindest wishes to the family. My venison stomach is gone, but I have those about me, and often with me, who will be very glad of his present. If it is left at my house, it will be transmitted safe to me.

A recovery in my case, and at invage, is impossible. The kindest wishes of my friends is an *Euthanasia* Living or dying I shall be. I ours

Arbuthnot's Miscellaneous Il orks yere, with a Life, published in 1770. There is a good I ife of him by G. A. Aitken (1892). John Bull and The Art of Political Lying are included in the eather collected editions of Swift.

John Strype (1643-1737), the son of John van Strip, a religious refugee from Brabant, was born in London, was educated at St Paul's School and Cambridge, and became incumbent of Low Leyton, Essey, but was known to the world as an ecclesiastical historian and biographer His prolix and illarranged, but honest and invaluable, works (27 vols,

Chr Press ed 1821-43) include Memorials of Cranmin (1694), Lives of Sir Thomas Smith (1698), Bishop Arlmer (1701), Sir John Cheke (1705), Archbishop Grindal (1710), Archbishop Parler (1711), and Archbishop Whitzifi (1718), Annals of the Reformation (1709-31), and the Ecclesiastical Memorials, 1511-58 (1721,—his best work. He also edited Stow's Survey of Lordon (1720). The following letter to his mother from Cambridge sets the life of a university man about that period in a vivid light.

Good Mother,

Your of the 24th instant I gladly received, expecting indeed one a weel lefore, but I understand both le Waterson and your elf of your indisposedness then to The reason's a receive this no sooner is, becaute Write I had a mind (knowing of this honest moman's so ting out so suddenly for I or lon from hence and her bu iresse In inc so neer to Let ice to Lame) that she should dearer it into so r hands, that is sourmed the letter and more fully heare of me, and mon how a fareth with me. She is my laundre to make her velcorie and tell her how tou would have my linen washed as you were saring in your letter. I am very glad to hear that you and my brother John on do three to well, that I believe von account an unusual cour este that le should have vot out to the cake here. However, priv mother, he careful of your elf and the noncernally sourself, for that v want to bring you upon a sid bel. I here allo my brother Soveris of en a victor truly I am glod of it. I hope your children may be comforts to you now you are Remember me back again mor kinlig to growing old in brother Siver

Concerning the taking up of my things, its true I go at one shilling too much in the hundred. Int why I give so much, I thought indeed I had given you an account in that same letter, but it seems I have not. The oals rea on is, because they were a scholar's good. I is coun on to make them pay one shilling more than the town's people. Dr Pearson himself paved so and exert o her lads in this college, and my tutor told me they really expect so much of me, being a scholar, and I found it so.

Do not wonder so much at our commons they are nore than many colleges have. Frinity uself taher Herring and Davies are), which is the famousest college in the University, have but three half pence roast ment, dinner and supper, throughout the weeker and such meate as you know I not use to care for and that is real but non I have learnt to eat it Sometimes neverthelesse we have boiled ment, with pottage, and beef and mutton which I am glad of except Fridays and Saturdays and sometimes Wednesdays, which days we have fish at dinner and tansy or pudding for supper Our parts then are slender enough. But there is the remedy, we may retire unto the butternes and there take a half penny loafe and butter or chiese, or else to the kitchen, and take there what the cook hath. But, for mr part, I am sure I never visited the Litchen vet, since I have been here, and the butteries but seldom after meals unlesse for a ciza, that is for a farthing worth of small beer so that lesse than a peny in beer doth serve me a Neverthelesse sometimes we have exceed whole day ings then we have two or three dishes (but that is very rare) otherwise never but one so that a cake and a

cheese would be very welcome to me, and a weats tongue, or some such thing, if it would not require too If you do intend to send me any thing, do much money not send it set, until you hear further of me for I have many things to send for, which may all, I hope, be put into that box you have at home but what they are, I shall give you an account of hereafter, when I would have them sent and that is, when I have got me a chamber for as yet. I am in a chamber that do h not at all please me. I have thoughts of one, which is a very handsome one, and one pair of stairs high, and that looketh into the master's garden. The price is but 205 per annum, ten whereof a knight's son, and lately admitted into this college, doth pay though he did not come till about midsummer, so that I shall have but 10s to pay a year besides my income, which may be about 40s, or there Mother, I kindly thank you for your orange pills you sent me. If you are not too straight of money, send me some such thing by the woman, and a pound or two of almonds and raisons. But first ask her if she will carry them, or if they be not too much trouble to her I do much approve of your agreeing with the carrier quarterly he was indeed telling me of it, that you had agreed with him for it and I think he means both yours and mine. Make your brigain sure with him

I understand by your letter that you are very inquisitive to I now how tlungs stand with me here. I believe you may be yell enough satisfied by the woman. My break ings-out are non all gone. Indeed I was afraid at my first coming it would have pro ed the itch but I am fairly rid on it but I fear I shall get it, let me do what I can for there are many here that have it cruelly Some of them take strong purges that would kill a horse, recels together for it, to ge it away, and yet are hardly At my first coming I Lid alone but since, my tutor desired me to let a very elear lad lay with me, and an alderman's son of Colchester, which I could not deny, being newly come the both last with me now for almost a fortnight, and will do till he can provide himself 41th a chamber I have been with all my acquaintance. sho have entreated me very courteously, especially Jonathan Houghton I went to his chamber the I riday uight I first came, and there he made me stay and sup with him, and would have had me laid with him that night, and was extraordinary 1 and to me. Since, we have been together pretty often He excused lumselfe that he did not come to see me before he went, and that he did not write to me since he had been come. He hath now, or is about obtaining, £10 more from the college

We go twice a day to Chapel, in the morning about 7, and in the evening about 5. After we come from Chapel in the morning, which is towards 8, we go to the butteries for our breakfast, which usually is five farthings, an halfepenny loaf and butter, and a eize of beer. But sometimes I go to an honest house near the college, and have a pint of milk boiled for my breakfast.

Truh I was much troubled to hear that my letter for Ireland is not vet gone. I wish if Mr Jones is not vet gone, that it might be sent some other way. Indeed I wish I could see my cousin James Bonnell here within three or four years for I believe our University is less strict to observe lads that do not in every point conforme than theirs at Dublin though ours be had enough. Pray remember me to my uncle, and all my friends there, when you write. Remember me to my cousin James Knox. I am glad he is recovered from his dangerous sickness,

whatsoever it is, for I canuot make any thing of it, is you have written it. And thus, for want of paper, I end, desiring heartily to be remembered to all my friends. Excuse me to my brother and sister that they have not heard from me yet. Next week I hope to write to them both. Excuse my length, I thought I would answer your letter to the full. I remaine your dutiful son,

I STRUP

These for his honoured Mother
Mrs. Hester Stryp widdow,
dwelling in Petticoat Lane, right over against the
Twe Ink Hornes, without Bishops Gate, in London

This letter was printed by Sir Henry Ellis for the Camden Society in a series of Original Letters of Entinent Literary Men (1843).

#### Daniel Defoe.

the author of Robinson Cruson, was born towards the close of 1659 in the London parish of St Giles, Cripplegate His father, James Foe, was a butcher there, his grandfather was a veoman of Etton near Peterborough, and the change to De Foe or Defoe was made by Daniel about 1697 was educated for the Nonconformist ministry at a Stoke Newington academy, learning Latin, Greek, French, Italian, Spanish, and, above all, English. but by 1683 he was in business as a hose factor He was apparently out with Monmouth, joined King William at Henley in 1688, trivelled in Scotland, France, and Spain, and went bankrupt in 1602, his debts be scrupulously paid up later next became accountant to the glass-duty commissioners and secretary and owner of a Tilbury tile His Essay upon Projects appeared in factors 1698, and he became noted as an able pamphleteer in support of the king's policy—e.g. in his vigorous poem, The True born Englishman (1701) success was prodigious, eighty thousand copies sold upon the streets Defoe was no poet, but he could reason in verse, and lind an unlimited command of homely, forcible language The sature opens with a paraphrase of Burton (see Vol. I p 440)

Wherever God erects a house of prayer, The devil always builds a chapel there, And 'twill be found upon examination, The latter has the larger congregation.

Defoc's restless pen was active throughout the bitter struggle under Anne between the High-Church party and the Dissenters, and his famous treatise, The Shortest Way with the Dissenters (1703), first deceived and then infuriated his oppo-The House of Commons ordered the pamphlet to be burned, and, when tried at the Old Bailey in July, he was sentenced to pay a fine of 200 marks, to stand thrice in the pillory, to find sureties for his good behaviour during seven years, and to be imprisoned during the queen's pleasure. On the first day he suffered appeared his Hymn to the Pillory, and that portion of his penalty was converted into a Whig triumph During his imprisonment in Newgate he continued an incessant literary activity upon 'occasional conformity' and other

controversies, and started his *Review* (February 1704–June 1713), at first a weekly, then a bi weekly, and finally a tri weekly newspaper. This was his largest, if not his most important, work, embracing in over five thousand pages essays on almost every branch of human knowledge. During the same nine years he published eighty distinct works, with 4727 pages. His 'Scandal Club' was the forerunner of the *Tatlers* and *Spectators* 

In August 1704 Defoe was released from prison through Harley, who further procured him employment. Giving Alms no Charity (1704) was a masterly denun-

ciation of indis criminate charity and national workshops In 1705 appeared The Consolidator or Memoirs of Sundry Transactions from the World in the Moon, a political satire, which per haps supplied a hint for Gulliver's Travels, and in 1706 The True Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs Veal, which Mr Aitken has proved to be founded on fact or supposed fact. Jure Divino Was a tedious political satire in twelve books of poor verse. In 1705 Defoe was sent by Harley on a secret mission to the west of England, in 1706-7 he was in Scot-

DANIEL DEFOE

From an Engraving by Hopwood after a Portrait by J Richardson

land as a secret agent to promote the Union His History of the Union appeared in 1709 After Harley's fall (1708) he found himself able to be a staunch Whig under Godolphin, but on Harley's return to power (1710) he once more supported a Tory Ministry In 1713 Defoe agam tried his hand at political irony, and issued three pamphlets - Reasons against the Succession of the House of Hanover, What if the Pretender should Come? and What if the Queen should Die? Neither Whig nor Tory could understand Defoe's ironical writings. He was taken into custody, and had to find bail, himself in £800, and two friends in £400 each, to answer for the alleged libels Through the influence, however, of Harley, now Lord Oxford, Defoe obtained a pardon under the Great Seal, confuting the charges brought against him, and exempting him from any consequences thereafter on account of those publications. In his Review he had striven in vain to preserve the semblance of consistency, and, playing a dubious part in the intrigues that preceded and attended the accession of the House of Hanover, hie found himself in a general discredit which his Appeal to Honour and Justice (1715) did not remove. In 1718 he was in equivocal government service, too ingeniously sub editing Jacobite

and High Cliurch organs Defoe was not scrupu lous in his point of lionour, still, it is certain he never was a Ton, but always at heart devoted to the glorious Revolution and the Protestant succession None the less, it is amazing to find Мг Thomas Wright thus vin dicating his con 'If it 15 duct dishonourable to be a spy, Defoc's conduct cannot be defended, if it is not dishonour able, let no stones be cast at him' In 1715 appeared the first volume of the Family In structor, and on 25th April 1719 the first volume of the immortal Robinson Crusoe, founded partly on

Dampier's Voyage (see page 103 above), but mainly on the astventures of Alexander Selkirk, which were described at length in Woodes Rogers's Criming logage round the World and Captun Cooke's ware made (both published in 1712), and were made more coessible in Steele's Englishman (see the article on Steele in this volume) in 1713, from Sel n narration Perhaps no man in the whole kırk's ι Interature ever devised at fifty-nine a more history sterpiece of creative imagination. The splendi appeared the second volume, and in 1720 same 3 e-The Serious Reflictions during the Life the u 1 ng Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, acand Sur ach the original story was an allegory cording to of the no ist's own life. In this his most prolific

year he also gave to the world the Life and Adventures of Duncar Campbell, the famous Memoirs of a Cavalier, and Captain Singleton, a book of great brilliancy In 1722 he issued Mote Flanders, a marvel of the novelistic art, The Journal of the Plague Year, better known by the title in the second edition, A History of the Plague, a fresh masterpiece of verisimilitude, and the History of Colonel Jacque, which, unequal throughout and actually feeble towards its close, is in parts the most charming of all his books. Later works were Roxana (1724), a weaker Moll Flanders, A Tour through Great Britain (1724-26), A New Volage round the World (1725), The Complete English Tradesman (1725-27), a glorification of moneygetting, and The Political History of the Devil (1726), which may be grouped with his System of Magic (1726) and the Essay on the Reality of Apparations (1727) Other works are his rather ignoble Religious Courtship (1722) and The Use and Abuse of the Marriage Bed (1727) Everybody's Business is Nobody's Business (1725) is an amusing diatribe upon the insolence of domestic servants, in which he recommends for London shoeblacks the drastic discipline proposed by Fletcher of Saltoun (Vol. I p 828) for Scots vagabonds 'Under the notion of cleaning our shoes, above ten thousand wicked, idlc, pilfering vagrants are permitted to patrol about the city I therefore humbly propose that these vagabonds should be put immediately under such taskmasters as the government shall appoint, and that they be employed, punished, or rewarded according to their capacities and demerits, that is to say, the industrious and docible to woolcombing, as also to husbandry and other parts of agriculture.'

Meantime Defoe had built himself 'a very hand some house' at Stole Newington, where he had 'a very genteel way of living' and amused himself with gardening and the company of his three daughters. But about 1729 his affairs seem to have fallen into confusion, one of his sons had behaved undutifully, and he was under apprehensions of trouble. He died in Ropemakers' Alley, Moorfields, 26th April 1731, and was buried in Bunhill Fields In his last preserved letter, from some place where he was hiding near Greenwich, he writes 'I am so near my journey's end, and am hastening to the place where the wearv are at rest, and where the wicked cease to trouble, be it that the passage is rough, and the day stormy, by what vay soever He please to bring me to the end of it, I desire to finish life with this temper of soul in all cases-Te Deum Laudamus'

As a novelist Defoe was the father of Richardson, and partly of Fielding, as an essayist he suggested the *Tatler* and *Speciator* His imagination had no visions of surpassing loveliness, nor any rich combinations of humour and eccentricity, yet he is equally at home in the plain scenes of English life, in the wars of the cavaliers, in the

haunts of dissipation and infamy, in the roving adventures of the buccaneers, and in the appalling visitation of the plague. In scenes of diablerie and witchcraft he preserves the same unmoved and truth like demeanour Taste or circumstances led him mostly into low life, and his characters often are such as we cannot sympathise with. The whole arcana of roguery and villains seem to have been open to him, his experiences of Newgate were not without their use. It might be thought that the good taste which led Defoe to write in a style of such pure and unpretending English, instead of the inflated manner of vulgar writers. would have dictated a nicer selection of his subjects. and kept him from wandering so frequently into the low and disgusting purlieus of vice. But he seems to have selected the adventures of pirates. pickpockets, demireps, and the like worthless characters for the simple reason that they would sell best, of course he nowhere holds them up for imitation. He evidently felt most at home where he had to descend, not to rise, to his subject, Robinson Crusoe's experiences, his shipwreck and sojourn in the solitary island, invest that incomparable tale with more romance than any of his other works 'Pathos,' said Sir Walter Scott, 'is not Defoe's general characteristic, he had too little delicacy of mind. When it comes, it comes uncalled, and is created by the circumstances, not sought for by the author. The excess, for instance, of the natural longing for human society which Crusoe manifests while on board of the stranded Spanish vessel, by falling into a sort of agony as he repeated the words "Oh, that but one man had been saved -oh, that there had been but one " is in the highest degree pathetic The agonising reflections of the solitary, when lie is in danger of being driven to sea, in his rash attempt to circumnavigate his island, are also affecting' To these may be added Crusoe's sensations on finding the footprint on the sand-an incident conceived in the spirit of poetry great success of this novel induced the author to write a continuation to it, in which Crusoe is again brought among the busy haunts of men, the attempt was hazardous, and it proved a The once solitary island, peopled by mariners and traders, is disenchanted, and be comes tame, vulgar, and commonplace

The relation of adventures, not the delineation of character and passion, was the forte of Defoe. His invention of common incidents and situations seems to have been unbounded, and those minute references and descriptions 'immediately lead us,' as was pointed out by Dunlop in his History of Fiction, 'to give credit to the whole narrative, since we think they would hardly have been mentioned unless they had been true. The same circumstantial detail of facts is remarkable in Gulliver's Travels, and we are led on by them to a partial belief in the most improbable narrations' The power of Defoe in feigning reality,

or 'forging the handwriting of nature,' as it has been forcibly termed, may be seen in the narrative of Mrs Veal's apparation. It was prefixed to a religious book, Diclincourt on Death, and had the effect of drawing attention to an otherwise unsale able and neglected work The imposition was a bold one-perhaps the least defensible of all his inventions Defoe is more natural even than Swift, and his style, though inferior in directness and energy, is more copious He was strictly an original writer, with strong, clear conceptions ever rising up in his mind, which he was able to embody in language equally perspicuous and forcible both read and seen much, and treasured up an amount of knowledge and observation certainly not equalled by the store of any writer of that day When we consider Defoe's misfortunes and sufferings, if we remember that his spirit had been broken and his means wasted by prosecutions, that his health was broken by apopley, and that he was verging on sixty, his invention of Robinson Crusor and the long train of fiction which succeeded it seems a marvellous triumph of native genius, self-reliance, and energy

Defoe's irony was often too subtle and obscure for popular apprehension, but the following is as obvious as it is ingenious

#### From What if the Pretender should Come?'

Give us leave, O people of Great Britain, to lay before you a little sketch of your future felicity, under the auspicious reign of such a glorious prince as we all hope and believe the Pretender to be. First, you are to allow that by such a just and righteous shutting up of the Exchequer in about seven years' time, he may be supposed to have received about forty millions sterling from his people, which not being to be found in specie in the kingdom, will for the benefit of circulation enable him to treasure up infinite funds of wealth in foreign banks, a prodigious mass of foreign bullion, gold, jewels, and plate, to be ready in the Tower or elsewhere, to be issued upon future emergency, as occasion may allow This prodigious wealth will necessarily have these happy events, to the infinite satisfaction and advantage of the whole nation, and the benefit of which I hope none will be so unjust or ungrateful to deny 1 It will for ever after deliver this nation from the burden, the expense, the formality, and the tyranny of parliaments. No one can perhaps at the first view be rightly sensible of the many advantages of this article, and from how many mischiefs it will deliver this nation. How the country gentlemen will be no longer harassed to come, at the command of every court occasion, and upon every summons by the prince's proclamation, from their families and other occa sions, whether they can be spared from their wives, &c. or no, or whether they can trust their wives behind them or no, nay, whether they can spare money or no for the journey, or whether they must come carriage paid or no, then they will no more be unnecessarily exposed to long and hazardous journeys in the depth of winter, from the remotest corners of the island, to come to London, just to give away the country's money and go home again, all this will be dispensed with by the kind and gracious management of the Pretender, when he, God

bless us, shall be our most gracious sovereign 2. In the happy consequence of the demise of parliaments, the country will be eased of that intolerable burden of travel ling to elect ons, sometimes in the middle of their harvest, whenever the writs of elections arbitrarily summon them. 3 And with them the poor gentlemen will be eased of that abominable grievance of the nation, viz. the expense of elections, by which so many gentlemen of estates have been runed, so many innocent people, of honest prin ciples before, have been debauched and made mercenary. partial, perjured, and been blinded with bribes to sell their country and liberties to who bids most It is well known how often, and yet how in vain, this distemper has been the constant concern of parliament for many ages to cure and to provide sufficient remedies for Now if ever the effectual remedy for this is found out, to the mexpressible advantage of the whole nation, and this perhaps is the only cure for it that the nature of the disease will admit of, what terrible havoe has this kind of trade made among the estates of the gentry and the morals of the common people I How has it kept alive the factions and divisions of the country people, keeping them in a constant agitation, and in triennial commotions ! so that, what with forming new interests and cultivating old, the heats and animosities never cease among the people But once set the Pretender upon the throne, and let the funds be but happily stopped, and paid into his hands, that he may be in no more need of a parliament, and all these distempers will be cured as effectually as a fever is cured by cutting off the head, or as a halter cures the bleeding at the nove.

## From the 'History of the Plague'

Much about the same time I walked ont into the fields towards Bow, for I had a great mind to see how things were managed in the river and among the ships, and as I had some concern in shipping, I had a notion that it had been one of the best ways of securing one's self from the infection to have retired into a ship, and musing how to satisfy my curiosity in that point, I turned away over the fields, from Bow to Bromley, and down to Blackwall, to the stairs that are there for landing or taking water

Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank or sea wall, as they call it, by himself I walked a while also nbout, seeing the honses all shut up, at last I fell mto some talk, at a distance, with this poor man. First I asked him how people did thereabouts. 'Alas ! sir,' says he, 'almost desolate, all dead or sick. Here are very few families in this part, or in that village' (point ing at Poplar), 'where half of them are dead alread), and the rest sick.' Then he, pointing to one house 'There they are all dead,' said he, 'and the house stands open, nobody dares go into it. A poor thief,' says he, 'ventured in to steal something, but he paid dear for his theft, for he was carried to the churchyard too last night' Then he pointed to several other houses. 'There,' says he, 'they are all dead, the man and his wife and five children There,' says he, 'they are shut up, you see a watchman at the door, and so of other houses.' 'Whi,' says I, 'what do you here all alone?' 'Why,' says he, 'I am a poor desolate man it hath pleased God I am not yet visited, though my family 16, and one of my children dead ' 'How do you mean then,' said I, 'that you are not visited?' 'Why,' says he, 'that is my house' (pointing to a very little low boarded house), 'and there my poor wife and two children live,' said he, 'if they may be said to live, for my wife and one of the children are visited, but I do not come at them.' And with that word I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face, and so they did down mine too, I assure you.

'But,' said I, 'why do you not come at them? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood?' 'O, sir,' says he, 'the Lord forbid. I do not abandon them, I work for them as much as I am able, and blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want.' And with that I observed he lifted up his eyes to heaven with a counte nance that presently told me I had happened on a man that was no hypocrite, but a serious, religious, good man, and his cjaculation was an expression of thankfulness that, in such a condition as he was in, he should be able 'Well,' says I, 'honest to say his family did not want man, that is a great mercy, as things go now with the poor But how do you live then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all?" 'Why, sir,' says he, 'I am a waterman, and there is my boat,' says he, 'and the boat serves me for a house I work in it in the day, and I sleep in it in the night, and what I get I lay it down upon that stone,' says he, shewing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house, 'and then,' says he, 'I halloo and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it

'Well, friend,' says I, 'but how can you get money as a waterman? Does anybody go by water these times?' 'Yes, sir,' says he, 'in the way I am employed, there does Do you see there,' says he, 'five ships lie at anchor?' (pointing down the river a good way below the town), 'and do you see,' says he, 'eight or ten ships he at the chain there, and at anchor yonder?' (pointing above the town) 'All those ships have families on board, of their merchants and owners, and such like, who have locked themselves up, and live on board, close shut in, for fear of the infection, and I tend on them to fetch things for them, carry letters, and do what is absolutely necessary, that they may not be obliged to come on shore, and every night I fasten my boat on board one of the ship's boats, and there I sleep by myself, and blessed be God, I am preserved lutherto'

'Well,' said I, 'friend, but will they let you come on board after you have been on shore here, when this has been such a terrible place, and so infected as it is?'

'Why, as to that,' said he, 'I very seldom go up the ship side, but deliver what I bring to their boat, or lie by the side, and they hoist it on board. If I did, I think they are in no danger from me, for I never go into any house on shore, or touch anybody, no not of my own family, but I fetch provisions for them'

'Nay,' says I, 'but that may be worse, for you must have those provisions of somebody or other, and since all this part of the town is so infected, it is dangerous so much as to speak with anybody, for the village,' said I, 'is, as it were, the beginning of London, though it be at some distance from it'

'That is true,' added he, 'but you do not understand me right—I do not buy provisions for them here, I row up to Greenwich, and bny fresh meat there, and sometimes I row down the river to Woolwich, and buy there, then I go to single farmhouses on the Kentish side, where I am known, and buy fowls, and eggs, and butter, and bring to the ships, as they direct me, sometimes one,

sometimes the other I seldom come on shore here, and I came only now to call my wife, and hear how my little family do, and give them a little money which I received last night.'

'Poor man!' said I, 'and how much hast thou gotten for them?'

'I have gotten four shillings,' said he, 'which is a great sum, as things go now with poor men, but they have given me a bag of bread too, and a salt fish and some flesh, so all helps out'

'Well,' said I, 'and have you given it them yet?'

'No,' said he, 'but I have called, and my wise has answered that she cannot come out yet, but in half an hour she hopes to come, and I am waiting for her Poor woman' says he, 'she is brought sadly down, she has had a swelling, and it is broke, and I hope she will recover, but I fear the child will die, but it is the Lord'—— Here he stopped, and wept very much

'Well, honest friend,' said I, 'thon hast a sure comforter, if thou hast brought thyself to be resigned to the will of God, He is dealing with us all in judgment.'

'O sir,' says he, 'it is infinite mercy if any of us are spared, and who am I to repine!'

'Say'st thou so,' said I, 'and how much less is my faith than thine'.' And here my heart smote me, sug gesting how much better this poor man's foundation was on which he staid in the danger than mine, that he had nowhere to fly, that he had a family to bind linin to attendance, which I had not, and mine was mere pre sumption, his a true dependence and a courage resting on God, and yet that he used all possible caution for his safety

I turned a little way from the man while these thoughts engaged me, for indeed I could no more refrain from tears than lie.

At length, after some further talk, the poor woman opened the door, and called 'Robert, Robert' He answered, and bid her stay a few moments and he would come, so he ran down the common stairs to his boat, and fetched up a saek in which was the provisions he had brought from the ships, and when he returned, he hallooed again. Then he went to the great stone which lie shewed me, and emptied the sack, and laid all out, everything by themselves, and then retired, and his wife came with a little boy to fetch them away, and lie called and said such a captain had sent such a thing, and such a captain such a thing, and at the end adds 'God has sent it all, give thanks to Him poor woman had taken up all, she was so weak, she could not carry it at once in, though the weight was not much neither, so she left the biscuit, which was in a little bag, and left a little boy to watch it till she came again.

'Well, but,' says I to him, 'did you leave her the four shillings too, which you said was your week's pay?'

'Yes, yes,' says he, 'you shall hear her own it' So he calls again 'Rachel, Rachel,' which it seems was her name, 'did you take up the money?' 'Yes,' said she 'How much was it?' said he. 'Four shillings and a groat,' said she 'Well, well,' says he, 'the Lord keep you all,' and so he turned to go away

As I could not refrain contributing tears to this man's story, so neither could I refrain my charity for his assist ance, so I called him 'Hark thee, friend,' said I, 'come hither, for I believe thou art in health, that I may venture thee,' so I pulled out my hand, which was in

niy pocket before. 'Here,' says I, 'go and call thy Rachel once more, and give her a little more comfort from me, God will never forsake a family that trust in llim as thou dost 'so I give him four other shillings, and bid him go lay them on the stone, and call his wife.

I have not words to express the poor man's thankful ness nother could be express it himself but by tears running down his face. He called his wife, and told her God had moved the heart of a stranger, upon hearing their condition, to give them all that money, and a great deal more such as that he said to her. The woman, too, made signs of the like thankfulness, as well to Heaven as to me, and joyfully picked it up, and I parted with no money all that year that I thought better bestowed

#### The Troubles of a Young Thief.

I have often thought since that, and with some mirth too, how I had really more wealth than I knew what to do with [five pounds, his share of the plunder from a stolen pocket book], for lodging I had none, nor any box or drawer to hide my money in, nor had I any pocket, but such as I say was full of holes, I knew nobody in the world that I could go and desire them to live tup for me, for being a poor, naked, ragged boy, they would presently say I had robbed somebody, and perhaps lay hold of me, and my money would be my crime, as they say it often is in foreign countries. And now, is I was full of wealth, behold I was full of care, for what to do to secure my money I could not tell, and this held me so long, and was so vexatious to me the next day, that I truly sat down and cried

Nothing could be more perplexing than this money was to me all that night I carried it in my liand n good while, for it was in gold all but 14s, and that is to say, it was in four guineas, and that 14s was more difficult to carry than the four guineas. At last I sat down and pulled off one of my shoes, and put the four gumeas into that but after I had gone awhile, my shoe hurt me so I could not go, so I was fain to sit down again, and take it out of my shoe, and carry it in my hand. Then I found a dirty linen rag in the street, and I took that up, and wrapped it all together, and carried it in that a good I have often since heard people say, when they have been talking of money that they could not get in, 'I wish I had it in a foul clout ' in truth, I had mine in a foul clout, for it was foul, according to the letter of that saying, but it served me till I came to a convenient place, and then I sat down and washed the cloth in the kennel, and so then put my money in again

Well, I carried it home with me to my lodging in the glass house, and when I went to go to sleep, I knew not what to do with it. If I had let any of the black crew I was with know of it, I should have been smothered in the ashes for it, so I knew not what to do, but lay with it in inv hand, and my hand in my bosom, but then sleep went from my eyes. Oh, the weight of human care! I, a poor beggar boy, could not sleep, so soon as I had but a little money to keep, who before that could have slept upon a lieap of brickbats, or stones, or cinders, or any where, as sound as a rich man does on his down bed, and sounder too

Lvery now and then dropping asleep, I should dream that my money was lost, and start like one frighted, then, finding it fast in my liand, try to go to sleep again, but could not for n long while, then drop and start again At last a fancy came into my head, that if I fell asleep, I

should dream of the money, and talk of it in my sleep, and tell that I had money, which if I should do, and one of the rogues should hear me, they would pick it out of my bosom, and of my hand too, without waking me, and after that thought I could not sleep a wink more, so I passed that night over in care and anxiety enough, and this, I may safely say, was the first night's rest that I lost by the cares of this life and the deceitfulness of nehes.

As soon as it was day, I got out of the hole we lay in, and rambled abroad in the fields towards Stepney, and there I mused and considered what I should do with this money, and many n time I wished that I had not had it, for after all my ruminating upon it, and what course I should take with it, or where I should put it, I could not hit upon any one thing, or any possible method to secure it, and it perplexed me so that at last, as I said just now, I sat down and cried heartily

When my erying was over, the case was the same, I had the money still, and what to do with it I could not tell. At last it came into my head that I should look out for some hole in a tree, and seek to hide it there till. I should have occasion for it. Big with this discovery, as I then thought it, I began to look about me for n tree, but there were no trees in the fields about Stepney or Mile end that looked fit for my purpose, and if there were any that I began to look narrowly at, the fields were so full of people that they would see if I went to hide anything there, and I thought the people eyed me as it was, and that two men in particular followed me to see what I intended to do

This drove me farther off, and I crossed the road at Mile end, and in the middle of the town went down a lane that goes away to the Blind Beggar's at Bethnal Green When I came a little way in the lane, I found a footpath over the fields, and in those fields several trees At last, one tree had a little for my turn, ns I thought hole in it pretty high out of my reach, and I climbed up the tree to get it, and when I came there, I put my hand in and found (as I thought) a place very fit, so I placed my treasure there, and was mighty well satisfied with it, but, behold, putting my hand in again, to lay it more commodiously, as I thought, of a sudden it slipped away from me, and I found the tree was hollow, and my little parcel was fallen in out of my reach, and how far it might go in I knew not, so that, in a word, my money was quite gone, irrecoverably lost There could be no room so much as to hope ever to see it again, for it was a vast

As young as I was, I was now sensible what a fool I was before, that I could not think of ways to keep my money, but I must come thus far to throw it into a hole where I could not reach it. Well, I thrust my hand quite up to my elbow, but no bottom was to be found, nor nny end of the hole or cavity I got a stick of the tree, and thrust it in n great way, but all was one. I cried, nay roared out, I was in such a passion. Then I got down the tree again, then up again, and thrust in my hand ngain till I scratched my arm and made it bleed, and cried all the while most violently Then I began to think I had not so much as a halfpenny of it left for a halfpenny roll, and I was hungry, and then I cried again Then I came away in despair, crying and roaring like a little boy that had been whipped, then I went back again to the tree, and up the tree again, and this I did several times.

The last time I had gotten up the tree, I happened to

come down not on the same side that I went up and came down before, but on the other side of the tree, and on the other side of the bank also, and, behold, the tree had a great open place in the side of it close to the ground, as old hollow trees often have, and looking in the open place, to my inexpressible joy there lay my money and my linen rag, all wrapped up just as I had put it into the hole for the tree being hollow all the way up, there had been some moss or light stuff, which I had not judgment enough to know was not firm, that had given way when it came to drop out of my hand, and so it had slipped quite down at once

I was but a child, and I rejoiced like a child, for I holloed quite out loud when I saw it, then I ran to it and snatched it up, hugged and kissed the dirty rig a hundred times, then danced and jumped about, ran from one end of the field to the other, and, in short, I knew not what, much less do I know now what I did, though I shall never forget the thing, either what a sinking grief it was to my heart when I thought I had lost it, or what a flood of joy overwhelmed me when I had got it again.

While I was in the first transport of my joy, as I have said, I ran about and knew not what I did, but when that was over, I sat down, opened the foul clout the money was in, looked at it, told it, found it was all there, and then I fell a crying as violently as I did before, when I thought I had lost it.

[Jacque present] restored the pocket book, with the bills, to its owner, ] and the gentleman gave me £25 in good guineas. When he gave it me he bide me hold out my hand, and he told the money into my hand, and when he had done he asked me if it was right. I said I did not know, but I believed it was. 'Why,' says he, 'can't you tell it?' I told him no, I never saw so much money in my life, nor I did not know how to tell money. 'Why,' says he, 'don't you know that they are guineas?' No, I told him, I did not know how much a guinea was.

'Why, then,' says he, d'idid you tell me yon believed it was right?' I told him, because I believed he would not give it me wrong

'Poor child,' says he, 'thou knowest little of the world, indeed What art thou?'

'I am a poor boy,' says I, and eried

'What is your name?' says he 'But hold, I forgot,' said he, 'I promised I would not ask your name, so you need not tell me'

'My name is Jacque,' said I

'Why, have you no surname?' said he

'What is that?' said I

'You have some other name besides Jacque,' says he, 'han't you?'

'Yes,' says I, 'they call me Colonel Jacque.'

'But have you no other name?'

'No,' said I

'How came you to be Colonel Jacque, pray?'

'They say,' said I, 'my father's name was Colonel'

'Is your father or mother alive?' said he

'No,' said I, 'my father is dead'

'Where is your mother, then?' said he.

'I never had e'er a mother,' said I

This made him laugh 'What,' said he, 'had you never a mother? What, then?'

'I had a nurse,' said I, 'but she was not my mother'

'Well,' says he to the gentleman, 'I dare say this boy was not the thief that stole your bills.'

'Indeed, sir, I did not steal them,' said I, and cried

'No, no, child,' said he, 'we don't believe you did This is a very clever boy,' says he to the other gentlemen, 'and yet very ignorant and honest, 'tis pity some care should not be taken of him, and something done for him Let us talk a little more with him' So they sat down and drank wine, and gave me some, and then the first gentleman talked to me again

'Well,' says he, 'what wilt thou do with this money now thou hast it?'

'I don't know,' said I

'Where will you put it?' said he

'In my pocket,' said I

'In your pocket' said he 'Is your pocket whole? Shan't you lose it?'

'Yes,' said I, 'my pocket is whole'

'And where will you put it when you get home?'

'I have no home,' said I, and cried again

'Poor child!' said he 'Then what dost thou do for thy living?'

'I go of errands,' said I, 'for the folks in Rosemary Lane.'

'And what dost thou do for a lodging at night?'

'I he at the glass house,' said I, 'at night'

'How, he at the glass house! Have they any beds there?' says he.

'I never lay in a bed in my life,' said I, 'as I remember'

'Why,' says he, 'what do you he on at the glass house?'

'The ground,' says I, 'and sometimes a little straw, or upon the warm ashes'

Here the gentleman that lost the bills said, 'This poor child is enough to make a man weep for the miseries of human nature, and be thankful for himself, he puts tears into my eves' 'And into mine too,' says the other

'Well, but hark ye, Jacque,' says the first gentleman, 'do they give you no money when they send you of crrands?'

'They give me victuals,' said I, 'and that's better'

'But what,' says he, 'do you do for clothes?'

'They give me sometimes old things,' said I, 'such as they have to spare'

'Why, you have never a shirt on, I believe,' said he, 'have you?'

'No, I never had a shirt,' said I, 'since my nurse died'

'How long ago is that?' said he.

"Six winters, when this is out," said L

'Why, how old are you?' said he

'I can't tell,' said I

'Well,' says the gentleman, 'now you have this money, won't you buy some clothes and a shirt with some of it?'

'Yes,' said I, 'I would buy some clothes'

'And what will you do with the rest?'

'I can't tell,' said I, and cried

'What dost cry for, Jacque?' said he.

'I am afraid,' said I, and cried still.

'What art afraid of?'

'They will know I have money'

'Well, and what then?'

'Then I must sleep no more in the warm glass house, and I shall be starved with cold. They will take away my money'

'But why must you sleep there no more "

Here the gentlemen observed to one another how naturally anxiety and perplexity attend those that have money 'I warrant you,' says the clerk, 'when this poor boy had no money he slept all night in the straw, or on the warm ashes in the glass house, as soundly and as youd of care as it would be possible for any creature to do, but now, as soon as he has gotten money, the care of preserving it brings tears into his eyes and fear into his heart'

They asked me a great many questions more, to which I answered in my childish way as well as I could, but so as pleased them well enough. At last I was going away with a heavy pocket, and I assure you not a light heart, for I was so frighted with having so much money that I knew not what in the earth to do with myself. I went they however, and walked a little way, but I could not tell what to do, so, after rambling two hours or there about, I went back again, and sat down at the gentle man's door, and there I cried as long as I had any moisture in my head to make tears of, but never knocked at the door

I had not sat long, I suppose, but somebody belonging to the family got knowledge of it, and a maid came and talked to me, but I said little to her, only cried still At length it came to the gentleman's ears. As for the merchant, he was gone. When the gentleman heard of me he called me in, and began to talk with me again, and asked me what I stayed for

I told him I had not stayed there all that while, for I had been gone a great while, and was come again

'Well,' says he, 'but what did you come again for?'

'I can't tell,' says I

'And what do you cry so for?' said he 'I hope you have not lost your money, have you?'

No, I told him, I had not lost it yet, but was afraid I should

'And does that make you cry?' says he

I told him yes, for I knew I should not be able to keep it, but they would cheat me of it, or they would kill me and take it away from me too

'They?' says he. 'Who? What sort of gangs of

people art thou with?'

I told him they were all boys, but very wicked boys, 'thickes and pickpockets,' said I, 'such as stole this letter case—a sad pack, I can't abide them'

'Well, Jacque,' said he, 'what shall be done for thee? Will you leave it with me? Shall I keep it for you?'

'Yes,' said I, 'with all my heart, if you please."

'Come, then,' says he, 'give it me, and that you may be sure that I have it, and you shall have it honestly again, I'll give you a bill for it, and for the interest of it, and that you may keep safe enough Nay,' added he, 'and if you lose it, or anybody takes it from you, none shall receive the money but yourself, or any part of it'

I presently pulled out all the money, and gave it to him, only keeping about 15s for myself to buy some clothes, and thus ended the conference between us on the first occasion, at least for the first time. Having thus secured my money to my full satisfaction, I was then perfectly easy, and accordingly the sad thoughts that afflicted my mind before began to vanish away.

(From the Life of Colonel Jacque)

# Crusoe's Wonderful Escape

And now our case was very dismal indeed, for we all saw plainly that the sea weut so high that the boat could not live, and that we should be inevitably drowned. As to making sail, we had none, nor, if we had, could we have done anything with it, so we worked at the oar towards the land, though with heavy hearts, like men going to execution, for we all knew that, when the boat came nearer the shore, she would be dashed in a thousand pieces by the breach of the sea. However, we committed our souls to God in the most earnest manner, and the wind driving us towards the shore, we hastened our destruction with our own hands, pulling as well as we could towards land

What the shore was, whether rock or sand, whether steep or shoal, we knew not, the only hope that could rationally give us the least shadow of expectation was if we might happen into some bay or gulf, or the month of some river, where, by great chance, we might have run our boat in, or got under the lee of the land, and perhaps made smooth water. But there was nothing of this appeared, but, as we made nearer and nearer the shore, the land looked more frightful than the sea.

After we had rowed, or rather driveh, about a league and a half, as we reckoned it, a raging wave, mountain like, came rolling astern of us, and plainly bade us expect a watery grave. In a word, it took us with such a fury that it overset the boat at once, and, separating us as well from the boat as from one another, gave us not time hardly to say 'Oh God'' for we were all swallowed up in a moment.

Nothing can describe the confusion of thought which I felt when I sank into the water, for though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw breath, till that wave having driven me, or rather carried me, a vast way on towards the shore, and, having spent itself, went back, and left me upon the land almost dry, but half dead with the water I took in. I had so much presence of min, as well as breath left, that, seeing myself nearer the lainland than I expected, I got upon my feet, and endea oured to make on towards the land as fast as I could, before another wave should return and take me up again But I soon found it was impossible to avoid it, for I saw the sea come after me as high as a great hill, and as furious as an enemy, which I had no means or strength to contend with—my busi ness was to hold my breath, and raise myself upon the water, if I could, and so, by swimming, to preserve my breathing, and pilot myself towards the shore, if possible -my greatest concern now being, that the sea, as it would carry me a great way towards the shore when it came on, might not carry me back again with it when it gave back towards the sea.

The wave that came upon me again, buried me at once twenty or thirty feet deep in its own body, and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swift ness towards the shore a very great way, but I held my breath, and assisted myself to swim still forward with all my might. I was ready to burst with holding my breath, when, as I felt myself rising np, so, to my immediate robef, I found my head and hands shoot out above the surface of the water, and though it was not two seconds of time that I could keep myself so, yet it relieved me greatly, gave me breath and new conrige. I was covered again with water a good while, but not so long but I held it out, and, finding the water had

spent itself and begin to return, I struck forward against the return of the waves, and felt ground again with my feet. I stood still a few moments to recover breath, and till the water went from me, and then took to my heels, and ran with what strength I had farther towards the shore. But neither would this deliver me from the furiof the sea, which came pouring in after me again, and twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forwards as before, the shore being very flat

The last time of these two had well near been fatal to me, for the sea, having hurried me along as before, landed me, or rather dashed me, against a piece of a rock, and that with such force as it left me senseless, and indeed helpless, as to my own deliverance, for the blow taking my side and breast, beat the breath, as it were, quite out of my body, and, had it returned again imme diately. I must have been strangled in the water, but I recovered a little before the return of the waves, and, seeing I should be covered again with the water, I resolved to hold fast by a piece of the rock, and so to hold my breath, if possible, till the wave went back. Now, as the waves were not so high as at first, being near land, I held my hold till the wave abated and then fetched another run, which brought me so near the shore that the next wave, though it went over me, yet did not so swallow me up as to carry me away, and the next run I tool I got to the mainland, where to my great comfort I clambered up the cliffs of the shore, and sat me down npon the grass, free from danger, and onite out of the reach of the water I was now landed and safe on shore. and began to look up and thank God that my life was saved, m a case wherein there was, some minutes before, scarce any room to hope. (From Robinsor Crusce)

## Friday

He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well made, with straight strong limbs, not too large, tall and well shaped, and, as I reckon, about twenty-six years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect, but seemed to have something very manly in his face, and yet he had all the sweetness and softness of an European in his countenance too, especially when he smiled. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool, his forehead very high and large, and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The colour of his skin was not quite black, but very tawny, and yet not of an ugly, yellow, nauseous tawny, as the Brazilians and Virginians, and other natives of America are, but of a bright kind of a dun olive colour, that had in it some thing very agreeable, though not very easy to describe. His face was round and plump his nose small, not flat like the negroes, a very good mouth, thin lips, and his fine teeth well set, and white as ivory

After he had slumbered, rather than slept, about half an hour, he waked again, and comes out of the cave to me, for I had been milking my goats, which I had in the enclosure just by When he espied me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, with all the possible signs of an humble, thinli ful disposition, making a many antic gestures to show it. At last he lays his head flat upon the ground, close to my foot, and sets my other foot upon his head, as he had done before, and after this made all the signs to me of subjection, servitude, and submission imaginable, to let me know how he would serve me as long as he lived. I under stood him in many things, and let him know I was very

well pleased with him. In a little time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me, and, first, I made him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life. I called him so for the memory of the time. I likewise taught him to say master, and then let him know that was to be my name. I likewise taught him to say Yes and No, and to know the meaning of them. I gave him some milk in an earthen pot, and let him see me drink it before him, and sop my bread in it, and I gave him a cake of bread to do the like, which he quickly complied with, and made signs that it was very good for him.

I kept there with him all that night, but as soon as it was day. I beckoned to him to come with me, and let him I now I would give him some clothes, at which he seemed very glad, for he was stark naked. As we went by the place where he had buried the two men, he pointed exactly to the place, and showed me the marks that he had made to find them again, making signs to me that we should dig them up again, and cat them this I appeared very angry, expressed my abhorrence of it, made as if I would vomit at the thoughts of it, and beckoned with my hand to him to come away, which he did immediately, with great submission. I then led him up to the top of the hill, to see if his enemies were gone, and pulling out my glass, I looked, and saw plainly the place where they had been, but no appearance of them or their canoes, so that it was plain that they were gone, and had left their two comrades behind them. without any search after them

When we had done this we came back to our castle. and there I fell to work for my man Friday, and first of all I gave him a pair of linen drawers, which I had out of the poor gunners chest I mentioned, and which I found in the wreek, and which with a little alteration fitted him very well. Then I made him a jerkin of goat's skin, as well as my skill would allow, and I was now grown a tolerable good tailor, and I gave him a cap, which I had made of a hare skin, very convenient and fashionable enough, and thus he was clothed for the present tolerably well, and was mighty well pleased to see himself almost as well clothed as his master true he went awkwardly in these things at first, wearing the drawers was very awkward to him, and the sleeves of the waistcoat galled his shoulders, and the juside of his arms, but a little easing them where he complained they hart him, and using himself to them, at length he took to them very well

The next day after I came home to my hutch with him, I began to consider where I should lodge him. And that I might do well for him, and yet be perfectly easy myself, I made a little tent for him in the vacant place between my two fortifications, in the inside of the last and in the outside of the first, and as there was a door or entrance there into my cave, I made a formal framed door-case, and a door to it of boards, and set it up in the passage, a little within the entrance, and causing the door to open on the inside, I barred it np in the night, taking in my ladders too, so that Friday could no way come at me in the inside of my innermost wall without making so much noise in getting over, that it must needs waken me, for my first wall had now a complete roof over it of long poles, covering all my tent, and leaning up to the side of the hill, which was aguin laid cross with smaller sticks instead of liths, and then thatched over a great thickness with the rice straw,

which was strong, like reeds, and at the hole or place which was left to go in or out by the ladder, I had placed a kind of trap door, which, if it had been at tempted on the outside, would not have opened at all, but would have fallen down, and made a great noise, and as to weapons, I took them all into my side every night.

But I needed none of all this precaution, for never man had a more faithful, loving, sincere servant than Friday was to me, without passions, sullenness, or designs, perfectly obliged and engaged, his very affections were tied to me, like those of a child to a father, and I dare say he would have sacrificed his life for the saying mine, upon any occasion whitsoever. The many testimonies he give me of this put it out of doubt, and soon convinced me that I needed to use no precautions as to my safety on his account.

(From Relimon Crusoe)

See the Lives by Chalmers (1786) Walter Wilson (1850) Wilham Chadwick (1859), William Lee (1869) H Morley (1889) and Thomas Wright (1894) the studies by Scott Lamb Hazhit, Forster Leslie Stephen and Minto and the editions of Defoes works in

Bohn's British Classics (1854-55), and those by Scott (novels, 1810), Harlitt (1840) and Aithen (16 vols. 1895) Lee edited three volumes of 'newly discovered writings, mostly short articles in 1869.

Francis Atterbury (1662-1732), Bishop of Rochester, was born at Milton-Keynes, near Newport Pagnell, and educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford In 1687 he answered a pseudonymous attack on Protestantism, and, taking orders, won reputation as a preacher in a succession of charges and a royal chaplainry Charles Boyle's Examination of Bentley's Dissertations on the Epistles of Phalaris (1698), clever but shallow, was really by Atterbury, who had been Boyle's tutor at Christ Church, his defence (1700) of Convocation won him the archdeaconry of Totnes and a canonry of Exeter In 1704 he was promoted to the deanery of Carlisle, in 1712 became Dean of Christ Church, and in 1713 was inide Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster His reputation as the best preacher of his day is commemorated in the Tatler, where Steele, after reference to the apathetic pulpit manner of most of the London clergy, goes on to praise the 'dean' who 'is an orator' To Atterbury is ascribed, with great likeliood, Dr Sacheverel's famous defence (1710) before the Lords, and he was author of the scarcely less famous Representation of the State of Religion (1711) The death of Queen Anne extinguished his hopes of the primacy His Jacobite leanings secured the disfavour of the new king. In 1715 he refused to sign the bishops' declaration of fidelity, and in 1722 he was committed to the Tower A bill of pains and penalties deprived him of all his offices and banished him for ever In 1723 he quitted Lngland, and after a short stay at Brussels, settled  $\sim$  in Paris, where he died , he was afterwards laid in a nameless grave in Westminster Abbey works comprise sermons, and letters to Pope, Swift, Bolingbroke, and others of his friends Macaulay's famous article is still an authority, in 1869 Williams published two volumes of Atterbury's

Correspondence His farewell letter to Pope from the Tower (10th April 1723) is a specimen of his letters (Pope's reply is given below at page 194)

DEAR SIR—I thank you for all the instances of your friendship, both before and since my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and separate you and me for ever But in what part of the world soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me, and will please myself with the thought that I still live in your esteem and affection as much as ever I did, and that no accident of life, no distance of time or place, will alter you in that respect. It never can me, who have loved and valued you ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you so, as the case will Give my faithful services to Dr Arbuthuot, and thanks for what he sent me, which was much to the pur pose, if anything can be said to be to the purpose in a case that is already determined. Let him know my desence will be such, that neither my friends need blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion to triumph, though sure of the victory I shall want his advice before I go abroad in many things But I question whether I shall be permitted to see him or any body but such as are absolutely necessary towards the dispatch of my private affairs If so, God bless you both 1 and may no part of the ill fortune that attends me ever pursue either of you. I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to say somewhat about my way of spending my time at the deanery, which did not seem calculated towards manag ing plots and conspiracies But of that I shall consider You and I have spent many hours together upon much pleasanter subjects, and, that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not part with you now till I have closed this letter with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily, and not without some degree of concern apply to your ever affectionate, &c.

'Some natural tears he dropped, but wiped them soon, The world was all before him where to choose His place of rest, and Providence his guide.'

William Whiston (1667-1752), an accom plished but eccentric theologian, born at Norton rectory in Leicestershire, became successively a Fellow of Clare College, Cambridge (1693), chaplain to the Bishop of Norwich, and (1698) rector of Lowestoft. He was ere this known as a zealous His Theory of the exponent of Newton's system Earth (1696), meant to supersede Thomas Burner's, brought him reputation, and in 1703 he was ap pointed Newton's successor as Lucasian professor of mathematics at Cambridge But for Arianism (Eusebianism he frankly professed) he was in 1710 deprived of his professorship and expelled from the university His Primitive Christianity Revived (1711-12) included the famous heretical essay on the Apostolic Constitutions, first sketched in a paper in 1708, which maintained that this work was the most sacred of the canonical books of the New Testament, and that the doctrine of the Trinity was unscriptural Whiston spent the remainder of his life in London, incessantly employed in writing, controversy, scientific crotchets, lectures, and the services of a 'Primitive Christian' congregation Though an Arian he was a strong

supernaturalist, even anointing the sick and touchmg for the king's evil, and wrote vigorously against the deis's with v hom he was in the popular mind He was a transparently honest and associated sincere man, conscientious and outspoken, but full of scrupulosities, fads, and vagaries, who would unhesitatingly quarrel with his bread and butter for the merest trifles, and cheerfully confute his dearest friend. He was much taken up with the fulfilment of prophecy, the identification of the lost tribes with the Tartars, the approach of the millennium and the restoration of the Jews it should be remembered that he was one of the very first to illustrate his lectures (on astronomy, earthqual es, and a great variety of subjects) with experiments. Whiston may have been in Goldsmith's mind when he was depicting the simple minded vagaries of Dr Primrose. Mr Leslie Stephen has recorded fifty two publications by Whiston Of his standard (though far from impeccable) translation of Josephus (1737) there is a good edition by Shilleto (1890), his Life of Samuel Clarke (1730) was admirable, and the Primitive New Testairent (1745) is a curiosity His autobiographical Memoirs (1749, new cd 1753) truly reflect, even in their pragmatical and at times tedious detail, his attractive character as well as his foibles. The following is a fragment

# The Discovery of the Newtonian Philosophy

After I had taken holy orders, I returned to the college, and vent on with my ovn studies there, par ticularly the mathematics and the Cartesian philosophy, hich was alone in sogue with us at that time. But it cas not long before I, with immense pains but no assistance, set myself with the utmost zeal to the study of Sir Iraac Newton's vonderful discoveries in his Philosophia Naturalis Principia Mathematica, one or two of vluch lectures I had heard lum read in the public schools, though I understood them not at all at that time, being in leed greatly excited thereto by a paper of Dr Gregory's when he was processor in Scotland, wherein he had given the most prodigious commendations to that v orl, as not only right in all things, but in a manner the effect of a plainly divine genius, and had already caused several of his scholars to keep acts, as we call them, upon several branches of the Newtonian philosophy, while we at Cambridge, poor v retches, were ignominiously studying the fictitious hypotheses of the Cartesian, which Sir Isaac Newton had also himself done formerly, as I have heard him say What the occasion of Sir Isaac Newton's leaving the Cartesian philosophy, and of discovering his amazing theory of gravity, was, I have heard him long ago, soon after m, first acquaintance with him, which was 1694, thus relate, and of which Dr Pemberton gives the like account, and somewhat more fully, in the prefice to his explication of his philosophy. It was this, inclination came into Sir Isaac's mind to try whether the same power did not keep the moon in her orbit, notwithstanding her projectile velocity, which he Fnew always tended to go along a straight line the tangent of that orbit, which makes stones and all heavy bodies with us fall downward, and which we call gravity, taking this postulatum, which had been thought of before, that such power might decrease in a duplicate proportion of the distances from the earth's centre. Upon Sir Isaae's first trial, when he took a degree of a great circle on the earth's surface, whence a degree at the distance of the moon was to be determined also, to be sixty measured miles only, according to the gross measures then in use, he was in some degree disappointed, and the power that restrained the moon in her orbit, measured by the versed sines of that orbit, appeared not to be quite the same that was to be expected had it been the power of gravity alone by which the moon was there influenced Upon this disappoint ment, which made Sir Isaac suspect that this power was partly that of gravity and partly that of Cartesius's vortices, he threw aside the paper of his calculation, and went to other studies However, some time afters and when Monsieur Picart had much more exactly measured the earth, and found that a degree of a great circle was sixty nine and a half such miles, Sir Isaae, in turning over some of his former papers, lighted upon this old imperfect calculation, and, correcting his former error. discovered that this power, at the true correct distance of the moon from the earth, not only tended to the earth's center, as did the common power of gravity with us, but was exactly of the right quantity, and that if a stone was carried up to the moon, or to sixty semi diameters of the earth, and let fall downward by its gravity, and the moon's own menstrual [monthly] motion was stopped, and slic was let fall by that power which before retained her in her orlnt, they would exactly fall towards the same point, and with the same velocity which was therefore no other power than that of gravity And since that power appeared to extend as far as the moon, at the distance of 240,000 miles, it was but natural, or rather necessary, to suppose it might reach twice, thrice, four times, &c., the same distance, with the same diminution, according to the squares of such distances perpetually which noble discovery proved the happy occasion of the invention of the wonderful Newtonian philosophy

David Gregory left his chair of mathematics in Edinburgh in if it to become Savilian professor of astronomy at Oxford For the di covery of gravitation see above at Newton page 11

Samuel Clarke (1675-1729), born at Norwich, was the son of the M P for the town, and at Caus College, Cambridge, studied physics, philosophy, and theology The Cartesian system then held almost universal sway, but Clarke adopted the views of Newton, and expounded them in his edition of Rohault's Physics He took orders in Chaplain from 1698 to Bishop Moore of Norwich, in 1706 he became chaplain to Queen Anne, and in 1709 rector of St James's, Westminster By his work on the Trinity (1712), in which he denied that that doctrine was held by the early Church, he raised the controversy in which Waterland was his chief opponent. His own views seem to have a distinctly Arian character or tendency, and when he was charged with heresy, the form in \ hich he stated his adherence to orthodoxy was held by some to be a conscious evasion. He recanted nothing, but promised not to write more on the subject, and

escaped the fate that had befallen Whiston four years earlier Clarke was a vigorous antagonist of the deists, he wrote against materialism, empiricism, and necessitarianism, and maintained the essential immortality of the soul He trught that the fundamental truths of morals were as absolutely certain as the truths of mathematics, space and time he held to be attributes of an infinite and immaterial being. His famous Discourse concerning the Being and Attributes of God, originally the Boyle Lectures of 1704-5, was in answer to Hobbes, Spinoza, Blount, and the freethinkers, and contained the famous de monstration of the existence of God, often, but inaccurately, called an a priori argument. He expressly says of some points in his argument that they are not easily proved a priori, and as expressly proves them a posteriori, using these terms The main propositions in this celebrated argument as given in summary by Clarke himself

(1) That something has existed from eternity, (2) That there has existed from eternity some one immutable and independent being, (3) That that immutable and independent being, which has existed from eternity, without any external cause of its existence, must be self existent, that is, necessarily existing, (4) What the substance or essence of that being, which is self-existent or necessarily existing is we have no idea, neither is it at all possible for us to comprehend it, (5) That though the substance or essence of the self cristent being is itself absolutely incomprehensible to us, yet many of the essential attributes of his nature are strictly demonstrable, as well as his existence, and, in the first place, that he must be of necessity eternal, (6) That the self-existent being must of necessity be infinite and omnipresent, (7) Must be but one, (8) Must be an intelligent being, (9) Must be not a necessary agent, but a being indued with liberty and choice, (10) Must of necessity have infinite power, (11) Must be infinitely wise, and (12) Must of necessity be a being of infinite goodness, justice, and truth, and all other moral perfections, such as become the supreme governor and judge of the world

Clarke, who was after Locke the most notable English philosopher of the day, was opposed to Locke in the whole attitude of his mind, and might in contrast to Locke be described as an a priori philosopher He was more decidedly a metaphysician, more inclined to speculation, more given to drawing large conclusions from abstract postulates and propositions, an intuitionalist in ethics, metaphysics, and theology He was rather admirably skilful in the controversial handling of philosophical commonplaces than an original thinker, a keen and powerful dialectician than a profound theologian or philosopher But though without any gift of style other than the power of making himself as clear as the argument permitted, he was for many years the most conspicuous English writer in the domain of philosophy and theology, and in morals he ranks as founder of the intellectual school of which Wollaston and Price were exponents, affirming that the nature of good and evil, the obligation to virtue, are evident from the principles of reason, and that immorality means a perversity of obtuseness of intelligence. Pope assailed his 'high priori road' in the Dunciad; Bolingbroke often attacked his views and other latitudinarian Churchmen were devoted disciples, Butler, Berkeley, Hutcheson, were cor Clarke's keen correspondence with respondents Leibnitz (published in 1717) dealt with space and time and their relations to God, and with He wrote as forcibly on the moral freedom proportion of force to velocity as on the being of God, translated Newton's Optics into Latin for him, and published editions of Cæsar and of the Iliad, the latter with a Latin version mainly original, though the notes were compiled from The following (from the great various quarters Discourse, Part II) is a statement by Clarke on the

## Essential Difference between Right and Wrong

The principal thing that can with any colour of reason seem to conntenance the opinion of those who deny the natural and eternal difference of good and evil the difficulty there may sometimes be to define exactly the bounds of right and wrong, the variety of opinions that have obtained even among understanding and learned men concerning certain questions of just and unjust, especially in political matters, and the many contrary laws that have been made in divers ages and in different countries concerning these matters. But asin painting two very different colours, by diluting each other very slowly and gradually, may, from the highest intenseness in either extreme, terminate in the midst insensibly, and so run one into the other that it shall not be possible even for a skilful eye to determine exactly where the one ends and the other begins, and yet the colours may really differ as much as can be, not in degree only but entirely in kind, as red and blue, or white and black so though it may perhaps be very difficult in some nice and perplexed cases (which yet are very far from occurring frequently) to define exactly the bounds of right and wrong, just and unjust-and there may be some latitude in the judgment of different men, and the laws of divers nations-jet right and wrong are nevertheless in themselves totally and essen tially different, even altogether as much as white and black, light and darkness. The Spartan law, perhaps, which permitted their youth to steal, may, as absurd as it was, bear much dispute whether it was absolutely unjust or no, because, every man having an absolute right in his own goods, it may seem that the members of any society may agree to transfer or alter their own properties upon what conditions they shall think fit. But if it could be supposed that a law had been made at Sparta, or at Rome, or in India, or in any other part of the world, whereby it had been commanded or allowed that every man might rob by violence, and murder whomsoever he met with, or that no faith should be kept with any man, nor any equitable compacts per formed, no man, with any tolerable use of his reason, whatever diversity of judgment might be among them in other matters, would have thought that such ? lan could have authorised or excused, much less have justified such actions, and have made them become good because 'tis plainly not in men's power to make

falsehood be truth, though they may alter the property of their goods as they please. Now if in flagrant cases the natural and essential difference between good and evil, right and wrong, cannot but be confessed to be plainly and undeniably evident, the difference between them must be also essential and unalterable in all, even the smallest and nicest and most intricate cases, though it be not so easy to be discerned and accurately distin guished. For if, from the difficulty of determining exactly the bounds of right and wrong in many per plext cases, it could truly be concluded that just and unjust were not essentially different by nature, but only by positive constitution and custom, it would follow equally that they were not really, essentially, and unalterably different, even in the most flagrant cases that can be supposed Which is an assertion so very absurd that Mr Hobbes himself could hardly vent it without blushing, and discovering plainly, by his shifting expressions, his secret self condemnation. There are therefore certain necessary and eternal differences of things, and certain fitnesses or unfitnesses of the application of different things, or different relations one to another, or depending on any positive constitutions, but founded unchangeably in the nature and reason of things, and unavoidably arising from the difference of the things themselves.

See the Life by Hoadly prefixed to his collected works (4 vols. 1738-42) that by Whiston (1741) and a German one by R. Zimmer mann (Vienna, 1870)

John Toland (1669-1722) was born of Catholic parents near the village of Redcastle in He entered the University County I ondonderry of Glasgow in 1687, but removing to Edinburgh, abandoned the Roman Catholic faith and passed MA in 1690 At Leyden, where he spent two years, he studied theology under Spanheim, and made the acquaintance of the famous Le Clerc, foremost and most accomplished of the 'advanced' theologians of Europe, and distinctly 'unsound' on the inspiration of the Scriptures He resided for a time at Oxford, and in the Bodleian collected the materials of more than one of his later publications In Christianity not Mysterious (1696) he expressly claimed to accept all the essentials of Christianity, but maintained that the value of religion could not lie in any unintelligible element, and that no part of the truth could be contrary to reason He chose his title with evident reference to Locke's Reasonableness of Christianity (1695), and professed to have at heart the defence of revelation against deists and atheists But the anti supernatural and freethinking tendency-and disguised intention-of the work was obvious, it greatly perturbed the theological world, began the 'deistical controversy' that occupied so much of the early eighteenth century, and led to several replies (as by Stillingfleet) Locke somewhat anxiously sought to diswow community of thought. Prosecuted in Middlesex, Toland withdrew to Ireland, but when by vote of the Irish House of Commons his book was burned publicly by the common hangman, and a prosecution decided on, he fled back to London He annoyed Shaftesbury by surreptitiously publishing his *Inquiry* in 1699.

In Amyntor (1699) and other works he fairly rused the question as to the comparative evidence for the canonical and apocryphal scriptures, with professed candour but unmistakably mischievous intent. pamphlet entitled Anglia Libera, on the succession of the House of Brunswick, led to his being received with favour by the Princess Sophia when he accompanied the English ambassador to the court of Hanover, and from 1707 to 1710 he lived in Berlin and various Continental towns His after-life was that of a literary adventurer, and fills a painful chapter in D'Israeli's Calamities of Authors was apparently employed as an agent by Harley, and he did some political pamphleteering-latterly against Jacobitism and High-Church views Nazarenus (1720) he insisted, somewhat on the lines developed by Semler and the Tubingen school, that there were two distinctly opposed parties in the early Christian Church-one Judaistic (which he identified with the Ebionites), and one Pauline or liberal His Pantheisticon, a pan theistic liturgy for a hypothetical society of new light philosophers, was regarded as an offensive parody of the Anglican Prayer-book. He resided from the year 1718 at Putney, and there he died

Besides the works named, and various defences, apologies, and pamphlets, he wrote a Life of Milton, prefixed to an edition of the prose works (1698), which gave room for criticisms of Church polity and implicit commendation of unorthodoxy, an Account of Prussia and Hanovei (1705), Adeisidamon (1709), Origines Judaica (1709), and a History of the Druids Hodegus explains that the pillar of cloud and fire was not meant by the author of the Pentateuch to be taken as miraculous, but was a portable fire or ambulatory beacon carried on a proper machine on a pole, such as we know were used by the ancient Persians, and in the twenty-two short chapters of Hypatia, written when Whiston was suffering for his heresies, he finds plenty of room for assailing the pride, malice, cruelty, and unscrupulousness of the Churchmen of all ages

He was an acute and audicious pioneer of free thought, versatile but vain, unseasonably aggressive in diffusing his new light, and widely read rather than really learned, and he wrote with point and vigour His grasp of some of the problems of early Christian history was really remarkable, and seems to have had some influence on German rationalism. His precarious life cut him off from the chance of scholarly research, but he was quite unjustly despised by the orthodox Defoe-not himself a model character-reflects the general attitude towards deists. Reporting the death of 'the late eminent or rather notorious Mr Toland,' he was sadly scandalised at Toland's character and history, 'how he lias for many years employed the best parts and a great stock of reading to the worst purposes, namely, to shock the faith of Christians in the glorious person and divinity of their Redeemer, and to sap and under-

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mine the principles of the orthodox faith.' And he held that the premature death of one 'who has been so great an enemy of revealed religion, so open an opposer of orthodox principles, and had so often blasphemed the divinity of our blessed Redeemer,' confirms his own observation that 'he never knew an open blasphemer of God live to be an old man'

## From the Life of Milton.

He was never very healthy, nor too siekly, and the distemper that troubled him most of any other was the gont, of which he died without much pain in the year from the birth of Christ 1674, and in the six and sixtieth of his age. All his learned and great friends in London, not without a friendly concourse of the vulgar, accompanied his body to the church of St Giles near Cripple gate, where he lies buried in the chancel, and where the piety of his admirers will shortly erect a monument becoming his worth, and the incouragement of letters in king William's reign

Thus lived and died John Milton, a person of the best accomplishments, the happiest genius, and the vastest learning which this nation, so renowned for producing excellent writers, could ever yet shew esteemed indeed at home, but much more honoured abroad, where almost in his childhood he made a considerable figure, and continues to be still reputed one of the brightest lumi names of the sciences He was middle sized and well proportioned, his deportment erect and manly, his hair of a light brown, his features exactly regular, his com plexion wonderfully fair when a vouth, and ruddy to the He was affable in conversation, of an equal and cheerful temper, and bighly delighted with all sorts of music, in which he was himself not ineanly skilled He was extraordinary temperat in his diet, which was any thing most in season or the easiest procured, and was no friend to sharp or strong liquors His recreations, before his sight was gone, consisted much in feats of activity, particularly in the exercise of his arms, which he could handle with dexterity but when blindness and age confined him, he played much upon an organ he kept in the house, and had a pully to swing and keep him in motion But the love of books exceeded all his other passions In summer he would be stirring at four in the morning, and in winter at five, but at night he used to go to bed by nine, partly attributing the loss of his eys to his late watching when he was a student, and looking on this custom as very permicious to health at any time but when he was not disposed to rise at his usual hours, he always had one to read to him by his bedside. As he looked upon true and absolute freedom to be the greatest happiness of this hfc, whether to societies or single persons, so he thought constraint of any sort to be the utmost misery for which reason he used to tell those about him the intire satisfaction of his mind, that he had constantly imployed his strength and faculties in the defence of liberty, and in a direct opposition to slavery He ever exprest the profoundest reverence to the Deity as well in deeds as words, and would say to his friends, that the divine properties of goodness, justice, and merey were the adequate rule of human actions, nor less the object of imitation for privat advantages, than of admiration or respect for their own excellence and perfection his early days he was a favorer of those Protestants

then opprobriously called by the name of Puntans In his middle years he was best pleased with the Inde pendents and Anabaptists, as allowing of more liberty than others, and coming nearest in his opinion to the primitive practice but in the latter part of his life, he was not a profest member of any particular sect among Christians, he frequented none of their assemblies, nor made use of their particular rites in his family Whether this proceeded from a dislike of their uncharitable and endless disputes, and that love of dominion, or inclina tion to persecution, which, he said, was a piece of Popery inseparable from nil churches, or whether he thought one might be a good man without subscribing to any parts, and that they had all in some things corrupted the institutions of Jesus Christ, I will by no means adventure to determine for conjectures on such occasions are very uncertain, and I never met with any of his acquaintance who could be positive in assign ing the true reasons of his conduct

I shall now conclude this discourse with a character given of him by a man of unparalleled diligence and industry, who has disobliged all sides merely for telling the truth either intirely or without disguise, and who, since most men have the fruity of ingaging in factions, cannot be suspected of partiality in favor of Milton. He was a person, says Anthony Wood in the first volume of his Athena Oxomenses, of wonderful parts, of a very sharp, biting, and satyrical wit, he was a good philosopher and historian, an excellent poet, Latinist, Grecian, and Hebrician, a good mathematician and musician, and so rarely endowed by nature, that had he' bin but honestly principled, he might have bin lightly useful to that party against which he all along appeared with much malice and bitterness.

There is a Life by Des Maizeaux prefixed to two vols of ToLind's posthumous works (1747), and a monograph by Berthold John Toland und der Monsmus der Gegenvart (Heidelb 1876). For Toland's parinal anticipation of Semler and Baur, see an article in the Theological Review, 1877

Matthew Tindal (1656-1733), destical writer, born at Beerferris rectory, South Devon, was elected a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford A Roman Catholic under James II, he reverted to Protestantism of a freethinking type, and wrote An Essay of Obidience to the Supreme Powers (1693) and Rights of the Christian Church asserted against the Romish and all other Priests (1706) The latter raised a storm of opposition, but even 1 prosecution failed to prevent a fourth edition in 1709 In 1730 Tindal published his Christianity as old as the Creation, which was soon known as 'The Deist's Bible,' its aim is not merely to state the case in favour of natural religion, but, less directly, to infer the superfluousness of any other He seems to admit an actual revelation confirm ing natural religion, but, seeing that in this case there was nothing new revealed, the result is to eliminate the supernatural element from Cliris tianity, and to prove that its morality is its only 'Answers' clum to the reverence of mankind were innumerable, and the deistical controversy was an outstanding topic of interest to all educated men, to laymen as much as to those theologically educated The note of the deistical writers was their reliance on common-sense argument rather than on theological learning, though they freely availed themselves of all arguments they had access to And they addressed not theologians but the general public. The form of the argument is a dialogue between A and B, it is plainly a very one sided discussion

## From 'The Deist's Bible'

A I desire no more than to be allowed, that there's a religion of nature and reason written in the hearts of every one of us from the first creation, by which all mankind must judge of the truth of any instituted religion whatever, and if it varies from the religion of nature and reason in any one particular, nay, in the minutest circumstance, that alone is an argument which makes all things clsc that can be said for its support totally meffectual If so, must not natural religion and external revelation, like two tallies, exactly answer one another, without any other difference between them but as to the manner of their being delivered? And how can it be otherwise? Can laws be imperfect, where a legislator is absolutely perfect? Can time discover any thing to him which he did not foresee from eternity? And as his wisdom is always the same, so is his good ness, and consequently from the consideration of both these, his laws must always be the same -Is it not from the infinite wisdom and goodness of God, that you suppose the gospel a most perfect law, incapable of being repealed, or nitered, or of having additions, and must not you own the law of nature as perfect a law, except you will say, that God did not arrive to the perfection of wisdom and goodness till about seventeen hundred years since >

To plead that the gospel is incapable of any additions, because the will of God is immitable, and his law too perfect to need them, is an argument, was Christianity a new religion, which destroys itself, since from the time it commenced, you must own God is mutable, and that such additions have been made to the all perfect laws of infinite wisdom as constitute a new religion reason why the law of nature is immutable is because it is founded on the unalterable reason of things, but if God is an arbitrary Being, and can command things meerly from will and pleasure, some things to day, and others to morrow there is nothing either in the nature of God or in the things themselves to hinder him from perpetually changing his mind. If he once commanded things without reason, there can be no reason why he may not endlessly change such commands

Anthony Collins (1676-1729), deist, born near Hounslow, passed from Eton o King's College, Cambridge, and became the disciple and friend of John Locke. In 1707 he published his Lissay concerning the Use of Reason, in 1709 Priesteraft in Perfection. In Holland he made the friendship of Le Clerc, in 1713 his Discourse on Iree thinling, that to which Bentley replied in his famous Remarks, attracted much attention, and explicitly insisted on the value and necessity of unprejudiced inquiry in religious matters. One great argument for it is the mutually destructive dogmas of priests throughout the world, in all faiths and Churches. While there is no direct polemic against the truths of revealed religion,

the way the 'ever blessed Trinity' is referred to manifestly does not suggest faith in it, and there is an obvious aim to shake confidence in the canon of Scripture and its infallibility. In his Grounds and Reasons of the Christ an Religion, published in 1724, Collins argues that Christianity is founded on Judaism, and that its main support is the argument for the fulfilment of the prophecies. And yet no interpretation of them will stand a strict and non-allegorical fulfilment in the New Testament. The inference is not directly drawn, but is patent enough. In the course of the book lie gives most of the arguments now held to prove that Daniel deals with past or contemporaneous events and dates from the Maccabean period

#### From the 'Discourse on Free-thinking'

The priests throughout the world differ about Scrip tures, and the authority of Scriptures. The Pramins have a book of Scripture called the Shasters Persees have their Zundavastaw [Zend avesta] Bonzes of China have books written by the disciples of To he [Buddha], whom they call the God and Saviour of the world, who was born to teach the way of salva tion, and to give satisfaction for all mens sins Talapoins of Siam have a book of Seripture written by Sommonocodom [Sakya muni, Buddha] who, the Siamese say, was born of a virgin, and was the God expected by the universe Dervices have their Alchoran. The rabbis among the Saniaritans, who now live at Siehem in Palestine, receive the five books of Moses (the copy whereof is very different from ours) as their Scripture, together with a Chronicon, or history of themselves from Moses's time, quite different from that contained in the historical books of the Old Testament. This Chronicon is lodged in the public library of Leyden, and lins never been published in print. The rabbis among the common herd of Jews received for Scripture the four and twenty books of the Old Testament. The priests of the Roman Church, of the Lighsh and other Protestant Churches, receive for Scripture the four and twenty books of the Old Testament, and all the books of the New Testament hut the Roman receives several other books, called Apocrypha, as canonical, which all the Protestant churches utterly reject, except the Church of England, which differently from all other Christian churches, receives them as half canonical, reading some parts of them in their churches, and thereby excluding some chapters of canonical Scripture from being read The prests of all Christian churches differ among themselves in each church about the copies of the same books of Scripture, some reading them according to one manuscript, and others according to another But the great dispute of all is concerning the Hebrew and Septungint, between which two there is a great difference, (the latter maling the world 1500 years older than the former ) to name no other differences of greater or less importance.

Lastly, As the most ancient Christian churches and priests received several gospels and books of Scripture which are now lost, such as the Gospel according to the Hebrews, the Gospel according to the Lgyptians, the Traditions of Matthias, &c., and as not one father in the two first centuries (whose works now remain) but received books of Scripture which are either lost to us, or that we

reject as Apoers phal so the several sects of Christians in the East and in Africa receive at this day some bools of Scripture, which are so far lost to us, that we know only their names, and others which we have and reject As for instance, the Reverend Dr Grabe tells us of a book received by the Copticks, called the Secrets of Peter, of which we have no copy, and Lu lolphus tells us that the Abyssinian Christians receive the Apostolick Constitutions, and Postellus brought from the Last, where it was in use, the Gospel of James both which we reject as Apocryphal

The same books of Scripture have, among the e priests who receive them, a very different degree of authority, some attributing more, and others less authority to them. The Popish priests contend that the text of Scripture is so corrupted, precarious, and unintel ligible, that we are to depend on the authority of their church for the true particulars of the Christian religion Others, who contend for a greater perfection in the text of Scripture, differ about the inspiration of those books some contending that every thought and word are in spired, some that the thoughts are inspired, and not the words, some that those thoughts only are inspired which relate to fundamentals, and others that the books were written by honest men with great care and faithfulness, without any inspiration either with respect to the thoughts or words. In like manner, the Bramins, Persees, Bonzes Talapoins, Dervices, Rabbis, and all other priests who build their religion on books, must from the nature of things vary about books in the same religion, about the inspiration, and copies of those books

The priests differ about the sense and meaning of those books they receive as sacred. This is evident from the great number of sects in each religion, founded on the diversity of senses put on their several Scriptures. And the the books of the Old and New Testament are the immediate dictates of God himself, and all other Scriptures are the books of imposters, are the priests of the Christian church (like the priests of all other churches) not only divided into numberless sects, on account of their different interpretations of them, but even the priests of the same sect differ endlessly in opinion about their sense and meaning

To set this matter before you in the clearest manner, and to possess you with the justest idea of the differences among priests about the sense and meaning of their Scriptures, and to make my argument the stronger for the duty and necessity of free thinking, I will confine myself to the most divine of all books, and by conse quence the best adapted of any to prevent diversity of opinion, and will take the following method will give you an idea of the nature of our holy books, whereby you'll see the foundation therein laid for a diversity of opinions among the priests of the Christian And, Secondly, I will give you a specimen of the diversity of opinions among the priests of the Church of England, pretended to be deduced from them for all their differences are too great to be enumerated From whence you'll easily infer, that there must be an infinite number of opinions among all other sorts of priests as to the meaning of their Scriptures, since the most divine of all books lays such a foundation for difference of opinion, that priests of the same sect are not able to agree, tho neither art, nor force, nor in terest are wanting to compel them to an agreement of opinion.

Thomas Woolston (1669-1731), the son of a Northampton currier, became a Fellow of Sidney Sussey, Cambridge, tool orders, and was in 1677 elected ecclesiastical lecturer in the university An enthusiastic student of Origen, in 1705 he published the Old Apology for the Truth of the Christian Religion, affirming that the Mosaic story was allegorical, a prophetic parable of Christ. But from being a sound and dignified scholar and a popular preacher, he became gradually so aggressive in his criticism on the clergy and those who abode by the literal interpretation of Scripture that his friends thought him a little crazed. The Moderator bet-veen the Infidel and the Apostate (developed in a second series, 1721-23) was to show that the gospel miracles could not prove Christ to be the Messiah, he disputed the reality of the incarnation in a virgin and of the resurrec tion, and developed a facctious vein that was as offensive as his thesis, and in 1721 his college deprived him of his fellowship. In his famous six Discourses on the Miracles of Clrist (1727-29, with two Defences) he maintained that the gospel narra tives taken literally were a tissue of absurdines Sixty answers were made to the Discourses, and an indictment for blasphemy was brought against Woolston He was sentenced to a years imprison ment and a fine of £100, and unable to pay so considerable a sum, this partial anticipator of the mythical theory of Strauss died, a martir to his convictions, within the rules of King's Bench His works were collected in 1733 with a Life.

#### From the 'Defence.'

I have promised the world, what, by the assistance of God, and the leave of the Government shall be published, a Discourse on the mischiels and inconveniences of in hired and established priesthood in which it shall be shown (1) That the preachers of Christianity in the first ages of the church (when the gespel was far and near spread, and triumphed over all opposition of Jen and Gentiles) neither received nor insisted on any wages for their pains, but were against preaching for hire and, as if they had been endewed with the spirit of prophers, before an hireling priesthood was establi hed, predicted their abolition and ejection out of Christ's church, (II) That since the establishment of an lire for the presthood, the progress of Christianity has not only been stopt, but lot ground, the avance, ambition, and power of the clergy having been of such unspeakable mischief to the world, as is enough to make a mans heart ake to think, read, or write of, (III) That upon an abolition of our present established priesthood, and on God's call of his own ministers, the profes ion of the gospel will again spread, and virtne, religion, and learning will more than ever flourish and abound The elergy are forewarned of my design to publish such a Discourse, and this is the secret reason, what ever openly they may pretend, of their accusations against me for blasphemy and infidelity and industry will be never wanting to prevent the pubheation of this Discourse neither need I doubt of persecution, if they can excite the Government to it, to that end

In my first Discourse on Miracles, I happened to treat on that of Jeas's driving the buyers and sellers out of the Temple, which, upon the authority of the Lathers. I showed to be a figure of his future election of hishons. priests, and deacons out of his church for making merchandise of the goopel. The Bi hop has taken me and that mirrele to task, and if ever any man smiled at another's impertinence, I then heartily laughed when I read him I begred of the Bishop before hand no to meddle with that mirrele, because it was a hot one, and would burn his fingers. But for all my caution he has been so fool hard as to venture upon it, but has really toucaed and handled it as if it was a barning coal He takes it up, and as soon drops it again to blow his fingers, then endeavours to throw a little water on this and that part of it to cool it, but all would not do. The most fiery part of it, viz. that of its being a type of Tesus's future ejection of mercenary preachers out of the church he has not, I may say it, at all touched, except b, calling it my allegorical in ective against the Mein tenance of the Clergs, which is such a piece of Conn than effrontery in the Bishop, that was he not resolved to be and defame at all rates, for the support of their interests, he could never have had the face to have uttered. If the Bishop had pro-ed that that imraele (which literally was such a ---, as I dare not now call it) neither was not could be a shadow and resemblance of Iesu's ejection of hired priests out of the church at his second Advent, and that the Fathers were not of this on mon, he had I nocked me down at once done nothing of this, so he might have spared his pains in support of the letter of this story. But I shall have a great deal of diversion with the Bishop when I come, in a proper place, to defend my exposition of that mirrole. In the mean time, as the Bi hop has published one of the Articles of my Christian Laith, thinking to render me odious for it so here I vill insert ano her, viz. 'I believe upon the authority of the I athers, that the spirit and pover of Jesus vall soon enter the church and expel hirching priess, who male merchandie of the cospel, out of h r, after the manner he is supposed to have driven the buvers and sellers out of the Temple !

Thomas Chubb (1679-1747), deist, was born at East Harnham near Salisbury. His father a malister, died early, so that the children were poorly educated and early sent to work. Thomas was fir t apprenticed to a glover in Salishury but his eye sucht falling, in 1705 he became a tallor-chandler He had already contrived to do a good deal of reading when a perusal of the 'historical preface' to Whis on's Primit of Christianity Kerrold impelled him to write his own tract, Tre Sufrence, of the Father Assert, t, which Whiston helped him to publish in 1715. Encouraged by «everal patroas, a one of whom sent him sons of clothes which had been little norn while another gave him a money sabodo the aconderful phenon enon of Walish re? Pope called him, commined to write quarto volume of his true's published in 1750 made his name videly known. I represe von coming sin, justification priver the its ce of God I Pine mark in ming Rice, and Tie True autol of leas Coral decreas were money his principal subfigurers. The of new orded

from Arianism of Clarke's type nearer and nearer to deism, set he went regularly to church, and regarded the mission of Jesus as divine, though he did not record Christ is God. Most of his views vere common to him and the other deists. He atticls the common theory of inspirition. though his own view, quoted below, does not ro far beyond what is held consistent with modern orthodox - 15 is the case with miny of the contentions once accounted alarmingly deistical denounces such Old Testament stories as the proposed human sacrifice by Abraham, insists on the sufficiency of reason and the needlessness of miracles, and argues that the true gospel of Christ consisted mainly in the necessity of mordity and repentance for sin to secure the mercy of God here and hereafter. He was a modest and estimable

# From 'Remarks on the Scriptures'

Among t the many complaints made against me, occasioned by the publication of my dissertations, this I apprehend to be the principal, namely, that I have fallen foul of the lible, and have not paid it the defer ence which I ought, and that, in con equence thereof, I have dug up foundations, and greatly unsettled the minds of men. So that the present que tions ar, how, or in what respect, have I fallen foul of the Bible? What foundations have I day up? And what minds have I unscitled thereby? And first, how, or in what respect, have I fallen foul of the I thle? And wherein I ave I fallen short of paying it the deference it has a right to claim? Why, truly, I have taken the likety to enquire into the conduct and behaviour of some of our Old Testa ment spints, which stand upon record in it. I have also withheld my assen from such facts therein related, and from such propositions therein contained as have the marks of incredibility upon them, when having 10 other evidence to support them than the bare an hority of the writer And is this all? To which it may perhaps, be thought sufficient to answer that this minis ers just ground for complaint. Upon which I observe, that the Bible is held forth and recommended to is as a projer guide, by way of example doctrine, and precept, to our understandings cur affections and actions and there fore most assuredly, the Bible of all other books ought strictly to be examined, or boost carefully to be en anied into and we ought to lend each other all the my tance we can in making the inquision because others conon in great danger of hemy raisled. A I am rear ref to follow the examples of this a both and fath and judience inferit the from a mila the char eters of the I improved to the steer component of great actions and had so the very nature of the thing calls upon me and obliges me oil getally to examine and care fully to diving a light separate it servences mee from their vices, Iweau e otherwise I am in a name of filling ing them as well in their tot deads or in their growt about mist render the control of all and any to be wo has stan and to all objected a figure the The logation of the late of the sun of the sun of the sun of the said the one of the parts of the area at arthur to a new affer a sign of a town on the story of the story of the same of the start that the same of the start of the same of the

they may have had very different views, as that has been preity much the case of writers at all times, and there fore, I think, it is not doing justice to the Deity to call it, in the gross, the revealed will and word of God, whint ever some parts of it may be conceived to be Bible is such a composition as that the most opposite tenets are extracted from it, as the many controversies that now, and at all times past, have subsisted in the Christian church do plainly demonstrate, and by this means it has been the groundwork of most of the heresies and schisms that have taken place in Christendom, and has occasioned great confusion, each one appealing to the Bible as the standard which their pretensions are to be And the' the various denominations of Chris tians have racked their inventions or conceiving powers in order to reconcile its most disagreeing parts, yet, alas i it is as easy to make the two pole stars meet in a point as fairly to make all the parts of this composition center in any one of the many systems that have been grounded This collection of writings has been the parent of doctrines most dishonourable to God and most inju rions to men, such as the doctrines of absolute unconditional election and reprobation, of religious persecution, This being the case, it furnishes out a reason, more than sufficient, to engage every considerate man, who would see with his own eyes, would follow the guidance of his own understanding, and thereby would act consonant to his intelligent nature, carefully to read, and attentively to consider what he reads in the Bible, thereby to prevent his being misled, and this, I pre sume, is a sufficient apology for my doing as I have done with relation thereto

Besides, this book, called the holy Bible, contains many things that are greatly below and unworthy of the Supreme Deity That God should specially interpose to acquaint men with, and to transmit to posterity, such trifling observations as that two are better than one, that which is crooked cannot be made streight, that which is wanting cannot be numbered, and the like, or that he should spirit men with, approve of, or countenance such malevolent desires as these. Let his children be fatherless and his wife a widow, let his children be continually ragibonds, and beg, let them also seek their bread out of their desolate places, let the extortioner catch all that he hath, and let the stranger spoil his labour, let there be none to extend mercy to him, neither let there be any to favour his fatherless children, let his posterity be eut off, and in the generation following let their name be I say that such trifling observations, and blotted out such malevolent desires as these, should be considered as the offering of God is playing at hazard indeed the travels and ndventures of Nuomy and her two sons, Mahlon and Chilion, into the country of Morb (as in the book of Ruth) is true, perhaps, may not be disputed, but that God should specially interpose to transmit such an insignificant relation to posterity, when we have nothing to ground the supposition upon, seems to me to be taking too great a liberty with the character and conduct of the Deity There are many things con tained in that collection of writings commonly called the Bible that are much below and unworthy of the most perfect intelligence and boundless goodness, that these should be made the act of the Supreme Deity, should be declared to be a revelation from and the very worl of God, without so much as a seeming reason or ground for so doing, any otherwise than to support the religious systems men have imbibed, or, perhaps, the schemes of worldly policy they are engaged in, this, surely, is not acting properly, nor even justly, by the common and kind parent of the universe. For men thus to father upon God whatever they please is taking such a liberty with the character and conduct of the supreme Deity as no honest upright man would take with that of his neighbour and if such practising should not come under the denomination of blaspliemy, which it scarcely falls short of, yet it must, at least, be a very strange kind of piets. Yea, such is the extraordinary piety of this age (like that of doing honour and service to God by killing his servants), that if a man, in conscience of that dnty he owes to his maker, takes upon him to vindicate the moral character of the Deity in opposition to the religious system in vogue, or what passes for current orthodoxy, he may be sure to fall under the imputation of being a free thinker, a Deist (those terms being used in a bad sense), or, perhaps, an Atheist

And as to the preceptive parts of the Bible, there is a difficulty attends them that is unsurmountable to me, viz. what is required to be done at one time, and under one dispensation, is forbid to be done under another, whilst human nature continues the same, and men's rela tions, and dependencies, and the obligations that arise from them, continue the same also The Deity cannot but perceive things as they really are, nt all times, what ever colouring or shading men may draw over them, and therefore, to suppose that he commands and forbids the same thing, whilst the natures, the relations, and the circumstances of men and things continue the same, this, I say, is to me an unsurmountable difficulty v 38 le have heard that it hath been said, or ye have read, Exodus vai 23, 24, 25, Life for life, eye for eve, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe. Upon which I observe, if such a retaliation of injuries as this is, in its own nature, proper to restrain men's viewded appetites and passions, and therefore was appointed under the dispensation of Moses, then, for the same reason, it ought to be appointed and executed under all dispensations, because mankind are the same, they have the same appetites and passions, and are liable to indulge them to excess at all times and under all dispensations-Whereas, Jesus Christ reversed the aforesaid law of retaliation, ver 39 But I say unto ye, that ye resist not evil, but whosoever shall smite thee on thy nght cheek, Here, we see, Christ hath turn to him the other also not only forbid all resistance of evil, but he also requires the patient, when he has sustained a first injury, to be a volunteer with regard to a second, and to meet it half way

William Nicolson (1655–1727), successively Bishop of Carlisle and Londonderry, and Archbishop of Cashel, was a learned antiquary and Instorical writer, his Historical Libraries of England, Scotland, and Ireland (1696–1724) being detailed catalogues or lists of books and manuscripts referring to the history of each nation He also wrote An Essay on the Border Laws, A Treatise on the Laws of the Anglo Saxons, A Description of Poland and Denmark, a preface to Chamberlayne's Polyglot of the Lord's Prayer, and some able pamphlets on the Bangorian Controversy, and left many interesting letters

# Earl of Shaftesbury.

Anthony Ashley Cooper (1671-1713), third Earl of Shaftesbury, was born in London, son of the second Earl saturated by Dryden as a 'shapeless lump,' and grandson of the brilliant, eloquent, unconscionable first Earl, the Ashley of the Locke superintended his early education at Clapham, and he spent three years at Winchester and three more in travel. On his three visits to Holland he formed friendships vith Bayle and Le Clerc. A zealous Whig, he sat for Poole in 1695-98, but ill-health drove him from politics to literature. He succeeded to the earldom in 1600, and spole frequently and well in the House Toland published, without leave, in of Lords 1699 his boyish Inquiry Concerning Merit and Virtue, which contained many of the views expounded in his later works. His (anonymous) Letter on Enthusiasm (1708) was prompted by the extravagance of the 'Trench prophets,' the Huguenot refugees who revived in England the visionary claims to the gift of prophecy asserted by the persecuted Camisards. What he meant by 'enthusiasm' was fanaticism or extravagance, he would have professed lumself an enthusiast in our sense for truth, beauty, and goodness Disapproving equally the familie and the persecutor, he pled for 'good humour' in religious controversy

In 1709 appeared his Moralists, a Philosophical Rhapsody, which is inaptly described as a dialogue, since it contains long disquisitions by a third interlocutor, only towards the end does it become a rhapsody and an impassioned lymn to nature, which reads like a prose version of a poem treatise has less to do with the principles of morals than with the method and order of the universe as an argument for a God, the origin of evil, a future life, and the nature of human society survey of nature in the third part there is an outpouring-surely remarkable in the early eighteenth century-on the beauty and terror, the majesty and mystery, of lofty mountain scenery And there is an amusing passage levelled against what is now called psychical research, against 'the sort of people who are alvays on the hot scent of some new prodigs or apparation, some upstart revelation or prophecy,' against 'rambling in blind corners of the world in ghostly company of spirit hunters, witch finders, and lavers out for hellish stories and diabolical transactions. There is no need of such intelligence from hell to prove the power of heaven and being of a God.' Sens is Community 1709), an essay upon the freedom of wit and humour, vin dicates the use of indicule is a test of truth, a doctrine already set forth in the Letter on Enthusiasm, but Shaftesbury is quite misunderstood if he is supposed to mean that facetious or frivolo is millers should supersede serious argument. His argument was that irrational folly and superstition could better be met by a humorous violence, or persecution. No sane person vould ridicule the truth, but if truth is ridiculed, it suffers nothing, whereas hallucinations and impostures can be laughed out of court appeared his Solilogus, or Advice to an Author In 1711 he issued a collection of his works in three volumes, under the general title of Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opirions, and Times Here appeared again his revised Inquiry Concerning l'irlue, and the third volume contained Miscellanious Reflections The Characteristics were reissued in ten other editions before the end of the century, and were translated into French and German. Ill health having compelled him to seek a warmer climate, this independent thinker died in Naples at the age of forty-two

The style of Shaftesbury is studied and rhythmical, sometimes even artificial and affected, lic too obviously bestowed great pains on the construction of his sentences. It was of purpose that he exchanged continuity, precision, and simplicity for artistic discursiveness, and in order to display the nobleman in the author, he assumes at times an air which suggests the superfineness and superficiality of the virtuoso, deliberately proposing 'to regulate his language by the standard of good company'. He was hostile to Locke's philosophy, was an ardent admirer of the ancients, imitated Plato, and preached Stoicism, his Askemata, published in 1901, are mainly texts, with comments, from Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius.

He was fiercely attached as a deist, and his very vagueness on religious problems allies him with the deists, even if his sceptical or free andeasy attitude towards Scripture, especially towards the Old Testament, were not plainly apparent. his style and method of discussion he was unlike the bulk of the deists, he protested against those 'who pay handsome compliments to the Deny?' but 'explode devotion' and leave but little of zeal, affection, or warmth in what they call rational religion. He has more in common with those who later in Germany broke the power of self complacent rationalism than vitli the rationalists properly so But by his effective, attractive style lie influenced thousands untouched by such writers as Collins or Tindal, and greath promoted the cause the deists had at heart. Lile most of the deists, he was a theist and denounced atheism, though his theism at times seems closely akin to pantheism. His work was on the whole, a powerful plea for freedom in the search for truth, for frank speech, and for toleration

Shriftesbury though he borroved much from dicates the use of ridicule is a test of truth, a doctrine already set forth in the Letter on Enthusiasm, but Shriftesbury is quite misunderstood if he is supposed to mean that frectious or frivolo is rullery should supersede serious argument. His argument was that irrational folly and superstition could better be met by a humorous reduction and absuraum than by angry polemic.

Shriftesbury though he borroved much from the Greeks, from Cumberland, and from others, may rank as founder of the school of English moralists who, holding virtue and vice as naturally and fundamentally distinct, believe man to be endowed with a 'moral sense' by which these are discriminated and at once approved of or condemned without reference to the self interest reduction and absuraum than by angry polemic.

he maintains that the very nature of man leads to the exercise of benevolent and disinterested affections in the social state. Conscience he defines as the 'moral sense,' a plir use of which he is the author, and makes this sense ikin to feeling, taste, and sentiment rather than to reason

This doctrine, left by its founder in a some what unsystematic shape, was taken up and developed by Hutcheson, and influenced Hume and Adam Smith Shaftesbury was ittacked in his own time both by the followers of Clarke's 'intellectual system' and by the more thorough utilitarians. The



THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY From an Engraving by Kiver after Cloterman

gentle Berkeley railed at him, and the augged Warburton dissented from his opiniors, while warmly prusing his character. Butlet heartily admired Shaftesbury's support of the 'natural obligation of virtue,' and there is in all his work evidence of sincere, warm, earnest feeling, the outcome of a generous mind Sidgwick regards the appearance of the Characteristics as a turning point in English ethical speculation, and treats its author as 'the first to make psychological experience the basis of ethics,' and Hettner sees in him a power in European thought. A pronounced optimist, Shaftesbury insisted that God should be loved without fear of reward or punishment, and argued that 'religion is still a discipline and the progress of the soul towards perfection, a thought which, contemplating not merely the individual but the race, contains the germ of Lessing's famous Einehung des Menschenge schlechtes, and may have suggested this theme to Lessing, who was a diligent student of the Characteristics Moses Mendelssohn, Herder, and

even Kant were influenced by the English peer Leibnitz and Diderot admired him, and so did Volture, though he carrentured his optimism in Candide Gray, on the other hand, speals scorn fully of Shiftesbury's philosophy, and, oddly enough, Pope, who paraphrased Bolingbrole and was Shaftesbury's friend, told Warburton that the Characteristics had done more harm to rescaled religion in Lingland than all the works of infidelity put together? Yet it is impossible not to see that Shiftesbury's philosophy was the foundation of Bolingbroke's Michintosh, who rightly thought Shaftesbury's utlucal work had at first been admired beyond its literary or philosophical ments, and had next been too unsparingly condemned or still more unjustly neglected, somewhat extravagantly said of the first passage quoted below from Tre Moralists 'that there is scarcely any composition in our language more lofts in its moral and rel gious sentiments or more exquisitely elegant and musical in its diction?

#### From Advice to an Author'

One who aspires to the character of a man of breeding and politeness is careful to form his judgment of aris and sciences upon right models of perfection. If he trivels to Rome he inquires which are the trie pieces of architecture, the best remains of statues, the less paintings of a kaplinel or a Carache [Caracut]. However and quitted, rough or dismal they may appear to him at first sight, he resolves to view them over aid over till he has brought himself to relish them and finds their hidden graces and perfections. He takes particular care to turn his ever from every thing which is gaudy, he could and of a false taste. Not is he less careful to turn his ear from every sort of musick lessibes that y high is of the best manner and truest harmony.

Twere to be wished we had the same regard to a right taste in life and immners. What mortal being once convinced of a difference in inward character, and of a preference due to one kind above another, would not be concerned to make his own the best? If civility and humanity be a taste, if brutality, insolence, not, he in the same manner a taste, who if he could reflect, would not chose to form himself on the annable and agreeable rather than the odious and perverse model? Who would not endeavour to force nature as well in this respect as in what relates to a taste or judgment in other arise and sciences? To in each place the force on nature is used only for its redress. If a natural good taste be not already formed in us, why should not we endeavour to form it, and become natural?

'I like! I funcy! I admire! How? By accident or as I please. No But I learn to fancy, to admire, to please, as the subjects themselves are deserving and can bear me out. Otherwise, I like at this hour, but dislike the next. I shall be weary of my pursuit and, upon experience, find little pleasure in the main, if my choice and judgment in it be from no other rule than that single one, because I please. Grotesque and monstrous figures often please. Cruel spectacles and barbanties are also found to please, and, in some tempers, to please beyond all other subjects. But is this pleasure right? And shall I follow it if it presents? Not strive with it, or endeavour to prevent its growth or prevalency in my

temper?-How stands the case in a more soft and flatternor kind of pleasure?—Effeminacy pleases me. Indian figures, the Japan work, the enamel strikes my eve. The luscious colours and glossy paint gain upon my fancy A French or Flemish style is highly liked by me, at first sight, and I pursue my liking But what ensues?-Do I not for ever forfeit my good relish? How is it possible I should thus come to taste the beauties of an Italian master, or of a hand happily formed on nature and the antients? 'Tis not by wanton ness and humour that I shall attain my end, and arrive at the enjoyment I propose. The art itself is severe the rules rigid. And if I expect the knowledge should come to me by accident, or in play, I shall be grossly deluded, and prove myself, at best, a mock virtuoso, or mere pedant of the kind '

Here therefore we have once again exhibited onr moral science in the same method and manner of soliloquy as above. To this correction of humour and formation of a taste, our reading, if it be of the right sort, must principally contribute. Whatever company we keep, or however polite and agreeable their characters may be with whom we converse or correspond, if the authors we read are of another kind, we shall find our palate strangely turned their way. We are the unhappier in this respect for being scholars if our studies be ill chosen. Nor can I, for this reason, think it proper to call a man well read who reads many anthors, since he must of necessity have more ill models than good, and be more stuffed with bombast, ill fancy, and wry thought, than filled with solid sense and just imagination.

But notwithstanding this hazard of our taste from a multiplicity of reading, we are not, it seems, the least scrupulous in our choice of subject. We read whatever comes next us What was first put into our hand when we vere young, serves us afterwards for serious study and wise research, when we are old. We are many of us, indeed, so grave as to continue this exercise of youth through our remaining life The exercising authors of this kind have been above described, in the beginning of this treatise. The manner of exercise is called meditation, and is of a sort so solemn and profound, that we dare not so much as thorowly examine the subject on which we are bid to meditate. This is a sort of task reading, in which a taste is not permitted. How little soever we take of this diet, 'tis sufficient to give full exercise to our grave humour, and allay the appetite towards further research and solid contemplation. The rest is holiday, diversion, play, and fancy We reject all rule as think ing it an injury to our diversions to have regard to truth or nature without which, however, nothing can be truly agreeable or entertaining, much less instructive or improving Through a certain surfeit taken in a wrong lind of serious reading, ve apply ourselves, with full content, to the most ridiculous. The more remote our pattern is from any thing moral or profitable, the more freedom and satisfaction we find in it hov Gothick or barbarous our models are, what ill designed or monstrous figures we view, or vhat false proportions we trace, or see described in history, romance, or fiction And thus our eve and ear is lost. Our relish or taste must of necessity grow barbarous whilst barbarian customs, savage manners, Indian wars, and wonders of the terra incognita employ our leisure liours, and are the chief materials to furnish out a library

These are in our present days what books of chivalry

were in those of our forefathers. I know not what faith our valuant ancestors may have had in the stories of their giants, their dragons, and St Georges But for our faith indeed, as well as our taste, in this other way of reading, I must confess I can't consider it without assonishment

It must certainly be something else than incredulity which fashions the taste and indement of many gentle men, whom we hear censured as atheists for attempting to philosophize after a newer manner than any known of late. For my own part, I have ever thought this sort of men to be in general more credulous, though after another manner, than the mere vulgar Besides what I have observed in conversation with the men of this character, I can produce many anathematized authors who, if they want a true Israelitish faith, can make amends by a Chinese or Indian one If they are short in Syria or the Palestine, they have their full measure in America Histories of Incas or Iroquois written by friars and missionaries, pirates and renegades, sea captains and trusty travellers, pass for authentick records, and are canonical, with the virtuosos of this sort. Though Christian miracles may not so well satisfy them, they dwell with the highest contentment on the produces of Moonsh and pagan countries They have far more pleasure in hearing the monstrous accounts of monstrous men and manners, than the politest and best narrations of the affairs, the governments, and lives of the wisest and most polished people.

'Tis the same taste which makes us prefer a Turkish history to a Grecian or a Roman, an Ariosto to a Virgil, and a romance or novel to an Iliad We have no regard to the character or genius of our author nor are so far curious as to observe how able he is in the judg ment of facts, or how ingenious in the texture of his hes For facts unably related, though with the greatest sincerity and good faith, may prove the worst sort of deceit and mere lies, judiciously composed, can teach us the truth of things beyond any other manner to amuse ourselves with such anthors as neither know how to be nor tell truth, discovers a taste which methinks one should not be apt to envy enchanted we are with the travelling memoirs of any casual adventurer, that, be his character or genius what it will, we have no sooner turned over a page or two than we begin to interest curselves highly in his affairs. No sooner has he taken shipping at the month of the Thames, or sent his baggage before him to Gravesend or bnoy in the Nore, than strait our attention is earnestly taken up. If in order to his more distant travels he takes some part of Europe in his way, we can with patience hear of inns and ordinaries, passage boats and ferries, foul and fair weather, with all the particulars of the author's diet, habit of body, his personal dangers and mischances on land and sea. And thus full of desire and hope we accompany him till he enters on his great scene of action, and begins by the description of some enormous fish or beast I rom monstrous brutes he proceeds to yet more monstrous men For in this race of anthors lie is ever completest and of the first rank who is able to speak of things the most ninntural and monstrous.

This humour our old tragick poet seems to have discovered. He bit our taste in giving us a Moorish hero, full fraught with prodigy—a wondrous story teller! But for the attentive part, the poet chose to give it to woman

kind. What passionate reader of travels or student in the prodigious sciences can refuse to pity that fair lady who fell in love with the mirreulous Moor, a pecially considering with what suitable prace such a lover could relate the most monstrous adventures and satisfy the wondering appetite with the most vondrous tales, wherein (says the hero traveller)

'Of antres vist and deserts idle
It was my hint to speal
And of the cannibals that each other eat
The anthropophage and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders—I has to hear
Would Desdemon seriously incline.

Seriously, 'twas a woful tale! unfit, one would think, to win a tender fair one. It's true, the poet sufficiently condemns her fancy, and makes her (poor lady ') pay dearly for it in the end But whi, amongst his Greek names, he should have tho en one which denoted the lady superstitious [deisidaimonia in Greel means super stition] I can't imagine unless, as poets are some times prophets too, he should figuratively, under this dark type, have represented to us that about a hundred years after his time, the fair sex of this island should, by other monstrous tale, he so seduced as to turn their favour chiefly on the persons of the tale tellers, and change their natural inclination for fair, candid, and conrecous knights into a passion for a my terious race of black enchanters such as of old were said to creep into houses and lead captive silly women

'Tis certain there is a very great affinity between the passion of superstition and that of tales. The love of strange narrations and the ardent appetite towards unnatural objects has a near alliance with the like appetite towards the supernatural kind, such as are called prodigious and of dire omen. For so the mind forchodes on every such unusual sight or hearing. Inte, destiny, or the anger of Heaven seems denoted and as it were dehneated by the mon trous birth, the horrid fact, or dire event For this reason the very persons of such relators or tale tellers, with a small help of dismal habit, suitable countenance and tone, become sacred and tremendous in the eyes of mortals who are thus addicted from their youth. The tender virgins, losing their natural softness, assume this trigick passion, of which they are highly susceptible, especially when a suitable kind of eloquence and action attends the character of the narrator A thousand Desdemon's are then ready to present themselves, and would frankly resign fathers, relations, countrymen, and country itself to follow the fortunes of a hero of the black tribe

But whatever monstrous zeal or superstitious passion the poet might foretell, either in the gentlemen, ladies, or common people of an after age, its certain that as to books the same Moorish fancy in its plain and literal sense prevails strongly at this present time. Monsters and monsterlands were never more in request. And we may often see a philosopher or a wit run a talegathering in those idle deserts, as familiarly as the silliest woman or merest boy.

# The Nobler Love

'You shall find then, said I (taking a grave air), that it is possible for me to be serious, and that 'tis probable I am growing so, for good and all. Your over seriousness awhile since, at such an unseasonable time, may have driven me perhaps into a contrary extreme, by opposition

to your inclansholy humour. But I I we not a better idea of that inclandiols you discovered, and notwith standing the humorous turn you were pleased to give it, I am persuaded it has a different foundation from any of the standard cause. I then as igned to it. Lore, doubtle, it at the bottom but a nobler love than such as common beauties inspire.

Here in inviture I begin to rus, in voice, ar I initiate the solerni way you had been teaching me. "Knowing as you are, consided I, vell I no mark experienced in all the degrees and orders of seart, in all the invitations charms of the particular forms, you ruse to what is more peneral and with a larger feart, and mind more comprehen is a your pensor sly seel that vinch is higher in the limb. Not expristed by the hincaments of a fur face, or the well-drawn proportions of a human body, you view the life it all, as I embrace rather the mind which adds the little, and reeders chiefly aimable.

"Nor is the enjoyment of each a single be, at sufficient to satisfy such an apart small. It sacks for to compare more be true and by what coalition of these to form a beautiful society. It views communities, for a Islaps relations, dutice, and contable he what hard one particular mind, the peneral harmony is composed and commonweal established.

Nor sate fied even with julker good in one community of men, it frames itself reduced, be an exampled affection seed, the pood of manual. It dwell with pleasure annote that the normal foodly interest which this four correspondence and foodly interest extrablished. Law, can title in each and take are rates, whatever engines or politic rade mention, the secences and arts, philosophic, morals, with the floureshing state of human affairs, on the perfection of him nature, these are its delightful projects, and this the charm of beauty which attracts in

"Still ordent in this pursuit (so h is reclove of order and perfection), it resement here nor extissies a chough the beauty of a part—but extending further its communicative bounds, seeks the good of all, and affects the interest and property of the whole. True to its name world and higher country, its here it seeks order and perfection, wishing the best, and hoping still to find a just and wise administration.

'And since all hope of this were vain and idle if no innversal initial presided, since without such a supreme intelligence and providential care the districted universal must be condemned to suffer infinite calamities, 'tis here the generous mind labours to discover that healing cause by which the interest of the whole is securely established, the beauty of things, and the innversal order happing sustained

'This, Palemon, is the labour of your soul, and this its melancholy, when, misucces fully pursuing the suireme beauty, it meets with darkning clouds which intercept its sight. Monsters arise—not those from I vlain deserts, but from the heart of man more fertile—and with their horrid aspect cast an unseemly reflection upon nature. She, helpless (as she is thought) and working thus absurdly, is contemned, the government of the world arraigned, and Deity made you

"Much is alledged in answer to show why nature errs, and how she came thus impotent and erring from an unerring hand. But I deny she errs, and when she seems most ignorant or perverse in her productions, I

assert her even then as wise and provident as in her goodliest vorks. For 'tis not then that men complain of the world's order, or abhor the face of things, when they see various interests mixed and interfering, natures subordinate, of different kinds, opposed one to another, and in their different operations submitted, the higher to the lower. 'Tis, on the contrary, from this order of inferior and superior things that we indinize the world's beauty, founded thus on contrarreties, whilst from such various and disagreeing principles a universal concord is established.

'Thus in the several orders of terrestrial forms a resignation is required, a sacrifice and mutual yielding of natures one to another. The vegetables by their death sustain the animals and inimal bodies dissolved enrich the earth and raise again the vegetable world numerous insects are reduced by the superior kinds of birds and beasts and these again are checked by man, who in his turn submits to other natures, and resigns his form a sacrifice in common to the rest of things if in natures so little exalted or pre eminent above each other the sacrifice of interests can appear so just, how much more reasonably may all inferior natures be sub sected to the superior nature of the world! That world. Palemon, which even now transported you vlien the sun's fainting light gave vay to these bright constella tions, and left you this vide system to contemplate

'Here are those laws which ought not, nor can submit to any thing below. The central powers, which hold the lasting orbs in their just poize and movement, must not be controuled to save a fleeting form, and rescue from the precipice a puny animal, whose brittle frame, however protected, must of itself so soon dissolve. The ambient air, the inward vapours, the impending meteors, or what ever else is nutrimental or preservative of this earth, must operate in a natural course, and other constitutions must submit to the good habit and constitution of the all sustaining globe

'Let us not therefore wonder if liv earthquakes, storms, pestilential blasts, nether or upper fires, or floods, the animal kinds are oft inflicted, and whole species perhaps involved at once in common ruin but inneh less let us account it strange if, either by outward shock or some interior wound from hostile matter, particular animals are deformed even in their first conception, when the disease invades the seats of generation, and seminal parts are injured and obstructed in their accurate labours. 'Tis then aloue that monstrons shapes are seen nature still working as before, and not perversely or erroneously, not faintly, or with feeble endeavours, but o'erpower'd by a superior rival, and by another nature's justly conquering force

'Nor need we wonder if the interior form, the soul and temper, partakes of this occasional deformity, and sympathizes often with its close partner. Who is there can wonder either at the sicknesses of sense, or the depravity of minds inclosed in such frail bodies, and dependent on such pervertible organs?

'Here then is that solution you require, and hence those seeming blemishes cast upon nature. Nor is there ought in this beside what is natural and good. 'Tis good which is predominant, and every corruptible and mortal nature by its mortality and corruption yields only to some better, and all in common to that best and highest nature, which is incorruptible and immortal.'

(From Part I of The Moralists)

### Of Dialogue

This brings to my mind a reason I have often sought for, why we moderns, who abound so much in treatiscs and essays, are so sparing in the way of dialogue, which hereto'ore was found the politest and best way of inanaging even the graver subjects. The truth is, 'tworld be an abominable falshood and belying of the age to put so much good sense together in any one conversation as might male it hold out steadily and with plain coherence for an hour's time, till any one subject bad been rationally examined

(From The Moralists.)

## Of Temperance

I own (said I) I am far from thinking temperance so disagreeable a character. As for this part of virtue, I think there is no need of taking it on any other terms to recommend it than the mere advantage of being sav'd from intemperance, and from the desire of things un necessary

How! said Theocles, are you thus far ndvanc'd? And can you carry this temperance so far as to estates and honours, by opposing it to avarice and ambition?—Nay, then truly, you may be said to have fairly embark'd your self in this cause—You have pass'd the channel, and are more than half seas over

(From The Moralists)

# Religion a Discipline and Progress of the Soul.

Now whether our friend be unfeignedly and sincercly of this latter sort of real theologists, you will learn best from the consequences of his hypothesis. You will observe whether, instead of ending in mere speculation, it leads to practice and you will then surely be satisfied, when you see such a structure rused as with the generality of the world must pass at least for high re ligion, and with some, in all likelihood, for no less than enthusiasm

For I appeal to you, Philocles, whether there be any thing in divinity which you think has more the air of entbusiasm than that notion of divine love, such as separates from everything worldly, sensual, or meanly interested? A love which is simple, pure, and unmixed, which has no other object than merely the excellency of that Being itself, nor admits of any other thought of happiness than in its single fruition. Now I dare presume you will take it as a substantial proof of my friend's being far enough from irreligion if it be shewn that be has espoused this notion, and thinks of making out this high point of divinity, from arguments familiar even to those who oppose religion.

According therefore to his hypothesis, he would in the first place, by way of prevention, declare to you, that though the disinterested love of God were the most excellent principle, yet he knew very well that by the indiscreet zeal of some devout well meaning people it had been stretched too far, perhaps even to extravagance and enthusiasm, as formerly among the mysticks of the antient church, whom these of latter days have followed. On the other hand, that there were those who in opposi tion to this devout mystick why, and as professed enemies to what they call enthusiasm, had so far exploded every thing of this ecstatick kind as in a manner to bave given up devotion, and in reality had left so little of zeal, affection, or warmth in what they call their rational religion as to make them much suspected of their sin eerity in any For though it be natural enough (he would

tell you) for a mere political writer to ground his great argument for religion on the necessity of such a belief ns that of a future reward and punishment, yet, if you will take his opinion, 'tis a very ill token of sincerits in religion, and in the Christian religion more especially, to reduce it to such a philosophy as will allow no room to that other principle of love, but treats all of that kind as enthusiasm, for so much as aiming at what is called disinterestedness, or teaching the love of God or virtue for God or virtue's sake

Here then we have two sorts of people (according to my friend's account) who in these opposite extremes expose religion to the insults of its adversaries on one hand twill be found difficult to defend the notion of that high raised love espoused with so much warmth by those devout mysticks, so, on the other hand, 'twill be found as hard a task, upon the principles of these cooler men, to guard religion from the imputation of mercenariness and a slavish spirit. I or how shall one deny that to serve God by compulsion, or for interest merely, is service and mercenary? Is it not evident that the only true and liberal's rvice paid either to that supreme Bung, or to any other superior, is that 'which proceeds from an esteem or love of the person served, a sense of duty or gratitude, and a love of the dutiful and grateful part, as good and amiable in itself?? where is the injury to religion from such a concession as this? Or what detriction is it from the belief of an after reward or punishment to own 'that the service caused by it is not equal to that which is voluntary and with inclination, but is rather disingenuous and of the slavish kind'? Is it not still for the good of mankind and of the world that obedience to the rule of right should some way or o her be paid if not in the better may, yet at least in this imperfect one? And is it not to be shewn, 'that although this service of fear be allowed ever so low or base, jet religion still being a discipline and progress of the soul towards perfection, the motive of remard and punishment is primary and of the highest moment with us, till, being capable of more sublinic instruction, we are led from this service state to the generous service of affection and love??

To this it is that in our friend's opinion we ought all of us to aspire, so as to endeavour 'that the excellence of the object, not the reward or punishment, should be our motive but that where, through the corruption of our nature, the former of these motives is found insufficient to excite to virtue, there the latter should be brought in aid, and on no account be undervalued or neglected'

(From Part II of Tue Mortlists)

See German books on Shaftesbury s philosophy by Spieker (187-) and Gizycki (1876) Leshie Stephen's Finglish Theory it in the Eighteenth Century (1876) Professor Fowler's Shafteslury and Hintekeson ('Philosopher's series, 1882) the I if and Unfullished Letters, by Bertrand Rand (1900) and the new edition of the Characteristics, by J. M. Robertson (1900).

### John Gay.

Italian opera and English pastorals were driven out of the field at this time by easy, indolent, good humoured John Gay (1685–1732), most artless and best beloved of all the Pope and Swift circle of wits and poets. Gay was born at Barn staple, younger son of an impoverished house Both parents dying when he was about ten years old, he was, after receiving his education in the

free grammar-school of his native town put apprentice to a silk mercer in London, but dishing this employment, he at length obtained his discharge from his master. In 1708 he published a poem in blank verse entitled Wine, in 1712 he became domestic secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth, and in 1713 appeared his Rural Sports, dedicated to Pope, in which we may trace his joy at emancipation from shopkeeping

But I, who no er was ble sed by I ortine's han I, Nor brightened I longlisherer in paternal land, I ong in the noisy town have been immured. Respired its smolg and all its cares enfured. I atigued at last a calm retreat I choos, And soothed my harassed mind with sweet report, Where fields and shades, and the refreshing chine. In pire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.

A comedy, The Hife of Bath (1713), was not Then came a trivial poem in three successful books entitled The In The Stefferd's Week, in Sia Pastorals (1714), was written to throw ridicule on those of Ambrose Philips but concins so much genuine coinic humour and such enter taining pictures of country life that it became popular, not as siture, but as affording 'a propect of his own country. In an iddress to the 'courteous render' Gay says "Thou wilt not find my shepherdesses ally piping on onen reeds, but milking the line, tying up the sheaves, or if the hogs are astray, driving them to their stics shepherd gathereth none other nosegavs but what are the growth of our own fields, he sleepeth not under mytile slindes, but under a hedge, not doth he vigilantly defend his flocks from wolves This 'Instorical' view because there are none! of rural life was immated by Allan Ramsay, and was followed by Crabbe with a moral aim to which In February 1715 appeared Gry never aspired The What d've Call It? a traga come pastoral farce, which the audience had 'not vit enough to take," and next veir assisted by limts from Swift, Gay produced his mack heroic Int a, or, the Art of Walling the Streets of Lordon, in which he gives a graphic account of the dangers and impediments then encountered in traversing the narrow, crowded, ill-lighted, and vice-infested thoroughfures of the metropoli-His pictures of City-life are in the Dutch style, familiar but forcibly drawn Here 15

#### The Bookstall.

Volumes on sheltered stalls expanded he, And various science lures the learned eye, The bending shelves with ponderous scholasts groan, And deep divines, to modern shops unknown, Here like the bee that on industrious wing Collects the various ordours of the spring Walkers at leasure learning's flowers may spoil, Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil May morals snatch from Plutarch's tattered page, A mildewed Bacon, or Stagyra's sage Here sauntering 'prentices o'er Otway weep, O'er Congreve smile, or over D'Urfey sleep,

Pleased sempstresses the Lock's famed Rape unfold, And Squirts read Garth till apozems grow cold Squirt is the name of an apothecary's boy in Garth's Diffensary afraem is a decoction or infusion

During the great frost in London in 1716 a fair was held on the river Thames

O roving Muse! recall that wondrous year When winter reioned in bleak Britannia's air . When hoary Thames, with frosted osiers crowned, Was three long moons in icy fetters bound The waterman, forlorn, along the shore, Pensive reclines upon his useless our See harnessed steeds desert the stony town, And vander roads unstable, not their own, Wheels o'er the hardened waters smoothly glide. And raze with whitened tracks the slippery tide. Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire, And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire, Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear, And numerous games proclaim the crowded fair So, when a general bids the martial train Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain. Thick rising tents a canvas city build, And the loud dice resound through all the field

Gay was always sighing for public employment, for which he was eminently unfit, and in 1714 he had a glimpse of fancied happiness wrote with joy to Pope 'Since you went out of the town, my Lord Clarendon was appointed envoy extraordinary to Hanover, in the room of Lord Paget, and by making use of those friends which I entirely one to you, he has accepted me for his secretary. Ouitting his situation with the Duchess of Monmouth, he accompanied Lord Clarendon on his embassy, but seems to have held the new post only for about two months, in the same year Pope welcomed him to his native soil, and counselled him, now that the queen was dead, to 'write something on the king, or prince, or princess' The anxious expectant of court favour complied with Pope's request, and wrote a poem entitled An Epistle to a Lady [probably Mrs Ho vard] Occasioned by the Arrival of Her Royal Highness [the Princess of Wales, whom he had seen at Hanoverl, and, as a consequence, the Princess and her husband went to see his play of The What d' se Call It? Gry was stimulated to another dramatic attempt (1717), and produced Three Hours After Marriage, but some personal satire and indecent dialogue, together with the improbability of the plot, scaled its fate lt soon fell into disgrace, and its author, afraid that Pope and Arbutlinot would suffer from their connection with it, took all the blame on himself Nevertheless the trio of friendly wits vere attacked in two pumphlets, and Pope's quarrel with Cibber originated in this unlucky drama. Gay was silent and dejected for some time, but in 1720 he published his poems by subscription, and realised £1000 He also received a present of South Sea stock, and was supposed to be worth £20,000, all of which he

serious calamity almost overwhelmed a wit fond of finery and of luxurious living, but his friends were zealous, and he was prompted to further literary In 1724 he brought out another drama, evertion The Captures, which was acted with moderate success, and in 1727 he wrote a volume of Fables, designed for the edification of the Duke of Cumberland (then a boy of six), who does not seem to liave learnt mercy or humanity from them accession of the prince and princess to the throne seemed to augur well for Gay's fortunes, but he was only offered the situation of gentleman-usher to the little Princess Louisa, a child under three, and considering this an insult, he rejected it. In 1726 Swift had come to England, and lived two months with Pope at Twickenham this or some earlier date, the Dean liad sug-



JOHN GAA

(From a Sketch by Sir G Kneller in the National Portra t Callery)

gested to Gay the idea of a Newgate pastoral, in which the characters should be thickes and highwaymen, and The Beggar's Opera was the The two friends were doubtful of the success of the piece, but it was received with unbounded applause The songs and music aided greatly its popularity, and there was also the recommendation of political satire, for the quarrel between Peachum and Lockit was accepted as an allusion to a personal collision between Walpole and his colleague, Lord Townshend The spirit and variety of the piece, in which song and sentiment are cheerfully intermixed with vice and reguery, still render the Leggar's Ofers a favourite with the public, but as Gay succeeded in making highwavmen agreeable, and even attractive, it can liardly be commended for its lost by the collapse of that famous delusion. This i moral tendency—a matter of lettle account with

the epicurean playwright, who was, in Pope's words-

Of manners gentle, of affections mild, In wit a man simplicity a child

The opera had a run of sixty two nights, became the rage of town and country, and had also the effect of giving rise to the English opera, a species of light comedy enlivened by songs and music, which for a time supplanted the Italian opera, with all its evotic and elaborate graces By this successful opera Gay, as appears from the manager's account-book, cleared £693, 13s 6d besides what he derived from its publication. He tried a sequel to the Beggar's Opera, under the title of Polly, but as it was supposed to contain sarcasms on the court, the Lord Chamberlain prohibited its representation. The author had recourse to publication, and such was the zeal of his friends and the effect of party spirit that Polly produced a profit of £1100 or £1200 Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, gave £100 as her subscription for a copy Gry had now amassed £3000 by his writings, which he resolved to keep 'entire and sacred.' He was at the same time received into the house of his kind patrons the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, with whom he spent the remainder of his life. His only literary occupation was composing additional fables, and corresponding occasionally with Pope and Swift. A sudden attack of inflammitory fever carried him off in three days Pope's letter to Swift announcing the event was endorsed 'On my dear friend Mr Gay's death Received, December 15th, but not read till the 20th, by an impulse foreboding some misfortune.' And nothing in Swift's life is more touching or honourable to his memory than those passages in his letters where the recollection of his friend melted his haughty stoicism. Gry was buried in Westminster Abbev, where a costly monument erected by the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry bears his own lines

> Life is a jest, and all things show it I thought so once, and now I know it

The works of this genial son of the Muses, which have lost much of their popularity, show the heentiousness without the elegance of Prior His Fables are still the best we possess, and if they have not the rich humour and archness of La Fontaine's, they are light and pleasing, and are always smooth in versification. The Hare with Many Friends is doubtless drawn from the fabulist's own experience. In the Court of Death he tries a higher flight, and marshals his 'diseases dire' with strong and glooms power His song of Black-ward Susan and the 'ballad' beginning "Twas when the seas were roaring" are full of characteristic tenderness and lyrical This ballad (in the then usual sense of the word) was said by Cowper to have been the joint production of Arbuthnot, Swift, and Gav, but the tradition is not supported by evidence.

The Country Ballad-singer

Sublimer strains, O rustic Muse! prepare,
Forget awhile the barn and dury s care,
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers ruise,
The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays,
With Bowzy beus' songs exalt thy verse,
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.

'Twas in the senson when the respers' toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gen to rid the soil,
Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,
Clean damsels bound the gathered sheaves about,
The lads with sharpened hook and sweating brow
Cut down the labours of the winter plough.

When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spied,
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside,
That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
Or with the rosined bow torment the string,
That Bowzybeus who, with finger's speed,
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed,
That Bowzybeus who, with jocund tongue,
Ballads, and roundelays, and catches sung
They londly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
And in disport surround the drunken wight.

Ah, Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long? The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong! Thou shouldst have left the fair before twas night, But thou sat st toping till the morning light.

No sooner 'gan he raise his tuncful song But lads and lastes round about him throng Not ballad singer placed above the crowd Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud, Nor parish clerk, who calls the psalm so clear, Like Bowzybeus soothes the attentive car

Of Nature's laws his carols first begun-Why the grave owl can never face the sun For owls, as swains observe, detest the light, And only sing and seek their prey by night How turnips hide their swelling heads below, And how the closing coleworts upwards grow, How Will a Wisp misleads night faring clowns O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs. Of stars he told that shoot with shining trail, And of the glowworm's light that gilds his tail. He sung where woodcocks in the summer feed, And in what climates they renew their breed-Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend, Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend— Where swallows in the winter's season keep, And how the drowsy but and dormouse sleep, How Nature does the puppy's eyelid close Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose (For huntsmen by their long experience find That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind)

Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows, For still new fairs before his eves arose. How pedlers' stalls with glittering to varie laid, The various furings of the country maid. Long silken laces hang upon the twine, And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine, How the tight lass knives, combs, and scissors spies, And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes Of lotteries next with tuneful note he told, Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold The lads and lasses trudge the street along, And all the fair is crowded in his song The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells

His pills, his balsams, and his ague spells,
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
And on the rope the venturous maiden swings,
Jack Pudding, in his parti coloured jacket,
Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet
Of raree sho vs he sung, and Punch's feats,
Of pockets picked in erov ds, and various cheats
(From The Shepherd's Beek-Saturday, or, the Flights)

## On the Streets of London.

Through winter streets to steer your course anglit. How to walk clean by day, and safe by night. How jostling crowds with prudence to decline. When to assert the wall, and when resign, I sing. Thou, Trivia, Goddess, aid my song, Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along. By thee transported, I securely stray Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way. The silent court and opening square explore, And long perplexing lanes untrod before. To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways, Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays, For thee the sturdy pavior thumps the ground, Whilst every stroke his labouring lungs resound, For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside. We youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame, From the great theme to build a glorious name, To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown, And bind my temples with a civic crown But more, my country's love demands the lays, My country's be the profit, mine the praise!

When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice. And 'Clean your shoes' resounds from every voice. When late their miry sides stage coaches shew. And their stiff horses through the town move slow. When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies. And damsels first renew their oyster cries, Then let the prudent walker shoes provide, Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide, The wooden licel may raise the dancer's bound, And with the scalloped top his step be crowned Let firm, well hammered soles protect thy feet Through freezing snov's, and rains, and soaking sleet. Should the big last extend the shoe too wide, Each stone will wrench the unwary step aside, The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein, Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain, And when too short the modish shoes are worn, You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn

Nor should it prove thy less important care To choose a proper coat for winter wear Now in thy trunk thy D'Oily habit fold, Thy silken drugget ill can fence the cold, The frieze's spongy nap is soaked with rain, And showers soon drench the camblet's cockled grain, True Witney broadcloth, with its shag unshorn, Unpierced is in the lasting tempest worn Be this the horseman's fence, for who would wear Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear? Within the Roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent, Hands that, stretched forth, invading harms prevent. Let the looped Bavaroy the fop embrace, Or his deep cloak bespattered o'er with lace. That garment best the winter's rage defends Whose shapeless form in ample plaits depends,

By various names in various counties known, Vet held in all the true Surtout alone, Be thine of Kersey firm, though small the cost, Then brave unwet the rain, unchilled the frost

If the strong cane support thy walking hand, Chairmen no longer shall the wall command, Even sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey, And rattling coaches stop to make thee way This shall direct thy cautious tread aright, Though not one glaring lamp enliven night Let beaux their canes, with amber tipt, produce, Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use. In gilded chariots while they loll at ease, And lazily insure a life s disease, While softer chairs the tawdry load convey To Court, to White s, Assemblies, or the Play, Rosy complexioned Health thy steps attends, And exercise thy lasting youth defends

(From Trivia, Book L)

D Oily or Doyley who give name to a kind of woollen stuff at once cheap and genteel and to ornamental napkins, was a linen draper who had a shop in the Strand. White s was a chocolate-house in St James's Street.

#### Song

Virgins are like the fair flower in its lustre, Which in the garden enamels the ground, Sear it the bees, in play, flutter and cluster, And gaudy butterflies frolic around

But when once plucked, 'tis no longer alluring,
To Covent Garden tis sent (1s yet sweet),
There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

(From The Beggar's Ofera)

There is a close parallel to this in the words of Effic Deans in the Heart of Mid Lothian 'I thought o the bonny bit thorn that our father rooted out o the yard last May, when it liad a the flush o blossoms on it and then it lay in the court till the beasts had trod them a 10 pieces witheir feet. I little thought vien I was war for the bit silly green bush and its flowers, that I was to gang the same gate mysell.

#### The Court of Death.

Death, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terror sate
The attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diseases dire, a ghastly train!
Crowd the vast court. With hollow tone,
A voice thus thundered from the throne
'This night our minister we name,
Let every servant speak his claim,
Ment shall bear this chon wind'
All, at the word, stretched forth their hand

Fever, with burning heat possessed, Advanced, and for the wand addressed 'I to the weekly bills appeal, Let those express my fervent zeal, On every slight occasion near, With violence I persevere'

Next Gout appears with limping pace, Pleads how he shifts from place to place, From head to foot how swift he flies, And every joint and sinew plies, Still working when he seems supprest, A most tenacious stubborn guest

A haggard spectre from the erew Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due



The street tonguld Murray near her side attends,
Not on wheart the glance of Howard flies,
Not Harvey, fair of face, I mark full well,
With thee, youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell

Arbuthne there I see, in physics art,
As Galen learn d, or famed Hippocrate,
Who e company drives sorrow from the heart,
As all disease his medicines di sipute
Kneller amid the triumph bears his part,
Who could (were mankind lost) mew create
What can the extent of his vast soul confine?
A painter, or tie, engineer, divine

How lot d' how honour d thou! vet be not vain
An! sure thou art not, for I hear thee say,
All the my friends, I owe to Homer's strain,
On whose strong pinions I exalt my lay
What from contending cities did he gain?
And what rewards his grateful country pay?
None, none were paid—why then all this for me?
These honours, Homer, had been just to thee

Love's sojourn in Greece was of course in spirit only. Major Cen ral Withers and Colonel Disney (familiarly Duke Disney) are buried lide by side in Westminster Abbey, Sir Paul Methuen was Secretary of State in 1716 17. Arthur may have been Arthur Mole Commissioner of Plantations and father of James Moore Smythe, playwright with whom a few years later Pope had a bitter quarrel. Harvey is John Lord Hervey. Lady Wortley Montagu in Lady Murray are named along with the Misses Howard and 1 epell, maids of honour to Queen Caroline. For Arbuthnot the farmous wit are page 145. The best edition of Gay's Works, with Line and Notes is by John Underhill (2 vols. 1893).

# Alexander Pope,

born in London 22nd May 1688, claimed to be of gentle blood, his father, he said, was of a gentleman's family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Larl of Downe, his mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esq, of York. To this a relative of Pope's added that his grandfather was a clergyman in Hampshire, who had two sons, of whom the younger, also Alexander the poets fuller, was sent to Lisbon to be placed in a mercantile house, and there became a Roman Catholic. It has been ascer trained that from 1631 to 1645 an Alexander Pope was rector of Thruxton, and held two other hvings in the same county of Hampshire, but as there is no memorial of him in the church, and no entry in the register of his having had children, there is some doubt whether this rector of Thruston was poet's grandfather Pope's maternal descent has been clearly traced. His grandfather, William Turner, held property in Yorkshire, including the manor of Towthorpe, which he inherited from his uncle. He was wealthy, but did not rank with the gentry Of the reputed kinship with the Earls of Doone there is no proof, Popc's stort was apparently a fiction. In 1677 the poet's father is found carrying on business as a linenmerchant in London, and liaving acquired a respectable competency by trade, and additional property by his marriage with Edith Turner, he re ired from business before 1700 to a property

he had purchased at Binfield near Windsor. The boy was partly educated by the family priest. He was afterwards sent to a Catholic seminary at Twyford near Winchester, where he lampooned his teacher, was severely whipped, and then removed to a small school in London, at which he learned little or nothing. Returning home to Binfield in his thirteenth year, he devoted him self to a course of self-instruction and to the enthusiastic study of literature. He delighted to remember that he had seen Dryden, and as Dryden died on the 1st of May 1700, his youthful admirer could not have been quite twelve years of age. But Pope was already a poet.

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame, I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

At the age of sixteen he had commenced his Pastorals, translated part of Statius, and written imitations of Waller and other English poets. He soon became acquainted with some of the most eminent persons of the age-with Walsh, Wicherley, Congreve, Lansdowne, and Garth, and from this time his life was that of a popular poet enjoying high social distinction His Pastorals were published in Tonson's Mis In 1711 appeared his Essay cellany in 1709 on Criticism, which is said to have been com posed two years before publication, when he was only twenty-one. Addison commended the Essay warmly in the Spectator, and it soon attained great popularity Pope's style was now completely formed. His versification was that of his master, Dryden, but he gave the heroic couplet a peculiar terseness, correctness, and melody The Essay was shortly afterwards fol lowed by the Rape of the Lock (1712). stealing of a lock of hair from a beauty of the day, Miss Arabella Fermor, by her lover, Lord Petre, was taken seriously, causing an estrange ment between the families, and Pope wrote his poem to make a jest of the affair, 'and laugh them together again' Though in this he did not succeed, he added greatly to his reputation by the effort. The machinery of the poem, founded upon the Rosicrucian theory that the clements are inhabited by spirits-sylphs, gnomes, nymphs, and salamanders—was added in 1713, and published in the spring of 1714. The addi tion forms the most perfect work of Pope's Sylphs had been previously genius and art. mentioned as invisible attendants on the fur, the idea is shadowed forth in Shakespeare's Arrel, and the amusements of the fairies in But Pope has the Midsummer Night's Dream blended the most delicate satire with the most lively fancy, and produced the finest and most brilliant mock-heroic poem in the world 'It is, said Johnson, 'the most airs, the most ingenious, and the most delightful of all Pope's compositions' In 1713 appeared his Windsor Forest, evidently founded on Denham's Cooper's Hill

Pope now commenced his translation of the Iliad, for which he issued proposals in 1713, it was published at intervals between 1715 and 1720. At first the gigantic task oppressed him with its difficulty. He was but an indifferent Greek scholar, but as he gradually grew more familiar with Homer's phrases, erelong he was able to despatch fifty verses a day. Great part of the manuscript was written upon the backs and covers of letters, it was not without reason Swift called him 'paper-sparing Pope'. The translation brought its author a clear £5320.

And thanks to Homer, since I live and thrive, Indebted to no prince or peer alive—

was hardly a fair statement, if we consider that this large sum was in part a 'benevolence' from the upper classes of society, designed to reward his literary ment. The Odyssey was not published until 1725, and here Pope called in the assistance of his poetical friends Broome and Fenton two coadjutors translated twelve books, and the notes were compiled by Broome, who received from Pope £500, hesides being allowed the subscriptions collected from personal friends, amounting to £70, 4s Fenton's share was only £200 Deducting the sums paid to his co-translators, Pope realised by the Odyssey upwards of £3500 together the Iliad and Odyssey had brought the poet a fortune of from eight to nine thousand pounds-so princely was the patronage then extended to literature

While engaged on the *Iliad* Pope removed from Binfield, his father having sold his estate there, and from April 1716 till the beginning of 1718 lived at Chiswick Here he collected and published his works, and in this volume first appeared the most picturesque, melodious, and passionate of all his poems, the Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady, and the Epistle of Cloisa to Abelard At Chiswick Pope's father died (1717), and soon after the poet removed with his aged mother to Twickenham, where he had taken a lease of a house and grounds, and there he lived for the rest of his life. The villa was not large, but sufficiently commodious for the wants of an English gentleman whose friends visited himself rather than his dwelling. The taste with which Pope laid out his grounds (five acres in all) had a marked effect on English landscape-The Prince of Wales took the gardening design of his garden from the poet's, and Kent, the improver and embellisher of pleasuregrounds, received his best lessons from Pope, who thus aided materially in banishing the stiff, formal Dutch style. The classic spot where Pope was visited by Ministers of State, wits, poets, and beauties has long since been transformed-his house pulled down, and his pleasuregrounds rearranged

After the *Had* the next great undertaking was an edition of Shakespeare, published in

1725, in six quarto volumes The preface to this work is the best of his prose writings, but Pope fuled as an editor, he lacked the necessary knowledge of Elizabethan literature, and the diligence required for collating copies and fixing and illustrating the text Fenton gave assistance for this edition of Shakespeare, for which he received £30, 14s Pope's remuneration as editor was £217, 125 In 1727 and 1728 Pope published, in conjunction with his friend Swift, three volumes of Miscellanues, which drew down upon the authors a torrent of invective, Impoons, and libels, and led to the Dunciad This elaborate and splendid satire was first printed in an imperfect form in May 1728, then enlarged with notes, the Prolegomena of Scriblerus, and other additions, and published in April 1729 The work displays the fertile invention of the poet, the variety of illustration at his command, and the unrivalled force and facility of his diction, but it is often indecorous, and still oftener unjust towards the miserable poets and critics against whom he waged war 'I have often wondered,' says Cowper, 'that the same poet who wrote the Duncial should have written these lines

> That mercy I to others sliew, That mercy shew to me.

Alas for Pope if the mercy he shewed to others was the measure of the mercy he received!' Sir Walter Scott was right in thinking Pope must himself have suffered most from these wretched But his propensity to satire was contentions irresistible, he was eminently sensitive, vain, and irritable, and implacable in his resentment towards all who had questioned or slighted his poetical supremacy Between 1731 and 1735 he had published his Epistles to Burlington, Bathurst, Cobham, and Arbuthnot—the latter, also known as the Prologue to the Satires, containing that famous 'Character of Atticus' which is the melancholy memorial of the quarrel with Addison, provoked partly by political diversities and partly by jealousy. See the article below on Tickell To the same period belongs the Essay on Man, in four Epistles, the first of which was published anonymously in February 1733, and the second about three months afterwards The third and fourth appeared in the winter of 1733-34. The Essay is now read not for its philosophy but for its poetry, its ethical distinctions are neglected for those splendid passages and striking incidents which irradiate the poem

Pope's later labours were chiefly confined to satire. Misfortunes were now gathering round him. Swift was fast verging on imbecility, and was lost to the world, Atterbury and Gay died in 1732, and next year he lost his mother, whose declining years he had watched with affectionate solicitude. Between 1733 and 1739 he published his inimitable Imitations of Horace,

saturical, moral, and critical, containing the most noble and generous sentiments mixed up with withering invective and fierce denunciations 1742 he added a fourth book to the Dunciad, displaying the final advent of the goddess to destroy order and science, and to substitute the Political events kingdom of the dull upon earth contributed to agitate Pope's last days excitement, added to a life of ceaseless study, telling on a frame naturally delicate and deformed from birth, had completely worn him out. He com plained of his inability to think, yet shortly before his death lie affirmed 'I am so certain of the soul's being immortal, that I seem to feel it within me as it were by intuition? Pope died at Twickenham on the 30th of May 1744.

Most of the property within his disposal he left, for her life, to Martha Blount-the fair-haired Martha'—a daughter of an old Roman Catholic family at Mapledurham in Oxfordshire, who was a little vounger than himself, whose acquaintance he had made in the Binfield days, and to whom he remained devoted for more than thirty years scandal of one of the most scandalous times in the world's history questioned whether Martha's character was as fair as her hair, and even threw doubts on her beauty, her manners, and her gratitude to Pope But there is tolerable rebutting testimony as to her good looks and as for the rest literary history disdrins to inquire. She was certainly one of those Egerias of the greater poets whom they have at least funcied to be goddesslike, and who have inspired them to give us what is of itself not undivine. The rest may very well be silence.

(The above biographical notice of Pope is that written for the old edition by Dr R. Carritheis revised and corrected, the critical ersay that follows is by Professor Saintsbury —ED.)

There is no English poet-and perhaps there is hardly any English writer-whose position it is more difficult, for a critic with the sense of criticism, to lav down without some misgivings than it is to lay down Pope's The all-important historical preliminaries, so often neglected-s- certain to be neglected at the neglecter's peril- are indeed here quite certain and clear Fron, almost his first appearance there was no doubt about Pope in the minds of his contemporaries The very rage of his numerous foes was pretty certainly exasperated by the fact that it was rage against their own con-They felt that he was the poet they tried to make him out not to be. The discontent and surfeit with the obscure and 'metaphysical' style, which had first found expression at the Restoration, had not in the least exhausted itself, though little clouds-the recurrence to ballad poetry, the turn to exact description of nature, &c.-were rising on the far distance to threaten some change of weather in taste. But the first generation of 'prose and sense' had not succeeded in hitting a style of pactry tha would please the general surely siceds of Dryden's car (to borrow the image from one of Pope's half-rebels) needed Dryden to guide them, and, moreover, their pace was admittedly unequal There had been no real second to Dryden, except the belated and singular genius of Butler, during the forty years of Dryden's reign. Towards the end of that reign especially, though Dryden himself wrote ever better and better, there had been unpleasant stumbles into vulgarity and slipshodness, unpleasant backslidings into Cow Even before Pope, indeed, one or leian frigidity two writers-notably Garth-had made not quite unsuccessful attempts to conventionalise the choice of subject and treatment yet further, and to adjust the couplet so that it might be even smoother, even more pointed, and might make up for a loss of strength by an added refinement and correctness. They attempted this, Pope did it and the age frankly accepted what he did as what it wanted Nor-a most unusual experience-did the ages or generations immediately succeeding attempt any serious revolt. There were, throughout the eighteenth century, constant movements which, looking back upon them, we now see to have been movements of a revolutionary character, but they seldom consciously menaced the sove reign Warton himself, the first to hint reasoned doubts, put Pope above Dryden and next to Milton. Oddly enough, even when, at the close of the age, the Romantic movement came, it was at first less unjust to Pope than to Dryden, and Wordsworth, while most falsely deciding that whenever Virgil has his eye on the object Dryden spoils the passage, could find pruse for such a tissue of bookish con ventionalities as Windsor Forest When Bowles accentuated Warton's doubts and lessened his praises, he was sharply opposed by men from It was only Campbell and Byron downwards in the second Romantic generation-from 1820 or thereabouts onwards—that Pope's reputation came Of late it has been recover into serious jeopardy ing, but it is difficult to say that there is even yet more than a general agreement, which is not itself universal, and which, even where it prevails, had best not be disturbed by too inquisitive investiga tion of its articles We must, however, see what positive estimate we can ourselves extract from actual survey

The exact precociousness of Pope is, owing to his unlucky and now not denied untruthfulness, difficult to determine, but the dates of publication are not questionable. He may have written the Pastorals at sixteen—he certainly printed them at one and-twenty, the Messiah and part of Windsor Torest may have been written as early, but the latter certainly was published by 1713, by which time The Rape of the Lock was also in existence, and the Essay on Criticism, while it may have been written in 1709, was certainly advertised for The poetical characteristics publication in 1711 of this not inconsiderable body of work are perfectly well marked, and, with slight differences and immaturities, identical from the first with each

other and those of the later poems The poet has, so far as he understands it and so far as his ovn great powers will let him, adopted that theory of 'correctness' which the sixteenth and seven teenth century critics of Italy first, and of France later, had built up, as they pretended, and perhaps honestly thought, out of Aristotle, Horace, Quintilian, and even Longinus, but really to a large extent out of their own heads. In this they carried a good deal farther the mistake-a very old one, but one of which Aristotle is not himself guilty -of confusing the Mimesis or representation of

nature with a more or less slavish unitation of previous worls of art According to this theory it was always tacitly assumed, and sometimes expressly asserted. that the kinds, the methods, and all but the minutest proceedings of literature had been settled once for all by the practice of the ancients The parts of a tragedy or an oration. the construction of the 'fable' or story, the 'figures' of speech and thought, the rules for the selection of imagery, even to some extent the lines of character. and to a great extent the details of style, were imagined to exist somewhat as a sct of scaled patterns.

which might be worked out by the poet in different material and with a certain reasonable allowance for individual taste, but from which he was to depart always at his peril, and if he neglected them in any great degree, to his certain damna-That 'correctness' did go so far as this has of course been denied, but the description can be supported by an unbroken chain of justifying passages from those of Aristotle, which started the error, to Boileau and Pope lumself

Attempts have been made, sometimes with great knowledge and ability, to rebut the assertion that Pope and his school turned away from nature Campbell very ingeniously argued, in a passage quoted at length in former editions of this work, that art is not less 'sublime' than nature, and Mr Courthope with equal ingenuity has laid stress on the non naturalness of the metaphysical school. and on the fact that Pope himself 'returned to nature' in comparison with it. Both pleas are in themselves perfectly true and sound, but they will not quite stretch to the extent required undoubtedly much easier to follow rules of art in reference to artificial than to natural objects. A table, even a brocaded dress, looks very much the same to Dick and to Tom and to Harry, there is no real difficulty, if fair ability be present, in getting

a description of it that all three can endorse. But a sunset and a wave only look alike to those who have no eves to see them at ill In the same way the manners of the town, the common weaknesses and ways of humanity, are communia which it may be difficult. but which it is possible, to describe with just that 'propriety,' that individual touch, which gives literary distinction, the obscurer and more singular pressions and thoughts elude such treatment. Furthermore, continual reference to the standards of plot, of character, of expression, necessarily leads ALEXANDER POPE. to convention, (From the Portrait by Wm. Hoare in the National Portrait Gillery ) whether it be in

the acceptance of the stock part or incident, or in the admission of the gradus epithet.

It is almost necessary to premise these generalities, because without them not merely is an estimate of Pope himself impossible, but even an understanding of the differences in the opinions about For instance, that most able him is not easy defender of his who has been mentioned above urges that while The Ancient Mariner has neither beginning, middle, nor end,' The Rape of the Lock is above all things remarkable for the 'nature and propriety of its construction' To others the starting point of contrast between the wedding guest and the Ancient Mariner, the central sin of the shooting of the albatross, and the finale of purgation not vet complete seem, in their supernatural order, perfectly natural and proper, while the ordered arrangement of the Rape seems to them, for all its happy brilliancy, perfectly artificial and conventional, possessing no real sequence of action whatever, and dependent for such as it appears to have upon burlesque of previous conventions and upon episodes and digressive beauties. So difficult is it to secure common ground in this matter

In the Issay on Criticism and the Rape of the Lock, howe or poems all but contemporaneous, there is no doubt that we see a writer, and even with certain limitations a poet, of the most remark-Up to this time no poets save Horace and Dante (for though Ben Jonson was a greater, and Dryden a very much greater, critic than Pope, neither had so fully co-ordinated his gifts) had so thoroughly adjusted practice to principle and principle to practice. The Essay on Criticism is very far from original, it is not exactly consistent vith itself, it betrays almost schoolboy ignorance of literary and other history But the idea of poetry which animates it is exactly the idea which would suggest work of the kind of the Rape of the Locr, and this poem carries that idea out so consummately that further perfection is almost impossible. It may be matter of some surprise that Pope's extremest admirers have not seen how dam iging a fact it is that this unquestioned masterpiece of his is a mock heroic poem just as Boileau's Lutrin is the one unquestionably poetical thing that Boileau lias done. Not, indeed, that comedy (as some of their own prophets would hold) is necessarily a low or 'non serious' kind. But burlesque certainly is, from the mere fact that it is parasitic and second hand If the stock epic did not exist, the mock epic would lose more than half its attractions But this may pass. On Pope's principles you probably cannot have a better poem than the Rape of the Lock, and the only charge valid against it on these principles is the excessive prominence of the gradus epithet. This, it is true, might pass to some extent as parody, but it is resorted to on a scale and in contexts which more than suggest its employment as a genuine, not a mock ornament Il indsor Forest, on the other hand, though it is not much less in accordance with the principles of the Essay on Criticism, brings out the defects of those principles by showing, not the limited excellence which at the best they can produce, but the defects which they are likely to allow The composition, though rhetorically correct, is flat, and unnatural, the descriptions (in such a poem of the very first importance) show no direct impression on the poet's mind, give no characteristic features of the scenery, and produce on the mind of the reader a picture of but the vaguest decorative effect

But even in this which is a failure, as in the Esm, which is a partial, and the Rape, which is a brilliant and dazzling, success of its kind, Pope's true gifts and ments—the gifts and ments which

give him a secure, though not a supreme, position among English poets-already appear Though he has still to polish it a little, he has already rearranged the Drydenian couplet, so as to deprive it of much of its stateliness and of a very great deal of the irresistible momentum which is its great characteristic, but to substitute for these a much greater polish, a constant glitter instead of the in termittent blaze, a variety contained within dangerously narrow limits, but astonishingly great within those limits, and a sort of castanet accompaniment of rhyme which, till the ear wearies utterly of it, is singularly attractive. It is not surprising that this should have produced an extraordinary effect on the public when presented to them within the short space of three or four years only, conveying such different matter as the artificial but agreeable con ventionalities of the Pastorals, the declamation of the Mess ah, the argument (thoroughly in the popular taste) of the Lssay on Criticism, the description of 11 indsor Forest, and the glittering badinage of the Rape of the Lock

The translation of Homer, though pleasant and perhaps even useful to the time, adds nothing to Pope's proper position as a poet, indeed, it may be said to weaken that position by showing how easy it was for understrappers, like Broome and Fenton, not so much to imitate as to reproduce his style It is, of tourse, 'not Homer' in any single point except that of giving the story completely in sense and with indifferent fidelity in words though it is no constituent of his poetical claims, it helped him to establish those claims in two ways -first, by supplying him with an independence which enabled him ever afterwards to write just as he liked, and secondly, because it exercised him in his own couplet, and so did him something like the same service which Dryden's practice in heroic plays had rendered to his master

But two poems which appeared early in the progress of the translation itself (in 1717), and long before the bulk of Pope's saturical and didactic work, are of much more importance. The Eligi on an Unfortunate Lady (a much embellished and 'poetised' version of the story of a certain Mrs Weston) and the Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard are not only pretty, original, and very ambitious productions, but have been relied upon by the poet's admirers to support his claims as not merely a brilliant satirist and expert in other applied departments of poetry, but a serious poet The first, which is by far the better, is almost Pope's only effort in pathos, the second is his No one can most important effort in passion deny that the Llegs at least comes very near to success, if it does not actually achieve it, in the way of exciting in the reader the feelings designed by the writer The only question is, whether the success is not attained rather by the rhetorical than by the poetic road. It is also very noticeable that some of the most effective passages (for instance, 11 17-22) are still very strongly Drydenian.

When the translation of Homer was completed, and its 'ten long years' were passed, when the edition of Shakespeare which Pope then undertook, and for which he was singularly ill-fitted, was also out of the way, it might have been a question what task the poet should next attempt. But, as it happened, his aptitudes, his weaknesses, and the curious tendency (fostered in him by his theory of poetry) to adopt suggestions rather than strike out an entirely new line, combined to supply him with most appropriate, if not in every respect praiseworthy, occupation for the nearly twenty remaining years He had from the first been involved. partly without, but much more by, his own fault, in acrimonious quarrels with 'Grub Street' critics, with estranged friends, and with those of 'the great' who, he thought, did not take him at his proper value He had also, though not himself a very accurate or profound thinker, shared the rationalising, and in the lower sense philosophis ing, tendencies of the age Suggestions of Swift -the one great genius-and of Bolingbrokethe most active and specious talent-among his friends put him between 1726 and 1732 on three great works or collections of works—the Dunciad, the Moral Essays (some of them written earlier), with the Essay on Man at their head, and the Satires and Epistles, partly imitated from Horace, partly original. According to a thrifty habit of his, he by degrees inserted in these, or added to them, fragments of verse composed at various times and with various purposes Some of these, though among the most brilliant evidences of his powers, are among the most unpleasant blots For the 'Character of Atticus' on his memory (in the Prologue to the Satires, quoted below at page 189) was a libel on a dead friend who had certainly done him much good, and had at least possibly never done him any wrong at all, and the 'Character of Atossa' was prepared for publication perhaps after he had received a great sum of money not to publish it, and certainly after he had for years been flattering and begging from the subject with whom (whether it was wholly drawn from her or not) it was sure to be identified Pope's moral character on some sides (not on all, for he was an admirable son, a faithful lover, sometimes a generous benefactor, and in regard to younger men of letters curiously devoid of the jealous, which he showed in other cases) is in that desperately happy condition of raggedness and blackness which cannot suffer from a fresh rent or an added stain. His intellectual and poetical position gained enormously from the work of these last years, in which (for the Rape, exquisite as it is, is only an exquisite trifle in rococo, and the Elegy a fine piece of verse rhetoric on a small scale) lie really showed what he could add to English poetry They are, of course, abundantly open to criticism, but after criticism has done her worst, there is very much more than enough left.

The Dunciad, which appeared in its first form in 1728, but was not completed or set in its final condition till just before Pope's death, appears to have been directly suggested by Swift as a satire on 'Dulness' (the name by which he himself refers to it), and connects itself very well with the old diversions of the 'Scriblerus Club,' in which, as far back as the palmy days of Queen Anne, the two friends, with Arbuthnot, Gay, Oxford, Bolingbroke, and others, had amused themselves by laughing at dunces. In some touches, and especially in the magnificent conclusion (another of the highest points reached by Pope's genius), it is worth of the suggestion But for the most part, according to Pope's habit, it resolves itself into a string of personal attacks on his literary and other enemies, connected, as far as they are connected at all, by mock epic 'machinery' not distantly related to that of the Rabe, and by a borrowing from Dryden of the idea of a monarchy But the occupants (for there was a of Dulness succession) of the throne were far from happily The first was Theobald, the Shakeselected spearian critic, who had aroused Pope's ire by detecting faults in his edition, and who, though no genius at original composition, was always an invaluably careful and sometimes a singularly acute hand at comment and emendation The substitution for him, in the later form, of the actor, dramatist, and poet laureate, Colley Cibber, was a worse blunder still, for Cibber, though he too had offended Pope, was neither dunce nor dullard in any sense, accepted or conceivable. The Moral Essays are open to different but equally damaging exception They were suggested by Bolingbroke, whose flimsy, anti-Christian optimism Pope in the first place did not fully understand, and in the second place was not in the least competent to expound and set in order philoso-Only the Satures and Epistles, whether imitated or not, escape these initial and general draw backs

All, however, alike display the maturest and most polished state of their author's talents couplet has had every one of its possible virtues developed to the very uttermost, and is absolutely at his command for the purposes to which he chooses to apply it. Furthermore, he has likewise acquired a knowledge of the world which is of the very first importance for those purposes This man of theworldliness, indeed, keeps him on all but the very rarest occasions from the heights of poetry, but it makes him perfectly at home on the middle slopes, and does not at all prevent his plunging into some of the depths, though they are mud-holes rather than abysses Everywhere, in the literary and social Impoons of the Dunciad, in the sometimes almost unbelievable excesses of personal spite there and elsewhere, in the superficial but admirably put philosophising about ruling passions and so forth, in the sharp but not evaggerated etchings of society and its foibles, in the satire on crazes and

tastes and whims-nny, in the travesties of literary history and literary criticism which we find here and there-there is always the same absolute The composition may supremacy of expression be rambling (it is only a lover's delusion that Pope is a careful plotter), the facts may be wrong, the temper may be detestable, or all these things may be presented in various degrees of excellence But always the poet says just what he wants to say, just in the manner in which he wishes to say Pope's lyrical and miscellaneous pieces must not be passed over, but are of minor total as well as individual importance His Ode on St Cecilia's Day is a manifest following of Dryden's, and far inferior, the translation and the imitation of Hadrian's Animula Vagula are both very ingemous and pretty (see Vol I p 783), the epitaph on Gry is touching, and that on Newton rhetorically, if flashily, effective, the Song by a Person of Quality is one of the most delightful rullyings of poetical rubbish in the language, and the complimentary verses to Mrs Howard are charm The rest (of which The Universal Prayer, unkindly called by some The Devil's Prayer, is the chief) are no great things. Pope wrote prose very well, but almost entirely confined his evercises in it to annotations on his poems, and to an abundance of letters, which at their best are somewhat artificial, and in refashioning and publishing which he allowed himself the most astonishing and almost incredible devices of tortuous policy

One curious work of his, generally omitted in accounts of him, remains to be noticed. There are frequent mentions in Spence's Anecdotes of his fondness for the modern Italian-Latin poets, Politian, Molza, and others. But few of his biographers have said anything of the form which this fancy took, in a book issued late in his life—Selecta Poemata Italorum, Accurante A Pope (2 vols London, 1740). This, which was founded on an anonymous collection issued in 1684, has no introduction or notes, but is still one of the best anthologies of the matter on a moderate scale. And perhaps Pope's study of these writers may have had more to do with his poetical peculiarities than has been generally recognised.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY

# The Messiah A Sacred Eclogue

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shides,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aoman maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire,
Who touched Isaiah's hillowed lips with fire!
Ript into future times, the bard begun
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.

I e heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour, And in soft silence shed the kindly shower The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid, From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade. All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail, Returning Justice lift aloft her scale, Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend, And white robed Innocence from heaven descend. Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn! Oh, spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born ' See, nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring, With all the incense of the breathing spring ! See lofty Lebanon his head advance See nodding forests on the mountains dance! See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise, And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies! Harl 1 a glad voice the lonely descri cheers, Prepare the way! a God, a God appears! A God, a God! the vocal hills reply The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity Lo I earth receives him from the bending skies, Sink down, ye mountains, and ye valleys, rise, With heads declined, we cedars, homage pay, Be smooth, ye rocks, we rapid floods, give way! The Saviour comes! he ancient hards foretold Herr him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold I He from thick films shall purge the visual ray, And on the sightless eyelfall pour the day 'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear, And bid new music cliarm the unfolding ear The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego, And lesp exulting like the bounding roc No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear, From every face he wipes off every tear In adamantine chains shall Death be bound, And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care, Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air, Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs, By dry o'crsees them, and by night protects, The tender lambs he raises in his arms, reeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms, Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage, The promised Tather of the future age No more shall nation against nation rise, Nor ardent warmors meet with hateful eyes, Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered our, The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more But useless lances into scytlies shall bend, And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end Then palaces shall rise, the joyful son Shall finish what his short lived sire begun, Their vines a slindow to their race shall yield, And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field. The swain in barren deserts with surprise Sees lilies spring and sudden verdure rise, And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear New falls of water murmuring in his ear On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes, The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods. Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn, The spiry fir and shapely box adorn To leastess shrubs the flowering palms succeed, And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdint mead, And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead

tastes and whims-nay, in the travesties of literary history and literary criticism which we find here and there-there is always the same absolute supremacy of expression. The composition may be rambling (it is only a lover's delusion that Pope is a careful plotter), the facts may be wrong, the temper may be detestable, or all these things may be presented in various degrees of excellence But always the poet says just what he wants to say, just in the manner in which he wishes to say Pope's lyrical and miscellaneous pieces must not be passed over, but are of minor total as well as individual importance. His Ode on St Cecilia's Day is a manifest following of Dryden's, and far inferior, the translation and the imitation of Hadrian's Animula Vagula are both very ingemous and pretty (see Vol I p 783), the epitaph on Gay is touching, and that on Newton rhetorically, if flashily, effective, the Song by a Person of Quality is one of the most delightful rallyings of poetical rubbish in the language, and the complimentary verses to Mrs Howard are charm The rest (of which The Universal Prayer, unkindly called by some The Devil's Prayer, is the chief) are no great things. Pope wrote prose very well, but almost entirely confined his evercises in it to annotations on his poems, and to an abundance of letters, which at their best are somewhat artificial, and in refashioning and publishing which he allowed himself the most astonishing and almost incredible devices of tortuous policy

One curious work of his, generally omitted in accounts of him, remains to be noticed. There are frequent mentions in Spence's Anecdotes of his fondness for the modern Italian Latin poets, Politian, Molza, and others. But few of his biographers have said anything of the form which this fancy took, in a book issued late in his life—Selecta Poemata Italorum, Accurante A Pope (2 vols London, 1740). This, which was founded on an anonymous collection issued in 1684, has no introduction or notes, but is still one of the best anthologies of the matter on a moderate scale. And perhaps Pope's study of these writers may have had more to do with his poetical peculiarities than has been generally recognised

# GEORGE SAINTSBURY

# The Messiah A Sacred Eclogue.

Ye nymphs of Solyma' begin the song
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire,
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
Rant into future time, the bard begin

Rapt into future times, the bard begun A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son t From Jesse's root behold a branch arise, Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move, And on its top descends the mystic Dove Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour, And in soft silence shed the kindly shower The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid, From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade. All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail, Returning Justice lift aloft her scale, Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend, And white robed Innocence from heaven descend. Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn! Oh, spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born! See, nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring, With all the incense of the breatling spring 1 See lofty Lebanon his head advance! See nodding forests on the mountains dance! See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise, And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies! Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers, Prepare the way ' a God, a God appears ' A God, a God! the vocal hills reply, The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity Lo! earth receives him from the bending skies, Sink down, ye mountains, and ye valleys, rise, With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay, Be smooth, ye rocks, ye rapid floods, give way ' The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold! He from thick films shall purge the visual ray, And on the sightless eyeball pour the day 'I is he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear, And bid new music charm the unfolding ear The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego, And leap exulting like the bounding roe No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear, From every face he wipes off every tear In adamantine chains shall Death be bound, And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound. As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care, Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air, Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs, By day o'ersees them, and by night protects, The tender lambs he raises in his arms, Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms, Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage, The promised Father of the future age. No more shall nation against nation rise, Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes, Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er, The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more But useless lances into scythes shall hend, And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end. Then palaces shall rise, the joyful son Shall finish what his short lived sire begun, Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield, And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field. The swain in barren deserts with surprise Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise, And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear New falls of water murmuring in his ear On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes, The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods. Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn, The spiry fir and shapely box adorn To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed, And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead, And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead

The steer and hon at one crib shall meet, And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet. The smiling infant in his hand shall take The crested basilish and speckled snake, Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey, And with their forky tongue shall innocently play Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise I Exalt thy towery bead, and lift thy eyes! See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ! See future sons, and daughters yet unborn, In crowding ranks on every side arise, Demanding life, impatient for the skies! See barbarous nations at thy gates attend, Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ' See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings, And heaped with products of Sabæan springs, For thee Idume's spicy forests blow, And seeds of gold in Oplin's mountains glow See heaven its sparkling portals wide display, And hreak upon thee in a flood of day! No more the rising sun shall gild the morn, Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn, But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays, One tide of glors, one unclouded blaze O'erflow thy courts the Light himself shall shine Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine! The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay, Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away, But fixed his word, his saving power remains, Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

## From 'The Rape of the Lock.'

Not with more glories, in the ethereal plain, The sun first rises o'er the purpled main, Than issuing forth, the rival of his beams, Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames Fair nymphs and well drest youths around her shone, But every eye was fixed on her alone. On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore, Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore. Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose, Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those. Favours to none, to all she smiles extends, Oft she rejects, hut never once offends Bright as the sun, her eves the gazers strike, And, like the sun, they shine on all alike Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride, Might liide her faults, if belles had faults to hide, If to her share some female errors fall, Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind, Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind In equal curls, and well conspired to deck, With shining ringlets, the smooth ivory neck Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains, And mighty hearts are held in slender chains. With hairy springes we the birds betray, Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey, Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare, And beauty draws us with a single hair

The advent'rous baron the bright locks admired, He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired. Resolved to win, he meditates the way, By force to ravish or by fraud betray, For when success a lover's toil attends, Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored Propitious heaven, and every power adored, Bnt chiefly Love—to Love an altar huilt, Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves, And all the trophies of his former loves, With tender billet doux he lights the pyre, And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire. Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize, The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer The rest the winds dispersed in empty air

But now secure the painted vessel glides, The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides While melting music steals upon the sky, And softened sounds along the waters die, Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play, Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay All but the Sylph, with careful thoughts oppressed, The impending woe sat heavy on his breast He summons straight his denizens of air, The lucid squadrons round the sails repair Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breatlie, That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath Some to the sun their insect wings unfold, Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold, Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight, Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light, Loose to the wind their airy garments flew, Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew, Dipped in the richest fincture of the skies, Where light disports in ever mingling dyes, While every beam new transient colours flings, Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings. Amid the circle on the gilded mast, Superior by the head was Ariel placed, His purple pinions opening to the sun, He raised his azure wand, and thus begun

'Ye sylpbs and sylphids, to your chief give ear! Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and dæmons, hear! Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assigned By laws eternal to the acrial kind Some in the fields of purest ether play And bask and whiten in the blaze of day, Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high, Or roll the planets through the boundless sky, Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale light Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night, Or suck the mists in grosser air below, Or dlp their pinions in the painted bow, Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main, Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain Others on earth o'er human race preside, Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide Of these the chief the care of nations own, And guard with arms divine the British throne

'Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care,
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let the imprisoned essences exhale,
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers,
Io steal from rainbows ere they drop in showers
A brighter wash, to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs,
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow'

# From Eloisa to Abelard'

In these deep solitudes and awful cells, Where heavenly pensive Contemplation dwells, And ever musing Melancholy reigns, What means this tumult in a vestal's veins? Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat? Why feels my heart its long forgotten heat? Yet, yet I love '—From Abelard it came, And Eloisa yet must kiss the name

Dear, fatal name ' rest ever unrevealed,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence sealed
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, mixed with God's, his loved idea lies
O write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears '
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Kelentless walls! whose darksome round centains Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains. Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have worn, Ye grots and caverns shagged with horrid thorn! Shrines, where their visits pale-eyed virgins keep, And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep! Though cold like vou, unmoved and silent grown, I have not yet forgot myself to stone. All is not heaven's while Abelard has part, Still rebel nature holds out half my heart, Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain, Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain

Soon as thy letters trembling I enclose,
That well known name awakens all my voes.
Oh, name for ever sad, for ever dear!
Still breathed in sighs, still ushered with a tear
I tremble, too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eves o erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom'
There stern rehyion quenched the unwilling flame,
There died the best of passions, love and fame

Yet write, oh, write me all, that I may join Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine! Nor foes nor fortune take this power away, And is my Abelard less I ind than they? Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare, Love but demands what else were shed in praver No happier task these faded eyes pursue, To read and weep is all they now can do

Then share thy pain, allow that sad rehef, Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief Heaven first taught letters for some wreteh's aid, Some banished lover, or some captive maid, They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires, Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires The virgin's wish without her fears impart, Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart, Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul, And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.

Ah, think at least thy flock deserves thy care, Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer, From the false world in early youth they fled, By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led, You raised these hallowed walls, the desert smiled, And Paradise was opened in the wild

No r coping orphan saw his father's stores Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors, No silver saints, by dying misers given, Here bribed the rige of ill requited heaven But such plan roofs as prety could raise, And only vecal with the Waler's pruse In these lone walls (their day a cternal bound), These moss grown domes with spiry turrets crowned, Where awful arches make a noonday night, And the dim windows shed a solemn light, Thy eyes diffused a reconciling my, And gleams of glory brightened all the day But now no face divine contentment wears, 'Its all blank sadress or continual tears. See how the force of others' prayers I try, O mous fraud of amorous charity! Lut why should I on others' prayers depend? Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend! Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move, And all those tender names in one, thy love! The darksome pines that o'er you rocks reclined, Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind, The wand'ring streams that shine bety cen the hills, The grots that echo to the tink ling rills, The dying gales that pant upon the trees, The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze, No more these scenes my meditation aid, Or lull to rest the visionary maid But o'er the t vilight groves and dusky caves, Long sounding aisles, and intermingled graves, Llack Melancholy sits, and round her throws A deathlike silence and a dead repose Her gloomy presence saildens all the scene, Shides every flower, and darkens every green, Deepens the murmur of the falling floods, And breathes a browner horror on the woods

What scenes appear where'et I turn my view I The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue, Rise in the grove, before the altar rise, Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes. I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee Thy image steals between my God and me, Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear, With every bead I drop too soft a tear of When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll, And swelling organs lift the rising soul, One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight, Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight, In seas of flame my plunging soul is drowned, While alters blaze, and angels tremble round

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie, kind virtuous drops just gathering in my eye, While praying, trembling in the dust I roll, And dawning grace is opening on my soul Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art' Oppose thyself to heaven, dispute my heart Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes Blot out each bright idea of the skies, Tale back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears, Tale back my fruitless penitence and prayers, Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode, Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God'

No, fly me, fly me! far as pole from pole, Rise Alps hetween us! and whole oceans roll! Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me, Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.

Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign,
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long loved, adored ideas, all adieu!
O grace serene! O virtue beavenly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh blooming liope, gay daughter of the sky!
And faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!

# Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady

What beck'ning ghost along the moonlight shade Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade? 'I's she!—but why that bleeding bosom gored? Why dimly gleams the visionary sword? Oh, ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell, Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well? To bear too tender or too firm a heart, To act a lover's or a Roman's part? Is there no bright reversion in the sky For those who greatly think or hravely die?

Why bade ye else, ye powers! her soul aspire Above the vulgar flight of low desire? Ambition first sprung from your hlest abodes. The glorious fault of angels and of gods. Thence to their images on earth it flows, And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows. Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age, Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage. Dun lights of life, that burn a length of years, Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres, Like Eastern kings, a lazy state they keep, And, close confined to their own palace, sleep

From these perhaps, are nature bade her die, Fate snatched her early to the pitying sky. As into air the purer spirits flow, And separate from their kindred dregs helow, So flew the soul to its congenial place, Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good, Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood! See on these ruby lips the trembling breath, These cheeks now fading at the blast of death, Cold is that hreast which warmed the world before, And those love-darting eyes must roll no more. Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball, Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall On all the line a sudden vengeance waits, And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates There passengers shall stand, and, pointing, say (While the long funerals blacken all the way), Lo! these were they whose souls the Innes steeled, And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield. Thus unlamented pass the proud away, The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day ' So perish all whose breast ne'er learned to glow For others' good, or melt at others' woe.

What can atone, oli, ever injured shade! Thy fate unpitted, and thy rites unpaid? No friend s complaint, no kind domestic tear Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful hier By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed, By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed, By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned, By strangers honoured, and hy strangers mourned!

What though no friends in sahle weeds appear, Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year, And bear about the mockery of woe

To midnight dances and the public show,
What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polished marble emulate thy face,
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallowed dirge be muttered o'er thy tomh?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dressed,
And the green turf he lightly on thy breast
There shall the Morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow,
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy relies made

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name, What once had heauty, titles, wealth, and fame How loved, how honoured once, avails thee not, To whom related, or by whom begot, A heap of dust alone remains of thee, Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung, Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue. Even he whose soul now melts in mournful lays, Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays, Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part, And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart, Life's idle husiness at one gasp be o'er, The Muse forgot, and thou beloved no more!

## Happiness not in Riches but in Virtue

know, all the good that individuals find, Or God and nature meant to mere mankind, Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense, Lie in three words-Health, Peace, and Competence. But Health consists with temperance alone, And Peace, O virtue I Peace is all thy own. The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain, But these less taste them, as they worse obtain Say, in pursuit of profit or delight, Who risk the most, that take wrong means or right? Of vice or virtue, whether hlest or curst, Which meets contempt, or which compassion first? Count all the advantage prosperous vice attains, Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains And grant the had what happiness they would, One they must want, which is, to pass for good

O blind to truth, and God s whole scheme below, Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe! Who sees and follows that great scheme the best, Best knows the blessing, and will most be blessed. But fools the good alone unhappy call, For ills or accidents that chance to all See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just! See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust! See Sidney bleeds and the martial strife! Was this their virtue, or contempt of life? Say, was it virtue, more though Heaven ne'er gave, Lamented Dighy! sunk thee to the grave? Tell me, if virtue made the son expire, Why, full of days and honour, lives the sire? Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath, When nature sickened, and each gale was death? Or why so long (in life if long can be) Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me?

Honour and shame from no condition rise, Act well your part, there all the honour lies. Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade,
The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowined,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned
'What differ more,' you cry, 'than crown and cowl?'
I'll tell you, friend 'a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow
The rest is all but leather or principle.

But by your father's worth if yours you rate, Count me those only who were good and great Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood. Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood, Go! and pretend your family is young. Nor own your fathers have been fools so long. What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards? Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

I ook next on greatness, say where greatness hes 'Where, but among the heroes and the wise?' Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed, From Macedonia's madm in to the Swede. The whole strange purpose of their lives to find Or make, an enemy of all mankind ! If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined, The wisest, brightest meanest of mankind Or ravished with the whistling of a name, See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame! If all united thy ambition call, From ancient story learn to scorn them all There, in the rich, the honoured, funed, and great, See the false scale of happiness complete 1 In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay, How happy ' those to ruin, these betray Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows. From dirt and sea weed as proud Venice rose, In each how guilt and greatness equal ran, And all that raised the hero, sunk the man Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold. But stamed with blood, or ill exchanged for gold Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease, Or infamous for plundered provinces. O wealth ill fated ! which no act of fame E er taught to shine, or sanctitied from shame! What greater bliss attends their close of life? Some greedy minion or imperious wife The trophied arches, storied halls invade, And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade Alas 1 not dazzled with their noontide ray, Compute the morn and evening to the day, The whole amount of that enormous frinc, A tale, that blends their glory with their shame l

A tale, that blends their glory with their shame!

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
'Virtue alone is happiness below')

The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill,
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives,
The joy unequalled if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain
Without satiety though e'er so blessed,
And but more relished as the more distressed
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears
Good from each object, from each place acquired,
For ever exercised, yet never tired,

Never elated, while one man's oppressed,
Never dejected, while another's blessed,
And y here no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain
(From the Friagen Man, Fpotle ir)

Dially was the Hon. Robert Dialty, third son of Lord Dialty, who died in 1724. M. de Belsance, Bishop of Markelles, distinguished him elf by his activity during the plague to Markelles in 1722. Printella was a species of woollen stuff, of which clergymena goans were often made. The allusion in the passage about the tare that blends their glory with their chame, is to the great Duke of Mail borough and his 'imperious du hest. The oftequated him a' ha hourst man's their bleat work of God, occurs in this Firsty.

#### Hope

Hope springs eternal in the human breast Man never is, but always to be blest The soul, uneary and confined from home, leests and expandes in a life to come (knowledge) and knowledge.

#### The Poor Indian.

Lo the poor Indian, whose untutored mind Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind, His soil proud Science never trught to stray Par as the solar walk or unilly was Net simple nature to his hope has given Behind the cloud topped full an humbler heaven, Some safer world in depth of woods embraced Soine happier i land in the waters wasts, Where slaves once more their nature land behold, No fien Is forment, no Christians that I for gold To be, contents his natural desire, He as I sino angel's wing no scraph's fire But thinks, admitted to that equal sky His furthful dog shall be ir him company (From the Firty on Man, Epotle 1)

#### Happiness.

O Happiness tour being's end and aim, Good, Plessure, Lase, Content, whateer the name That something still which prompts to' eternal's gli, For which we hear to live, or due to die, Which still so near us, yet beyout us hes, O erlooked, seen double by the fool and wise ! Plant of celestial seed 1 if dropped below, Say in what mortal soil thou deign st to grow? Fair opening to some court's propitious shire, Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine? Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield, Or reaped in iron harvests of the field? Where grows '-where grows it not? If vain our toil, We ought to blame the culture, not the soil Fixed to no spot is Happiness sincere, 'Fis nowhere to be found, or everywhere, 'Tis never to be bought, but always free, And, fled from monarchs, St John, dwells with thee. Ask of the learned the way! The learned are blind, This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind, Some place the bliss in action, some in ease, Tho c call it pleasure, and contentment these Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain, Some, swelled to gods, confess e'en virtue vain, Or Indolent, to each extreme they fall, To trust in everything, or doubt of all (From the Fasty on Min, Episile iv)

From the 'Essay on Criticism.'
Such shameless bards we have, and yet 'tis true,
There are as mind abandoned critics too.

The bookful block head, ignorantly read, With loads of learned lumber in his head, With his own tongue still edifies his ears, and always listening to lumself appears All books he reads, and all he reads assails, From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales With him, most authors steal their works, or buy, Garth did not write his own Dispensary Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend, Nay showed his faults-but when would poets mend? No place so sacred from such fops is barred, Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's churchyard Nay, fly to altars, there they'll talk you dead For fools rush in where angels fear to tread Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks, It still looks home, and short excursions makes, But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks, And never shocked, and never turned aside, Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide.

But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
Still pleased to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiassed or by favour, or by spite,
Not dully prepossessed, nor blindly right,
Tho' learned, well bred, and tho' well bred, sincere,
Modestly bold, and humanly severe
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe.
Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfined,
A knowledge both of books and human kind
Gen rous converse, a soul exempt from pride,
And love to praise, with reason on his side

Such once were critics, such the happy few Athens and Rome in better ages knew. The mighty Stagirite first left the shore, Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore. He steered securely, and discovered far, Led by the light of the Meonian star. Focts, a race long unconfined, and free, Still fond and proud of savage liberty, Received his laws, and stood convinced 'twas fit, Who conquered nature, should preside o'er wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence, And without method talks us into sense, Will, like a friend, familiarly convey. The truest notions in the easiest way. He who, supreme in judgment as in wit, Might holdly censure as he holdly writ, Vet judged with coolness, they he sung with fire, this precepts teach but what his works inspire. Our crities take a contrary extreme, They judge with fury, but they write with the ine Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations. By wits, than crities in as wrong quotations.

Armtotle was born in Stagira, and Homer was called Mizonides either because he was supposed to have been born at Smyroa in Miconia (or Lydia), or because he was the you of Mizon. In the last line by it to be understood before 'entics.

#### From 'The Prologue to the Satires'

P Shut, shut the door, good John! faugued I said, The up the knocker—say I'm sick I'm dead. The dog star riges! may, 'tis past a doubt, All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out here in each eye and papers in each land, They rave, recite, and madden round the land. What walls can guard me, or what shades can lade? They pierce my thickets, through my brot they glide.

By land, by water they renew the charge,
They stop the charnet and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Even Sunday shines no Sabbath day to me,
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me just at dinner time.

Is there a parson much bemused in beer,
A mandlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross?
Is there who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.

Who shames a scribbler? Break one cobweb through, He spins the slight, self pleasing thread anew Destroy his fib or sophistry in vain! The creature's at his dirty work again, Throned in the centre of his thin designs, Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hindred foes
One from all Grub Street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend
This prints my letters, that expects a brile,
And others roar aloud "Subscribe, subscribe"

There are who to my person pay their court I cough like Horace, and though lean, an short Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high, Such Ovid's nose, and, 'Sir' you have an eye!' Go on, obliging creatures, make me see All that disgraced my betters, met in me. Say for my comfort, languishing in bed 'Just so immortal Maro held his head,' And when I die, be sure you let me know Great Homer died three thousand years ago

Why did I write? what sin to nic unknown Dipped me in ink, my parents, or my own? As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame, I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came. I left no calling for this idle trade, No duty broke, no father disobeyed. The muse but served to ease some friend, not wife, To help me through this long disease, my life, To second, Arbuthnot, thy art and care, And teach the being you preserved, to lear

A man's true ment 'tis not hard to find But each man's secret standard in his mind, That easing weight pride adds to emptiness, This, who can gratify? for who can guess? The bard whom pilfered Pastorals renown, Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown, Just writes to make his barrenness appear, And strains from hard bound brains eight lines a year. He who, still wanting, though he lives on theft, Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left and he who now to sense, now nonsense learning, Means not, but blunders round about a meaning, And he whose fustion is so sublimely bad, It is not poetry, but prose run mad All these my mode t satire bade translate And owned that nine such poets made a Tite How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe! And swear, not Ad h on himself was safe.

Peace to all such that were there one whose fires. True gen us kin ile, and fair fame in pires,

Blest with each talent and each art to please. And born to write, converse, and live with case Should such a man, too fond to rule alone, Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne, View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes, And hate for aits that caused houself to ric. Damn with fault praise, assent with civil leer. And without succring, teach the rest to succr. Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike, Just hint a fault and he state d slike, Alike reserved to blame or to commend, A timorous foe and a suspicious friend, Dreading even fools, by flutterers be reged, And so obliging that he ne er obliged, Like Cito, sive his hitle senite lines, And sit attentive to his own applause. While with and Templars every sentence raile, And wonder with a foolish face of praise Who but must lough if such a man there be? Who would not weep if Atticus were he?

Let Sporns tremble———— I What that thing of silk.

Sports, that more white curd of assomilk? Satire or sense, alast can Sports feel? Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings This painted child of dirt, that still a and stings. Whose buze the witty and the fair annoys, Yet wit no er tastes, and beauty ne or enjoys So well bred spaniels civilly delight In mumbling of the game they dare not litte Eternal smiles his conpuness betray, As shallow streams run dumpling all the way Whether in florid impotence he speaks, And, as the prompter breathes, the pupper squeaks, Or at the ear of Lve, familiar toad, Half froth, half venom, spits him elf abroad, In puns, or politics, or tales, or hes, Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphenics. His wit all seesaw, between that and this, Now high, now low, now master up, now miss, And he himself one vile antithesis Amphibious thing I that acting either part, The trifling head or the corrupted heart, Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board, Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have expressed A eherub's face, a reptile all the rest, Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust, Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not fortune's worshipper nor fashion's fool, Not lucre's madman nor ambition's tool, Not proud nor servile be one poet's praise, That, if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways, That flattery even to kings he held a shame, And thought a lie in verse or prose the same. That not in fancy's maze he wandered long, But stooped to truth, and moralised his song, That not for fame but virtue's better end, He stood the furious foe, the timid friend, The damning critic, half approving wit, The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit. Laughed at the loss of friends he never had, The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad, The distant threats of vengeance on his head, The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed,

The rale relived, the helso oft o'erthrown,
The imputed trash, and duline short his own,
The moral, blackened when the writings scope,
The lifelled per on, and the pictured snape,
Abuse on all helloved, or loved him, spread,
A friend in earle, or a father dead,
The whisper that, to preatises still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his overeign's ear
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue, all the past,
Lor thee, fur Virtue, welcome e on the last I

The Is I to the Sitteer was also called an Ephtle to the self anat, if my his inched in the form of a dialogue between the two from his respectively indicated by the prefer of P and V. John Seart was Pipers in a L. The Most in Signatures are many for in a sent debtors. Two main or Taitenham is a shorter form of Two wellman. Meanader the Grant proceed to be the initial Jupiter Vinnous. The tairen parasis Arabic & Isings, who transited the I result To I and I s Parasis were overground by the form The fam in his, the instruction but processing and is a garatimal finit. If I have highly the transit of the basis can of the lamber of the case is one of the basis can of the case of the ca

## From the 'Dunchid,'

O Mu c<sup>3</sup> rel to (tor yo) can tell alone,
Wits have slort me norms, and dunces none),
Relate, who hat, who hat resigned to re t;
Who e heads she partly, these completely, blest
What charms could faction, what anilotion full,
The yeard quie, and entrince the dull,
"Till drowned was sen e, and shame, and right, and
wrong—

O sing, and hush the it tions with thy song?

In vain, in vain-the all comporing hour lsest these fills the muse of eye the power She comes? he comes? the sable throne helold Of Night primitial and of Chais old. Before her, I anev's gilded clouds deeny, And all its virying rain lons dis away Wit shoots in vain its momentary fire a The meteor drop, and in a fla h expires-As one by one, at dread Medea's string, The sickening stars full off the othereal plain, As Argus' eyes by Hermes' wand oppres, Closed one by one to everlasting rest, Thus at her telt approach, and secret might, Art after Art goes out, and all is night. See skulking Truth to her old envery fled, Mountains of casuistry heaped over her head. Philosophy, that leaned on Heaven before Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more Physic of Metaphysic begs defence, And Metaphysic ealls for aid on Sense See Wystery to Mathematics fly ! In vain I they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die. Religion blushing veils her sacred fires, And unawares Morality expires. For public flame, nor private, dares to sline, Nor human spark is left, nor chimpse divine Lo thy drend empire, Chaos, is restored, Light dies before thy uncreating word, Thy hand, great anarch, lets the curtain fall, And universal darkness buries all (From Book to)

## Song by a Person of Quality

Finttering spread thy purple pinions, Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart I a slave in thy dominions, Nature must give way so art

Mild Arcadians, ever hlooming, Nightly nodding o'er your flocks, See my weary days consuming, All beneath yon flowery rocks

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping, Mourned Adonis, darling youth Him the boar in silence creeping, Gored with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers, Fair Discretion, string the lyre, Soothe my ever waking slumbers Bright Apollo, lend thy choir

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors, Armed in adamantine chains, Lead me to the crystal mirrors, Watering soft Elysian plains.

Monraful cypress, verdant willow, Gilding my Aurelia's brovs, Morpheus hovering o'er my pillow, Hear me pay my dying vows

Melancholy smoo h Mæander, Swiftly purling in a round, On thy margin lovers wander, With thy flowery chaplets crowned.

Thus when Philomela drooping, Softly seeks her silent mate, See the bird of Juno stooping, Melody resigns to fate.

#### On a Certain Lady at Court.

I know the thing that's most uncommon, (Envy, be silent, and attend')
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warped by passion, awed by rumour, Not grave thro' pride, or gay through folly, An equal mixture of good humour And sensible soft melancholy

\* Has she no faults then (Envy says), sir?' Yes, she has one, I must aver, When all the world conspires to praise her, The woman's deaf, and does not hear

# Death of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung. On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw, With tape tied curtains, never meant to draw, The George and Garter dangling from that bed Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red, Great Villiers lies—alas' how changed from him, That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim! Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove, The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love,

Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king
No wit to flatter, left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.

For Buckingham's story, see Vol. I p. 783

#### The Dying Christian to his Soul.

Vital spark of heavenly flame, Qnit, O quit this mortal frame Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying— O the pain, the bliss of dying! Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper, angels say, 'Sister spirit, come away!'
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world reeedes—it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds scraphic ring
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

This imitation of the *Initiala vagula blandula* verses attributed to the dying (heathen) Emperor Hadrian, was obviously in part moulded by Thomas Flaiman's ode, quoted at Vol. I p. 783.

### From Pope's 'Bliad'

The troops exulting sat in order round, And beaming fires illumined all the ground, As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night! O'er heaven's pure azure spreads her sacred light, When not a breath disturbs the deep screne, And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene. Around her throne the vivid planets roll, And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole, O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed, And tip with silver every mountain's head, Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise, A flood of glory hursts from all the skie, The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight, Eye the blue vault, and bles the useful light. So many flames before proud Ilion blaze, And lighten glimmering Nanthus with their rays, The long reflections of the distant fires Gleam on the walls and tremble on the spires A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild, And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend, Whose ambered arms by fits thick flashes send Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn, And ardent warriors wait the rising morn

(Book VIII.)

Umbered is darkened as if by rubbing over with umber or other earth

#### On Sickness and Death

To SIR RICHARD STEELE - July 15, 1712.

You formerly observed to me that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life than the disparity we often find in him siek and well, thus, one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miser

able example of the weakness of his mind and of his body in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different news and, I hope, have received some advantage by it, if what Waller says be true, that

'The soul's dark cottage, battered and decryed,

Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made ' Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly Sickness is a sort of early old age at teache us a distidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to tho c props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence upon our outworks. Youth at the very best is but a betraver of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age it is like a stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight but at the same time is un dermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me, it has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much, and I begin, where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures. When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who, being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer 'Whit care I for the house? I am only a lodger! I fancy it is the best time to die when one is in the best lumiour and so excess sively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought that many men. whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsider able little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole ereation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am morning after my exit, the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as licartily, and marry as fist as they were used to do The memory of man-as it is elegantly expressed in the Book of Wisdom-passeth awiv as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. 'For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years But wisdom is the gray hair to men, and an unspotted life is old age. He was taken away speedily, lest wiekedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul,' &c -I am, your, &c.

Pope was at this time only twenty four—that is, if we assume the letter to have been actually sent to Steele but it seems to be merely a literary essay—part of the fabricated correspondence.

## Pope in Oxford.

# To MRS MARTHA BLOD T-1716.

Nothing could have more of that melancholy which once used to please me than my last day's journey,

for, after having passed through in, fas mute woods in the forest, with a thou and revenes of past pleasures. I rid over him mg hills, whose tops were edged with grove, and show feet watered with winding neer. h tening o the falls of cataracts below, and the mar murns of the winds above the sloom, verdue of Stonor succeeded to these, and then the shades of the exempe exertook me. The moon rese in the cleares sly I ever say, by whose solemn light I preed on stork, without company, or any interruption to the rarge of my thou hts. Mout a mile before I reached Oxford, all the bells tolled in different notes the clocks of every college answered one mother, and samuel forth-some in a deeper some a softer tone-that is was eleven at maht. All this was no ill preparation to the lite I hale led since amon, those of I walls, venerable gallenes, stone portice, studious walks, and solitary cenes of the university. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a orling to be as more a look sorm as any there I conformed an elf to the college hours, was relled up in book, lay in one of the most anciert, dashs parts of the univer its, and was as dead to the world as any being t of the desert. If anoth no was alive or make in the " was a little vinity, such as even those good men used a entertum, when the monks of the room erar extolled their piety and abstraction - For I feun l'invelt iccevel with a sort of supect, which the ielle part of markad, the learned, pay to their our species who are at on s derible here as the busy, the gay, and the aminous are in your world

This is a germine letter applify altered. Murtha Plant was the Stells of Pupe, who consiste warmes interest stell her alless and lett her the tunk of his filture. Here elers are Perc usualitis first favourite, but Murtha punch that according and remarked titill the mention of the according to the first and ferent frown as Gay called item, were of an old Cathola famous items, the Blomist of Mapadurhim mear heading. Martha (1900) years you mark that I er i his to use friendly universed that 1903.

# Death of Two Lovers by Lightning

To Lady Maky Worter Montact - Sifter Ser 1 (1717)

I have a mind to fill the rest of this paper with an accident that happened just under my eves, and has made a great impression upon me. I have just pavel part of this summer at an old commute seat of my Led Harcourt, which he lent me. It overlooks a commen field, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lover, as constant as ever were found in romance, beneath a spreading beech. The name of the one-ict it sound as it will-was John Hewet, of the other, Sarah Drew John was a well set man about five and twenty, Sarah, a brown woman of eighteeu John bad for several months horne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah, when she milked, it was ha morning and evening charge to bring the cons to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the whole neighbourhood, for all they a med at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that Perhaps this very day, they were to wait to be happy in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding clothes, and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day they were thus employed—it was on the last of July-2 terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, and drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frighted and out of breath, sunk on a haycock, and John-who never separated from her-sat by her side, having raked two or three lieaps together to secure Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if hea en hal burst asunder The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another those that were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay they first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair-John with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or dis colouring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eyebro i was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave, in the parish of Stanton Hagcourt in Oxfordshire, where my Lord Harcourt, at my request, has crected a monument over them. Of the following epitaplis which I made, the entites have chosen the godly one I like neither, but wish you liad been in Eng land to have done this office better. I think it was what you could not have refused me on so moving an occasion

When Eastern lovers feed their funeral fire,
On the same pile their faithful fair expire,
Here pitying Heaven that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both that it might neither wound
Hearts so sincere the Minighty saw well pleased,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seized

I hink not, by rigorous judgment seized, A pair so faithful could expire Victims so pure Heaven saw well pleased, And snatched them in celestral fire

Live well, and fear up sudden fate
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
Mercy alile to kill or save
Virtue unmoved can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

Upon the whole, I caunot think these people unhappy. The greatest happiness next to hving as they would have done, was to die as they did. The greatest honour people of this low degree could have, was to be remembered on a little monument, unless you will give them another—that of being honoured with a tear from the finest eyes in the world. I know you have tenderness, you must have it, it is the very emanation of good sense and virtue, the finest minds, like the finest inetals, dissolve the easiest.

## An Ancient English Country-seat.

To I am Mar Wortley Mo Tage

DEAR MADAM—The not possible to express the least part of the joy your return gives me, time only and experience will convince you how very sincere it is. I excessively long to meet you, to say so much, so very much to you, that I believe I shall say nothing. I have given orders to be ent for the first inmute of your arrival—which I be, you will let them know at Mr. Jervas. I am four-core miles from London, a hort journes compared to that I so often thought at least of undertaking, rather than the without seeing you again.

Though the place I am in is such as I vould not quit for the town, if I aid not value vou more than any, have everybody else there, and you will be convinced how little the town has engaged my affections in your absence from it, when you know what a place this is which I prefer to it, I shall therefore describe it to you at large, as the true picture of a genuine ancient country seat

You must expect nothing regular in my description of a house that seems to be built before rules were in fashion the whole is so disjointed, and the parts so detached from each other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that-in a poetical fit-you would imagine it had been a village in Auphion's time, where twenty cottages had taken a dance together, were all out, and stood still in amazement ever since. A stranger would be grievously disappointed who should ever think to get into this house the right way. One would expect, after entering through the purch, to be let into the hall, alas ' nothing less you find yourself in a brew house. I rom the parlour you think to step into the drawing room, but, upon opening the iron nailed door, you are convinced, by a flight of birds about your carand a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the pincon On each side our porch are two chimneys, that wear their greens on the outside, which would do as well within, for whenever we make a fire, we let the smoke out of the windows. Over the parlour window bangs a sloping balcony, which time has turned to a very convenient penthouse The top is crowned with a very venerable tower, so like that of the church just by, that the jackdaws build in it as if it were the true steeple

The great hall is high and spacious, flanked with long tables, images of ancient hospitality, ornamented with monstrous horns, about twenty broken pikes, and a matchlock musket or two, which they say were used in the civil wars. Here is one vast arched windo v, beauti full, darkened with divers scutcheons of painted alter There seems to be great propriety in this old manner of blazoning upon glass, ancient families being like ancient windows, in the course of generations seldoin free from cricks. One shining pane bears date 1286 The youthful face of Dame Llinor owes more to this single piece than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life Who can say after this that glass is frail, when it is not half so penshable as human beauty or glory? For in another pane you see the memory of a I night preserved whose marble nose is mouldered from his monument in the church adjoining. And vet, must not one sigh to reflect that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should he at the merey of every boy that throws a stone? In this hall, in former days, have dined guttered knights and courtly dames, with usher sewerand sineschals and yet it was but the other might that an owl flew in litther, and mistook it for a barn

This hall lets you up tand down) over a very high threshold, into the pailour. It is furnished with historical tapestry, whose marginal fringes do confess the moisture of the air. The other contents of this room are a broken bellied virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildewed picture of mouldy ancestors, who look as dismally as if they came fresh from hell with all their brim tone about em. These are carefully set at the further corner for the windows being everywhere broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard cold in, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour hes, as I said before, the pigeon house, hy the side of which runs an entry that leads, on one hand and t'other, into a bed chamber, a buttery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study. Then follow a brew house, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dury. A little further on the right, the servants' hall, and hy the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet, which has a lattice into the said hall, that, while she said her prayers, she might east an eye on the men and maids. There are upon this ground floor in all twenty four apartments, hard to be distinguished by particular names, among a high I must not forget a chamber that has in it a large antiquity of timber, which seems to have been either a bedstead or a cider press.

Our best room above is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a bindhox, it has hangings of the finest work in the world, those, I mean, which Arachne spins out of her own bowels indeed, the roof is so decayed, that after a favourable shower of rain, we may, with God's blessing, expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of the floors

All this upper story has for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this venerable mansion, for the very rats of this ancient sent are gray. Since these have not quitted it, we hope at least this house may stand during the small remainder of days these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another they have still a small subsistence left them in the few remaining hooks of the library

I had never seen half what I have described but for an old starched gray headed steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in the place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He failed not. as we passed from room to room, to relate severa. memoirs of the family, but his observations were par ticularly curious in the cellar he shewed where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent for toasts in the morning he pointed to the stands that supported the iron hooped hogsheads of strong heer, then stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragments of an unframed picture 'This,' says he, with tears in his eyes, 'was poor Sir Thomas, once master of all the drink I told you of he had two sons (poor young masters!) that never arrived to the age of his beer, they both fell ill in this very cellar, and never went out upon their own legs.' He could not pass by a broken bottle without taking it up to shew us the arms of the family on it. He then led me up the tower, by dark winding stone steps, which landed us into several little rooms, one above another, one of these was nailed up, and my guide whispered to me the occasion of it. It seems the course of this noble blood was a little interrupted about two centuries ago by a freak of the Lady Frances, who was here taken with a neighbouring prior, ever since which the room has been made up, and hranded with the name of the adultery chamber The ghost of Lady Frances is upposed to walk here some prying inaids of the family formerly reported that they saw a lady in a fardingale through the keyhole, hut this matter was hushed up, and the servants forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tired you with this long letter, but what engaged me in the description was a generous principle to preserve the memory of a thing that must

itself soon fall to ruin, nay, perhaps, some part of it before this reaches your hands indeed, I owe this old house the same sort of gratitude that we do to an old friend that harbours us in his declining condition, nav. I have found this an even in his last extremities excellent place for retirement and study, where no one who passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even anybody that would visit me, dares not venture under my roof You will not wonder I have translated a great deal of Homer in this retreat, any one that sees it will own I could not have chosen a fitter or more likely place to converse with the dead As soon as I return to the living, it shall he to converse with I hope, therefore, very speedily the best of them to tell you in person how sincerely and unalterably I am, madam, your most faithful, obliged, and obedient servant I beg Mr Wortley to believe me his most humble servant

The house from which Pope dated this and the preceding letter was the mansion of Stanton Harcourt, here described with fantasic additions and alterations, here Pope did translate part of the *Iliad* 

## To Bishop Atterbury, in the Tower

May 17 1723.

Once more I write to you, as I promised, and this once, I fear, will be the last ! The curtain will soon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wish you a long good night. May you enjoy a state of repose in this life not unlike that sleep of the soul which some have believed is to succeed it, where we he utterly for etful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go If you retain Iny memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleased you best, sometimes present a dream of an absent friend, or bring you back an agreeable conversation But, upon the whole, I hope you will think less of the time past than of the future, as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infal libly will be Do not envy the world your studies, they will tend to the benefit of men against whom you can have no complaint, I mean of all posterity and, per haps, at your time of life, nothing else is worth your care. What is every year of a wise man's life but a censure or critic on the past? Those whose date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one half of it, the boy despises the infant, the man, the boy, the philosopher, both, and the Christian, all now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility, and you will never suffer your age to be but a second infancy The toys and bauhles of your child hood arc hardly now more below you than those toys of our riper and our declining years, the drums and rattles of ambition, and the dirt and bihbles of avance. At this time, when you are cut off from a little society, and made a citizen of the world at large, you should bend your talents, not to serve a party or a few, but all man Your genius should mount above that mist in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involved it, to shine ahroad, and to heaven, ought to be the business and the glory of your present situation Remember it was at such a time that the greatest lights of antiquity dazzled and hlazed the most, in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death. But why do I talk of dazzling or blazing?—it was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became guides to mankind

Those aims alone are worthy of spirits 'ruly great, and such I therefore hope will be yours. Resentinent, indeed, may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished in the noblest minds, but revenge never will harbour there. Higher principles than those of the first, and better principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence men whose thoughts and whose hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the whole to any part of mankind, especially to so small a part as one's single self.

Believe me, my lord, I look upon you as a spirit entered into another life, as one just upon the edge of immortality, where the passions and affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little views and all mean retrospects. Nothing is worth your looking back, and, therefore, look forward, and make, as you can, the world look after you. But take care that it be not with pity, but with esteem and admiration.

I am, with the greatest sincerity and passion for your fame as well as happiness, your, &c.

Atterbury went into exile a month or two after this, and never returned to Englan! His farewell letter to Pope from the Tower is given above at page 152.

Pope was one of the authors of the *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*, and in them lavished much, wit on subjects which are now mostly of little interest. He ridiculed Burnet's *History of my Own Times* with infinite humour in *Memoirs of P P*, Clerl of this Parish, and he contributed several papers to the Guardian. His prose works contain also a collection of Thoughts on Various Subjects, such as these

There never was any party, faction, seet, or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent, for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead. However, such instruments are necessary to politicians, and perhaps it may be with states as with clocks, which must have some dead weight hanging at them, to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task be undertakes, for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain one.

Get your enemies to read your vorks in order to mend them for your friend is so much your second self, that he will judge too like you.

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion but that they should talk together every day

A short and certain way to obtain the character of a reasonable and wise man is, whenever any one tells you his opinion, to comply with him

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through one niggardliness or ill grace in little and inconsiderable things than in expenses of any consequence. A very few pounds a very would ease that man of the seardal of avarice.

#### Recipe for an Epic Poem-from the Guardian.

It is no small pleasure o me, who am zealous in the intensets of learning, to think I may have the honour of leading the town into a very new and uncommon read.

of criticism. As that kind of literature is at prent carried on, it consists only in a knowledge of mechanic rules which contribute to the structure of different sorts of poetry, as the receipts of good housewives do to the making puddings of flour, oranges, plums, or any other ingredients. It would, methinks, make these my instructions more easily intelligible to ordinary readers if I discoursed of these matters in the style in which ladies learned in economics dictate to their pupils for the improvement of the kitchen and larder. I shall begin with Epic Poetry, because the critics agree it is the greatest work human nature is capable of

For the Fuble.—Take out of any old poem, history-book, romance, or legend—for instance, Geoffrey of Monmouth, or Don Belianis of Greece—those parts of story which afford most scope for long descriptions—put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one take. Then take a hero whom you may choose for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures—there let him work for ty clve books, at the end of which, you may take him out ready prepared to conquer or to marry, it being necessary that the conclusion of an Epic Poem be fortunate.

To make an Episode—Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero, or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away, and it vill be of use, applied to any other person who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.

For the Moral and Illegory—These you may extract out of the lable afterwards at your lessure—Be sure you strain them sufficiently

For the Manners—For those of the liero, take all the best qualities you can find in all the best celebrated heroes of antiquity, if they will not be reduced to a consistency, lay them all in a heap upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have, and to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined whether or not be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an hone to man.—For the under characters gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occasion serves.

For the Machines — take of deities, male and female, as many as you can use, separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle. Let Juno jut him in a ferinent, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton's Paradise, and extract your spirits from Fasso. The use of these machines is evident, for since no fijic Poem can possibly subsist without them, the wilk to way is to reserve them for your greatest neces at each your cannot extricate your hero by any licituar means, or yourself by your own wits, seek relief from Heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescript in of Horace in his 1rt of Petry.

- "Nee deus intersit, nist dignus vindice rodus Incident--"
- \*Never presume to make a god appear
  But for a business worths of a god '-Roko riso

That is to say, a poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance but when he is in great

perplexity

For the Descriptions—For a Tempest—Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and east them together in one verse add to these, of rain, lightning, and of thunder (the loudest you can), quantum sufficient Mr. your clouds and billows well together till they form, and thicken your description here and there with a quiel and Brew your tempest well in your head before you set it a blowing

I or a Battle—Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer's Illiads, with a spice or two of Virgil, and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes,

and it will make an excellent battle

For a Burning Form—If such a description be necessary, because it is certain there is one in Virgil, Old Froy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the Theory of the Conflagration, well circumstanced, and done into verse, will be a good succedancim

As for Similes and Metaphors, they may be found all over the creation, the most ignorant may gather them, but the danger is in applying them. For this,

advise with your book eller

For the Language—(I mean the dietion.) Here it will do well to be an imitator of Milton, for you will find it easier to imitate him in this than any thing clse. Hebrusms and Greeisms are to be found in him without the trouble of learning the languages. I how a painter, who like our poet, had no genius, make his daubings be thought originals by setting them in the smoke. You may, in the same manner, give the venerable air of antiquity to your piece, by darkening it up and down with Old Linglish. With this you may be easily furnished upon any occasion by the dictionary commonly printed at the end of Chaucer.

I must not conclude without cautioning all writers vithout genius in one material point, which is, never to be afruid of having too much fire in their works. I should advise rather to take their warmest thoughts, and spread them abroad upon paper, for they are observed

to cool before they are read

The first edition of Pope (1751) by his friend Bishop Warburton, was an answer to Lolingbroke's altack on Pope's memory Warton's (1791) was virtually a reply to Warburton's, Bowles and Roscoe each published an edition of his works, but all other editions have been super eded by that of Elwin and Courthope, with a Life of the poet by Courthope in the last volume (10 vols 1871-89).

John Dennis (1657-1734) was known as 'the critic,' and some of his critical disquisitions show an icute but narrow and coarse mind. The son of a prosperous London saddler, he had received a learned education at Harrow and Cambridge, and was well read in ancient and modern literature. He took his place among the men of wit and fishion, and brought a rancorous pen to the assistance of the Whigs. But his intolerable vanity, irritable temper, intemperance, and fullure to attain literary success led him into feuds which rendered his vhole life a scene of warfare. His critiques on Addison's Cato and Pope's Homer are well known. He viote nine plays, for one of vhich—a tragedy called. Ippus and Luginia (1708)—he invented a

new species of thunder, which was approved of in the theatres The play was not successful, and being afterwards present at a representation of Macheth, and hearing his own thunder made use of, he growled, 'See how these rascals use me. they will not let my play run, and yet they steal my thunder!' Many ludicrous stories are told of his self-importance, which amounted to a disease. Southey has praised his critical powers, and Mr Gosse, who speaks highly of his earlier work, has noted his 'fervent and judicious eulogy of Milton,' but Dennis is remembered mainly for his bitter attacks on the new school of poetry in his time, and for his quarrels with Pose, whom he assailed as a 'stupid and impudent hunch backed Pope took ample vengeance.

Charles Gildon (1665-1724), born at Gilling ham in Dorsetshire, was a Catholic bred at Douar who became a deist, and was converted back to Protestant orthodoxy. He was an industrious hack-writer, wrote unsuccessful plays, occasional poems, a Life of Defoe, and some critical books, including one on The Laws of Poetry. As he preferred Tickell as a translator, and Ambrose Philips as a pastoral poet, to Pope, he was severely handled in the Duncial and Moral Essays.

Edmund Smith (1672-1710) was, according to Dr Johnson, 'one of those lucky writers who have without much labour attained high reputation, and who are mentioned with reverence rather for the possession than the exertion of uncommon abilities,' but the reputation and the reverence have vanished, and little is remembered but his name and the fact that he wrote an artificial play, Phadra and Hippolytus, on Racine's model, which had the honour of a prologue by Addison and an epilogue by Prior, but was 'hardly heard the third night' Johnson sympathised with the public rather than with Addison, but highly praised Smith's Latin ode on the death of the orientalist, Dr Pococke, and his (English) elegy on John Philips. Handsome, slovenly 'Rag' Smith (for so he was known to his contemporaries) was the son of a London merchant called Neale, but assumed the name of a relative by whom he was brought up, he was expelled from Christ Church, Oxford, for his irregular life, and died of a dose of physic taken in defiance of the doctor

John Hughes (1677-1720), born at Marlborough, and educated at the same Dissenting academy as Dr Isaac Watts, is best known as author of a successful tragedy, The Siege of Damascus, and as a contributor to the Taller, the Spectator, the Guardian, and other serials Pope and Swift thought more highly of his character than of his poetry. But he is one of Johnson's poets, having written a number of Poems on Several Occasions, odes, &c., as well as the libretto for an English opera, Calypso and Telemachus, a masque, and several cantatas set to music by Handel and other einment musicians

He wrote to o volumes of a *History of England*, completed by another hand, and translated from French and Italian

William King (1663-1712) was admitted among Johnson's poets on the strength of Mully of Mountown, in honour of a cow at a friend's house near Dublin, The Art of Cookery, in imitation of Horace's 'Art of Poetry,' The Art of Love, after Ovid, and one or two other poems, mostly humorous But he was better known as a miscellaneous and controversial writer, an indolent and inefficient place holder, and a 'starving wit.' The son of a well-connected London family, he studied at Westminster and Christ Church, became DCL and advocate at Doctors' Commons, and was for a time Judge of the Admiralty Court in Ireland. succeeded Steele as Gazetteer, but could keep the post only a year and a half He took part in the controversy with Bayle against Bentley, supported the Tory and High Church interest in the Sacheverell and other cases, and wrote against Marl-His best-known works are Dialogues of the Dead (against Bentley), and a travesty, A Journey to London, in the character of a French man, in which the vein of jocularity is very thin Thus he tedtously enumerates trifling facts

I found the houses some of them stone entire, some of brick with free stone, as the Crown Tavern upon Ludgate Hill and the corner house of Birchen lane and several others Divers of the citizens houses have fort cochers to drive in a coach or a cart cither, and con sequently have courts within and mostly remises to set them up Such persons as have no port cochers, and consequently no courts or remises, set up their coaches at other places and let their horses stand at livery The cellar windows of most houses are grated with strong bars of iron to keep thieves out, and Newgate is grated up to the top to keep them in Which must be a vast expence There are beggars in London and people v hose necessities force them to ask relief from such as they think able to afford it There is a great deal of noise in this city, of public cries of things to be sold, and great disturbance from pamphlets and hawkers

Orpheus and Euridice is a burlesque overflowing with 'modernity,' and runs on in this fashion

This Orpheus was a jolly boy, Born long before the siege of Troy His parents found the lad was sharp, And taught him on the Irish harp, And v hen grown fit for marriage life, Gave him Luridice for wife, And they, as soon as match was made, Set up the ballad singing trade The cunning varlet cou'd devise, For country folks ten thousand lies, Affirming all those monstrous things Were done by force of harp and strings, Cou'd make a tyger in a trice Tame as a cat, and catch your mice, Cou'd make a lyon's courage flag, And straight cou'd animate a stag,

And by the help of pleasing ditties,
Make mill stones run, and build up cities,
Each had the use of fluent tongue,
If Dice scolded, Orpheus sung
And so by discord without strife,
Compos'd one harmony of life,
And thus, as all their matters stood,
They got an honest livelihood

Happy were mortals could they be I'rom any sudden danger free, Happy were poets could their song, The feeble thread of life prolong But as these two went strouling on, Poor Dice's scene of life was done, Away her fleeting breath must fly, Yet no one knows wherefore, or why This caus d'the general lamentation, To all that knew her in her station, How brisk she was still to advance The harper's gain, and lead the dance, In every tune observe her trill, Sing on, yet change the money still.

Another contemporary William King (1650–1729) was—though born in Aberdeenshire—Archbishop of Dublin, and a writer on divinity, a third (1685–1763), born at Stepney, and Principal of St Mary Hall, Oxford, was author of *The Toast*, a mockheroic satire levelled against his opponents in a troublesome lawsuit about a property in Galway

Aar on Hill (1685–1750), the son of a Wiltshire squire, was bred at Barnstaple and Westminster, and travelled with a tutor to Constantinople and He wrote numerous poems and a the Levant dozen plays, and cut a considerable figure among the literary men of the first half of the eighteenth century, not a few of whom were his debtors for encouragement and help, but he is best remembered for his controversy with Pope, the allusion to him in the Dunciad, for the spirit with which he met Pope's attack, and the victory he obtained in the ensuing correspondence. Only one of Hill's dramas, the tragedy of Zara, after Voltaire, can be said to have been popular. He was an ingenious, speculative man, projected a new way of making potash, extracted oil from beech mast, manufactured wine from a vineyard in Essex, and tried to develop the rafting of timber down the Spey for the navy, but was seldom successful in any of his schemes

Hill is not the contemptible poetaster he is often taken for, though in the cighty two closely printed, double-columned pages occupied by his poetical works in Anderson's British Poets there is much wearisome commonplace, as well as some felicity of diction and real poetry, and much of no little interest, in a form old fashioned enough to seem ungraceful, yet not archaic enough to be quaint. He praised Pope, encouraged Thomson with sound advice excellently versified, and enthusiastically greeted 'the unknown author of the beautiful new piece called Pamela.' He intervened warmly in prose and verse on behalf of Savage. He wrote

the famous translation of Crashaw's lines on the miracle of Cana. In a panegyric of Peter the Great he laments British suspicion of Russia, foresees the Black Sea covered by the Russian navy, the East and West united and under Russian sway, Siberia occupied, and China and the Porte humiliated And before Ossian Macpherson was born we find Hill translating from (non-extant?) Gaelic poems and praising the Scuirs of Skye.

# Ronald and Dorna-By a Highlander, to his Mistress.

From a Literal Translation of the Original

Come, let us climb Skorr urran's snowy top,
Cold as it seems, it is less cold than you
Thin through its snow these lambs its heath twigs crop,
Your snow, more hostile, starves and freezes too

What though I loved of late in Skie's fair isle, And blushed, and bowed, and shrunk from Kenza's eye? All she had power to hurt with was her smile, But 'tis a frown of your s for which I die.

Ask why these herds beneath us rush so fast
On the brown sea ware a stranded heaps to feed?
Winter, like you, withholds their wished repast,
And, robbed of genial grass, they browse on weed

Mark with what timeful haste Sheleila flows, To mix its widening stream in Donnan's lake, Yet should some dam the current's course oppose, It must perforce a less loved passage take

Lorn like your body for a spirit's claim,
Trembling I wait, insouled till you inspire
God has prepared the lamp, and bids it flame,
But you, fair Dorna, have withheld the fire.

High as you pine, when you begin to speak,
My lightening heart leaps hopeful at the sound,
But fainting at the sense, falls, void and weak,
And sinks and saddens like you mossy ground

All that I taste, or touch, or see, or hear,

Nature's whole breadth reminds me but of you,

Lv'n heaven itself would your sweet likeness wear,

If with its power you had its mercy too

#### To Mrs L-r, playing on a Bass Viol.

While o'er the dancing chords your fingers fly, And bid them live, till they have made us die, I rembling in transport at your touch they spring, As if there dwelt a heart in every string

Your voice soft rising through the lengthened notes, The married harmony united floats, I wo charms so join'd that they compose but one, Like heat and brightness from the self same sun.

The wishful viol would its wealth retain, And, sweetly conscious, hugs the pleasing pain, Linvious forbids the warbling joys to roll, And, murmuring inward, swells its sounding soul.

Proud of its charming power, your tuneful bow Floats o'er the chords majestically slow, Carelos and soft, calls out a tide of art, And in a storm of music drowns the heart.

So when that god, who gave you all your skill, Fo angel forms like yours intrusts his will, Calm they descend some new meant world to found, An I smiling see creation rising round!

## A Song

Oh forbear to bid me slight her,
Soul and senses take her part,
Could my death itself delight her,
Life should leap to leave my heart
Strong though soft a lover's chain,
Charm'd with woe and pleas'd with pain.

Though the tender flame were dying,
Love would light it at her eyes,
Or, her tuneful voice applying,
Through my ear my soul surprise.
Deaf, I see the fate I shun,
Blind, I hear I am undone.

#### The Messenger

Go, happy paper, gently steal,
And soft beneath her pillow he
There in a dream my love reveal,
A love that awe must else conceal,
In silent doubt to die.

Should she to flames thy liope consign,
Thy suffering moment soon expires,
A longer pain, alas, is mine,
Condemined in endless woe to pine,
And feel unslackening fires.

But if inclined to hear and bless,
While in her heart soft pity stirs,
Tell her her beauties might compel
A hermit to forsake his cell,
And change his heaven for her's

Oh tell her were her treasures mine, Nature and art would court my aid; The painter's colonrs want her shine, The rainbow's brow not half so fine As her sweet eyelids shade!

By day the snn might spare his rays, No star make evening bright, Her opening eyes, with sweeter blaze, Should measure all my smiling days, And if she slept, 'twere night

Verses Written on Windows in Scotland.

Scotland, thy weather's like a modish wife,
Thy winds and rains forever are at strife
So termagant a while her thunder tries,
And, when she can no longer scold—she cries.

Tender handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains,
Grasp it lile a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

'Tis the same with common natures— Use 'em kindly, they rebel But be rough as nutmeg graters, And the rogues obey you well

#### On Peter the Great

Perish the pride, in poor distinction shown, That makes man blind to blessings not his own Briton and Russian differ but in name In nature's sense all nations are the same. One world, divided, distant brothers share, And man is reason's subject every where.

Lewis Theobald (1688-1744) was one of the many contemporaries whom the sature of Pope invested with literary interest, but for their sorrows at Pope's hand some of their names would have long since passed into oblivion The bad poets outwitted him, as Swift predicted, and provoked him to transmit their names to posterity Theobald, the first hero of the Dunctad, procured the enmity of Pope by criticising his edition of Shakespeare, and editing a better edition himself (1733) versed in the Elizabethan writers, and in dramatic literature generally, he decidedly excelled Pope as a commentator. He is acknowledged to have made many most brilliant emendations of the folio text of Shakespeare-notably the famous 'and a babbled of green fields' in the Hostess's account of Falstaff's death in Hemy I' He also wrote some poetical and dramatic pieces, but they are feeble performances He was born at Sittingbourne, and bred an attorney

Thomas Yalden (1670-1736) was a poet commended by Johnson, whose verses fill over thirty closely printed, double columned pages in Anderson's British Poets His fither was a groom of the chamber to Prince Charles, and after the Restoration an exciseman at Oxford The son, admitted as a demy to Magdalen College, took orders, held cures in Warwickshire, Wiltshire, Devonshire, and Hampshire successively or together, and in 1713 was appointed chaplain to Bridewell Hospital He was imprisoned for a short time on suspicion of being concerned in Atterbury's schemes He wrote translations, imitations, paraphrases or pieces 'in allusion to' Homer, Hornce, Ovid, Isrinh, and others, 'Pindaric' odes on a variety of subjects, a collection of neatly turned fables with political reference, odes and hymns How the High Churchman of that day judged Milton may be seen from the verses, quoted below, which he wrote in his copy of Paradise Lost

These sacred lines with wonder we peruse, And praise the flights of a scraplic muse, Till thy seditious prose provokes our rage, And soils the beauties of thy brightest page. Thus here we see transporting scenes arise, Heaven's radiant host, and opening paradise, Then trembling view the dread abyss beneath, Hell's horned mansions, and the realms of death

Whilst here thy bold majestic numbers rise, And range th' embattled legions of the skies, With armies fill the azure plains of light, And paint the lively terrors of the fight, We own the poet worthy to rehearse Heaven's lasting triumphs in immortal verse Bnt when thy impious mercenary pen Insults the best of princes, best of men, Our admiration turns to just disdain, And we revoke the fond applicase again

Like the fall'n angels in their happy state, Thou shar'dst their nature, insolence and fate To harps divine, immortal lymns they sung, As sweet thy voice, as sweet thy lyre was strung As they did rebels to th' Almighty grow, So thou profan'st his image here below Apostate bard! may not the guilty ghost, Discover to its own eternal cost, That as they heaven, thou paradise hast lost!

His 'Hymn to Dirkness,' obviously written in rivalry of Cowley's 'Hymn to Light,' begins thus

Darkness, thou first great parent of us all,

Thou are our great original

Since from thy universal womb

Does all thou shad'st below, thy numerous offspring come.

Thy wondrous birth is even to time unknown,
Or, like eternity, thou'dst none,
Whilst light did its first being owe
Unto that awful shade it dares to rival now

Say, in what distant region dost thou dwell,
Fo reason inaccessible?
I rom form and duller matter free,
Thou soar'st above the reach of man's philosophy

Involved in thee, we first receive our breath,

Thou art our refuge too in death

Great monarch of the grave and womb,

Where'er our souls shall go, to thee our bodies come.

Johnson says the first seven verses are good, but the third, fourth, and seventh are the best of them, the tenth he pronounces 'exquisitely beautiful' a judgment more significant for Johnson than for Yalden! The seventh and tenth are

Though solid bodies do exclude the light,

Nor will the brightest ray admit

No substance can the force repel,

Thou reign'st in depths helow, dost in the centre dwell

Thou dost thy smiles impartially hestow,
And know'st no difference here below
All things appear the same by thee,
Though light distinction makes, thou giv'st equality

Johnson evidently valued the sense more than the manner, modern critics would find it difficult to see wherein the verses selected by Johnson for special commendation are less commonplace and antipoetic than the rest of the eighteen

Beinard de Mandeville (1670-1733), 3 vigorous and graphic writer, who squandered ex ceptional powers largely on paradoxical and antimoral speculations, was born at Dort in Holland, and, having studied at Leyden, came over to England, and settled in London as a medical practitioner His first publications were in rhyme. In 1705 he published a string of sarcastic verses entitled The Grumbling Hive, or Knaves Turned Honest, which he reprinted in 1714 with the addi tion of long explanatory notes, and an Inquis) into the Origin of Moral Virtue, giving to the whole the title afterwards so well known, The Fable of the Bees, or Private Vices Public Benefits To a later edition were added An Essay on Charity Schools and A Search into the Origin of Society Grumbling Hive is the only part where there is semblance of a fable, and from its first paragraph

to it, as the millwright, the pewterer, and the chymist, which jet are all necessary, as well as a great number of other handicrafts, to have the tools, utensils, and other implements belonging to the trides already named all these things are done at home, and may be performed without extraordinary fatigue or danger, the mo t fright ful prospect is left behind, when we reflect on the toil and hazard that are to be undergone abroad, the vast sea. we are to go over, the different climates we are to endure, and the several nations we must be obliged to for their assistance. Spain alone, it is true, might furnish us with wool to make the finest cloth, but what slill and prine, what experience and ingenuity, are required to dye it of those beautiful colours! How widely are the drugs and other ingredients dispersed through the universe that are to meet in one lettle! Alum, indeed we have of our own, argol we might have from the Khine, and vitriol from Hungary all this is in I prope. But then for salt petre in quantity we are forced to go as far as the I are Indies Cocheneal, unknown to the ancients, a not much nearer to us, though in a quite different part of the earth, we buy it 'tis true, from the Spaniards, but not being their product, they are forced to fetch it for us from the remotest corner of the new world in the West Indies. Whilst so many sailor are broiling in the sun and suchtered with heat in the east and we't of us, another set of them are freezing in the north to fetch potaslies from Ru ia

#### Virtues of the Great

This contradiction in the frame of man flytween professed principles and actual practice] is the reason that the theory of virtue is so well understood and the practice of it so rarely to be met with. If you ask me where to look for those beautiful shining qualities of prime ministers, and the great favourites of princes that are o finely painted in dedications, addresses, epitaplis, funeral sermons, and inscription, I answer, There and nowhere Where would you look for the excellency of a statue but in that part which you see of it? 'Tis the polished outside only that has the slift and labour of the sculptor to boast of, what is out of sight is untouched Would you break the head or cut open the heest to lool for the bruns or the heart you would call show your ignorance, and destroy the vorl mansulp. This has often made me compare the virtues of great men to your large china jars they make a fine show and are ornamental even to a clumney One would, by the bulk they appear in and the value that is set upon them, think they might be very useful, but look into a thousand of them, and you will find nothing in them but dust and cobuchs

#### Pomp and Superfluity

If the great ones of the clergy, as well as the latty, of any country whatever, had no value for earthly pleasures, and did not endeavour to gratify their appetites, why are envy and revenge so raging among them, and all the other passions improved and refined upon in courts of princes more than anywhere else, and why are their repasts, their recreations, and whole manner of living, always such as are approved of, coveted, and imitated by the most sensual people of the same country? If, despising all visible decorations, they were only in love with the embellishments of the mind, why should they borrow so many of the implements, and make use of the most darling toys, of the luxurious? Why should a

lord trewurer, or a Inshop, or even the Grand Signior, or the Pope of Rome, to be good and virtuous and endersour the conquest of his passions, his coccess as for preater resenue, richer furniture, or 1 mo - numer our attendance as to per onal service than a private man? What arthe is it the exercise of which remove so much pump and superfluity as are to be teen by the men in power? A man has as much epporturity to practise temperance that has be one dish at a next, a he that is con tind, seemed with three courses and a dozen dishe in each. One mas exercite as much patience and be a full of elf-denial on a ferrance, without curtains or tester as in a select led that is The virtue is possessions of the runt sixteen foot high are neither charge nor hapler in man may bear in Cr tunes with fortifiede in a partiel, ferpiss injuries alook, and be chaste thou halle has not a stan to I a beau, and therefore I hall never belie eve that an in interest culler if he was entristed with I, might carry all the learning and religion that one man can contain as well as a large with it one, epocitils if a time for to eros from Lamboth to We mips er, in that herother o porderor a virual that it requires six har as to draw at

Lord Bolingbroke,-liese St John, Ass count Bolingbroke, and in his aim dividic new compicuous and allu trious of that frendly band of Tory vits who iderned the reigns of Anne and George 1 St John was descended from in ancert family and was born at Battersea in 1678 vas educated at I ton (not at Oxford After travelling on the Continent, he entered Parliamera was successively Secretary for War and Lett an Secretary of State, shared the Lora leadership with Harley, but estraiged his followers by his man's for secret scheming. Mide a peer in 1712 be negotiated the Ire its of I trecht in 1713. After intriguing successfull for Harley's downfall he vas plotting a Jacobite restoration when Queer Anno died and George I succeeded. Return to France he was attainted, and served the Here also he become Pretender is scereinm unpopular, and was accused of neglect or w Losing thus a second secretary-hiphe lind recourse to literature, and produced his Reflections upor Larle, and a letter to Sir William Windham, an apologia for his conduct contain ing some of his very best writing. In 1723 he obtained permission to return to Lingland family inlieratince was restored to litti, but he was excluded from the House of Lords - He commenced an active opposition to Walpole and wrote a number of political tracts against the Whig Ministry Disappointed in his hope of re entering political life, he retired again to I rance in 1735 and resided there seven years, writing now his most important contributions to literature—his Letters on the Study of History and a Lett r on the True Use of Retirement. In 1738, on a visit to England, he entrusted to Pope the MS of his Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism and his Idea of a Pairioi King Chesterfield said of the latter, Bolingbroke's most elaborate piece, that till he

read it he did not know the extent and power of the English language. After the death of Pope. it was found that an impression of 1500 of the Patriot King had been printed, and this Bolingbroke affected to consider a hemous breach of trust. After he settled at Battersea in 1744, he prepared a 'correct' edition of the Patriot King The preface, believed to be by David Mallet, attacked Pope with coarse invective, and this began a bitter and acrimonious war of pamphlets. in which Warburton and others were involved Bolingbroke died in 1751, and Mallet-to whom he left all his manuscripts-published a complete edition of his works in five volumes. A series of essays on religion and philosophy, first published in this collection, showed the attitude to the Scriptures and the Christian faith which led to Dr Johnson's characteristic denunciation of Bolingbroke 'Sir, he was a scoundrel and a coward a scoundrel for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality, a coward because he had not resolution to fire it off himself, but left half acrown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death

'The Alcibiades of his time' (in Bagehot's phrise), he was idolised for the grice of his person, the charm of his manner, and the splendour of his talents. An admirable speaker and writer, he was not a great statesman. Even his enemies admitted the extraordinary power and charm of his oratory Chesterfield said his style was better than that of any other, and Chatham counselled his nephew to get Bolingbroke's works by heart. But he was the arch-intriguer of his time, profligate, selfish, and insincere Macaulay denounced him as a brilliant knave, Hallam was not less uncom plimentary, and the Tory Stanhope took the same In Walpole's eyes he was a perjured villain, and in Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's words, a vile His patriotism has of late found strenuous defenders A pronounced freethinker, he considered Christianity a fable, but held that a statesman ought to profess the doctrines of the Church of England Though he borrowed many thoughts from Shaftesbury, his philosophy is sensational on its psychological side, commonplace and far from profound It is largely reflected as an ethical theory of life in Pope's Essay on Man admittedly Pope was on this side the peer's pupil. The master hardly thought his pupil fully comprehended the system (if system it may be called) expounded, as Bolingbroke complacently says to Pope, 'when we saunter alone or, as we have often done, with good Arbuthnot and the jocose Dean of St Patrick's, among the multiplied scenes of your little garden.' Voltaire was much influenced by Bolingbroke, whose works, philosophical and politi cal, are models of polished, pointed, declaratory prose, often vivid, lively, and felicitous, but at times somewhat rambling and resembling rather spoken than written eloquence In one of his letters to Swift we find him thus moralising

# The Decline of Life

We are both in the decline of life, my dear Dean, and have been some years going down the hill, let us make the passage as smooth as we can Let us fence against physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us, let us fence against moral evil by philosophy We may, nay-if we will follow nature and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates—we shall, of course, grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we are soon to This is much better than stupidity. The decay of passion strengthens philosophy, for passion may decay. and stupidity not succeed Passions-says Pope, our divine, as you will see one time or other—are the gales of life, let us not complain that they do not blow a storm What hurt does age do us in subduing what



VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE
(From the Portrait by Hyncinihe Rigand in the National
Portrait Gallery)

we toil to subdue all our lives? It is now six in the morning, I recall the time—and am glad it is over—when about this hour I used to be going to bed sur feited with pleasure, or jaded with business, my head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour refreshed, serene, and calm, that the past and even the present affairs of life stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagree able, so as not to be strongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Passions, in their force, would bring all these, nay even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and reason would but ill defend me in the scuffle

#### The Mind's Independence of Circumstances

Believe me, the providence of God has established such an order in the world, that of all which belongs to us, the least valuable parts can alone fall under the will of others. Whatever is best is safest, his most out of the reach of human power, can neither be given nor taken.

Such is this great and beautiful work of nature 24.25 -the world Such is the mind of man, which contem plates and admires the world, where it makes the noblest These are inseparably ours, and as long as we remain in one, we shall enjoy the other. Let its march, therefore, intrepidly, wherever we are led by the course of human accidents. Wherever they lead us, on what coast socrer we are thrown by them, we shall not find ourselves absolutely strangers We shall nicet with men and women, creatures of the same figure, endowed with the same faculties, and born under the same laws of nature We shall see the same virtues and vices flowing from the same general principles, but varied in a thou sand different and contrary modes, according to that nfinite variety of laws and customs which is established for the same universal end-the preservation of society We shall feel the same revolutions of seasons, and the sainc sun and moon will guide the course of our year The same azure vault, bespangled with stars, will be everywhere spread over our heads. There is no part of the world from whence we may not admire those planets, which roll, like ours, in different orbits round the same central sun, from whence we may not discover an object still more stupendous, that army of fixed stars hung up in the immense space of the universe, innumerable suns, I hose beams enlighten and cherish the unknown worlds which roll around them, and whilst I am ravished by such contemplations as these, whilst my soul is thus rused up to licaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon (From Reflections upon Exile)

# National Partiality and Prejudice

There is scarce any folly or vice more epidemical among the sons of men than that ridiculous and hurtful vanity by which the people of each country are apt to prefer themselves to those of every other, and to make their own customs, and manners, and opinions the standards of right and wrong, of true and false. The Chinese mandarins were strangely surprised and almost incredulous when the Jesuits showed them how small a figure their empire inade in the general map of the world

Now, nothing can contribute more to prevent us from being trinted with this vanity than to accustom ourselves early to contemplate the different nations of the earth in that vast map which history spreads before us, in their rise and their fall, in their barbarous and civi lised states, in the likeness and unlikeness of them all to one another, and of each to itself. By frequently renew ing this prospect to the mind, the Mexican with his cap and coat of feathers, sacrificing a human victim to his god, will not appear more savage to our eyes than the Spaniard with an hat on his head, and a gonilla round his neel, sacrificing whole nations to his ambition, his avarice, and even the wantonness of his cruelty I might slicw by a multitude of other examples how history pre pares us for experience, and guides us in it, and mnny of these would be both curious and important. I might lilewise bring several other instances wherein history serves to purge the mind of those national partialities and prejudices that we are apt to contract in our education, and that experience for the most part rather confirms than removes because it is for the most part confined, like our education But I apprehend growing too prolix, and shall therefore conclude this head by observing, that though an early and proper application to the study of history will contribute extremely to keep our minds free from a ridiculous partiality in favour of our own country, and a vicious prejudice against others, yet the same study will create in us a preference of affection to our own There is a story told of Abgarus. He brought several beasts taken in different places to Rome, they say, and let them loose before Augustus, every beast ran immediately to that part of the circus where a parcel of earth taken from his native soil had been laid Credat Judaus Apella This tale might pass on Josephus, for in him, I believe, I read it, but surely the love of our country is a lesson of reason, not an institution of nature. Education and habit, obligation and interest, attach us to It is, however, so necessary to be culti it, not instinct vated, and the prosperity of all societies, as well as the grandenr of some, depends upon it so much, that orators by their eloquence, and poets by their enthusiasm, have endeavoured to work up this precept of morality into a principle of passion. But the examples which we find in history, improved by the lively descriptions and the just applauses or censures of historians, will have a much better and more permanent effect than declamation, or song, or the dry ethics of mere philosophy

(From On the Study of History)

# Complaints about the Shortness of Life Unreasonable

I think very differently from most men of the time we have to pass, and the business we have to do, in this world I think we have more of one, and less of the other, than is commonly supposed Our want of time, and the shortness of human life, are some of the principal common place complaints which we prefer against the established order of things, they are the grumblings of the sulgar, and the pathetic lamentations of the philos opher, but they are impertinent and impious in both The man of business despises the man of pleasure for squandering his time away, the mnn of pleasure pities or laughs at the man of business for the same thing, and yet both concur superciliously and absurdly to find fault with the Supreme Being for having given them so little The philosopher, who misspends it very often as much as the others, joins in the same cry, and authorises Theophrastus thought it extremely hard this impicty to die at minety, and to go out of the world when he had just learned how to live in it His master Aristotle found fault with nature for treating man in this respect worse than several other animals, both very unphilosophically! and I love Scneca the better for his quarrel with the Staginte on this head We see, in so many instances, a just proportion of things, according to their several rela tions to one another, that philosophy should lead us to conclude this proportion preserved, even where we do not discern it, instead of leading us to conclude that it is not preserved where we do not discern it, or where we think that we see the contrary To conclude otherwise It is to presume that the is shocking presumption system of the universe would have been more wisely contrived if creatures of our low rank immong intellec tual natures had been called to the councils of the Most High, or that the Creator ought to amend his work by the advice of the creature. That life which seems to our self love so short, when we compare it with the ideas we frame of eternity, or even with the duration of some other beings, will appear sufficient, upon a less partial view, to all the ends of our creation, and of a just propor tion in the successive course of generations. The term

itself is long, we render it short, and the want we complain of flows from our profusion, not from our poverty

Let us leave the men of pleasure and of business, who are often candid enough to own that they throw away their time, and thereby to confess that they com plain of the Supreme Being for no other reason than this that he has not proportioned his bounty to their extravagance. Let us consider the scholar and the philosopher, who, far from owning that he throws any time away, reproves others for doing it, that solemn mortal who abstains from the pleasures, and declines the business of the world, that he may dedicate his whole time to the search of truth and the improvement of knowledge. When such an one complains of the short ness of human life in general, or of his remaining share in particular, might not a man more reasonable, though less solemn, expostulate thus with him 'lour com plaint is indeed consistent with your practice, but you would not possibly renew your complaint if you reviewed your practice. Though reading makes a scholar, yet every scholar is not a philosopher, nor every philosopher u wise man It costs you twenty years to devour all the volumes on one side of your library, you came out a great critic in Latin and Greek, in the oriental tongues. in history and chronology, but you was not satisfied You confessed that these were the litera milil sanantes, and you wanted more time to acquire other knowledge You have had this time, you have passed twenty years more on the other side of your liberty, among philos ophers, rabbis, commentators, schoolmen, and whole legions of modern doctors. You are extremely well versed in all that has been written concerning the nature of God, und of the soul of man, about matter and form, body and spirit, and space and eternal essences, and incorporeal substances, and the rest of those profound speculations You are a master of the controversies that have arisen about nature and grace, about predestination and freewill, and all the other abstruse questions that have made so much noise in the schools, and done so much hurt in the world. You are going on, as fast as the infirmitics you have contracted will permit, in the same course of study but you begin to foresee that you shall want time, and you male grievous complaints of the shortness of human life Give me leave now to asl you how many thousand years God must prolong your life in order to reconcile you to his wisdom and goodness? It is plain at least highly probable, that a life us long as that of the most aged of the patriarchs would be too short to auswer your purposes, since the researches and disputes in which you are engaged have been already for a much longer time the objects of learned inquiries, and remain still as imperfect and undetermined as they were ut first let me ask you again, and deceive neither yourself nor me, have you, in the course of these forty years, once examined the first principles and the fundamental facts on which all those questions depend, with an absolute indifference of judgment, and with a scrupulous exactness? with the same care that you have employed in examining the various consequences drawn from them, and the heterolox opinions about them. Have you not taken them for grunted in the whole course of your studies? Or, if you have looked now and then on the state of the proofs brought to maintain them, have you not done it as a mathematician looks over a demon

stration formerly made—to refresh his memory, not to satisfy any doubt? If you have thus examined, it may appear marvellous to some that you have spent so much time in many parts of those studies, which have reduced you to this hectic condition of so much heat and weak news. But if you have not thus examined, it must be evident to all, nay to yourself on the least cool reflection, that you are still, not with standing all your learning, in a state of ignorance. For knowledge can alone produce knowledge, and without such un examination of axioms and facts, you can have none about inferences?

In this manner one might expostulate very reasonably with many a great scholar, many a profound philoso pher, many a dogmatical casuist. And it serves to set the complaints about want of time and the shortness of human life in a very ridiculous but a true light

(From On the True I se of Retirement and Stuay )

#### Pleasures of a Patriot

Neither Moutaiene in writing his essays nor Descartes in building new worlds, nor Burnet in framing an antediluvian earth, no, nor Newton in discovering and establishing the true laws of nature on experiment and a sublimer geometry, felt more intellectual joys than he feels who is a real patriot, who bends all the force of his understanding, and directs all his thoughts and actions to the good of his country. When such a man forms a political scheme and adjusts various and seem ingly independent parts in it to one great and good design, he is transported by imagination, or absorbed in meditation, as much and as agreeably as they, and the satisfaction that arises from the different importance of these objects, in every step of the worl, is vastly in his It is here that the speculative philosopher's labour and pleasure end. But he who speculates in order to act, goes on and carries his scheme into execu His labour continues, it varies, it increases, but so does his pleasure too. The execution, indeed, is often traversed, by unforeseen and untoward errcumstances, by the perverseness or treachers of friends, and by the power or maliee of enemies, but the first and the last of these animate, and the docility and fidelity of some men make amends for the perverseness und treachers of Whilst a great event is in suspense, the netion warms and the very suspense, made up of hope and fear, maintains no unpleasing agitation in the mind the event is decided successfully, such a man enjoys pleasure proportionable to the good he has done-a pleasure like to that which is attributed to the Supreme Being on a survey of Ins works If the event is decided otherwise, and usurping courts or overhearing parties prevail, such a man has still the testimony of his con science, and a sense of the honour he has aequired, to soothe his mind and support his courage. For although the course of state affuirs be to those who meddle in them like a lottery, yet it is a lottery wherein no good man can be a loser he may be reviled, it is true, instead of being upplauded, and may suffer violence of many kinds I will not say, like Seneca, that the noblest spec tacle which God can behold is a virtuous man suffering and struggling with ufflictions, but this I will say, that the second Cato, driven out of the forum and dragged to prison, enjoyed more inward pleasure and maintained more outward dignity than they who insulted him, und who triumphed in the ruin of their country

(From On the Spirit of Patriotism)

# Wise, not Cunning Ministers.

We may observe much the same difference between wisdom and cunning, both as to the objects they propose and to the means they employ, as we observe between the visual powers of different men. One sees distinctly the objects that are near to him, their immediate rela tions, and their direct tendencies and a sight like this serves well enough the purpose of those who concern themselves no further The cunning minister is one of he neither sees nor is concerned to see any further than his personal interests and the support of his administration require. If such a man overcomes any actual difficulty, avoids any immediate distress, or, without doing either of these effectually, gains a little time by all the low artifice which cunning is ready to suggest and baseness of mind to employ, he triumphs, and is flattered by his mercenary train on the great event, which amounts often to no more than this, that he go into distress by one series of faults, and out of it The wise minister sees and is concerned to see further, because government has a further con cern he sees the objects that are distant as well as those that are near, and all their remote relations, and even their indirect tendencies. He thinks of fame as well as of applause, and prefers that which to be enjoyed must be given, to that which may be bought He considers his administration as a single day in the great year of government, but as a day that is affected by those which went before, and that must affect those which are to follow He combines, therefore, and compares all these objects, relations, and tendencies, and the judgment he makes on an entire, not a partial survey of them, is the rule of his conduct. That seheme of the reason of state, which lies open before a wise minister, contains all the great principles of government, and all the great interests of his country so that, as he prepares some events, he prepares against others, whether they be likely to happen during his administration, or in some future time. (From The Idea of a Patriot King)

Bolingbrokes collected works were published by Mallet in 1753-54. See works on him by Mackinght (1863). Harrop (1884), Churton Collins (1826) and Hassall (1887) and the defence of his character for patriotism by W. Sichel (vol. 1. 1901). Ch. de-Remusat's character sketch (in L. Angleterie an A. VIIII me Sizele) is eminently judicial and there are German works on him by Von Noorden (1882) and Brosch (1883).

Isaac Watts (1674-1748) was born at South ampton, where his father kept a boarding-school and was in a small way a poet. The child of pious parents, he was trained for the ministry at an Independent academy in London, and he was for six years tutor in the family of Sir John Hartopp it Stole-Newington Here he was chosen (1699) assistant minister by the Independent congregation in Mark Lane, where three years after he succeeded to the full charge, but infirm health soon rendered him unequal to the performance of the full minis His health continuing to decline, ternal labours he went for change of air in 1712 into the house of Sir Thomas Abnev (Lord Vavor in 1700) at Theo balds, and as an inmate of that kindly household he spent the remainder of his life-thirty-six years While in this pleasant retreat he preached occasionally, and, in spite of his small stature and feeble health, he was accounted an admirable and effective preacher But he gave the most of his time to literary labour He produced a series of catechisms and educational manuals, as well as theological works and volumes of sermons treatises on Logic and on the Improvement of the Mind were long in constant use as handbooks. His poetry consists mainly but not wholly of devotional hymns, which by their simplicity and unaffected ardour secured the interest of many generations, and were never forgotten in mature life by those who committed them to memory as The Horæ Lyricæ (1705) and Hymns children and Spiritual Songs (1707) were followed by Divine and Moral Songs for Children (1715), Psalms of David Imitated (1719), and Reliquia *Juveniles* (1734, in prose and verse)

Watts's theology was marked by a charity and catholicity then unusual amongst the orthodox, and even exposed him to the charge of heresy at the hands of the stricter brethren A Calvinist, he yet shrank from the high doctrine of reprobation. He held the doctrine of the Trinity not essential to salvation, and was willing to admit Arians to communion, and it was even affirmed—on insufficient evidence—that in the end he had become a Unitarian His hymns provided a vehicle for the religious emotions of the English world till then (from theological prejudice or otherwise) unknown Among his five hundred hymns and versions there is many a metrical defect, and not a few verses of mere rhymed theology, yet a select number remain amongst the most cherished treasures of English devotion It is enough to name 'There is a land of pure delight,' 'Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,' 'When I survey the wondrous cross,' and 'Our God, our help in ages past.' The second of these is the first great missionary hymn, the third has been pronounced 'the most majestic hymn in English speech' Those who think of Watts as the author mainly of 'How doth the little busy bee,' 'Let dogs delight,' and a few similar edifying verses in the common measure rhyme do him a great injustice. Even in the Divine and Moral Songs for Children there is frequently something of the sweet simplicity of Blake, it the fervour is usually ethical rather than lyrical, Watts's blank verse comes very near Cowper's in feeling and rhythm, and there is at times a line or a touch that suggests even Wordsworth rhytlims of the irregular ode, of the Sapphic, of the heroic measure, are handled with no incon The poems quoted below are all siderable skill from the Hora Lyrica

From 'The Law given at Sinal.'
Forbear, young muse, forbear,
The flowery things that poets say,
The little arts of simile
Are vain and useless here,
Nor shall the burning hills of old
With Sinai be compared,
Nor all that lying Greece has told,
Or learned Rome has heard,

Etna shall be named no more,

Ætna the torch of Sicily,

Not half so high

Her lightnings fly,

Not half so loud her thunders roar

Cross the Sicanian sea, to fright the Italian shore.

Behold the sacred hill Its trembling spire

Qual es at the terrors of the fire,

While all below its verdant feet

Stagger and reel under the Almighty weight

Pressed with a greater than feigned Atlas' load.

Infinity before,
It bowed, and shook beneath the burden of a God

Deep groaned the mount, it never bore

# From 'The Day of Judgment'—An Ode

Attempted in English Sapphick

When the fierce north wind with his airy forces Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury, And the red lightning with a storm of hail comes Rushing amain down,

How the poor sailors stand amazed and tremble <sup>1</sup> While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet, Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters,

Quick to devour them.

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder, (If things eternal may be like these earthly,)
Such the dire terror v hen the great Archangel
Shakes the creation,

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven, Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes See the graves open, and the bones arising, Flames all around them

# From To Sarissa'-An Epistle

Farewell, ye waxing and ye waning moons, That we have watched behind the flying clouds On night's dark hill, or setting or ascending Or in meridian height. Then silence reigned O'er half the world, then ye beheld our tears, Ye witnessed our complaints, our Lindred groans, (Sad harmony!) while with your beamy liorns Or richer orb ye silvered o'er the green Where trod our feet, and lent a feeble light To mourners. Now ye have fulfilled your round, Those hours are fled, farewell. Months that are gone Are gone for ever, and have borne away Each his own load Our woes and sorrows past, Mountainous voes, still lessen as they fly So billows in a stormy sea, Wave after wave (a long succession) roll Beyond the ken of sight The sailors safe Look far a stern till they have lost the storm, And shont their boisterous joys.

# From True Monarchy'

We are a little kingdom, but the man That chains his rebel will to reason's throne, Forms it a large one, while his royal mind Makes heaven its conneil, from the rolls above Draws its own statutes, and with joy obeys 'Tis not a troop of well appointed guards Create a monarch, not a purple robe Dyed in the people's blood, not all the crowns

Or dazzling tiars that bend about the head,
Though gilt with sun beams and set round with stars,
A monarch he that conquers all his fears,
And treads upon them, when he stands alone,
Makes his own camp, four guardian virtues wait
His nightly slumbers, and secure his dreams
Now dawns the light, he ranges all his thoughts
In square battalions, bold to meet the attacks
Of time and chance, himself a numerous host,
All eye, all ear, all wakeful as the day,
Firm as a rock, and moveless as the centre.

# From 'True Courage'

This is the man whom storms could never make Meanly complain, nor can a flattering gale Make him talk proudly he hith no desire To read his secret fate yet unconcerned And calm could meet his unborn destiny,



DR ISAAC WATTS

(From the Portrait by Sir G Kneller in the National Portrait Gallery)

In all its charming, or its frightful shapes. He that unshrinking, and without a groan Bears the first wound, may finish all the war With mere courageous silence, and come off Conqueror for the man that well conceals The heavy strokes of fate, he bears them well He, though the Atlantic and the Midland seas With adverse surges meet, and rise on high Suspended 'twixt the winds, then rush amun Mingled with flames, upon his single head, And clouds, and stars, and thunder, firm he stands, Secure of his best life, unhurt, nnmoved, And drops his lower nature, born for death Then from the lofty eastle of his mind Sublime looks down exulting, and surveys The ruins of creation (souls alone Are heirs of dying worlds), a piercing glance Shoots upwards from between his closing lids, To reach his birth place, and without a sigh

resisting nature, and melt the hardest souls to the love of virtue. The affairs of this life, with their reference to a life to come, would shine bright in a dramatic de scription, nor is there any need of any reason why we should always borrow the plan or history from the ancient Jews or primitive martyrs, though several of these would furnish out noble materials for this sort of poesy but modern scenes would be better understood by most readers, and the application would be much more easy The anguish of inward guilt, the secret stings and racks and scourges of conscience, the sweet retiring hours and seraphical joys of devotion, the victory of a resolved soul over a thousand temptations, the inimitable love and passion of a dying God, the awful glories of the last tribunal, the grand decisive sentence, from which there is no appeal, and the consequent transports or horrors of the two eternal worlds these things may be variously disposed, and form many poems. How might such performances, under a divine blessing, call back the dying mety of the nation to life and beauty? make religion appear like itself, and confound the blasphemies of a profligate world, ignorant of pious pleasures

But we have reason to fear that the tuncful men of our day have not raised their ambition to so divine a pitch, I should rejoice to see more of this celestial fire I indling within them, for the flashes that breal out in some present and past writings betray an infernal source This the incomparable Mr Cowley, in the latter end of his preface, and the ingenious Sir Richard Blackmore, in the beginning of his, have so pathetically described and lamented, that I rather refer the reader to mourn with them, than detain and tire him here. These gentle men in their large and laboured works of poesy have given the world happy examples of what they wish and encourage in prose, the one in a rich variety of thought and fancy, the other in all the shining colours of profuse and florid diction.

If shorter sonnets vere composed on sublime subjects, such as the Psalms of David and the holy transports interspersed in the other sacred virtings, or such as the moral odes of Horace and the ancient lyricks, I per suade myself that the Christian preacher vould find abundant aid from the poet in his design to diffuse virtue and allure souls to God If the heart were first inflamed from Heaven, and the muse were not left alone to form the devotion and pursue a cold scent, but only called in as an assistant to the worship, then the song would end where the inspiration ceases, the whole composure would be of a piece, all meridian light and mendian ferrour, and the same pious flame would be propagated and kept glowing in the heart of him that Some of the shorter odes of the two poets now mentioned, and a few of the Rev Mr Norris's Essays in verse, are convincing instances of the success of this proposal

It is my opinion, also, that the free and unconfined numbers of Pindar or the noble measures of Milton without rhyme would best maintain the dignity of the theme as well as give a loose to the devout soul, nor check the raptures of her faith and love. Though in my feeble attempts of this kind I have too often fettered my thoughts in the narrow metre of our Psalm translators, I have contracted and cramped the sense, or rendered it obscure and feeble, by the too speedy and regular returns of rhyme

The 'large and laboured works of poesy above described are Cowley's Davidets (see Vol. I p. 643) and Blackmore's two poems on Arthur (see Vol. II p. 107). For Mr Norris, see below at page 259. There are Lives of Watts by Dr Gibbons Dr Johnson, Southey, Milner, and E. Paxton Hood (1875). Since 1753 there have been more than half a-dozen collective editions of his works that of 1824 was in 6 vols. 410

Charles Leslie (1650-1722), author in 1698 of the famous Short and Lasy Method with the Deists, was born in Dublin, the sixth son of John Leslie (1571-1671), the centenarian Bishop of Raphoe and Clogher, who was of Aberdeenshire Educated at Enniskillen and Trinity College, Dublin, Charles Leslie studied law in London, but in 1680 took orders. As chancellor of the cathedral of Connor, he distinguished himself by several disputations with Catholic divines, and by the boldness with which he opposed the pro-papal designs of King James Nevertheless at the Revolution he adopted a decisive tone of Jacobitism, from which he never swerved through Removing to London, he was chiefly en gaged for several years in writing controversial works against Quakers, Sociaians, and deists, of which, however, none are now remembered except the little treatise above named, and his Gallienus Redivirus (1695), a chief authority for the Massacre of Glencoe. He also wrote many occasional tracts in behalf of the House of Stuart In 1711 he repaired to St Germains, and in 1713 to Bar-le Duc. The Chevalier allowed him to have a chapel fitted up for the English service, and was even expected to lend a favourable ear to his arguments against popery, but in 1721 Leslie returned to Ireland in disgust, and soon after died at his house of Glaslough in County Monaghan His works (7 vols 1832) place their author high amongst controversial writers

John Potter (c. 1674-1747) contributed little to English literature, but as a very eminent English classical scholar deserves a brief record Wakefield, and educated at University College, Oxford, he became professor of divinity at Oxford in 1708, Bishop of Oxford in 1715, and in 1737 Archbishop of Canterbury He published, besides notes on Plutarch and St Basil, the Archwologia Graca, or Antiquities of Greece (1698), which was practically the standard work till after the middle of the nineteenth century, also editions of Lyco phron (1697) and Clemens Alexandrinus (1715), and in English, a Discourse on Church Government, and other theological treatises, several of them against Hoadly, who complimented Potter as being his most formidable antagonist

James Bramston (c. 1694-1744) wrote two satirical poems, much admired in their day and included in Dodsley's Collection The Art of Polities, described as 'in imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry' (1729), and The Man of Taste (1733), 'occasioned by Pope's Epistle on that Subject.' He also produced an imitation of Philips's Splendid Shilling, called The Crooked Sixpince In 1708

Bramston was admitted at Westminster School, in 1713 he was elected to a studentship at Christ Church, Oxford, and in 1723–25 he became vicar of Lurgashall and Harting in Sussex. His two principal poems are good essays in the style of Pope's and Young's satires. The following is the conclusion of his Art of Politics.

Parliamenteering is a sort of itch, That will too oft unwary knights bewitch Two good estates Sir Harry Clodpole spent, Sate thrice, but spoke not once, in Parliament Two good estates are gone—who 'll take his word? Oh, should his uncle die, he'll spend a third, He'd buy a house his happiness to crown, Within a mile of some good borough town, Tag rag and bobtail to Sir Harry's run, Men that have votes, and women that have none, Sons, daughters, grandsons with his Honour dine, He keeps a publick house without a sign Cobblers and smiths extol th' ensuing choice, And drunken tailors boast their right of voice Dearly the free born neighbourhood is bought, They never leave him while he's worth a great, So leeches stick, nor quit the bleeding wound, Till off they drop with skinfuls to the ground

His Man of Taste is ironically made thus to expaniate on his likes and dislikes

Swift's whims and jokes for my resentment call,
For he displeases me that pleases all
Verse without rhyme I never could endure,
Uncouth in numbers, and in sense obscure
To him as nature when he ceased to see,
Milton's an universal blank to me
Confirmed and settled by the nation's voice,
Rhyme is the poet's pride and people's choice,
Always upheld by national support,
Of market, university, and court
Thomson, write blank, but know that for that reason,
These lines shall live when thine are out of season
Rhyme binds and beautifies the poet's lays,
As London ladies owe their shape to stays

In the same poem he parodies

Musick has charms to soothe a savage beast, And therefore proper at a sheriff's feast.

And many of the couplets are sprightly

To give is wrong, but it is wronger still, On any terms to pay a tradesman's bill

I'll please the maids of honour if I can, Without black velvet britches, what is man?

Oxford and Cambridge are not worth one farthing, Compared to Haymarket and Convent garden

This is true taste, and whose likes it not Is blockhead, coxcomb, puppy, fool, and sot.

Barsham rectory in Suffolk, and bred at Christ's, Cambridge, held a succession of Lincolnshire and Suffolk livings, and died Archdeacon of Stow Of nearly a score of publications, educational, classical, geographical, and historical, the most important was his *History of England* (1707–20) from the Romans to William and Mary, which was the

standard work thenceforward till it was superseded by Rapin's The 'historic method' has long since braished some of the elements which in Echard's dry were available for enlivening the records of the past. After the battle of Worcester 'Cromwell in his letter to the Parliament tells them,' says Echard, 'that the dimensions of this Mercy were above his thoughts, and that it was a Crowning Mercy'. There was, however, another side to the story, Echard thought, and adds accordingly this tale of

#### Cromwell and the Devil

But others accounted it an infernal judgment, con cerning which we have a strange story in the last part of the History of Independency, which the author says he received from a person of quality, viz. 'It was believ'd, and that not without some good cause, that Cromwell the same morning that he defeated the king's army at Worcester, had conference personally with the devil, with whom he made a contract, that to have his will then, and in all things else for seven years from that day, he should, at the expiration of the said years, have him at his command, to do at his pleasure, both with his soul and body. This is also related in other printed books, but we have received a more full account never yet publish'd, which is here inserted as a thing more wonderful than probable, and therefore more for the diversion than satisfaction of the reader. It is a rela tion or narrative of a valuant officer call'd Lindsev, an intimate friend of Cromwell's, the first captain of his regiment, and therefore commonly called Colonel Lindser, which is to this effect 'On the third of September in the morning, Cromwell took this officer to a wood side not far from the arms, and bid him alight, and follow him into that wood, and to take particular notice of what he saw and heard After they had both alighted, and secur'd their horses, and walk'd some small way into the wood, Lindsey began to turn pale, and to be seiz'd with horror from some unknown cause which Cromwell ask'd him how he did, or how he felt himself He answer'd, that he was in such a trembling and consternation, that he never felt the like in all the conflicts and battels he had been engaged in, but whether it proceeded from the gloominess of the place, or the temperament of his body, he knew not now, stud Cromwell, what, troubled with vapours? come forwards, man! They had not gone above twenty yards, before Lindsey on a sudden stood still, and cry'd out, by all that's good, he was seiz'd with such un accountable terror and astonishment, that it was im possible for him to stir one step farther Cromwell call'd him faint hearted fool, and bid him stand there and observe, or be witness, and then advancing to some distance from him, he met with a grave elderly man with a roll of parchment in his hand, who deliver'd it to Cromwell, who engerly perus'd it. Lindsey, a little recover'd from his fear, heard several loud words be tween them particularly Cromwell said, this is but for seven years, I was to have had it for one and twenty, and it must and shall be so. The other told him post tively, it could not be for above seven, upon which Cromwell cry'd with great fierceness it should however But the other peremptorile be for sourteen years declar'd it could not possibly be for any longer time; and if he would not take it so, there were others who

would accept of it. Upon which Cromy ell at last took the pareliment, and returning to Lindsey with great journ his countenance, he cry d, now, I indsey, the battel is our own! I long to be engaged. Returning out of the wood, they role to the army, Cromwell with a resolution to engage as soon as possible, and the other with a design of leaving the army as soon. After the first charge Lindsey deserted his post, and role away with all possible speed, day and night, till he came into the county of Norfoll, to the house of an Intimate friend, one Mr Thoro good, minister of the parish of

crome ell as soon as he mis'd him, sent all ways after him, with a promise of a great reward to any that should bring him alive or dead.' Thus far the narrative of I indeed himself, but something further is to be remember d, to complete and confirm the story

When Mr Thorov good say his friend Lindsey come into he wird, his horse and himself just tired, in a sort of a mare, said, How now, Colonel we hear there is hl a to be a battel shortly, a but, fled from your colours? A battel<sup>1</sup> said the other, yes there has been a battel, and I am sure the king is beaten, but if ever I strike a stroak for Cromwell again, may I perish eternally. For I am sure he has made a league with the devil, and the devil will have lum in due time. Then desiring his protection from Cromvell's inquisitors, he went in and related to him the v hole story, and all the circumstances, concluding with these remarkable words, that Cromwell would certainly dye that day seven years that the lattel was fought. The strangeness of the relation caus'd Mr. Thorowgood to order his son John, then about twelve years of age, to write it in full length in his common place book, and to take it from I indsex's own mouth This common place book, and lil ewise the same stors written in other books, I am assured is still preserved in the family of the Thorougoods But how far I indser is to be believed, and how far the story is to be accounted meredible, is left to the reader's fulli and judgment, and no to any determination of our own

Simon Ockley (1678-1720), orientalist and historian, was born at Exeter of good Norfolk stock, studied at Queen's College, Cambridge, and as vicar of the small living of Swavesev in the counts of Cambridge carned repute as the most eminent Arabist in England-insomuch that in 1711 he was made professor of Arabic at Cam bridge. Most of his short life was spent in dire poverty, and in the debtors' prison of Cambridge he actually found a leisure for finishing his ofus magnum denied him amidst the worries of his He translated a number of Arabic vicarage books and Italian and other treatises about the East. But the one work for which he is rentembered is his Conquest of Syria, Persia and Expl 4) h Sara (1) (3 vols 1708-57), commonly called "The History of the Saraceus" It was mainly based on in Arabic manuscript now not regarded as quite a sound authority. But unlike his predecessor Porock, Ockle v rote in English, and made his subject interesting to educated men cnemile Gibbon obviously had Ockley's history emistration thand, and speaks of the author as 'a learned and spiried interpreter of Arabic authorics, and is an original reversioner who f

had opened his eyes! The Life of Mohammed usually prefixed was not from his own pen, but was idded by Dr Long, Master of Penil roke College, to the third volume, published long after Ocl levs In Ocl lev's work nothing is more relevant to the history of literature than the traditional story of the burning of the Alexandrian Library at the conquest of Egypt in 641 by Amron ('Amr ibn el-Asi), General of the Caliph Omer, Egypt having till then been held for the Eastern Emperor Herichus by the Coptic governor Molaukas (Mukowkis) Some line denied that any such destruction as Oekley records took place, the general opinion is, that in the seventh century the library was in a very dilapidated condition, and that the Arabs only completed what neglect and Christian fanaticism had alread, well nigh accomplished. No doubt Ockley's authorities absurdly exaggerated the extent of the destruction in the account they give and lie repeats of

# The Burning of the Alexandrian Library

The inhabitants of Mexanders were then polled, and upon this the whole of Igypt followed the for tine and example of its nictropolis, and the inhabitants coin pounded for their live, fortunes, and free exercise of their religion, at the price of two ducats a head yearly This head money was to be paid by all without distinct tion, except in the case of a man holding land, farm, or vineyards, for in such cases he paid proportionally to the yearly value of what he held. This tax brought in a most prodigious revenue to the calipli-Mer the Saracens were once arrived to this pitch, it is no wonder if they went further, for what would not such a revenue do in such hands? For they knew very well how to husband their money, being at that time sumption in nothing but their places of public worship. Their diet was plain and simple. Upon their tables appeared neither wine nor any of those dainties, the products of modern luxury, which pall the stomach and enfectle the constitution. Their chief drink was water, their food principally milk, rice, or the fruits of the earth

The Arabians had as yet applied themselves to no manner of learning nor the study of anything but il cir vernicular poetry, which Jons before Mohammed stine, they understood very well after their was and prodol themselves upon. They were altogether ignorant of the sciences, and of every language but their own however, though no scholar, was a man of quiel parte and of good capacity, and one who in the interval of business was more cell, hted with the conver att n of the learned, and with rational and philosophical mecourses, than it is it had for men of his education to be There was at that time in Alex adria one John, sir namel 'The grammarian, an Alexir Irian by bittle of the sict of the Incolates and was the same that after whols demed the Trimity and being adminished by the It hops of I gift to tentuned his erroncol, oper on the may upon his refusal excommunicated. He is that ever, a men emin et fe learning en l'Amion vec greatly preused with his convenience in only taken deligh in frequently hearing library or the on the contractor? so ree, la ala ecca i neli askin, lini i The person processing the death-species even by the Armor veneral and dry aget for him a life take

in the Alexandrian Library, telling him 'That he per eerved he had taken an account of all things which he thought valuable in the city, and scaled up all the repositories and treasuries, but had taken no notice of the books, that If they would have been any way useful to him, he would not have been so hold as to ask for them, but since they were not, he desired he might have them' Amrou told him, 'That he had asked a thing which was altogether out of his power to grant, and that he could by no means dispose of the books without first asking the ealiph's leave. However, he and, the would write, and see what might be done in the matter ! Ac cordingly he performed his promise, and having given a due character of the abilities of this learned man, and acquainted Omar with his petition, the caliph returned this answer, 'What is contained in these books von mention is either agreeable to what is written in the bool of God (meaning the Koran) or it is not af it be, then the Korin is sufficient without them if otherwise, it is fit they should be destroyed.' Amron, in obedience to the caliph's command, distributed the books through out all the city, amongst those that kept warm baths (of which there was at that time no fewer than four thou sand in Alexandria), to lient the biths with withstanding the great havor that must needs be inade of them at this rate, yet the number of books which the diligence of former princes lind collected was so great, that it was six months before they were consumed. A loss never to be made up to the learned world!

# Joseph Addison

was born on 1st May 1672 at Milston, Amesbury (Wilts), where his father, the Rev Lancelot Addison (1632-1703), afterwards Dean of Lichfield was rector. His mother was Jane, daughter of Dr Nathaniel Gulston and sister of William Gulston, Bishop of Bristol He passed from Amesbury School to Salisbury School, thereafter, in 1683, to the Grammar School of Lichfield, whither the family land removed on his father's appointment to the Deanery, and, later, to Charterhouse, where his future friend, Richard Steele, was a pupil In 1687 he was admitted a commoner of Queen's College Oxford, but in 1689 his success with some Latin verses (Inauguratio Regis Gululmi) procured his elec tion to a demyship at Magdalen College took his Master's degree in 1693, and five years later obtained a Fellowship at his college

In his undergraduate efforts Addison confined himself to Latin in verse, in the Inauguratio, already referred to, and the Gratulatio fro exoptato serumssimi Regis Gulielmi in Hibernia reditu (1690), and in prose, in a short dissertation, De Insignioribus Romanorum Poetis (1692), which was frequently reprinted together with a continuation translated by one of Curll's hacks from the English of an ingunious Major Pack. These pieces, and his contributions of occasional verse to the two volumes of Music Anglicana (1691, 1699), are interesting solely as formative evidence of Addison's political bias and literary method. We cannot share the enthusiasm of his contemporaries for the Pas Gulielmi (1697), which the judicial

'Rig' Smith held to be 'the best poem since the Aneid,' but we can admit its elegance, as we may concede the humour of the Machina Gesticulantes (a propos of Powell's funous puppet show) or the devotional spirit of the Resurrectio. In this Latin miscellary we have a forecast as complete as juvenile wit will allow, of the later faculty and graces of Mr Spectitor.

Mox fundamenta futurae Sub trasit pietor tabulae

-Kesurrectic 11 9-10.

Addison's first English poem was a short picce To Mr Disden (2nd June 1693), which secured the fivour of the poet and through him, or Congrese, or both, an introduction to the Whig leaders Somers and Montigu and to the bookseller Licob Lonson Dryden thought so highl of Addison's translation of the Lourth Georgic that he referred to it in his critical Postscript to the Reader ("after his Bees, my latter swarm is scarcely worth the hiving's and he honoured his young friend by printing his Listar on the Georgies (1603) as an introduction to his own translation of Virgil Addison continued to reside at Oxford and appears to have been preparing to take holy orders but he was dissuaded from the intention by his political friends, who had dicovered in him a useful literary ally in the con He commended himself further flict of parties to Somers and Montagu by his praise of the latter in a verse Account of the Greatest English Poets (1094), and by his dedication to the former of A Poem to His Majesty (1695), and by their united influence he obtained, in 1699 a pension of three hundred pounds a year for purposes of trivel and general preparation in public affore

His Grand Tour-which included France, Itali, Austria Germany and Holland, and extended over four years—was not the conventional escapade of the 'gentlemen that were just come wild out of their country' (Letter to Stanyan, Blois, February 1700) In Dr Johnson's phrase, the proceeded in his journey to Italy, which he surveyed with the eves of a poet? And the good Abbe Philippeaux at Blois admitted, with implied astonishment, that during his year at Blois his friend had had no amour, and added, 'I think I should have known it if he had had any ' Incidental references in his letters show that he was making some historical inquiries about treaties and other matters, but his stronger likings lay in scholarly associations with the places which he visited, or in the esthetic problems which their variety suggested From Genera he addressed his Letter from Italy (February 1702) to Montagu, now Lord Halifax-a prelude, in his happiest verse to the more elaborate prose Re marks on Several Parts of Italy, which he pre pared in 1705 from notes made during his tour In these, as well as in the Dialogues or Medals, which he wrote during his visit to Vienna (1702), he shows his predisposition to that amrable reflection which characterises the more perfect work of the Spectator The Letter from Italy, in which his technique is perbaps at its best, was much admired by Pope, and frequently quoted and imitated by him The undated Discourse on Arcient and Modern Learning, which has been reasonably ascribed to him, may have been written about this time.

The death of William III and his patrons' loss of office deprived Addison of his travelling pension Shortly after his return (September 1703)

he was elected a member of the Kit-Cat Club, by means of which he extended his acquaintance with the leading Whigs Halıfax still stood by him, and had an opportunity of recommending him to Godolpbin and of securing a Commissionership of Appeals for him, as a reward for a panegyric on the victory of Blenheim (August 1704) In this poem, The Campaign, which describes the progress of Marlborough's plan, his marches and sieges, we are reminded of the literary manner of the Letter from Italy Addison reframed wisely from the 'flute and trumpet' style of his Ode for St

-Cecilia's Day (1699), and although he laid himself open to the gibe that he had produced a 'gazette in rhyme,' he won by the very calmness and plainness of his verse the political and personal success which was desired From the publication of the Campaign till the fall of the Whigs in 1710 Addison was absorbed in politics, in the duties of an Under Secretary of State (1706), of Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (1709), of Keeper of Records, of a member of Parliament, or of a party-writer in such ventures as the short tract on The Present State of the War (1707) or The Whig Examiner (Nos I-V, 14th September to 12th October 1710) His only literary work was the unfortunate attempt to write an English opera on the subject of Rosamond (March 1707), and some friendly collaboration

with Steele in his *Tender Husband* He had already, from May 1709, contributed some papers to his friend's *Tatler*, but it was not till the following year that his political leisure gave him the opportunity of writing the essays upon which his reputation now chiefly rests. On the death of Queen Anne public affairs again engrossed his attention

All the work of this short period (1710-1714) is, with the exception of the tragedy Cato, in

prose, and in the form of short essays, and Cato is hardly an exception, for though finished and produced at Drury Lane in 1713, it had been planned and almost entirely written during his Continental tour He contrabuted over sixty papers to the Tatler between 26th May 1709 and 2nd January 1711, when Steele brought the successful sheet to a sudden close, not because he, or his friend, had become to the public, as to Swift, 'cruel, dull, and dry,' but probably because Steele felt his Whiggism somewhat ungracious to Harley, who had generously allowed him to remain in his post



JOSEPH ADDISON
(From an Old Copy from Sir Godftey Kneller in the National Portrait Gallery)

at the Stamp Office Swift really sneered at its politics, for there was no falling off in the paper, especially in the character-sketches of the Political Upholsterer Tom Folio, 'the broker in learning,' or Ned Softly, 'the very pretty poet,' which Addison contributed Steele readily acknowledged Addison's assistance. 'I fared like a distressed Prince who calls in a powerful Neighbour to his aid, I was undone by my Auxiliary, when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without Dependance on him' It is probable that the stoppage of the Tatler was hastened because the two friends had already made their plans for the daily sheet of The Spectator, which they issued within two months (1st March 1711) The new enterprise must be considered, as its promoters intended it to be, a continuation of the Tatler

Many of its apparently original characteristics, such as The Club, with its types of quidnuncs, on the topics of social satire, had been elaborated in the Fatler-2 continuity of literary purpose which will be best appreciated by the reader who makes the most careful study of the allusions and personalia of the two publications The success of these social and critical studies doubtless prompted the editor and his 'auxiliary' to avoid politics, but they made no serious promise to confine their 'Censorship of Great Britain' to the doings of the coffee house, the tea table, and the theatre, and, indeed, towards the end of the journal, they occasionally deviated into ingenious speculations which must have pleased their Whig subscribers The Spectator was continued till 6th December 1712, and ran to five hundred and fifty five numbers, of which Addison and Steele wrote over five hundred, in about equal proportions A supplementary set (Nos 556-635) appeared between 18th June and 20th December 1714. In this the majority of the contributions is by Addison, who edited them when they were reissued as the eighth volume of the Octavo, or First Collected, Edition of the Spectator

Between 28th May and 22nd September 1713 Addison wrote over fifty papers for The Guardian, which Steele had started within three months of his sudden stoppage of the Spectator proper Addison fully maintained the intention of Mr Nestor Ironside to 'have nothing to manage with any person or party,' and, even after his editor had 'blazed into faction' in the famous Dunkirk letter (No 128), continued his Oriental allegories and his discourses on Female Dress, Pride, and the Wisdom of the Ant And when Steele, after his disastrous adventure with The Englishman-a rabid political sequel to the Guardian, which he, more suo, had suddenly suppressed-returned to the manner of Mr Spectator in the short-lived Lover, Addison obliged him with two papers, Nos. 10 and 39 (March, May 1714) He also contributed about this time two papers to The Reader (Nos 3 and 4), another of Steele's literary sheets last year of his literary period (1713) was occupied in preparing a first portion of a treatise Of the Christian Religion, which remains unfinished, and in the less congenial task of combiting the libels of Pope, who, prompted by jealousy, had made a series of unscrupulous attacks. Into the circumstances of this famous quarrel, which involved Dennis, Ambrose Philips, and Tickell, if not all the habitués of Button's, it is unnecessary to enter here (see the articles on Pope and Tickell in this volume, and Mr Courthope's Addison in 'English Men of Letters,' Chap vii )

On the death of Queen Anne, Addison was appointed Secretary to the Lords-Justices who managed public affairs till the coming of George I After the king's arrival, he was nominated for the second time as Chief Secretary for Ireland He found his duties light, and composed and produced

his comedy of The Drummer, which had but in in Whig politics caused by the Rising of the Fifteen forced Addison to undertake a special party defence in The Irrecholder, for which lie was rewarded (December 1716) with a Commissionership of Tride and Plantations Yet even in the fifty five papers of this partisan journal (23rd December 171) to 29th June 1716) he pled the Whig cause with his wonted good-humour, and found opportunities to discuss the vagaries of the Female Sex, French Anglophobia, the Treatment of Authors, or his old topic of Wit and Humour His methods of political persuasion, as illustrated in the case of the Tory Toshunter (No 47), were perhaps more successful than those of the most ardent members of his party, such as Steele, who preferred to drub the Jacobites into allegiance.

The Freeholder was Addison's last literary undertaking, if we except two minor political ess is -the ascribed Arguments about the Altera tion of Trunnial Liections of Parliament (con tributed to Boyer's Political State, April 1716) and two numbers of the Old Whig (19th March and and April 1719) in reply to Steele's attack in The Pleberan on Sunderland's Peerage Bill 3rd August 1716 he married Sarah, Countess of Warwick, by whom he had one daughter Pope's spiteful reference to his 'marry ing discord' (Epistle to Di Arbuthuot, 393) has been too readily accepted by posterity, without proof, and in the He was ap face of indirect contrary evidence pointed a Secretary of State on 16th April 1717, but was compelled to resign, on 14th March of the next year, on account of broken health political quarrel with Steele's Plebrian lie shows a diminished vigour, to which his impetuous friend, in ignorance of his physical condition, referred in no kindly manner, in his fourth paper (6th April 1719) 'The Pleberan has been obliged to object to the Old Whig one of the infirmities of age, viz slowness, and he must now take notice of another, though lie does it with great reluctance, that is, want of memory, for the old gentleman seems to have forgot, &c Addison was already threatened with dropsy, as a sequel to an incurable asthma, and, two months later (17th June 1719), succumbed to the disease at Holland House, Kensington

Addison's literary reputation, unlike that of other English classics, rests less upon the ment of individual pieces or of his work taken as a whole than upon its historical importance as an influence on letters and manners. There is nothing more fatal to his deservedly high position than to judge him by a few, even the best, of his verses and essays, and any selection of typical passages, such as are here printed, though it may show certain salient qualities of style, must full to justify the opinion of later criticism. The same is true of the cumulative effect obtained by the perusal of his entire work. Consideration merely of such

things as his industry or the agreeable uniformity of his craftsnianship will not cyplain his positive value in the history of English literature.

Addison's importance is in a sense extra-literary, for, though he takes up a definite attitude to the esthetic principles of his time, he is interested not so much in their discussion as academic theory as in their adjustment to life. He realises in a fuller as well as in a more practical way than his contemporaries did the two fundamental ideas of the classical doctrine of taste-the one of restraint, 'temperance,' selection in the literary purpose, the other of arrangement, propriety, harmony of all the parts of the literary scheme. He expresses these in the 'correctness' of his prose, in his conception of the short essay, in his bracing of the couplet as it had been left by Dryden, in the unity of plan in the miscellaneous papers of the Spectator, in the conscious effort to avoid the overelaboration of the characters of the Club or the too ready indulgence of his public in one particular vem of fun or homily Thus far he is at one with the critical purpose of the Augustans, who, from Pope downwards, confined it to literature, and there almost exclusively as a discipline in technique. But he extended the application to manners, on the one hand exposing the improprieties of society, party-politics, mere scholarship, or popular religion, which arise from the enthusiasm of disorderly emotions, and on the other hand shoving the relationship of each and all of these special ques tions of reform-literary, social, and moral-to the broader issues of Classicism This range of criticism, which gives him a unique place among his contemporaries, was not understood by them Steele came to resent his persistent dislike of the official Whig as of the official Tory, and Swift was irritated by the Spectator's gossip about fans and patches Both failed to see the logic of Addison's position, or to foresee the immediate effect in bringing a better philosophy of life 'to dwell at clubs and assemblies, at tea tables and in coffee houses' After all, this difference between Addison and them was only one of method, or rather of degree he was in more direct opposition to the tone of his age in his refusal to share its pessimism, or to find delight in those gargantuan coarsenesses of art and conduct which sort so uncouthly with the elegances and punctilios of the It is easy to explain this divergence by a constitutional amiability and delicacy, but its cause is perhaps more truly to be found in the logical necessity to his balanced mind of completing the expression of a theory which had already commended itself in purely literary matters temporary vriters, including Pope, never tire of speaking of Good Sense, True Wit, Good Breeding, The Ingenious Gentleman, but none of them has realised so fully as Addison has done the complex meaning of these terms, and given soul to that later 'Euphues' whom the eighteenth century would fain have made a mere literary prig

Addison expounded his doctrine and convinced his readers by methods which that doctrine implied-by observing a studied moderation in his attacks and by never losing sight of the general principle involved. Like Swift and Pope he had his mission against Dulness, but he did not anathematise her votaries as yahoos and dunces He laid claim in his 'spectatorial' office to be 'something of a humorist,' and he had abundance of gentle irony and wit, but it was his tolerance rather which coaved public opinion to accept his censorship He discovered literary possibilities in subjects hitherto untouched, and by his condescension to the intelligence of the middle class he not only stimulated its efforts at self-advancement, but obtained the privilege of imposing at one and the same time his canons of taste and In this unity of æsthetic and rules of conduct moral ideas Addison is in close kinship with the Platonic and Aristotelian conception of critical method Its general terms offended many, who hinted that he prostituted literature when he brought down philosophy from its academic licaven to inhabit among quidnuncs and lady's-men, and later criticism, under the influence of the doctrine of art for art's sake, has too readily forgotten that while the Addisonian method may or may not be the true concern of the nineteenth century, it was in its own place and time a more just, complete, and effectual aid to the appreciation of æstlietic principles even in their most formal aspects like bad critical perspective has condemned Addison as unoriginal and trite. The same has been said of Pope, and indeed of eighteenth-century letters generally, but we forget that what appears to us to be commonplaces was then either newfound wisdom, or, if known, was 'ne'er so well expressed.' Addison insinuated himself so deli cately into the literary purpose of his successors, that they, and their successors, oblivious of the facts and in their desire for a stronger expression, were inclined to consider him a master of platitude Had he had more fire and some of the gall of his friends, lie might have had more persistent admiration Didactic as he was, he never dared to preach. and, though he thereby gained the confidence of his own age, the very ease of his method of convincing made it easy for posterity to be ungrateful

It is somewhat remarkable that in many estimates of Addison the most generous allowance is made for his strictly critical reflections on such subjects as Wit or the Sublime, or his appreciations of Paradise Lost and Chevy Chase. It is almost a tradition to say that we are indebted to him for Milton and the romantic ballads, and it is sometimes an argument with those writers who are never happy in their judgment of the eighteenth century that Addison's attitude to such things as The Children in the Wood shows a critical insight greatly superior to that of his time. It would be more correct to say that it is our partisan interest in these romantic matters which tempts us to read

into these 'occasional' observations what Addison would not have said or cared to say critical papers, if anywhere, he is open to the charge of being commonplace and unoriginal He retails the axioms of the French critics, and seldom adds anything illuminative of their application to English literature He borrows, and often without acknowledgment, from Le Bossu, the Daciers, Bouhours, and Boileau, more amply than Sidney did from the Renascence critics, or Dryden had already done from the same French writers These passages stand apart from the rest of his work, not merely by the fact that most of them had been written in an early period and were interpolated in the Spectator when editorial copy ran short, but because they lack the spontaneity and appropriateness of the social essays were accepted in England and in Germany as a critical standard, since they had the prima facie recommendation of being embedded in Addison's most popular work, and such topics were new, and therefore attractive, to that larger reading public which had begun, under his guidance, to discuss the miscellaneous problems of taste. To the modern student, however, they are of least consideration in an estimate of Addison's literary position-less important than his fastidious interest in the preparation of a prose style, or in his treatment of the short essay If some credit be due to him for giving a certain practical value to subjects which had been hitherto exclusively academic, it is but part of that wider acknowledgment of his general intellectual purpose, which was more catholic than exhaustive, and was concerned more in teaching what to avoid than what to take for dogma.

# Italy's Misfortune

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show the immortal labours in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight,
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost
Here pleasing airs my ravisht soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound,
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my muse.

How has kind Heaven adorned the happy land, And scattered blessings with a wasteful hand! But what avail her unexhausted stores, Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores, With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart, The smiles of nature, and the charms of art, While proud Oppression in her valleys reigns, And Tyranny usurps her happy plains? The poor inhabitant beholds in vain The reddening orange and the swelling grain, Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines, And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines, Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst, And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

(From A Letter from Italy)

# A Battle-Piece

But, O my muse, what numbers wilt thou find To sing the furious troops in battle joined! Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound The victor's shouts and dying groans confound, The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies. And all the thunder of the battle rise. 'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved, That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved, Amidst confusion, horror, and despair, Examined all the dreadful scenes of war, In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed, To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid, Inspired repulsed battalions to engage, And taught the doubtful battle where to rage. So when an angel by divine command With rising tempests shakes a guilty land, Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past, Calm and serene he drives the furious blast, And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform, Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But see the haughty household troops advance I The dread of Europe, and the pride of France. The war's whole art each private soldier knows, And with a general's love of conquest glows, Proudly he marches on, and, void of fear, Laughs at the shaking of the British spear Vain insolence! with native freedom brave, The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave, Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns, Each nation's glory in each warrior burns, Each fights, as in his arm the important day And all the fate of his great monarch lay A thousand glorious actions, that might claim Triumphant laurels and immortal fame, Confused in clouds of glorious actions lie, And troops of heroes undistinguished die. O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate, And not the wonders of thy youth relate! How can I see the gay, the brave, the young, Fall in the cloud of war and he unsung ' In joys of conquest he resigns his breath, And, filled with England's glory, smiles in death.

The ront begins, the Gallie squadrons run, Compelled in crowds to meet the fate they shun, Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfixed Floating in gore, with their dead masters mixt, Midst heaps of spears and standards driven around, Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drowned, Troops of bold youths, born on the distant Saône, Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhone, Or where the Seine her flowery fields divides, Or where the Loire through winding vineyards glides, In heaps the rolling billows sweep away, And into Scythian seas their bloated corps convey From Blenheim's towers the Gaul, with wild affright, Beholds the various havoe of the fight, His waving banners, that so oft had stood Planted in fields of death, and streams of blood, So wont the guarded enemy to reach, And rise trimmphant in the fatal breach, Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines, The hardy veteran with tears resigns

Unfortunate Tallard! Oh, who can name The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame, That with mixt tumult in thy bosom swelled <sup>1</sup>
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repelled,
Thine only son pierced with a deadly wound,
Choked in his blood, and gasping on the ground,
Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive wept.
An English muse is touched with generous woe,
And in the unhappy man forgets the foe
Greatly distrest <sup>1</sup> thy loud complaints forbear,
Blame not the turns of fite, and chance of war,
Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
The fatal field by such great leaders won,
The field v hence famed Eugenio bore away
Only the second honours of the day

With floods of gore that from the vanquisht fell, The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell Mountains of slain lie heaped upon the ground, Or 'midst the roarings of the Danube drowned, Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains In painful bondage and inglorious chains, Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword, Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord, Their raging King dishonours, to complete Marlborough's great work, and finish the defeat.

From Memminghen's high domes, and Augsburg's walls,
The distant battle drives the insulting Gauls,
Freed hy the terror of the victor's name,
The rescued states his great protection claim,
Whilst Ulm the approach of her deliverer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious gates

(From The Campaign)

Lieutenant Colonel Philip Dormer of the 1st Footquards, was killed at Blenheim. Marshal Tallard was tal en prisoner at Blen heim, and was kept in England till 1712. Prince Eugene often signed his name Eugenio. Two of the lines given above in the form Tickell made the standard, ran in the original

> Midst heaps of broken spears and standards lie, And in the Danube's bloody whirlpools die.

# Cato

Cato It must be so-Plato, thou reason'st well!-Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire, This longing after immortality? Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror, Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul Back on herself, and startles at destruction? Tis the divinity that stirs within us, Tis heaven itself, that points out an hereafter, And intimates eternity to man Eternity 1 thou pleasing, dreadful thought ! Through what variety of untried being, Through what new scenes and changes must we pass! The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me, But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it Here will I hold. If there's a power above us (And that there is all nature cries aloud Through all her works), he must delight in virtue, And that which he delights in must be happy But when? or where?—This world was made for Cæsar I'm weary of conjectures-This must end 'em

[Laying his hand on his sword
Thus am I doubly armed my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me
This in a moment brings me to an end,
But this informs me I shall never die
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years, But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth, Unhurt amidst the war of elements,

The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me? This lethargy that creeps through all my senses? Nature, oppressed and harassed out with care, Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her, That my awakened soul may take her flight. Renewed in all her strength, and fresh with life, An offering fit for heaven—Let guilt or fear Disturb man's rest—Cato knows neither of 'em, Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die. [Enter PORTILS. But, high! how a this, my son? why this intrusion? Were not my orders that I would be private? Why am I disobeved?

Portius Alas! my father!
What means this sword? this instrument of death?
Let me convey it hence!

Cato Rash youth, forbear 1

Por Oh let the prayers, the entreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you.

Cato Wouldst thou betray me? wouldst thou give me up A slave, a captive, into Cossar's hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man 1—

Por Look not thus sternly on me, You know I'd rather die thau disober you.

Cato 'Tis well' again I'm master of myself Now, Cresar, let thy troops beset our gates, And bar each avenue, thy gathering fleets O'erspread the sea, and stop up every port, Cato shall open to himself a passage, And mock thy hopes—

Por Oh, sir! forgive your son, Whose grief hangs heavy on him! Oh my father! How am I sure it is not the last time I e'er shall call you so! Be not displeased, Oh be not angry with me whilst I weep, And, in the anguish of my heart beseech you To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!

Cato Thou hast been ever good and dutiful [Embracing Weep not, my son All will be well again. him The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please, Will succour Cato, and preserve his children

Por Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

Cato Portlus, thou may'st rely upon my conduct
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Amoug thy father's friends, see them embarked,
And tell me if the winds and see's befrieud them
My soul is quite weighed down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep

[Ext.

Por My thoughts are more at ease, my heart revives.

Enter Marcia
O Marcia, O my sister, still there's hope!
Our father will not cast away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country
He is retired to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has despatched me hence
With orders that bespeak a mind composed,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers
Marcia. O ye immortal powers that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,

Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul With easy dreams, remember all his virtues! And show mankind that goodness is your care

Enter Luci L

Lucia Where is your father, Marcin, where is Cato?

Marcia Lucia, speak low, he is retired to rest

Lucia, I feel a gently dawning hope

Rise in my soul We shall be happy still

Iuc Alas! I tremble when I think on Cato,

In every view, in every thought I tremble!

Cato is stern, and awful as a god,

He knows not how to wink at human frailty,

Or pardon weakness that he never felt

Mar Though stern and awful to the foes of Rome,

He is all goodness, Lucin, always mild,
Compassionate, and gentle to his friends
Fill'd with domestic tenderness, the best,
The kindest father! I have ever found him
Easy, and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

Luc 'Tis his consent alone can make us blest Marcia, we both are equally involved. In the same intricate, perplext distress. The cruel hand of fite, that has destroyed. Thy brother Marcus, whom we both linnent—

Mar And ever shall Imment, unhappy youth!

Liu Ilas set my soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my vow But who knows Cato's thoughts?

Who knows how yet he may dispose of Portius,

Or how he has determined of thyself?

Mar Let him but live! commit the rest to heaven

Lucius [entiring] Sweet are the slumbers of the

virtuous man!

O Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fall'n upon him
I saw him stretched at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams, as I drew near his couch,
He similed, and cried, Cæsar, thou canst not hurt me

Mar His mind still labours with some dreadful thought
Luc Lucia, why all this grief, these floods of sorrow?
Dry up thy tears, my child, we fill are safe
While Cato lives—his presence will protect us
Juba [entering] Lucius, the horsemen are returned

from viewing
The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a short hour's march
On the high point of you bright western tower
We ken them from afar, the setting sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnished helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire

Luc Mareia, 'tis time we should awake thy father Crear is still disposed to give in terms,
And waits at distance till he hears from Cato

Enter Portius

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance, What tidings dost thou bring? methinks I see Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.

Por As I was lasting to the port, where now My father's friends, impatient for a passage, Accuse the lingering winds, a sail arrived From Pompey's son, who through the realms of Spain Calls out for vengeance on his father's death, And rouses the whole nation up to arms. Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome Assert her rights, and claim her liberty

But, hark t what means that groun! Oh give me way, And let me fiv into my father's presence

Inc Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome, And in the wild disorder of his soul Mourns o'er his country —Hah! a second groan!— Heaven guard us all—

Mas ' 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps ' 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound—

Portius [re entering] Oh sight of woel
O Marcia, what we feared is come to pass!
Cato is fall'n upon his sword—

Luc O Portius, Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale, And let us guess the rest

Por I've raised him up,
And placed him in his chair, where, pule and funt,
He gusps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,
Demands to see his friends His servants weeping,
Obsequious to his orders, bear him hither [Scene opens

Obsequious to his orders, bear him hither [Scene opens Mar O heaven, assist me in this dreadful hour To pay the last sad duties to my father

Juba These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Casar!

Luc Now is Roine fall'n indeed!—

Cato [brought forward in / is chair]. Here set me down—

Portius, come near nic—are my friends embarked?

Can anything be thought of for their service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in yain
—O Lucius, art thou here?—thon art too good!—
Let this our friendship live between our children,
Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.

Alas! poor man, he weeps!—Mareia, inj daughter—Oh bend me forward!—Juba loves thee, Mareia.

A senator of Rome, while Rome survived,
Would not have match'd his daughter with a king,
But Cresar's arms have thrown down all distinction,
Whoe'er is brave and virtuous is a Roman—
—I'm sick to death—Oh when shall I get loose

From this vain world, the abode of guilt and sorrow—And yet methinks a beain of light breaks in On my departing soul—Alas! I fear I've been too hasty—Oye powers, that search The heart of man, and weigh his immost thoughts,

If I have done amiss, impute it not!—
The best mny err, but you are good, and—oh!

Luc There fied the greatest soul that ever warmed

A Roman breast O Cato! O my friend!
Thy will shall be religiously observed
But let us bear this nwful corpse to Cæsar,
And lay it in his sight, that it may stand
A fence betwirt us and the victor's wrath,
Cato, though dead, shall still protect his friends

From hence, let fierce contending nations know What dire effects from civil discord flow 'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms, And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms, Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife, And robs the guilty world of Cato's life. (From Act v)

#### Cowley

Great Cowley then (a mighty genius) wrote, O'er run with wit, and lavish of his thought His turns too closely on the reader press, He more hid pleased us, had he pleased us less. One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes With silent wonder, but new wonders rise As in the milky way a shining white
O er flows the beavens with one continued light,
That not a single star can show his rays,
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze
Pardon, great Po.t, that I dare to name
The unnumbered beauties of thy verse with blame,
Thy fault is only wit in its excess,
But wit like thine in any shape will please
What muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouthed Pindar to thy lyre,
Pindar, whom others in a laboured strain
And forced expression, imitate in vain?
Well pleased in thee he soars with new delight, [flight
And plays in more unbounled verse, and takes a nobler
Blest man! whose spotless life and charming lays

Employed the tuneful prelate in thy praise.

Blest man! who now shalt be for ever known.

In Sprit's successful labours and thy own.

(From An Account of the Great est English Poets.)

#### An Ode

The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue ethereal sky, And spangled heavens, a shining frame, Their great Original proclaim. The unwearied sun from day to day Does his Creator's power display. And publishes to every land. The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole

What though, in solemn silence, all Move round the dark terrestrial ball? What though nor real voice nor sound Amid their radiant orbs be found? In reason's ear they all rejoice, And utter forth a glorious voice, For ever singing, as they shine, 'The hand that made us is Divine.

(From The Spectator No 465.)

# Italian Poetry

The Italian poets, besides the celebrated smoothness of their tongue, have a particular advantage above the writers of other nations in the difference of their poetical and prose language. There are, indeed, sets of phrases that in all countries are peculiar to the poets, but among the Italians there are not only sentences but a multitude of particular words that never enter into common discourse. They have such a different turn and polishing for poetical use, that they drop several of their letters, and appear in another form, when they come to be For this reason the Italian opera ranged in verse seldom sinks into a poorness of language, but, amidst all the meanness and familiarity of the thoughts, has something beautiful and sonorous in the expression Without this natural advantage of the tongue, their present poetry would appear wretchedly low and vulgar, notwithstanding the many strained allegories that are so much in use among the writers of this nation. The English and French, vito always use the same words in verse as in ordinary conversation, are forced to raise their language with metaphors and figures, or, by the pompousness of the whole phrase, to wear off any little ness that appears in the particular parts that compose it. This makes our blank verse, where there is no rliyme to support the expression, extremely difficult to such as are not masters in the tongue, especially when they write on low subjects, and 'tis probably for this reason that Milton has made use of such frequent transpositions, Latinisms, antiquated words and phrases, that he might the better deviate from vulgar and ordinary expressions

The comedies that I saw at Venice, or indeed in any other part of Italy, are very indifferent, and more lewd than those of other countries Their poets have no notion of genteel comedy, and fall into the most filthy double meanings imaginable, when they have a mind to make their audience merry. There is no part generally so wretched as that of the fine gentleman, especially when he conver-es with his mistress, for then the whole dialogue is an insipid mixture of pedantry and romance But 'tis no wonder that the poets of so jealous and reserved a nation fail in such conversations on the stage, as they have no patterns of in nature. There are four standing characters which enter into every piece that comes on the stage, the Doctor, Harlequin, Pantaloon, and Coviello The Doctor's character comprehends the whole extent of a pedant, that with a deep voice and a magisterial air breaks in upon conversation, and drives down all before him everything he says is backed with quotations out of Galen, Hippoerates Plato, Virgil, or any author that rises uppermost, and all answers from his companion are looked upon as impertinencies or interruptions Harlequin's part is made up of blunders and obsurdities he is to mistake one name for another, to forget his errands, to stumble over queens, and to run his head against every post that stands in his way is all attended vith something so comical in the voice and gestures, that a man who is sensible of the folly of the part can hardly forbear being pleased with it. Pantaloon is generally an old cully, and Coviello a sharper

I have seen a translation of the Cid, acted at Boloma [Bologna], which would never have taken, had they not found a place in it for these buffoons. All four of them appear in masks that are made like the old Roman fersonae, as I shall have occasion to observe in another place The French and Italians have probably derived this custom of showing some of their characters in masks from the Greek and Roman theatre. The old Vatican Terence has at the head of every scene the figures of all the persons that are concerned in it, with the particular disguses in which they acted, and I remember to have seen in the Villa Mattheio an antic statue masked, which was perhaps designed for Gnatho in the Eunuch, for it agrees exactly with the figure he makes in the Vatican One would wonder, indeed, how so polite a people as the Romans and Athenians should not look on these borrowed faces as unnatural. They might do very well for a Cyclops, or a satyr, that can have no resemblance in human features, but for a flatterer, n miser, or the lile characters, which abound in our own species, nothing is more ridiculous than to represent their lools by a printed vizard. In persons of this nature the turns and motions of the face are often as agreeable as

any part of the action. Could we suppose that a mask represented never so naturally the general humour of a character, it can never suit with the variety of passions that are incident to every single person in the whole course of a play. The grimace may be proper on some occasions, but is too steady to agree with all. The rabble, indeed, are generally pleased at the first entry of a disguise, but the jest grows cold even with them too when it comes on the stage in a second scene.

(From Remarks on Several Lasts of Italy)

#### On Quack Doctors

I do not remember that in any of my lucubrations I have touched upon that useful science of physic, notwith standing I have declared myself more than once a pro-I have indeed joined the study of astrology fessor of it with it, because I never knew a physician recoinmend himself to the public who had not a sister art to em bellish his knowledge in medicine It has been com monly observed in compliment to the ingenious of our profession, that Apollo was god of verse as well as physic, and in all ages the most eelebrated practitioners of our country were the particular favourites of the Muses Poetry to physic is indeed like the filding to a plll, it makes the art shine, and eovers the severity of the doctor with the agreeableness of the companion very foundation of poetry is good sense, if we may allow Horace to be a judge of the art

"Seribendi recta sapare est at principium et fons." And if so, we have reason to believe that the same man who writes well can prescribe well, if he has applied lumself to the study of both. Besides, when we see a man making profession of two different sciences, it is natural for us to believe he is no pretender in that which we are not judges of, when we find him skilful in that which we understand. Ordinars quacks and charlatans are thoroughly sensible how necessary it is to support themselves by these colliteral assistances, and therefore always by their claim to some supernumerars accomplishments which are wholly foreign to their profession About twenty years ago, it was impossible to walk the streets without having an advertisement thrust into your hand, of a doctor 'who was arrived at the knowledge of the green and red drugon, and had discovered the female fern seed.' Nobody ever knew what this meant, but the green and red dragon so amused the people that the doctor lived very comfortably upon them the same time there was pasted a very hard word upon every corner of the streets. This, to the best of my remembrance, was TETRACHIMICOGON, which drew great shoals of spectators about it, who read the bill that it introduced with unspeakable curiosity, and when they were sick, would have nobody but this learned man for their physician

I once received an advertisement of one 'who had studied thirty years by candle light for the good of his countrymen'. He might have studied twice as long by day light, and never have been taken notice of but elucubrations cannot be over valued. There are some who have gained themselves great reputation for physic by their birth, as the 'seventh son of a seventh son' and others by not being born at all, as the 'unborn doctor,' who, I hear, is lately gone the way of his patients, having died worth five hundred pounds for annum, though he was not 'born' to a halfpenny

My ingenious friend Dr Saffold succeeded my old con

temporary Dr Lilly in the studies both of physic and astrology, to which he added that of poetry, as was to be seen both upon the sign where he lived, and in the bills which he distributed. He was succeeded by Domor Case, who existed the verter of his predeces or out of the sign post, and substituted in their stead two of his own, which were as follow.

# 'Within this Place Lives Dortor Case.'

He is end to have possimore by this distinct than "Ir Dryden did by all his work." There would be no end of enumerating the several imaginary perfections and un accountable artifices by which this tribe of men on are the minds of the vulgar, and gain crowds of admirers. I have seen the whole front of a mountebrul's stage from one end to the other freed with patents, certificates, medals, and grant seal, by which the several princes of I urope have to tified their particular respect and essem for the do-tor. I very great man with a sounding the has been his patient. I believe I have seen twenty mountebrul's that have given play to the Czar of Muscovy. The Great Dulle of Fuscany escapes no better. The I lector of Brandenburg was likewise a very good patient.

This great condescen ion of the doctor draws upon him much food will from his audience, and it is ten to one, but if any of them he troubled with an acting tooth, his ambition will prompt him to get it drawn by a person who has had so many princes, lings, and

emperor under his hands

I must not leave this subject without of serving that, as physicians are apt to deal in poetry, apchecance endeavour to recommend themselves in oratory, and are therefore without entroversy the most cloquent per 123 in the whole Pritish nation. I would not willingly discourage any of the arts, especially that of which I am nilumble professor, but I must confess, for the good of my native country, I could will there mught be a suspension of physic for some years, that our kingdom, which has been so much exhausted by the wars, might have leave to recruit itself.

As for mostly, the only physic which has brought recorde to almost the age of man, and which I present to all my friends, is abstinence. This is certainly the best physic for prevention, and very often the most effectual against a present distemper. In short, my recipe is,

'Take nothing

Were the body politic to be physicled like particular persons, I should venture to prescribe to it after the same manner I remember when our whole island was shaken with an earthquake some years ago, there was an impudent mountebank who sold pills, which (as he told the country people) were very good against an earth quake. It may perhaps be thought as absurd to presembe a diet for the allaving popular commotions and national ferments. But I am verily persuaded that if in such a case a whole people were to enter into a course of abstinence, and cat nothing but water gruel for a fort night, it would abate the rage and animosity of parties, and not 'n little contribute to the cure of n distracted Such a fast would have a natural tendency to the procuring of those ends for which a fast is usually proclaimed. If any man has a mind to enter on such a voluntary abstinence, it might not be improper to give him the caution of Pythagorus in particular Abstine a fabis, 'Abstain from beans' that is, say the interpreters,

meddle not with elections—beans having been made use of by the voters among the Athenians in the choice of magistrates

(The Tatler, No. 240.)

Lilly the astrologer died in 1681, Thomas Saffold, who left off wearing to become n quack-doctor, died in 1691, refusing all medicines but his own pills, John Case throve on astrology from 1680 to about 1700

# On The Spectator'

It is with much satisfaction that I hear this great city inquiring day by day after these my papers, and receiving my morning lectures with a becoming seriousuess and My publisher tells me that there are already three thousand of them distributed every day so that if I allow twenty readers to every paper, which I look upon as a modest computation, I may reckon about threescore thousand disciples in London and Westminster, who I hope will take care to distinguish them selves from the thoughtless herd of their ignoraut and unattentive brethren Since I have raised to myself so great an audience, I shall spare no pains to make their instruction agreeable, and their diversion useful which reasons I shall endeavour to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality, that my readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the speculation of the day Aud to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short, transient, intermitting starts of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of vice and folly into which the age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow but a single day, sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture It was said of Socrates that he brought Philosophy down from heaven, to inhabit among men, and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought Philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea tables and in coffee houses

I would therefore in a very particular manner recommend these my speculatious to all well regulated families that set apart an hour of every morning for tea and bread and butter, and would earnestly advise them for their good to order this paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a part of the tea equipage.

Sir Francis Bacon observes that a well written book, compared with its rivals and antagonists, is like Moses's scrpent, that immediately swallowed up and devoured those of the Egyptians. I shall not be so vain as to think that where the *Spectator* appears the other public prints will vanish, but shall leave it to my readers' consideration whether is it not much better to be let into the knowledge of one's self than to hear what passes in Miscovy or Poland, and to amuse ourselves with such writings as tend to the wearing out of ignorance, passion, and prejudice, than such as naturally conduce to inflame lattereds and make enmittes irreconcilable?

In the next place, I would recommend this paper to the daily perusal of those gentlemen whom I cannot but consider as my good brothers and allies, I mean the fraternity of Spectators, who live in the world without having anything to do in it, and, either by the affluence of their fortines or laziness of their disportions, have no other business with the rest of mankind but to look upon them. Under this class of men are comprehended all contemplative tradesmen, titular physicians, follows of the Royal Society, Templars that are not given to be

contentious, and statesmen that are out of business, in short, every one that considers the vorld as a theatre and desires to form a right judgment of those who are the actors on it

There is another set of men that I must likewise lay a claim to, whom I have lately called the blanks of society, as being altogether unfurnished with ideas, till the business and conversation of the day has supplied them I have often considered these poor souls with an eye of great commiseration, when I have heard them asking the first man they have met with, whether there was any news stirring? and by that means gathering together materials for thinking. These needs persons do not know what to talk of, till about twelve a clock in the morning, for by that time they are pretty good indges of the weather, know which way the wind sits, and whether the Dutch mail be come in. As they he at the mercy of the first man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the day long, according to the notions which they have imbibed in the morning, I would ear nestly entreat them not to stir out of their chambers till they have read this paper, and do promise them that I will daily instil into them such sound and wholesome sentiments as shall have a good effect on their conversa tion for the ensuing twelve hours.

But there are none to whom this paper will be more useful than to the female world. I have often thought there has not been sufficient pains token in finding out proper employments and diversions for the fair ones Their amusements seem contrived for them, rather as they are women than as they are reasonable creatures. and are more adapted to the sex than to the species. The toilet is their great scene of business, and the right adjusting of their livir the principal employment of their lives. The sorting of n suit of ribbons is reckoned n very good morning's work, and if they make an excursion to a mercer's or a toy shop, so great a fatigue makes them unfit for anything else all the day after. Their more serious occupations are sewing and embroiders, and their greatest drudgers the preparation of jellies and sweet meats. This, I say, is the state of ordinary women, though I know there are multitudes of those of a more elevated life and conversation, that move in an exalted sphere of knowledge and virtue that join all the beauties of the mind to the ornaments of dress, and inspire a kind of two and respect, as well as love, into their male beholders. I hope to increase the number of these by publishing this daily paper, which I shall always endeavour to make an innocent if not an improving entertainment, and by that means at least divert the minds of my female readers from greater trifles same time, as I would fain give some finishing touches to those which are already the most beautiful pieces in human nature. I shall endeavour to point out all those imperfections that are the blemishes, as well as those virtues which are the embellishments, of the sex. In the meanwhile I hope these my gentle renders, who have so much time on their hands, will not grudge throwing away a quarter of an hour in a day on this paper, since they may do it without any hindrince to business

I know several of my friends and well wishers are in great pain for me lest I should not be able to keep up the spirit of a paper which I oblige myself to furnish every day but to make them easy in this particular, I will promise them faithfully to give it over as soon as I grow dull. This I know will be matter of great raillery

to the small wits, who will frequently put me in mind of my promise, desire me to keep my word, assure me that it is high time to give over, with many other pleasantries of the life nature, which men of a little smart genius caunot forbear throwing out against their best friends, when they have such a handle given them of being with. But let them remember that I do hereby enter my cavent against this piece of raillers.

(The sp titr No 12)

#### Of Mived Wit

Mr Locke has an admirable reflection upon the difference of wit and judgment, whereby he endeavours to show the reason why they are not always the talents of the same person. His words are as follow. 'And hence, perhaps, may be given some reason of that common observation, that men who have a great deal of wit and prompt incinoric, have not always the clearest judgment or deepest reason. For wit lying mo t in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quiel ness and variety, wherein can be found any to emblance or congruity, thereby to male up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy, judament on the contrary, his quite on the other side, in separating care fully one from another ideas wherein can be found the least difference, thereby to avoid being misked by similitude, and by affinity to take one thing for another This is a way of proceeding quite contriry to inclaphor and allusion, wherein for the most part hes that entertainment and pleasantry of wit which strile so lively on the fancy, and is therefore so acceptable to all

This is, I thinl, the best and most philosophical account that I have ever met with of wit, which gener ally, though not always, consists in such a resemblance and congruity of ideas as this author mentions. I shall only add to it, by way of explanation, that every resemblance of ideas is not that which we call wit infless it be such an one that gives delight and surprise to the reader. these two properties seem essential to wit, more partieu larly the last of them. In order, therefore, that the resemblance in the ideas be wit, it is necessary that the ideas should not be too near one another in the nature of things, for where the likeness is obvious, it gives no surprise to compare one man's singing to that of another, or to represent the whiteness of any object by that of milk and snow, or the variety of its colours by those of the rainbow, cannot be called wit, unless besides this obvious resemblance there he some further con gruity discovered in the two ideas, that is expuble of giving the reader some surprise. Thus when a poet tells us the bosom of his mistress is as white as snow, there is no wit in the comparison, but when he adds, with a sigh, that it is as cold too, it then grows into wit Every reader's memory may supply him with innumer able instances of the same nature. For this reason, the slmilitudes in heroic poets, who endersour rather to fill the mind with great conceptions than to divert it with such as are new and surprising, have seklom anything in them that can be called wit. Mr Locke's account of wit, with this short explanation, comprehends most of the species of wit, as metaphors, similatides, allegories, enigmas, mottos, parables, fables, dreams, visions, dramatic writings, burlesque, and all the methods of allusion as there are many other pieces of wit (how remote socier they may appear at first sight from the foregoing de crip ion) which then examination will be found to a de with it

As true wit pen rally con ists in the to emblance and concruits of idea, fall out thirdly consists in the recombinate and congruity contains of single letter as in many raise, chi and some hippogram and acrosses, ome time of syllabile, as in rall a and dogored results, some time of syllabile, as in point in liquidades, and contains of words as in point in liquidades, and contains of whole in one or poont, and into the squites of age, and a, or alternative may, come carry the notation with so far, as to a cribe it even to external it in cris, and to look upon a minutes and in, notes part it that can be comble the tone, posture, or face of anyther.

As true vit con a somether resemblence of aleas, and false wit in the resemblance of ord, a conductore foregoing in traces, then a problem limit of his which e nerts parly in the reamble nee of pleas and pauly In the re-emblance of weri which for do in ion' ale, I shall sall must wit. This kind of vita that which beinds in to ley more than in wis a dothat ever a rete. Mr. Waller has like a con green real of it. Mr Drylen is ver spring if it. Million full a genial much about Speace a in the same can's with Milton. The Italian, even in their care pours, Mon n ir Poil au, Alio formel hæ it to full of i all upon the ones at piech has every once rejected e well scorn. If we lisk ofter mist not aming the Greek virter, ve shall find it nowhere I it in the q Bramma its. There are, in tent is in strole of it in the little piech recribed to Music the h by the es well a many other many, better it elf to be a malem composition. If velon into lele in writer, ve fiel none of this mixt wit in Viral Lucieties or Comiss. very little in Homes, but a great deal of it in Ord, and scarce anythin of a in Martial

Out of the imminerable bruiches of most wit I seed choose one instruce which may be met with in all the The passen of love in its na are writers of this ela s has been thought to re-emble tire for shich tenson the words fire and flame are made as effection and love The witty poets, therefore have taken an alventage from the doubtful meaning of the word fre to make an infinite number of writering. Cowler observing the cold regard of In this ress's eves, and at the same time their power of producing love in him con dere them as burning the is made of ice and, if ding him celf able to live in the greatest extremities of love, concludes the torrid zone to be habitable. When his mistress has read his letter written in juice of leinon by holding it to the fire, he desires her to read it over a second time by love > When she weeps, he wishes it were inward heat that distilled those drops from the limber she is ab ent, he is beyond eighty, that is thatty degrees nearer the pole than when she is with him. His am bitious love is a tire that naturally mounts upwards his happy love is the beams of heaven, and his unhappy When it does not let him sleep, it love flames of hell is a flame that sends up no smoke, when it is opposed by counsel and advice, it is a fire that rages the more by the wind's blowing upon it. Upon the dving of a tree in which he had cut his loves, he observes that his written flames had burnt up and withered the tree When he resolves to give over his passion he tells us that one burnt like him for ever dreads the fire heart is an I that that instead of Vulcan's shop, encloses Cupid's forge in it. His endervouring to drown his love in wine is throwing oil upon the fire. He vould in initate to his mistres, that the fire of love, like that of the sun (which produces so many living creatures), should not only warm but beget. Love in another place cooks pleasure at his fire. Sometimes the poets heart is frozen in every breast, and sometimes seorched in every eve. Sometimes he is drowned in tears, and burnt in love, like a ship set on fire in the middle of the cere.

The reader may observe in every one of these instances that the poet mixes the qualities of fire with those of love, and in the same sentence, speaking of it both as a passion and as real fire, surprises the reader with those seeming resemblances or contradictions that make up all the wit in this kind of writing Mixt wit, therefore, is a composition of pun and true wit, and is more or less perfect as the resemblance lies in the ideas or in the words, its foundations are laid partly in falschood and partly in truth, reason puts in her claim for one half of it, and extravagance for the other. The only province, therefore, for this 1 ind of wit is epigram, or those little occasional poems that in their own nature are nothing clse but a tissue of epigrams. I cannot con clude this head of mixt wit without owning that the admirable poet out of whom I have taken the examples of it, had as much true wit as any author that ever writ, and, indeed, all other talents of an extraordinary ⊈enius.

It may be expected, since I am upon this subject, that I should take notice of Mr Dryden's definition of wit. which, with all the deference that is due to the judgment of so great a man, is not so properly a definition of wit as of good writing in general. Wit, as he defines it, is 'a propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject. If this be a true definition of wit, I am apt to think that Euclid was the greatest wit that ever set pen to paper it is certain there never was a greater propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject than what that author has made use of In his Elements. I shall only appeal to my reader if this definition agrees with any notion he has of wit. If it be a true one, I am sure Mr Dryden was not only a better poet, but a greater wit, than Mr Cowley, and Virgil a much more facetious man than either Ovid or Martial

Bouliours, whom I look upon to be the most penetrat ing of all the French critics, his taken pains to show that it is impossible for any thought to be beautiful which is not just and has no its foundation in the nature of things, that the basis of all wit is truth, and that no thought can be valuable of which good sense 15 not the ground work. Boilean has endeavoured to in culcate the same notion in several parts of his writings, bods in prose and verse. This is that natural way of writing, that beautiful simplicity, which we so much admire in the compositions of the ancients, and which nolody deviates from but those who want strength of genius to make a thought shine in its own natural beauties. Poets who want this strength of genius to give that majestic simplicity to nature, which we so much admire in the works of the ancients, are forced to hunt after fereign ornament, and not to let any piece of wit, of wha kind soever, escape them. I look upon these writers as Goths in poetrs, who, like tho e in architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful sim plicity of the old Greeks and Komans, have endeavoured to supply its place with all the extravagance of an

irregular fancy Mr Dryden makes a very handsome observation on Ovid's writing a letter from Dido to Eners, in the following words 'Ovid (says lie, speal ing of Virgil's fiction of Dido and Lucas) tales it up after him, even in the same age, and makes an aucient herome of Virgil's new created Dido, dictates a letter for her, just before her death, to the ungrateful fugitive, and, very unluckily for lumself, is for measuring a sy ord with a man so much superior in force to him on the same subject. I think I may be judge of this, because I have translated both. The famous author of the Art of Love has nothing of his own the borrows all from a greater master in his own profession, and, which is worse, improves nothing which he finds fails lum, and being forced to his old shift, he lins recourse to witticism This passes, indeed, with his soft admirers, and gives him the preference to Virgil in their esteem 1

Were not I supported by so great an authority as that of Mr Dryden, I should not venture to observe, that the taste of most of our English poets, as well as readers, is extremely Gothic He quotes Monsieur Segrais for a threefold distinction of the readers of poetry in the first of which he comprehends the rabble of readers, whom he does not treat as such with regard to their quality, but to their numbers and the coarseness of their taste. His words are as follow 'Segrais has distinguished the readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three classes (He might have said the same of writers too, if he had pleased) In the lowest form he places those v hom he calls Les Petits Esprits, such things as are our upper gallery audience in a play house, who like nothing but the husk and rind of wit, prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram, before solid sense and elegant expression, these are mob readers. If Virgil and Martial stood for Parliament men, we know plready who would carry it. But though they make the greatest appearance in the field, and cry the loudest, the best out is, they are but a sort of French Huguenots or Dutch boors, brought over in herds but not naturalized, who have not lands of two pounds per annun in Parnassus. and therefore are not privileged to poll. Their authors are of the same level, fit to represent them on a mounte bank's stage, or to be masters of the cercinomies in a bear garden yet these are they who have the most admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that as their renders improve their stock of sense (as they may by reading better books, and by conversation with men of judgment) they soon forsake them

I must not dismiss this subject without ob erving, that as Mr Loele, in the passage above mentioned, lins discovered the most fruitful source of wit, so there is another of a quite contrary nature to it, which does life wise brunch itself out in o several kinds. I or not only the re-emblance, but the opposition of idear, does very often produce vit as I could show in several little points, turns, antitheses, that I may possibly enlarge upon in some future specula ion.

(The Spectator, No ( . )

The ally ions are to Locke's Finar (ed. 150), Chap at p. 65. Cowley's Mattern Dyden's Africa for Herei Leetry. Pere Bouhours Jesus enternal linguapher lived till 1702 his fances weet en fenere airs exercises de cepter in livestly referred to by Addis in, appeared in 2682 it was translated into English in 1297. The poet Secrets, secretary to the nair h. More de la Payette, died a year enter the translated the American Vergera in 25 French verse. See Dryden's Petral at 1816 the # ex

# Sir Roger at the Play

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great muid to see the new tragedy with me, as uring me at the same time that he had not been nt a play the c twenty years 'The Inst I saw, savs Sir Roger, 'was the Committee, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told before hand that it was a good Church of He then proceeded to inquire of me I ngland comedy who this Distressed Mother was and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school box he had read his life at the end of the dictionary asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohoeks should "I assure you" says he, "I thought I had fallen into their hands last night for I ob creed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me in proportion as I put on to go away from them must know (continued the length with a mile) I fancied they had a mind to hunt me for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighbourhood, who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time, for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport, had this been their design, for as I am an old fox hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have placed them a thousand triel's they had never seen in their lives before Sir Roger added, that if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it 'for I threw them out (says he) at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine v hat was become of However (says the knight), if Captain Sentra will make one with us to morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you for John tells me he has got the fore wheels mended '

The captain, who did not ful to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing for that he had put on the same sword which he had made use of at the battle of Steenkirk Sir Roger's servants and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the play house where, after having marched up the entry in good order. the captain and I went in with him and seated him betwixt us in the pit As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind sersoned with humanity naturally feels in itself at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit that he made a very proper centre to a tragie audience Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me that he did not believe the King of France himself had a better strut indeed, very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him at the conclusion of almost every scene telling inc that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache, and a little while after as much for Hermione, and was extremely put ried to think what would be come of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Koyer saw Andromache's ob tinate referal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear that he was sure she would never have him, to which he added with a more than ordinary veharence, "You cannot miagine, sir, what it is to have to do with a widow. Upon Pyrrhus his threatening ofterwards to leave her, the Empht shook his head, and mutered to lumself. Ay, do if you can? This part do elt so mich upon my friend's imagination, that at the closs of the third act, as I was thirking of something else, he while percel in my car 'These widov quir, are the most per verse erecture in the world. I'it pray (says le) year that are a critic in this play according to your drama c rules, as you call them? Shoult your people in trapely always tall to be under onl? Why there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of

The fourth act very lockily began before I had time to give the old gen leman an answer. 'Well,' says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction. I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost. He then rerewed his nitionion, and from time to time, fell a praise give wildow. He made indeed a hittle mistake as to are of her pages whom, a his firs entering he took for Asimany but he quickly set himself right in it tigar ticular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, 'who' says he, 'must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him. I pon Hermione's going of with a member to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap to which his Rieger added, 'On my word, a rotal evolung laggage'.

As there was a very remarkable silence and sulfaces in the audience thiring the v hole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts to express their opinion of the phycis, and of Sir koger hearing a clus er of their respective part them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and toll them that he thought his friend Palales was a very sens bie man. As they were afterwards applauling Parthus, Sir Roger put in a second time, 'And les me tell von (savs he), though he speaks but little, I like the o'd fellow in whi kers as well as any of them.' Captain Senta seeing two or three wags who sat near us lean with an attentive car towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest ther should smoke [make fun of] the knight, plucked him by the clbow, and whispered something in his ear that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was worder fully attentive to the account which Oreses gives of Pyrrhus his death, and at the conclusion of it told me it was such a bloody piece of work that he was glad it was not done upon the stage Seeing afterwards Ore-tes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (iii his way) upon an evil conscience, adding that 'Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something?

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it—being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justing of the crowd—Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we

guarded him to his lodgings in the same manner that we brought him to the play house, being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the good old man.

(The Spectator, No 335)

The Committee, one of Sir Robert Howard's plays (see Vol. I p. 727), was very popular after the Restoration on necount of its political bias. See Pepps's Diary, 12th June 1663. The Distressed Mother (a version of Racine's Andromague) by Ambrose Philips was acted on 17th March 1712 and printed in 1713. Steele wrote the Prologue, and Addison and Budgell the Epilogue. It was builesqued by Fielding in his Covent Garden Tragedy (1732).

#### Nature and Art

If we consider the works of nature and art, as they are qualified to entertain the imagination, we shall find the last very defective in comparison of the former, for though they may sometimes appear as beautiful or strange, they can have nothing in them of that vastness and im mensity, which afford so great an entertainment to the mind of the beholder. The one may be as polite and delicate as the other, but can never show herself so august and magnificent in the design. There is some thmg more bold and masterly in the rough careless strokes of nature than in the nice touches and embellish The beauties of the most stately garden ments of art or palace lie in a narrow compass, the imagination im mediately runs them over, and requires something else to gratify her, but in the wide fields of nature, the sight wanders up and down without confinement, and is fed with an infinite variety of images, without any certain stint or number For this reason we always find the poet in love with a country life, where nature appears in the greatest perfection, and furnishes out all those scenes that are most apt to delight the imagination

'Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus et fugit urbes '
—HORACE.

'Hie secura quies, et nescia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum, hie latis otia fundis,
Speluncae, vivique lacus, hie frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somn '
—VIRGIA

But though there are several of these wild scenes that are more delightful than any artificial shows, yet we find the works of nature still more pleasant the more they resemble those of art for in this case our pleasure rises from a double principle, from the agreeableness of the objects to the eye, and from their similitude to other objects we are pleased as well with comparing their beauties as with surveying them, and can represent them to our minds either as copies or originals. Hence it is that we take delight in a prospect which is well laid out, and diversified with fields and meadows, woods and rivers, in those accidental landscapes of trees, clouds, and cities, that are sometimes found in the veins of marble, in the curious fret work of rocks and grottos, and, in a word, in anything that hath such a variety or regularity as may seem the effect of design, in what we call the works of chance.

If the products of nature rise in value, according as they more or less resemble those of art, we may be sure that artificial works receive a greater advantage from their resemblance of such as are natural, hecause here the similitude is not only pleasant, but the pattern more perfect. The prettiest landscape I ever saw was

one drawn on the walls of a dark room, which stood opposite on one side to a navigable river, and on the other to a park. The experiment is very common in optics. Here you might discover the waves and fluctua tions of the water in strong and proper colours, with the picture of a ship entering at one end, and sailing by degrees through the whole piece. On another there appeared the green shadows of trees, waving to and fro with the wind, and herds of deer among them in minia tire, leaping about upon the wall. I must confess, the novelty of such a sight may be one occasion of its pleasantness to the imagination, but certainly the chief reason is its near resemblance to nature, as it does not only, like other pictures, give the colour and figure, but the motion of the things it represents

We have before observed that there is generally in nature something more grand and august than what we meet with in the curiosities of art. When therefore ve see this imitated in any measure, it gives us a nobler and more exalted kind of pleasure than what we receive from the nicer and more accurate productions of art this account our English gardens are not so entertaining to the fancy as those in France and Italy, where we see a large extent of ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of garden and forest, which represent everywhere an artificial rudeness, much more charming than that neatness and elegancy which we meet with in those of our own country It might, indeed, be of ill consequence to the public, as well as unprofitable to private persons, to alienate so much ground from pasturage and the plough in many parts of a country that is so well peopled and cultivated to a far greater advantage. But why may not a whole estate be thrown into a kind of garden by frequent plantations, that may turn as much to the profit as the pleasure of the owner? A marsh overgrown with willows, or a mountain shaded with oaks, are not only more beautiful but more beneficial than when they lay hare and unadorned Fields of corn make a pleasant prospect, and if the walks were a little taken care of that he between them, if the natural embroidery of the meadows were helped and improved by some small additions of art, and the several rows of hedges set off hy trees and flowers that the soil was capable of receiving, a man might make a pretty landscape of his own possessions

Writers who have given us an account of Chiua tell us the inhabitants of that country laugh at the planta tions of our Europeans, which are laid out by the rule and line, because, they say, any one may place trees in equal rows and uniform figures. They choose rather to show a genius in works of this nature, and therefore always conceal the art by which they direct themselves. They have a word, it seems, in their language, by which they express the particular beauty of a plantation that thus strikes the imagination at first sight, without dis covering what it is that bas so agreeable an effect. Our British gardeners, on the contrary, instead of humouring nature, love to deviate from it as much as possible. Our trees rise in cones, globes, and pyramids We see the marks of the scissors upon every plant and bash not know whether I am singular in my opinion, hut for my own part I would rather look upon a tree in all its luxurancy and diffusion of boughs and branches, than when it is thus cut and trimmed into a mathematical figure, and cannot but fancy that an orchard in flower looks infinitely more delightful than all the little laby-

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rinths of the most finished parterre. But we our great modellers of gardens have their magazines of plants to dispose of, it is very natural for them to tear up all the beautiful plantations of fruit trees, and contrive a plan that may most turn to their own profit, in taking off their evergreens and the life moveable plants with which their shops are plentifully stocked

(The Sec Liter, No. 414)

For similar treatment of this topic, see Pope's Meral Lisays, Epist, is The earlier or formal (or Duich ) style made feshion able by the gardeners London & Wise (Spitter No c), was succeeded by a freer tyle which was popularized by the gardeners Pridgeman & Kent and was praised by Walpole and by Pepe who "Iwisted and Iwirled his garden at Twickenham. This later type became known en the Continent through the Due de Niverrois trinslation of Walpole's Issir on Metern Girlerine as the gardu à l'an laise

#### On Nakod Bosoms

There are many little enormities in the world, which our preachers would be very glad to see removed, but at the same time dark not meddle with them, for fear of betraving the dignity of the pulpit Should they recom mend the tucker in a pathetic discourse, their audiences would be apt to laugh out. I knew a parish where the top woman of it used always to appear with a pateli upon some part of her forchead the good man of the place preheled at it with great zeal for almost a twelve month, but instead of fetching out the spot which he perpetually aimed at, he only got the name of Parson Patch for his pains. Another is to this day called by the name of Doctor Copknot for reasons of the same I remember the elergy, during the time of Cromwell's usurpation, were very much talen up in reforming the female world, and showing the vanity of those outward ornaments in which the sex so much delights. I have heard a whole sermon against a white wish, and have known a coloured ribbon made the mark of the unconverted The elergy of the present age are mot transported with these indiscrect fervours, as know ing that it is hard for a reformer to acoul ridicule when he is severe upon subjects which are rather apt to produce mirth than seriousness. I or this reason. I look upon myself to be of great use to these good men, while they are employed in extirpating mortal sins and crimes of a ligher nature, I should be glad to rally the world out of indecencies and venial transgressions. While the Doctor is curing distempers that have the appearance of danger or death in them, the Merry Andrew has his separate packet for the meagrams and the tooth ache

Thus much I thought fit to premise before I resume the subject which I have already handled, I mean the naked bosoms of our British ladies. I hope they will not take it ill of me, if I still beg that they will be covered. I shall here present them with a letter on that particular, as it was yesterday conveyed to me through the hon's mouth It comes from a Quaker, and is as follows

#### 'NESTOR IRONSIDE,

'Our friends like thee. We rejoice to find thou beginnest to have a glunmering of the light in thee we shall pray for thee, that thou mayest be more and more enlightened Thou givest good advice to the women of this world to elothe themselves like unto our friends, and not to expose their fleshly temptations, for it is against the Record Thy lion is a good lion, he roureth loud, and is heard a great way, even unto the sml of Baladon, for the scarlet a hore is governed

by the source of thy hon. Look on his o der. Some, July 8, 1713. "A placeful is published here, forladding women of a hatsoever quality, to go ean naled linea is, and the priests are ordered no to almithe termsore sors of this law to confession, nor to cominumoi, neith rone they to enter the cathedrals unler severe penaltics.

'These lines are faithfully copied from the nightly paper, with this title written over it, The Tvening Po ; from Saturday, July the 18th, to Tue lay, July il e 21st

\*Scong the hon is obeyed at this distance, we lope the foolish women in the own country will her a to br Others we thou art desired to make him admonition still roor, till all the localt of the foliation of all tremits I must by him report unto thee, frier I Nestor, the whole brotherhood have great hopes of thee, and expect to see thee so inspired such the light, or thou mivest specific I come a great preach nof the word. I vish it leartiff There, in excrything that is praceworthy

Ton Termite.

Tons Cifeel went thin Larry the and day of the month called July

It happens very wildly that the Pope and I should have the same thought much about the same time. My encines will be up to say that we hold a correspondence together, and net by concert in this matter. Let to be as a will, I shall not be ashamed to you take his Holine's in the e-porticulars viluely are mailed between its especially when it is for the reformation of the finer half of manhand. We are both of as ab the same age, and consider this faction in the same I hope that it will no be able to read his bull and my lion. I am oil, afraid that car lais vill tale occasion from hence to show their zeal far the Prote that religion and pretent to expose their naked become only in opposition to Poper,

(The Charmar > mr)

11s house egel. The Veneran Lange Head Is of Lat. I i ton's Coffee II use the receiving country it is to the bush are are There is a seech of it in the False Plainted Maturals September 184. It is now pre-ented at Wolum Abbey

### English Fickleness

If we may believe the observation which a made of us by foreigners, there is no nation in Lurop. so much given to change as the Inglish. There are some also ascribe this to the fickleness of our climate, and olders to the freedom of our government. From one or both of these causes their writers derive that variety of humours which appears among the people in general, and that inconsistency of character which is to be found in almost every particular person. But as a man should always be upon his guard against the vices to which he is most exposed, so we should take more than ordinary care not to lie at the merey of the weather in our moral conduct, nor to make a capricious use of that liberts which we enjoy by the happiness of our civil constitution

This instability of temper ought in a particular manner to be checked, when it shows itself in political affairs, and disposes men to wander from one scherie of government to mother, since such a fickleness of behaviour in public measures cannot but be attended with very fatal effects to our country

In the first place, it hinders any great undertaking, which requires length of time for its accomplishment, from being brought to its due perfection

any instance in history which better confirms this observation, than that which is still fresh in every one's memory. We engaged in the late war with a design to reduce an exorbitant growth of power in the most dangerous enemy to Great Britain. We gained a long and wonderful series of victories, and had scarce any thing left to do but to reap the fruits of them, when on a sudden our patience failed us, we grew tired of our undertaking, and received terms from those who were upon the point of giving us whatever we could have demanded of them.

This mutability of mind in the English makes the ancient friends of our nation very backward to engage with us in such alliances as are necessary for our mutual defence and security. It is a common notion among foreigners that the English are good confederates in an enterprise which may be despatched within a short compass of time, but that they are not to be depended upon in a work which cannot be finished without constancy and perseverance. Our late measures have so blemished our national credit in this particular, that those potentates who are entered into treaties with his present Majesty have been solely encouraged to it by their confidence in his personal firmness and integrity

I need not, after this, suggest to my reader the ignominy and reproach that falls upon a nation which distinguishes itself among its neighbours by such a wavering and unsettled conduct.

This our inconsistency in the pursuit of schemes which have been thoroughly digested, has as bad an influence on our domestic as on our foreign affairs. We are told that the famous Prince of Conde used to ask the English ambassador, upon the arrival of a mail, 'Who vas Secretary of State in England by that fost?' as a piece of raillery upon the fickleness of our politics. But what has rendered this a misfortune to our country is that public ministers have no sooner made themselves masters of their business than they have been dismissed from their employments, and that this disgrace has befallen very many of them, not because they have deserved it, but because the people love to see new faces in high posts of honour

It is a double misfortune to a nation which is thus given to change, when they have a sovereign at the head of them that is prone to fall in with all the turns and veerings of the people. Sallust, the gravest of all the Roman historians, who had formed his notions of regal anthority from the manner in which he saw it exerted among the barbarous nations, makes the following remark. Plerumque regiae voluntates, utin thementes, six mobiles, saepe ipsae siln advorsae. 'The wills of kings, as they are generally vehement, are lilewise very fickle, and at different times opposite to themselves'. Were there any colour for this general observation, how much does it redound to the honour of such princes who are exceptions to it!

The natural consequence of an unsteady government is the perpetuating of strife and faction among a divided people. Whereas a king who persists in those schemes which he has laid, and has no other view in them but the good of his subjects, extinguishes all hopes of advancement in those who would grow great by an opposition to his measures, and insensibly unites the contending parties in their common interest.

Queen Elizabeth, who makes the greatest figure among

our English sovereigns, was most eminently remarkable for that steadiness and uniformity which ran through all her actions, during that long and glorious reign kept up to her chosen motto in every part of her life, and never lost sight of those great ends, which she proposed to herself on her accession to the throne, the happiness of her people and the strengthening of the Protestant interest. She often interposed her royal anthority to break the cabals which were forming against her first ministers, who grew old and died in those stations which they filled with so great abilities By this means slie baffled the many attempts of her foreign and domestic enemies, and entirely broke the whole force and spirit of that party among her subjects which was popishly affected, and which was not a little formidable in the beginning of her reign

The frequent changes and alterations in public proceedings, the multiplicity of schemes introduced one upon another, with the variety of short lived favourites that prevailed in their several turns under the government of her successors, have by degrees broken us into those unhappy distinctions and parties, which have given so much uneasiness to our kings, and so often endangered the safety of their people.

I question not but every impartial reader hath been beforehand with me in considering on this occasion the happiness of our country under the government of his present Majesty, who is so deservedly famous for an inflexible adherence to those counsels which have a visible tendency to the public good, and to those persons who heartly concur with him in promoting these his generous designs

A prince of this character will be dreaded by his enemies, and served with courage and zeal by his friends, and will either instruct us by his example to fix the unsteadiness of our politics, or by his conduct hinder it from doing us any prejudice

Upon the whole, as there is no temper of mind more unmanly in a private person, nor more permicious to the public in a member of a community, than that changeableness with which we are too justly branded by all our neighbours, it is to be hoped that the sound part of the nation will give no further occasion for this reproach, but continue steady to that happy establish ment which has now taken place among us obstinacy in preindices which are detrimental to our country, ought not to be mistaken for that virtuous resolution and firmness of mind which is necessary to our preservation, it is to be wished that the enemies to our constitution would so far indulge themselves in this national humour, as to come into one change more, by falling in with that plan of government which at present they think fit to oppose. At least we may expect they will be so wise as to show a legal obedience to the best of kings, who profess the duty of passive obedience to the worst. (The Frecholder, No. 25.)

The dates of the first appearance of the individual works are given in the biographical notice. Collected editions Works, ed Tickell, 4 vols, 4to (1721) Viscellaneous Works, ed Tickell (1726), Works, Baskerville edition, 4 vols. (1761) Works, ed Hurd 6 vols. (1800-11), Works based on Hurd's edition (Bohn's Library), 1st ed (1853-50. The Speciator many eighleenth century editions the chief during the nineteenth century are Chalmers's (1805) Tegg's (1850) Morley's, nd Aithen's (1897) Gregory Smith's (the original text with critical notes, and in introduction by Austin Dobson), 8 vols. (1897-98).

# Sir Richard Steele.

Steele (1672-1729) has described himself as 'an Englishman born in Dublin,' and his biographicrs, after some balancing of contradictory authorities, have established the date of his birth in the month of March 1672. Of his parentage little is known His mother is said to have been Irish, of a Wesford family, his father appears to have been a lawyer, probably an attorney, in Dublin. What is

essential in the facts of his origin is that, like Swift, Goldsmith, Sterne, Burke, and Sheri dan, he was one of that brilliant band of Anglo Irish writers to whom English literature in the eighteenth century owed so much

The elder Steele died while his son was yet a child, and the memory the grief stricken household inspired the editor of the Tather long afterwards to a description which is one of his most admired pathetic prssages uncle of the name Gascoigne, secretary to the Duke of Ormonde. Lord - Lieutenant of Ireland, took in interest in the fatherless boy,

and sent him to school and college in England In 1684, through the Duke's nomination, Steele was admitted to the Charterhouse, where, as he lumself tells us, he 'suffered very much for two or three false concords,' after the Spartan manner of the place and time. A more notable and profitable experience was the beginning of his almost lifelong friendship with Addison, which may probably be fixed in the years when the two were schoolboxs together in cloisters which Thackeray has glorified as 'Greyfriars' After five years at the Charterhouse, Steele went up to Oxford as an exhibitioner, matriculating there at Christ Church in the beginning of 1690, but removing from that college to Merton in the following year The sole noteworthy incident of his Oxford days was the composition of a comedy, which, on the advice of a critical fellow-student, was (no doubt wisely) committed to the flames

In 1694 the martial itmosphere of the times, charged with glory and gunpowder from the Boyne and Steinfirl and Linden, seems to have fired Steele's brain, for, life Coleridge a century afterwards, lie disappeared from college and enlisted is a private soldier in the Life Guards. It was as 'a gentleman of the army' that he next year published a set of verses on the death of Oueen Mary, entitled The Procession—a figid effusion of fervid lovalty, but notable in the

nay of biography and b bliography as his first volume. and also as the first utterance of that sturdy Why gism which as his lifelong politi cul creed Good fortune followed the dedication of the poem to Lord Cutts, the 'Sala mander' of Namur fame, who almost immediately took the author in ohis ברנוזרפ וזה הוכדל tars and ere long got him a pair of colours in the Cnid stream Guards There is no en dence that Steela CILT STIL TOTAL military series in Flanders or cisewhere, but some time before the end of the cen turn he had risea from the runk of ensign to that of captain in Lord



SIR RICHARD STLILL
(From the Portrait by Jonathan Richards in the National Portrait Callery)

Lucis's regiment of Fusiliers. He must have become also one of the recognised wats of Will's Coffee liouse, for in 1700 we find him, along with Vanbrugh, Garth, and others, replying to a ponderous satire of Sir Richard Blackmore's, and addressing himself particularly to the defence of his friend Addison

In the very 1701 appeared his Christian Here, a tract of some eighty or ninety pages, essaying to prove that 'no principles but those of religion are sufficient to make a great man'. It was written, he tells us, at first for his own private use, 'to fix upon his own mind a strong impression of virtue and religion in opposition to a stronger propensity towards unwarrantable pleasures,' en couraged by the temptations incident to his position as 'an Ensign of the Guards,' a way of life exposed to much irregularity. Practically, it is a

somewhat crude rehearsal of the moralisings of the Tatler and Spectator, illustrated by 'a view of some eminent heathen, by a distant admiration of the life of our Saviour, and a near examination of that of His Apostle St Paul,' and concluding with a kind of topical parallel, or rather contrast, between Louis XIV and William III Naturally there was much saturical criticism of the discrepancy between this preaching and the preacher's own conducta conduct of which the imperfection was habitually only too frankly owned by Steele himself 'Everybody, he says, speaking of himself in the third person, 'measured the least levity in his words and actions with the character of a Christian Hero, while one or two of his acquaintance thought fit to misuse him and try their valour upon him? Perhaps it was this 'misuse' that brought about his only recorded duel-an occurrence of rather uncertain date, but apparently belonging, by a most awkward coincidence, to this very time. In justice to the fallible 'Christian Hero,' however, it must be remembered that the only version of this rather vague story represents him as drawn into the quarrel with great reluctance, as accepting his adversary's challenge most unvillingly, and running him through in a well-meant effort to disarm him. It has to be added that in after-years, in the Tatler and the Spectator, Steele was incessant in his ridicule and denunciation of the duel.

The same year which saw the publication of the Christian Hero witnessed the appearance—on the stage at all events-of Steele's first play, The Funeral, or, Grief a la Mode This was followed in 1703 by The Lying Lover, in 1705 by The Tender Husband, and in 1722 by The Conscious These four comedies, though they do not give Steele a high place among our dramatic authors, render him an important figure in the history of the English stage. In 1697 Jeremy Collier's famous diatribe had given utterance to the general disgust at the indecencies of Wycherley and Congreye, and in the first year of the new century a very salutary reactionsalutary at least so far as concerned the morals of the drama-began to set in In this reaction Steele was a principal agent, and he became, indeed, the founder of that 'Sentimental Comedy' which, in the early Georgian times, supplanted the Restoration comedy of wat and intrigue. true that from the modern standpoint of manners and morals his plays seem anything but faultless, containing, as they do, not only frequent examples of coarseness in language, but also some dubious situations and scenes These, however, are but superficial defects, which no way impair the essential soundness of the morality inculcated by the author or diminish the force of the contrast which his comedies present to their immediate With Steele the patient or deluded predecessors husband is no longer the butt of ridicule, nor do breaches of the marriage tie furnish the material of his plots. On the contrary, his theme is the honourable and futliful love of youths and maidens his heroines, whether sentimental or worldly, are never immodest, his heroes at the worst are only foolish and reckless young sparks, while at the best they tend to be priggish

It is noteworthy that in every one of the four plays the dénouement involves the foiling of some mercenary matrimonial design and the substitution of a true-love match in its stead, and that in two of them the evils of the duel are exposed. The moral purpose is, indeed, only too apparent, and it is not surprising that the Lying Lover was 'damned,' as Steele himself confesses, 'for its piety'. The comic vein is seen mainly in such minor characters as Humphrey Gubbin, a kind of earlier Tony Lumpkin, and Biddy Tipkin, in whom there is a clear suggestion of Sheridan's Lydia Languish.

There are but scanty notices of Steele's life during the time when the first three of his plays were written He himself asserted that his name in 1702 was down in King William's last 'tablebook' for promotion, but the king's death deferred any such advancement for some years. Chemical experiments in search of the philosopher's stone seemed to have consumed some of his time and money, and he is believed to have been one of the earliest members of the Kit-Cat Club he married a Mrs Margaret Stretch, a widow with some West Indian property, who, however, died not long after the marriage. In 1706 the office of Gentleman Waiter to Prince George of Denmark, the consort of Queen Anne, was bestowed upon him, and in May of the next year he obtained the then important post of Gazetteer, or editor of the London Gazette In September 1707 he was married again, this time to a Welsh lady of some fortune, named Mary Scurlock, who plays rather an important part in his biography thence-She was evidently a somewhat peevish and capricious beauty, who delighted in finding fault with her not impeccable liusband, and Steele seems to live led very much the same kind of life with his 'dear Prue,' as he called her, as his hero, the great Duke of Marlborough, had with the terningant Duchess A collection of his letters, written to her both before and after marriage, which was published by Nichols the antiquary in 1787, gives a very intimate revelation of his character It shows him the most affectionate and generous of men, guilty of too frequent convivial excesses, after the manner of the time, 'hopelessly sanguine, restless, and impulsive,' and well nigh as great a spendthrift as Sheridan or Goldsmith In spite of what must have been a fairly good income, he was always in debt, and sometimes in the hands of the bailiffs, but it would seem that Macaulay's picture of him 'dicing himself into a spunging-house and drinking himself into a fever' is somewhat of an exaggeration

It was doubtless partly the journalistic opportunities possessed by Steele in his character of Gazetteer that suggested to him the project of The Tatler, with which the periodical literature of England takes its rise. English journalism, of course, is older than the Tatler by more than half a century, beginning, as it practically does (for one need hardly go back to Nathaniel Butters), with the 'Mercuries'-Mercurius Aulicus, Politi cus Britaniacus, Anti-Britannicus, Pragmaticus, and so on-that came forth in shoals at the out break of the great Civil War. In the reign of Oueen Anne there were in London plenty of newspapers, or rather meagre news sheets, in addition to the official Gazettees, which endea voured to report the politics-and especially the foreign politics-of the day The crized uphol sterer, for example, whom Addison sketched in some of the later issues of the Tatler land his poor brain turned by much speculation on the movements of Marlborough and Prince Eugene and the King of Sweden, as reported in the Postman, the Post-Bos, the Daily Cou rant, the Supplement, and the Inglish Post Besides these there was Defoe's Remen, started in 1704, which may be described as the first of our organs of opinion on politics, giving, as it did, political criticism in addition to have news And, listly, the obliging sheets which undertool, after the example of John Dunton's Athemar Mercury (1690-97), to resolve 'all the most mee and curious questions proposed by the ingenious of either sex, had started that line of journalis tic development which is still continued in the 'answers to correspondents' in provincial weekly newspapers

The Tatler, however, was altogether different from these, and represented a departure which in the end was to issue, not in the modern newspaper, but in the magazine lts descent from the news sheets is shown by the scrips of political tidings which Steele borrowed from the Gazette for its earlier numbers, but its essential purpose from the first was the description and criticism of polite society in London notice prefixed to the opening numbers, Steele describes himself as writing 'for the use of politic persons, who are so publick spirited as to neglect their own affairs to look into transactions of state? Something is to be offered whereby 'such worthy and well affected members of the commonwealth may be instructed, after their reading, what to think,' and there is to be something also 'which may be of entertainment to the fur sex,' in honour of whom the title of the paper is declared to be The contents of the numbers are dated, according to their subjects, from the various social resorts about town 'All accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertunment,' for example, are under the article of White's Chocolate-House, Poetry under that of Will's Coffee House, Learn ing under the title of Grecian, Foreign and Domestick News from St James's Coffee-House' This last kind of intelligence was inserted to

give solur ballast and actuality to the paper, but, being evidently found superfluous, it was gradually excluded, and the Jather became entirely a description and criticism of the manners and morals of the day

The first number-r double columned folio sheet-oppeared on the 12th of April 170% and its successors came out regularly three times a weel on Fuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturday, at the price of a penny, until the and of I means 1711. They were written in the character of an imaginary Isan Bickerstaff, a hinesofent oll buchelor, a hole name, in the preceding year, had lieen made famous by Swift's employment of r in his mystification of the estrologer Partings. Steele was now on terms of friendship tith Swift, who for about eighteen months had been in London on each rished business, and a fer of the papers in the Intler are from the Vicars A fir more important contributor caustic pen i as Addition, whose assistance was related the by Steele with characteristic and evaggerated generosity. The forty two papers known or be hered to have been written by him court's doubtless, some of the finest thoughts and most finished virting in the Tatler yet Steele spoke rather as a friend than a critic when he said, 'I fired like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid. I was undore b my auxiliary, when I had once called him in I could not subsist vithout dependent on here! Other contributors—has only to a ver this is extent-were Congrese Hughes, Ambrose Philips and Harrison. Of the two hundred and errent one numbers, Steele wrote about one hurdred and eights eight himself, and it entitude in cooperation with Addison, and he was editerally responsible, as we should now say, for the vhole

The contents of the Tatler, which were immediately republished in successive volumes as Ine Luculrators of Isate B kerstaff Lsq., we as various as the aspects of the life it professed to describe and criticise. In its numbers a dramatic criticism is followed by an imaginary character sketch of a pair of beauties, a pathetic love story or scene of domestic life is found alongside a gentle sature on fopperies in dress and conversation, a serious discourse on the evils of gaming and duciling is relieved by a picture of some odd frequenter of the coffee houses or the In his self-imposed role of observer and censor of polite society, Mr Bickerstuff takes note of every social foible and vice and humour from the 'nice conduct of a clouded cane' or the exor bitant circumference of a hooped petticoat to the evils of loveless marriages for an establishment, and from the insipid affectations of the visiting day and the noise utterance of responses in church to the arts of the well bred cheat and The treatment of these the brutality of the bully subjects is, is a rule, much less formal and elaborate than in the Spectator, where every paper

is a substantive essay, usually on a set theme. In its later days, indeed, the Tatler assumed this form, but its earlier numbers each dealt with three or four subjects, which of course were lightly and never exhaustively handled. As a consequence, while the Spectator has a more solid literary value, the Tatler gives us perhaps the more lively picture of the varied life of the period. Turning over its pages, one can see Betterton in Love for Love, and Wilkes as Sir Harry Wildair, and watch Tom Modely and Will Courtly tapping their snuff-boxes at White's or ogling Chloe and Clarinda in Pall Mall ladies, patched and powdered, trip to and from their sedan-chairs and coaches, the preacher at St Paul's or St Clement Dane's holds forth for or against Dr Sacheverell, at the Grecian the Templars discuss tragedy and epic according to the rules of Aristotle and Bossu, the Mohocks scour the ill-lit streets at night. The bluff country squire amuses the coffee-house by calling for a morning draught of ale and Dyer's newsletter, at the rich man's table the poor parson rises ruefully before the dessert, and in the long stage-coach journey to Bristol or Exeter the travellers are bored and jolted into a state of sullen ennul mitigated only by dread of the highwayman's pistol Through it all, too, there comes an echo of the great events of the time-the tramp of the armies of Marlborough and Vendôme, and the distant thunder of the cannon of Malplaquet and Pultowa.

Steele's share in the Tatler is so marked and preponderant as to have caused the general asso ciation of the paper with his name, and without any disparagement of the invaluable aid given by Addison, it must be owned that the scope and main features of the venture were determined by Steele. To him, for one thing, its strong moral purpose was due. Steele was essentially a preacher, ever bent on the reformation of society, and in the Tatler he set himself not only with energy, but also with much tactical skill, to make assault on the many flagrant corruptions of the age. Conspicuous among his attacks were those on gaming and duelling, of which he says himself, with justifiable complaisance, 'that in spight of all the force of fashion and prejudice, in the face of all the world, I alone bewailed the condition of an English gentleman, whose fortune and life are at this day precarious, while his estate is liable to the demands of gamesters through a false sense of justice, and his life to the demands of duellists through a false sense of honour'

But his best service to morality was rendered in his persistent efforts to ruise the general estimate of women and the level of feminine culture and self respect. Steele's chivalrous regard for women was one of the finest points in his character, and prompted perhaps his best and most famous sentence in eulogy of Aspasia (Lady Elizabeth Hastings), of whom he said in the 49th Tatler

that to love her was 'a liberal education' In striving to rectify the position of what he called 'the fair sex,' he struck deep and straight at the worst exils of the day, for undoubtedly the frivolity of fashionable women in the late Stuart period was both cause and effect of the profligacy and brutality of the Rochesters and Sedleys and Mohuns. From the first, Steele made his appeal to women equally with men, and throughout he was never weary of urging on them the duty of acquiring mental culture, of taking a sensible view of life, and acquiring a proper conception of the seriousness and sanctity of marriage. His 'message' on this head is well summarised in a few sentences of the admirable 248th Tatler

'It is with great judignation that I see such crowds of the female world lost to human society, and condemned to a laziness which makes life pass away with less relish than in the hardest labour. Those who are in the quality of gentlewomen should propose to themselves some suitable method of passing away their time. This would furnish them with reflections and sentiments proper for the companions of reasonable men, and prevent the unnatural marriages which happen every day between the most accomplish'd women and the veriest oafs, the worthest men and the most insignificant females. Were the general turn of women's education of another kind than it is at present, we should want one another for more reasons than we do as the world now goes'

It was natural that a man who wrote thus should glorify all cleanly and kindly sentiments, as they are glorified in the Tatler Sometimes indeed, in pathetic pictures of true lovers' woes like the stories of Philander and Chloe (No 94), the sentiment is a trifle maudlin, but in the charming domestic pictures as a rule-in such masterpieces as the account of his father's death (No 181), the description of the family where Mr Bickerstaff visits as an old friend (Nos 95 and 114), and the relation of the little matrimonial jars of Tranquillus and Jenny (No 85)-the pathos and tenderness of Steele are unerring. No man has written more simply and beautifully of the love of husband and wife and parents and children, and of the innocent joys of home.

Of the other features of Steele's work in the Tatler one need only notice the uniform kindliness of siture (it was Steele's creed that every saturist should be a good-natured man), the humour, broader and less refined than Addison's, the negligently easy style so free from sententiousness despite the moral burden of the content, and the justice of the literary and dramatic criticism. Steele, it is true, seldom or never analyses his judgments, and shows nothing that can be called a critical theory, but his judgments themselves are sound, his taste is good. He frankly admires what is admirable, and transcribes it generously for the reader's benefit. Hardly any one of our writers quotes Shakespeare so often

Two months after the Tatler, to the great regret of the town, had been discontinued, there

appeared (1st March 1711) the more famous Spectator, which ran until the 6th of December in the next year. It came out every week day, and, like its predecessor, cost a penny until the Stamp Act passed by Harley's Government caused its price to be doubled It was a signal proof of the paper's popularity that it continued to exist, though with a diminished circulation, in spite of a tax which killed most of the journals of the day Its highest circulation seems to have been 14,000 copies, and even after the half penny tax had been laid on, 10,000 copies of it were sold on an average The honours of the Spectator have every day fallen mainly to Addison, yet Steele's part in it was far from unimportant Of the 555 numbers, 236 (signed with the letter R or T) were written by him, as against Addison's 274 Among the other contributors were Ambrose Philips (who signs  $\lambda$ ), Pope (whose Messiah appeared in No 378), Hughes, Tickell, Parnell, and Eusden Steele, it should be added, had no hand in Addison's brief reunal of the Spectator in June 1714

The idea of the Spectator's Club, which is described in the second number, was Steele's invention, and from him consequently came not only the pictures of Sir Andrew Freeport, Will Honeycomb, and Captum Sentry, but also the first sketch of Sir Roger de Coverley, which was afterwards developed in the immortal series of papers forming Addison's masterpiece To Steele also belong one or two of the most pleasing papers ordinarily reckoned in that series, containing (Nos 113 and 118) the account of Sir Roger's hopeless passion for the widow, and to him, according to the best critical opinion, must not be attributed the degradation of the knight's character by showing him in an adventure with a woman of the town The well-known tale of Inkle and Yarreo, one of the oftenest-quoted examples of Steele's pathos, is to be found in the Spectator (No 11), and there also, as first-rate specimens of his humour, criticism, and satire, we may instance the amusing narrative of the stage couch journey with the Quaker and the brisk captain (No. 132), the account of Raphael's cartoons (Nos 226 and 244), and the peculiarly vigorous and plain spoken attack (No 51) on the grossness of the stage. The steady moral purpose which had guided the Tatler is maintained in numerous papers on the evils of profaneness, profligacy, female frivolity, and even the blessedness of keeping out of debt. Poor Steele always preached much better than he practised, and it can well be believed that there was some truth in the ingenuous confession with which he closed the Tatler, that as 'severity of manners was absolutely necessary for him who would censure others,' the purpose of the paper was 'wholly lost' by his 'being so long understood as the author'

To the Spectator, on the 12th of March 1713, succeeded the comparatively short-lived Guardian, the last of the three great periodicals of Queen Anne's reign. It also appeared daily at the price

of a penny, running till the 1st of October in the same year Nearly half the papers were by Steele, rather less than a third by Addison, and most of the rest by Dr George (afterwards Bishop) Berkeley The place of Isaac Bickerstaff and Mr Spectator is here taken by an equally imaginary Nestor Ironside, and the reader at the outset is informed that his chief entertainment will arise from what passes at the ten-table of My Lady Lizard, to whose family Mr Ironside stands in loco parentis Briefly, the Guardian may be described as showing, with an inevitable lack of freshiness, the same kind of contents and qualities as had made the fortune of its predecessor. The introduction of party politics spoiled it for its own day and for posterity. Always a very militant Whig, Steele had allowed hits at the Tories even in the Tatler, and Swift, when ratting to the side of Harley and St John in 1712, grumbled that he had been 'mighty impertment of late in his Speciators' The greath intensified rage of faction in the last years of Queen Anne had its effect on the Guardian, which was often little better than a party pamphlet.

In politics, indeed, Steele had become ever more and more deeply engaged during those storms years which saw the downfall of Godolphin and Marlborough, the administration of Oxford and Bolingbroke, and the ending of the great war by the Peace of Utrecht. The dismissal of the Whigs had deprived him of his post of Gazetteer, but not of the commissionership of stamps which had been bestowed on him in 1710, and which he retained till 1713. His gradual breach with Swift, who in the former of these years had turned pamphleteer on the Tory side, is traceable in the Journal to Stella, which contains some graphic and caustic notices of his character and habits governed by his wife,' we read, 'most abominably I never saw her since I came, nor has he ever made me an invitation, either he does not, or is such a thoughtless Iisdall fellow that he never minds it. So what care I for his wit? for he is the worst company in the world till he has a bottle of wine in his head' 'Once, when he was to have made one of a tavern party,' we are told that he 'came not, nor never did twice, since I knew him, to any appointment' In 1713 the Guardian brought the two into open paper-warfare, Swift attacking Steele in the Examiner and also in a tract called The Importance of the Guardian con sidered When the Guardian came to an end, Steele carried on his campaign against the Govern ment in its successor, The Englishman (October 1713-February 1714), memorable only because its twenty-sixth number contains the account of Alexander Selkirk which is supposed to have given Defoe the hint for Robinson Crusoe January 1714 Steele published the pumphlet en titled The Crisis, and followed it up with The Lover and The Reader, two polemical periodicals which had the very shortest life The climas was reached in his election to the Parliament of 1714, and his almost instant expulsion by a vote of the House of Commons on the 12th of March for 'seditious' paragraphs in the Crisis and the Englishman Addison prompted him in the three hours' speech of 'great temper, modesty, and unconcern' which he made in his defence, and Stanhope and Walpole were among his supporters, but the Tory majority were resolved, after the fashion of the day, to have their revenge on the leading Whig pamphleteer. The persecution had one good result in the publication of the Apology for Himself and his Writings (October 1714), which contains many interesting biographical details

In a very few months, however, came a turn of the wheel of political fortune. The accession of George I brought the Whigs again to the top, and with them, of course, rose Steele By the goodwill of the actors, who gratefully remembered his Tatler criticisms, he became a patentee and manager of Drury Lane Theatrc, with a substantial share of the profits In the beginning of 1715 he entered Parliament again, and in April of the same year he was knighted Soon afterwards a place was found for him on the commission for inquiring into the estates forfeited by the rebels of 1715, and this appointment necessitated a journey to Edinburgh in 1718, when he was welcomed in verse by Allan Ramsay and Alexander Pennecuik. His literary activity was maintained in a new volume of the Englishman (1715) and one or two other ephemeral periodicals-Town Talk, Tea-Table, Chit-Chat-in that and the next year

Steele's Yet withil, prosperity was not secured thriftless habits and his proneness to speculation, manifested conspicuously in a luckless project for the carriage of live fish by sea, kept him in his normal state of impecuniosity and debt. But there were worse misfortunes still. 'Dear Prue' died in 1718, and next year came the end of that friendship with Addison of which he had boasted so often with a touching humility and generosity that are among the best proofs of his real excellence of Addison's decorous instincts must often character have been shocked by Steele's prodigality, and there seems no reason to doubt the well-known story which represents him reclaiming a loan by means of an execution on his friend, to teach him a lesson in frugality-1 lesson which is said to have been accepted with perfect good humour, but of course without any good result. The quarrel, however, was not about money, but politics, for the two friends differed, and proceeded to a paper-war on the question of Stanhope's Peerage Bill Steele attacked the bill in the Plebeian, Addison replied with acrimony in the Old 117ug, and the two were still unreconciled when Addison died in June 1719 Steele lived ten years longer, publishing The Theatre, another short lived periodical, in 1720, and, after one or two promplilets, his fourth play, The Conscious Loters, in 1722 Another play was announced but never

completed, although a few fragments of it have been preserved

Steele's debts seem to have so accumulated as to make it prudent for him to leave London, whether for fear of duns or desire of retrenchment and repayment, and apparently he did not return to the capital after 1723. His last years were spent partly at Hereford, where his friend Hoadly was bishop, and partly at Carmarthen, where 'Prues' Stricken by paralysis, he suffered property lay partial loss of mind, and at Carmarthen, on 1st September 1729, he died. It is said that 'he retained his cheerful sweetness of temper to the last, and would often be carried out in a summer's evening, where the country lads and lasses were assembled at their rural sports, and with his pencil write an order for a new gown to the best dancer' -surely no unfitting final glimpse of the kindliest sentimentalist in our literature

#### Love Grief, and Death

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not omite five years of age, but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledoor in my liand, and fell a beating the coffin, and calling 'Papa,' for I know not how I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother catched me in her arms, and transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embrace. and told me, in a flood of tears, papa could not hear me. and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again. She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport, which methought struck me with an instinct of sorrow, which, before I was sensible what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo, and receives impressions so forcible that they are as hard to be removed by reason as any mark with which a child is born is to be taken away by any future application (From The Tutler, No. 181 )

# Agreeable Companions and Flatterers.

An old acquaintance who met me this morning seemed overjoyed to see me, and told me I looked as well as he had known me do these forty years, but, continued he, not quite the man you were when we visited together at Lady Brightly's Oh! Isaac, those days are over. Do you think there are any such fine creatures now living as we then conversed with? He went on with a thousand incoherent circumstances, which, in his imagination, must needs please me but they had the quite contrary effect. The flattery with which he began, in telling me how well I wore, was not disagreeable, but his indiscreet mention of a set of acquaintance we had outlived, recalled ten thousand things to my memory, which made me reflect upon my present condition with regret. Had he indeed been so kind as, after a long obsence, to felicitate me upon an

indolent and easy old age, and mentioned how much he and I had to thank for, who at our time of day could walk firmly, eat hearthly, and converse cheerfully, he had kept np my pleasure in myself But of all man kind, there are none so shocking as these injudicious They ordinarily begin upon something eivil people that they know must be a satisfaction, but then, for fear of the imputation of flattery, they follow it with the last thing in the world of which you would be reminded. It is this that perplexes eivil persons reason that there is such a general outers among us against flatterers is, that there are so very few good ones It is the nicest art in this life, and is a part of eloquence which does not want the preparation that is necessary to all other parts of it, that your audience should be your well wishers, for praise from an enemy is the most pleasing of all commendations.

It is generally to be observed, that the person most agreeable to a man for a constancy, is he that his no shining qualities, but is a certain degree above great imperfections, whom he can live with as his inferior, and who will either overlook or not observe his little Such an easy companion as this, either now and then throws out a little flattery, or lets a man silently flatter himself in his superiority to him. If you take notice, there is hardly a rich man in the world who has not such a led friend of small consideration, who is a darling for his insignificancy. It is a great ease to have one in our own shape a species below us, and who, without being listed in our service, is by nature of our retinue. These dependents are of excellent use on a runy day, or when a man has not a mind to dress, or to evelude solitude, when one has neither a mind to that There are of this good natured order nor to company who are so kind as to divide themselves, and do these good offices to many Five or six of them visit a whole quarter of the town, and exclude the spleen, without fees, from the families they frequent. If they do not prescribe physic, they can be company when you take it. Very great benefactors to the rieli, or those whom they call people at their ease, are your persons of no consequence. I have known some of them, by the help of a little cunning, make delieious flatterers. They know the course of the town, and the general characters of persons, by this means they will sometimes tell the most agreeable falsehoods imaginable They will acquaint you that such an one of a quite contrary party said, that though you were engaged in different interests, yet he had the greatest respect for your good sense and address. When one of these has a little eunning, he passes his time in the utmost satisfaction to himself and his friends, for his position is never to report or speak a displeasing thing to his friend As for letting him go on in an error, he knows advice against them is the office of persons of greater talents and less discretion

The Latin word for a flatterer (assentator) implies no more than a person that barely consents, and indeed such an one, if a man were able to purchase or maintain him, cannot be bought too dear. Such a one never con tradicts you, but gains upon you, not by a fulsome way of commending you in broad terms, but liking whatever you propose or utter, at the same time is ready to beg your pardon, and gainsay you if you chance to speak ill of yonrself. An old lady is very seldom without such a companion as this, who can recite the names of all her lovers, and the matches refused by her in the days

when she minded such vinities—as she is pleased to call them, though she so much approves the mention of them. It is to be noted, that a woman's flatterer is generally elder than herself, her years serving at once to recommend her patroness's age, and to add weight to her complaisance in all other particulars.

We gentlemen of small fortunes are extremely neces sitous in this particular. I have indeed one who smokes with me often, but his parts are so low, that all the meense he does me is to fill his pipe vith me, and to be out at just as many whiffs as I take. This is all the praise or assent that he is capable of, jet there are more hours when I would rather be in his company than that of the brightest man I know. It would be an hard matter to give an account of this inclination to be flattered, but if we go to the bottom of it, we shall find that the pleasure in it is something lile that of receiving money which lav out. Every man thinks he lins an estate of reputation, and is glad to see one that will bring any of it home to him, it is no matter how dirty a bag it is conveyed to him in, or by how clownish a messenger, so the money is good. All that we want to be pleased with flattery, is to believe that the man is sincere who gives it us. It is by this one accident that absurd creatures often outrun the most slilful in this Their want of ability is here an advantage, and their bluntness, as it is the seeming effect of sinecrity, is the best cover to artifice

It is, indeed, the greatest of injuries to flatter any but the unhappy, or such as are displeased with themselves for some infirmity. In this latter case we have a member of our club, that, when Sir Jeffrey falls asleep, wakens him with snoring. This makes Sir Jeffrey hold up for some moments the longer, to see there are men younger than himself among us, who are more lethargic than he is

When flattery is practised upon any other consideration, it is the most abject thing in nature, nay, I cannot thinl of any character below the flatterer, except he that envies him. You meet with fellows prepared to be as mean as possible in their condescensions and expressions, but they want persons and talents to rise up to such a baseness. As a coxeomb is a fool of parts, so a flatterer is a knave of parts.

The best of this order that I know is one who disguises it under a spirit of contradiction or reproof. He told an arrant driveller the other day, that he did not care for being in company with him, because he heard he turned his absent friends into ridicule. And upon Lady Autumn's disputing with him about something that happened at the Revolution, he replied with a very angry tone 'Pray, midam, give me leave to know more of a thing in which I was actually concerned, than you who were then in your nurse's arms'

(From The Tatler, No 20%)

# Quack Advertisements

It gives me much despair in the design of reforming the world by my speculations, when I find there always arise, from one generation to another, successive cheats and bubbles, as naturally as beasts of prey and those which are to be their food. There is hardly a man in the world, one would think, so ignorant as not to know that the ordinary quack doctors, who publish their abilities in little brown billets, distributed to all who pass by, are to a man impostors and minderers, yet

such is the credulity of the vulgar, and the impudence of these professors, that the affair still goes on, and new promises of what was never done before are made every day. What aggravates the jest is, that even this promise has been made as long as the memory of man can trace it, and yet nothing performed, and yet still prevails

There is something unaccountably taking among the vulgar in those who come from a great way off. Ignorant people of quality, as many there are of such, dote excessively this way, many instances of which every man will suggest to himself, without my enumeration of them. The ignorants of lower order, who cannot, like the upper ones, be profuse of their money to those recommended by coming from a distance, are no less complaisant than the others, for they venture their lives for the same admiration.

'The doctor is lately come from his travels, and has practised both by sea and land, and therefore cures the green sickness, long sea voyages, and campaigns, and lying in.' Both by sea and land! I will not answer for the distempers called 'sea voyages, and campaigns,' but I daresay those of green sickness and lying in might be as well talen care of if the doctor stayed ashore. But the art of managing mankind is only to make them stare a little to keep up their astonishment, to let nothing be familiar to them, but ever to have something in their sleeve, in which they must think you are deeper than they are. There is an ingenious fellow, a barber, of my acquaintance, who, besides his broken fiddle and a dried sea monster, has a twine cord, strained with two nails at each end, over his window, and the words 'runn, dry, wet,' and so forth, written to denote the weather, according to the rising or falling of the cord. We very great scholars are not apt to wonder at this, but I observed a very honest felloy, a chance customer, who sat in the chair before me to be shaved, fix his eye upon this miraculous performance during the operation upon his chin and face. When those and his head also were cleared of all incumbrances and excrescences, he looked at the fish, then at the fiddle, still grubling in his pockets, and casting his eye again at the twine, and the v ords writ on each side, then altered his mind as to farthings, and gave my friend a silver sixpence. The business, as I said, is to keep up the amazement, and if my friend had had only the skelcton and kit, he must have been contented with a less payment There is a doctor in Mouse Alley, near Wapping, who sets up for curing cataracts upon the credit of having, as his bill sets forth, lost an eve in the emperor's service. His patients come in upon this, and he shows his muster roll, which confirms that he was in his imperial majesty's troops, and he puts out their eyes with great success. Who would believe that a man should be a doctor for the cure of bursten children, by declaring that his father and grand father were born bursten? But Charles Ingoltson, next door to the Harp in Barbican, has made a pretty penny by that asseveration The generality go upon their first conception, and think no further, all the rest is granted They take it that there is something uncommon in you, and give you credit for the rest. You may be sure it is upon that I go, when sometimes, let it be to the purpose or not I keep a Latin centence in my front, and I was not a little pleased when I observed one of my readers say, casting his eye on my twentieth paper, 'More Latin still? What a prodigious scholar is this man! Int as I

I have here taken much liberty with this learned doctor, I must make up all I have said by repeating what he seems to be in earnest in, and honestly promise to those who will not receive lum as a great man, to wit, 'That from eight to twelve, and from two till six, he attends for the good of the public to bleed for threepence'

(From The Spectator, No 444)

# Story-telling

I have often thought that a story teller is born, as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain that some men have such a peculiar cast of mind, that they see things in another light than men of grave dispositions. of a lively imagination and a mirthful temper will repre sent things to their hearers in the same manner as they themselves were affected with them, and whereas serious spirits might perhaps have been disgusted at the sight of some odd occurrences in life, yet the very same occurrences shall please them in a well told story, where the disagreeable parts of the images are concealed, and those only which are pleasing exhibited to the fancy Story telling is therefore not an art, but what we call a 'knack,' it doth not so much subsist upon wit as upon humour, and I will add, that it is not perfect without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind I know very well that a certain gravity of countenance sets some stories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be surprised in the end But this is by no means a general rule, for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist by cheerful looks and whimsical agitations. I vill go yet further, and affirm that the success of a story very often depends upon the make of the body, and formation of the features, of him who relates it. I have been of this opinion ever since I criticised upon the chin of Dick Dewlap I very often had the weakness to repine at the prosperity of his conceits, which made him pass for a wit with the widow at the coffee house, and the ordinary mechanics that frequent it, nor could I myself forbear laughing at them most heartily, though upon examina tion I thought most of them very flat and insipid. I found, after some time, that the ment of his wit was founded upon the shaking of a fat paunch, and the toss ing up of a pair of rosy jowls. Poor Dick had a fit of sickness, which robbed him of his fat and his fame at once, and it was full three months before he regained his reputation, which rose in proportion to his floridity He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good constitution for wit

Those v ho are thus adorned with the gifts of nature, are apt to show their parts with too much ostentation I would therefore advise all the professors of this art never to tell stories but as they seem to grow out of the subject matter of the conversation, or as they serve to illustrate or enliven it. Stories that are very common are generally irl some, but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of allusion Those that are altogether new should never be ushered in without a short and pertinent character of the chief persons concerned, because, by that means, you make the company acquainted with them, and it is a certain rule, that slight and trivial accounts of those who are familiar to us ad minister more mirth than the brightest points of wit in unknown characters A little circumstance in the com plexion of dress of the man you are talling of sets his image before the hearer, if it be chosen aptly for the Thus, I remember Tom Lizard, after having made his sisters merry with an account of a formal old man's way of complimenting, owned very frankly that his story would not have been worth one farthing if he had made the hat of him whom he represented one inch narrower Besides the marking distinct characters, and selecting pertinent circumstances, it is likewise neces sary to leave off in time, and end smartly, so that there is a kind of drama in the forming of a story, and the manner of conducting and pointing it is the same as in an epigram. It is a miscrible thing, after one hath raised the expectation of the company by humorous characters and a pretty concert, to pursue the matter too far There is no retreating, and how poor is it for a story teller to end his relation by saying, 'That's all!' (From The Guardian, No. 42.)

# A Domestic Scene

There are several persons who have many pleasures and entertainments in their possession which they do not enjoy. It is therefore a kind and good office to acquaint them with their own happiness, and turn their attention to such instances of their good fortune which they are apt to overlook. Persons in the married state often want such a monitor, and pine away their days by looking upon the same condition in anguish and murmur, which carries with it in the opinion of others a complication of all the pleasures of life, and a retreat from its inquietudes.

I am led into this thought by a visit I made an old friend, who was formerly my school fellow. He came to town last week with his family for the winter, and vesterday morning sent me word his wife expected me I am as it were at home at that house, and every member of it knows me for their well wisher cannot indeed express the pleasure it is to be met by the children with so much joy as I am when I go thither The boys and girls strive who shall come first, when they think it is I that am knocking at the door, and that child which loses the race to me runs back again to tell the father it is Mr Bickerstaff This day I was led in by a pretty girl that we all thought must have forgot me, for the family has been out of town these two years Her I nowing me again was a mighty subject with us, and took up our discourse at the first entrance which, they hegan to rally me upon a thousand little stories they heard in the country, about my marriage to one of my neighbour's daughters upon which the gentleman, my friend, said, 'Nay, if Mr Bickerstaff marries a child of any of his old companions, I hope mine shall have the preference, there is Mrs Mary is now sixteen, and would make him as fine a widow as the best of them but I know him too well, he is so enamoured with the very memory of those who flourished in our youth, that he will not so much as look upon the modern beauties. I remember, old gentleman, how often you went home in a day to refresh your countenance and dress, when Teraminta reigned in your As we came up in the coach, I repeated to my wife some of your verses on her ' With such reflections on little passages which happened long ago, we passed our time during a cheerful and elegant meal. dunner his lady left the room, as did also the children As soon as we were alone, he took me by the hand, Well, my good friend, says he, I am heartily glad to see thee, I was afraid you would never have seen all the company that dined with you to-day again. Do not you think the good woman of the house a little altered since you followed her from the playhouse, to find out who she was for me? I perceived a tear fall down his cheek as he spoke, which moved me not a little. But to turn the discourse, said I, she is not indeed quite that ereature she was when she returned me the letter I carried from you, and told me she hoped, as I was a gentleman, I would be employed no more to trouble her, who had never offended me, but would be so much the gentleman's friend as to dissuade him from a pursuit which he could never succeed in You may remember, I thought her in earnest, and you were forced to employ your cousin Will, who made his sister get acquainted with her for you. You cannot expect her to Fifteen 1 replied my good friend be for ever fifteen Ah! you little understand, you that have lived a bachelor, how great, how exquisite a pleasure there is in being really beloved! It is impossible that the most beauteous face in nature should raise in me such pleasing ideas as when I look upon that excellent woman That fading in her countenance is chiefly caused by her watching with me in my fever. This was followed by a fit of siekness, which had like to have carried her off last winter I tell you sincerely, I have so many obligations to her that I cannot with any sort of moderation think of her present state of health. But as to what you say of fifteen, she gives me every day pleasures beyond what I ever knew in the possession of her beauty, when I was in the vigour of youth - Livery moment of her life hings me fresh instances of her complacency to my inclinations, and her prindence in regard to my fortune. Her face is to me much more beautiful than when I first saw it, there is no decry in any feature, which I cannot trace from the very instant it was occasioned by some anxious concern for my welfare and interests. Thus at the same time, methinks, the love I conceived towards her for what she was, is heightened by my gratitude for what she is-The love of a wife is as much above the idle passion commonly called by that name, as the loud laughter of buffoons is inferior to the elegant mirth of gentlemen Oh! she is an inestimable jewel. In her examination of her household affairs, she shews a certain fearfulness to find a fault, which makes her servants obey her like ehildren, and the meanest we have has an ingenuous shame for an offence, not always to be seen in children in other families. I speak freely to you, my old friend, ever since her sickness, things that give me the quickest joy before, turn now to a certain anxiety. As the chil dren play in the next room, I know the poor things by their steps, and am considering what they must do should they lose their mother in their tender years. The pleasure I used to take in telling my boy stories of buttles, and asking my girl questions about disposal of her baby [doll], and the gossiping of it, is turned into inward reflection and melancholy

He would have gone on in this tender way, when the good lady entered, and with an inexpressible sweetness in her countenance told us she had been searching her closet for something very good, to treat such an old friend as I was. Her husband's eyes sparkled with pleasure at the chearfulness of her countenance, and I saw all his fears vanish in an instant. The lady observing something in our looks which shewed we had been more serious than ordinary, and seeing her husband receive

her with great concern under a forced chearfulness, im mediately guessed at what we had been talking of, and applying herself to me, said, with a smile. Mr Bickerstaff, do not believe a word of what he tells you, I shall still live to have you for my second, as I have often promised you, unless he takes more care of himself than he has done since his coming to town You must know, he tells me that he finds London is a much more healthy place than the country, for he sees several of his old acquaintance and school fellows are here young fellows with fair full bottomed periwigs. I could scarce keep him this morning from going out open breasted. Ms friend, who is always extremely delighted with her agreeable humour, made her sit down with us did it with that easiness which is peculiar to women of sense, and to keep up the good humour she had brought in with her, turned her raillery upon me Mr Bickerstaff, you remember you followed me one night from the play house, suppose you should carry me thither to morrow night, and lead me into the front box This put as into a long field of discourse about the beauties who were mothers to the present, and shined in the boxes twenty years ago I told her I was glad she had trans ferred so many of her charms, and I did not question hut her eldest daughter was within half a year of being a Toast.

We were pleasing ourselves with this fantastical pre ferment of the young lady, when on a sudden we were alarmed with the noise of a drum, and immediately entered my little godson to give me a point of war mother, between laughing and chiding, would have put him out of the room, but I would not part with him so I found upon conversation with him, though he was a little noisy in his mirth, that the child had excellent parts, and was a great master of all the learning on the other side eight years old. I perceived him a very great lustorian in Asop's Tables but he frank ly declared to me his mind, that he did not delight in that learning, because he did not believe they were true, for which reason I found he had very much turned his studies, for about a twelve month past, into the lives and adventures of Don Bellianis of Greece, Gny of Warwick, the Seven Champions, and other historians of that age I could not but observe the satisfaction the father took in the forwardness of his son, and that these diversions might turn to some profit, I found the boy had made remarks, which might be of service to him during the course of his whole life He would tell you the mismanagements of John Hickathrift, find fault with the passionate temper in Bevis of Southampton, and loved Saint George for being the champion of England, and by this means had his thoughts insensibly moulded into the notions of dis cretion, virtue, and honour I was extolling his accomplishments, when the mother told me that the little girl who led me in this morning was in her way a better scholar than he Betty, says she, deals chiefly in fairies and sprights, and sometimes in a winter night will terrify the maids with her accounts, until they are afraid to go up to bed.

I sat with them until it was very late, sometimes in merry, sometimes in serious disconrise, with this particular pleasure, which gives the only true relish to all con versation, a sense that every one of us liked each other. I went home considering the different conditions of a married life and that of a bachelor, and I must confess it struck me with a secret concern, to reflect that when

ever I go off, I shall leave no traces behind me. In this pensive mood I returned to my family, that is to say, to my maid, my dog, and my eat, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to me.

(From The Tatler No. 05.)

#### Inkle and Yarico

I was the other day amusing myself with Ligon's account of Barbadoes, and in answer to your well wrought tale, I will give you (as it dwells upon my memory) out of that honest traveller, in his fifty fifth page, the history of Inkle and Yarico

Mr Thomas Inkle, of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs on the good ship called the Achilles, bound for the West Indies, on the 16th of June, 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandise. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigonr in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders It happened, in the course of the voyage, that the Achilles, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America, in search of provisions. The youth, who is the hero of my story, among others went ashore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them Our adventurer escaped among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired and breathless, on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him After the first sur prize, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other If the Luropean was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked American, the American was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of an European, covered from head to foot. The Indian grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequently solicitous for his preservation. She there fore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slake his thirt. In the midst of these good offices, she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its colour to that of her fingers, then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress, of the most beautiful shells, bugles, and bredes [braids]. She lil ewise brought lum a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her, so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most party coloured feathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of the moon light, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and slien him where to lie down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of waters and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him awake in her arms, for fear of

her countrymen, and awake hun on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress how happy he should be to have her in his own country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses, without being exposed to wind and weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for several months, when I arico, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast, to which she made signals, and in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfretion, accompanied him to a ship's erew of his countrymen, bound for When a vessel from the main arrives in Barbadoes that island, it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians and other slaves, as with us of horses and oven

To be short, Mr Thomas Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many days interest of his money he had lost during his stay with Yarico. This thought made the young man very pen sive, and careful what account he should he able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which consideration, the prudent and frugal young man sold Yarico to a Barbadian merchant, notwithstanding the poor girl, to commiserate her condition, told him that she was with child hy him, but he only made use of that information to rise in his demands upon the purchaser.

(From the Spectator, No. 11)

Richard Ligon, a London Royalist merchant ruined by the Civil War, undertook at sixty to begin life nnew in the West Indies, sailed to Barbadoes in 1647, and, driven home by ill health in three Years, was by his creditors clapped in prison, where he wrote his History of the Barbadoes (1657) new ed 1673). There Steele (who had financial interests in the West Indies, through his wife) found the bones of poor Yarico's story but the novelette is mainly Steele's own creation Inkle (named from an old word for a kind of tape) is entirely his invention, and is unkindly made to sail by the ship Ligon was passenger on, it was Steele also, not Ligon, who dis covered nightingales in Barbadoes! From the Spectator the story found its way into such compilations as Knox's Elegant Extracts and Masson's Collection, where Burns I new it ere he had the chance of seeing at Damfries in 1794 the 'opera or musical comedy of Inkle and Yarico, by George Colman the younger In the Spectator form the tale attracted notice on the Continent also was retold in German by Gellert, by Bodmer, and by Gessner und had its share in securing a victory for the Swiss or Natural school over the Leipzig school of French sympathies and formal standards

# The Quaker in the Stage-coach

Having notified to my good friend Sir Roger that I should set out for London the next day, his horses were ready at the appointed hour in the evening, and attended by one of his grooms, I arrived at the county town at twilight, in order to be ready for the stage coach the day following As soon as we arrived at the inn, the servant, who waited upon me, inquired of the chamberlain in my hearing what company he had for the coach? The fellow answered, Mrs Betty Arable the great fortune, and the widow her mother, a recruiting officer, who took a place because they were to go, young Squire Quickset her cousin, that her mother wished her to be marned to, Ephrum the quaker, her guardian, and a gentle man that had studied himself dumb from Sir Roger de Coverley's. I observed by what he said of myself, that according to his office he dealt much in intelligence, and doubted not but there was some foundation for his

reports of the rest of the company, as well as for the whimsical account he gave of me. The next morning at day break we were all called, and I, who I now my own natural shyness, and endeavour to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The first preparation for our setting out was, that the captain's half pike was placed near the conchman, and a drum behind the coach. In the mean time the drimmer, the captain's equipage, was very loud that none of the captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled, upon which his cloke bag was fixed in the seat of the coach and the captain him self, according to a frequent though invidious behaviour of military men, ordered his man to look sharp, that none but one of the ladies should have the place he had taken fronting the coach box

We were in some little time fixed in our seats, and sat with that dislike which people not too good natured usually conceive of each other at first sight The coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of familiarity and we lind not moved above two miles, when the widow asked the captain what success he had in his recruiting? The officer, with a frankness he believed very graceful, told her, 'that indeed he had but very little luck, and had suffered much by desertion, therefore should be glad to end his warfare in the service of her or her fair daughter In a word, continued he, I am a soldier, and to be plain is my character vou see me, madani, young sound, and impudent, take me vourself, widow, or give me to her, I will be wholly at your dispo al. I am a soldier of fortune, ha!' This was followed by a vain laugh of his own, and a deep silence of all the rest of the company I had nothing left for it but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all speed 'Come, sud he, resolve upon it, we will make a wedding at the next town we will awake this pleasant companion who is fallen asleep, to be the bride man, and, giving the quaker a clap on the knee, he concluded, 'This sly saint, who, I will warrant, understands what is what as well as you or I, widow, shall give the bride as father ' The quaker, who happened to be a man of smartness, answered, 'Friend, I take it in good part that thou hast given me the authority of a fither over this comely and virtuous child, and I must assure thee, that if I have the giving her, I shall not bestow her on thee Thy mirth, friend, savoureth of folly—thon art a person of a light mind, thy drum is a type of thee, it soundeth because it is emply Verily, it is not from thy fulness, but thy emptiness that thou hast spoken this day. Friend, friend, we have hired this coach in partnership with thee, to carry us to the great city, we cannot go any other way worthy mother must hear thee if thou wilt needs utter thy follies, we cannot help it, friend, I say if thou wilt, we must hear thee, but if thou wert a man of understanding, thou wouldst not take advantage of thy courageous countenance to abash us children of peace Thou art, thou sayest, a soldier, give quarter to us, who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou fleer at our friend, who feigned himself asleep? he said nothing, but how dost thou know what he contuneth? If thou speakest improper things in the hearing of this virtuous young virgin, consider it as an outrige against a distressed person that cannot get from thee to speak indiscrectly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped up with thee in this public vehicle, is in some degree assaulting on the high road '

Here Ephraim paused, and the captam with an happy and uncommon impudence, which can be convicted and support itself at the same time, cries, 'Faith, friend, I thank thee, I should have been a little impertment if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thon art, I see, a smoky [knowing] old fellow, and I will be very orderly the ensuing part of my journey—I was going to give myself airs, but, ladies, I beg pardon'

The captain was so little out of humour, and our company was so far from being soured by this little ruffle, that Ephraim and he took a particular delight in being agreeable to each other for the future, and assumed their different provinces in the conduct of the company Our reckonings, apartments, and accommodation fell under Ephraim, and the captain looked to all disputes on the road, as the good behaviour of our coachman, and the right we had of taking place as going to London of all vehicles coming from thence. The occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the relation of them, but when I considered the company we were in, I took it for no small good fortune that the whole journey was not spent in impertiuences, which to the one part of us might be an entertainment, to the other a suffering. What there fore Ephraim said when we were almost arrived at London, had to me an air not only of good understanding but good breeding. Upon the young lady's expressing her satisfaction in the journey, and declaring how delight ful it had been to her, Ephraim delivered himself as follows 'There is no ordinary part of human life which expresseth so much a good mind, and a right inward man, as his behaviour upon meeting with strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable com panions to him such a man, when he falleth in the way with persons of simplicity and innocence, however know ing he may be in the ways of men, will not vaunt him self thereof, but will the rather hide his superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good friend, continued he, turning to the officer, thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again but be advised by a plain man, modes and apparel are but trifles to the real man, therefore do not think such a man as thyself terrible for thy garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet with affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou shouldst rejoice to see my peaceful demeanour, and I should be glad to see thy strength and ability to protect me in it?

(From The Spectator, No 132.)

There are biographies of Steele by Austin Dobson (1886) and G. A. Aitken (1883), the latter of whom has also published an edition of his plays (1893). An annotated selection from his periodical essays was issued in 1885 by the Clarendon Press. There are recent annotated editions of the Tatler in 8 vols., by G. A. Aitken (1898) and of the Spectator, in 1 vol., by Henry Morley (1868). G. Gregory Smith, in 8 vols (1897-98), and G. A. Aitken, in 8 vols. (1898).

# ROBERT AITKEN

Ambrose Philips (c. 1675-1749) was one of the poets of the day whom Addison's friendship and Pope's enmity raised to temporary importance. Born in Shropshire of Leicestershire ancestry, and educated at St John's College, Cambridge, he made his appearance as a poet in the same year and in the same volume as Pope—the Pastorals of Philips being the first poem, and the Pastorals of Pope the last, in Tonson's Viscellary for 1709

Tickell praised Philips's Pastorals as the finest in the language, and Pope resented this absurd depreciation of his own poetry by an ironical paper in the Guardian Pretending to criticisc the rival Pastorals and compare them, Pope gives the preference to Philips, but quotes all his worst passages as his best, and places by the side of them his own finest lines, which he says want rusticity and deviate into downright poetry Philips felt the satire keenly, and even vowed to take personal vengeance on his adversary by whipping him with a rod which he hung up for the purpose in Button's Coffee-House. Pope, faithful to the maxim that a man never forgives another whom he has injured, continued to pursue Philips with hatred and satire to the close of his life. The pastoral poet had the good sense not to enter the lists with his formidable assailant, and his character and talents soon procured him public employment In 1715 he was appointed a commissioner for the Lottery, he was afterwards secretary to the Primate of Ircland, and sat for County Armagh in the Irish Parliament In 1734 he was made registrar of the Prerogative Court. From these appointments, Philips was able to purchase an annuity of £400 per annum, with which he hoped, as Johnson says, 'to pass some years of life sin England] in plenty and tranquillity, but his hope deceived him he was struck with a palsy, and died June 18, 1749' The Pastorals of Philips are but poor things on the whole, but Goldsmith culogised the opening of his Epistle to the Earl of Dorsel as 'incomparably fine'—a judgment Mr Gosse contradicts, while Mr Leslie Stephen thinks the genuine description of nature quite remarkable for the time. His rendering of a fragment of Sappho was voted so excellent that Addison was thought to have assisted in its composition

# Fragment from Sappho

Blessed as the immortal gods is lie, The youth who fondly sits by thee, And hears and sees thee all the while Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest, And raised such tumults in my breast, For while I gazed in transport tost, My breath was gone, my voice was lost,

My bosom glowed, the subtle flame Ran quick through all my vital frame, O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung, My ears with hollow murmurs rung

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled, My blood with gentle horrors thrilled, My feeble pulse forgot to play, I fainted, sunk, and died away

Philips, who translated also from Pindur and Anacreon, produced three tragedies, but only one —The Distressed Mother, from the Androwaque of Racine—was successful, and was praised by

Addison in the Spectator, he wrote in the Whig journal The Freethinker (1718-19), which was his own venture, and he translated some Persian tales A series of short complimentary pieces, by which Philips paid court, as Johnson says, 'to all ages and characters, from Walpole, the steerer of the realm, to Miss Pulteney in the nursery,' procured him the nickname of Namby Pamby from Harry Carey (see page 330 below), a nickname cordially adopted by Pope as suited to Philips's 'eminence in the infantile style.' Of Philips's own achievement in the namby pamby rhythm, the 'Dimply damsel, sweetly smiling,' addressed to Miss Margaret Pulteney, is one good example, and this is another

# To Miss Charlotte Pulteney, in her Mother's Arms

Timely blossom, infant fair, Fondling of a happy pair, Every morn and every night Their solicitous delight, Sleeping, waking, still at ease, Pleasing, without skill to please, Little gossip, blithe and hale, Tattling many a broken tale, Singing many a tuncless song, Lavish of a heedless tongue. Simple maiden, void of art, Babbling out the very heart, Yet abandoned to thy will, Yet imagining no ill, Yet too innocent to blush, Like the linnet in the bush, To the mother hunct's note Moduling her slender throat, Chirping forth thy petty joys, Wanton in the change of toys, Like the linnet green, in May, Flitting to each bloomy spray, Wearied then, and glad of rest, Like the linnet in the nest This thy present happy lot, This in time will be forgot Other pleasures, other cares, Ever busy Time prepares, And thou shalt in thy daughter see This picture once resembled thee.

#### Epistle to the Earl of Dorset,

COPENHAGEN, March 9, 1709.
From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
From streams which northern winds forbid to flow,
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects which to verse invite.
The hills and dales and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains and silver streaming floods,
By snow disguised, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring, No birds within the desert region sing. The ships, unmoved, the boisterous winds defy, While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly. The vast leviathan wants room to play, And spoat his waters in the face of day.

The starving wolves along the main sea prowl, And to the moon in icy valleys how!

O'ur many a shining league the level main Here spreads itself into a glassy plain. There solid billows of enormous size, Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

And yet but lately have I seen, even here, The winter in a lovely dress appear, Lre yet the clouds let fall the treasured snow, Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow At evening a keen eastern breeze arose, And the descending run unsullied froze Soon as the silent shades of night withdren, The ruddy morn disclosed at once to view The face of nature in a rich disguise, And brightened every object to my eyes I or every shrub, and every blade of grass, And every pointed thorn seemed wrought in glass, In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show, While through the ice the crimson bernes glow The thick sprung reeds v hich watery marshes yield, Seemed polished lances in a liostile field The stag in hmpid currents with surprise Sees cristal branches on his forehead rise The spreading onk, the beech, and towering pine Glazed over, in the freezing ether shine. The frighted birds the rattling branches shun, Which wave and glitter in the distant sun

When, if a sudden gust of wind arise, The brittle forest into atoms flies, The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends, And in a spangled shower the prospect ends Or, if a southern gale the region warm, And by degrees unbind the wintry charm, The traveller a miry country sees, And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees Like some deluded persant Marlin leads Through fragrant bowers and through deheious meads, While here enchanted gardens to him rise, And airy fabricks there attract his eyes, His wandering feet the magick paths pursue, And, while he thinks the fair illusion true, The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air, And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear A tedious road the weary wretch returns, And as he goes the transient vision mourns

### From the First Pastoral-'Lobbin.'

If we, O Dorset, quit the city throng
To meditate in shades the rural song
By your command, be present, and O bring
The Muse along! The Muse to you shall sing
Her influence, Buckliurst, let me there obtain,
And I forgive the famed Sicilian swain

Begin—In unhanimous times of yore,
When flocks and herds were no inglorious store,
Lobbin, a shepherd boy, one evening fair,
As western winds had cooled the sultry air,
His numbered sheep within the fold now pent,
Thus plained him of his dreary discontent,
Beneath a hoary poplar's whispering boughs,
He solitary sat to breathe his vows
Venting the tender anguish of his heart,
As passion taught, in accents free of art,
And little did he hope, while night by night
His sighs were lavished thus on Lincy bright.

'Ah' well a-day, how long must I endnre This pining pain? Or who shall speed my cure? Fond love no cure will have, seeks no repose, Delights in grief, nor any measure knows And now the moon begins in clouds to rise, The brightening stars increase within the skies. The winds are hushed, the dews distil, and sleep Hath closed the eyelds of my wears sheep, I only, with the prowling wolf, constrained All night to wake with hunger he is pained, And I with love His hunger he may tame, But who can onench. O cruel love, thy flame? Whilome did I, all as this poplar fair, Upraise my heedless head, then void of care. 'Mong rustick ronts the chief for wanton game. Nor could they merry male till Lobbin came Who better seen than I in shepherd's arts, To please the lads, and win the lasses' hearts? How deftly, to mine oaten reed so sweet. Wont they upon the green to shift their feet! And, wearied in the dauce, how would they yearn Some well-devised tale from me to learn ! For many songs and tales of mirth had I. To chase the lostering sun adown the sky But ah ' since I ney coy deep wrought her spite Within my heart, unmindful of delight, The jolly grooms I fly, and all alone To rocks and woods pour fourth my fruitless moan Oh 1 quit thy wonted scorn, relentless fair, Ere, lingering long, I perish through despair Had Rosalind been mistress of my mind, Though not so fair, she would have proved more kind O think, unwitting maid, while yet is time, How flying years impair thy youthful prime! Thy virgin bloom will not for ever stay. And flowers, though left nngathered, will decay The flowers anew returning seasons bring. But beanty faded has no second spring My words are wind! She, deaf to all my cries, Takes pleasure in the mischief of her eyes Like frisking heifer loose in flowery meads, She gads where'er her roving fancy leads, Yet still from me. Ah me, the tiresome chase I Shy as the fawn, she flies my fond embrace She flies, indeed, but over leaves behind, I ly where she will, her likeness in my mind' His Poems were published by Ambrose Philips in 1748 and re appeared in 1765

John Philips (1676-1709), author of The Splended Shelling, which Addison pronounced 'the finest burlesque poem in the English language,' was the son of the vicar of Brampton in Oxfordshire, who was also Archdeacon of Salop studi id at Winchester and Christ Church, Oxford, his life, mainly devoted to literature, was cut short His early love of Milton is reby consumption flected in all his poems The Splendid Shilling, a mock-heroic poem in Miltonic blank verse, is not in the least designed disrespectfully to burlesque Milton, whom Philips reverenced. He wrote also a Tory celebration of the battle of Blenheim, but his most considerable effort in serious verse was Cyder, an imitation of Virgil's Georgics Splendid Shilling is a classic, read and reprinted while the other poems are forgotten.

The Splendid Shilling

Happy the man who, void of cares and strife, In silken or in leathern purse retains A Splendid Shilling He nor hears with pain New orsters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale. But with his friends, when nightly mists arise, To Juniper's Magpie or Town hall repairs Where, mindful of the nymph whose wanton eye Transfixed his soul and kindled amorous flames. Chloc or Phillis, he each circling glass Wishes her health, and joy, and equal love. Meanwhile he smokes, and laughs at merry tale, Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint But I, whom griping penury surrounds. And hanger, sure attendant upon want, With scanty offals, and small acid tiff. Wretched repast 1 my meagre corps sustain Then solitary walk, or doze at home In garret vile, and with a warming puff Regale chilled fingers, or from tube as black As winter chimney, or well polished jet, Exhale mundungus, ill perfuming scent Not blacker tube nor of a shorter size Smokes Cambro Briton, versed in pedigree, Sprung from Cadwalador and Arthur, kings-Full famous in romantic tale, when he O er many a craggy hill and barren cliff. Upon a cargo of famed Cestman cheese, High overshadowing rides, with a design To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart. Or Maridunum, or the ancient town Yelcped Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil! Whence flows nectareous wines that well may vie With Massic, Seun, or renowned Falern Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow

With looks demure and silent pace, a dun, Horrible monster 1 hated by gods and men, To my aerial citadel ascends With vocal heel thrice thindering at my gate, With hideous accent thrice he calls, I know The voice ill boding, and the solemn sound What should I do? or whither turn? Amazed, Confounded, to the dark recess I fly Of wood hole, straight my bristling hairs creet Thro' sudden fear a chilly sweat bedews My shuddering limbs, and, wonderful to tell ! My tongue forgets her faculty of speech, So horrible he seems! His faded brow Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard, And spreading band, admired by modern saints, Disastrous acts forebode, in his right hand Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves, With characters and figures dire inscribed, Grievous to mortal eyes, ye gods, avert Such plagues from rightcous men 1. Behind him stalks Another monster, not unlike himself, Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar called A catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods With force incredible and magic charms First have endued if he his ample palm Should haply on all fated shoulder lay Of debtor, straight his body, to the fouch Obsequious, as whilom knights were wont, To some enchanted castle is conveyed, Where gates impregnable and ecercive chains

In durance strict detain him till, in form Of money, Pallas sets the captive free

Beware, ye debtors, when ye walk, beware, Be circumspect I oft with insidious ken This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave, Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch With his unhallowed touch So, poets sing, Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn An everlasting foe, with watchful eye Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap, Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless nuce Sure ruin So her disembowelled web Arachne in a hall or kitchen spreads Obvious to vagrant flies she secret stands Within her woven cell, the humming prey, Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils Inextricable, nor will aught avail Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue, The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone, And butterfly, proud of expanded wings Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares, Useless resistance make with eager strides She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils Then with envenomed pays the vital blood Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave Their bulky carcasses triumphant drugs

So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades This world envelop and th' inclement air Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts With pleasant wines and erackling blaze of wood, Me lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light Of make weight candle, nor the joyous talk Of loving friend delights, distressed, forlorn, Amidst the horrors of the tedious night, Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts My anxious mind, or sometimes mournful verse Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades, Or desperate lady near a purling stream, Or lover pendent on a willow tree Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought, And restless wish, and rave, my parchéd throat Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose But if a slumber haply does invide My weary limbs, my fancy 's still awake, Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream, Tipples imaginary pots of ale, In vain, awake, I find the settled thirst Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarred, Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays Mature, John apple, nor the downy peach, Nor walnut in rough furrowed coat secure, Nor medlar fruit delicious in decay Afflictions great 1 yet greater still remains. My galligaskins, that have long withstood The winter's fury and encroaching frosts, By time subdued (what will not time subdue!) An horrid chasm disclosed with orifice Wide, discontinuous, at which the winds Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves, Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts, Portending agues. Thus, a well fraught ship, Long sailed secure, or through th' Ægean deep, Or the Ionian, till, cruising near

The Lalybean shore, with hideous crush On Seylla or Charylidis, dangerous rocks, She strikes rebounding, whence the shattered oak, So fierce a shock unable to withstand, Admits the sea, in at the gaping side. The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage, Resistless, overwhelming, horrors seize. The mariners, death in their eyes appears, They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they pray Vain efforts! still the battering waves rush in, Implacable, till, deluged by the foam, The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

Jumper's Magrie and the Town hall were Oxford alchouses. Mundangus for tobacco, is from Span mondengo, tripe, paunch. Cestrean is a Latinised adjective for of Chester or of Cheshire, Arronia is Carnarvon, Maridinium, Carmarthen, Brechina, Brecknock, Laga, the Wye, Ariconium is Kenchester (possibly Ross) Massic, Setiman, and Falerman were old wines of Italy beloved of the Romans. Arachine is the spider. John affile, or apple john, is a variety best for use when long preserved and shrivelled. Criman, from Armos, Salurn, means simply Arctic Lilyle in from the promontory of Lilybæum at the western end of Sicily is here used for Sicilian at large.

Eustace Budgell (1686-1737) was a cousin of Addison, and from Trinity College, Oxford, entered the Temple. He accompanied Addison to Ireland as clerk, and afterwards rose to be Under Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant and a member of the Irish Parliament numbers of the Speciator are ascabed to Budgell, Dr Johnson reported them to have been so much 'mended' by Addison as to be almost his own. No doubt in style and humour they resemble those of Addison, but it was probable enough that Budgell should have tried his best to imitate In 1717 Budgell, who was vain and vindictive, quarrelled with the Irish Secretary, and wrote pamphlets on his grievances, the result of which was his dismissal from office and return to England He lost a fortune in the South Sea Scheme, in a series of law suits, and in attempts to gain a seat in the English House of Commons, and subsequently figured principally as a pam phleteer writer for the Craftsman and Grub Street hack, being at times 'disordered in his senses.' His declining reputation suffered a mortal blon by a charge of having forged a testament in his By the will of Dr Matthew Tindal, own favour the deist, it appeared (1733) that a legacy of £2000 The will was set uside had been left to Budgell and the unhappy author disgraced To this Pope alludes in the couplet

Let Budgell charge low Grub Street on my quil, And write whate'er he please—except my will

In May 1737 this wretched man, involved in debts and difficulties, and dreading an execution in his house, committed suicide by leaping from a boat while shooting London Bridge. On his desk was found a slip of paper, on which he had written

What Cato did, and Addison approved, Cannot be wrong

In this he misrepresented Addison, who made the dying Cato say

Yet methinks a beam of light breaks in On my departing sonl. Alas 'I fear I've been too hasty O ye powers that search The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts, If I have done amiss, impute it not The best may err, but you are good

### The Art of Growing Rich

The first and most infallible method towards the attaining of this end is thrift, all men are not equally qualified for getting money, but it is in the power of every one alike to practise this virtue, and I believe

they please to reflect
hat had they saved all
spent unnecessarily,
masters of a compe
has the next place to
well recommended
ing Itahan proverbs
ou can do yourself'
which you can do
lers and expenses'

rich is method in two former, is also t capacities ic greatest statesmen ing asked by a friend t multitude of affairs That his whole art ince. If, says lie, I o make, I think of red, if any domestic myself up wholly to

dull and phlegmatick by making a regular business, and that, most lively imagina an bring them to an n said, I think I may every man of good ses, in his particular ich. The reason why he greatest capacities ey despise wealth in or at least are not inless they may do it e time enjoy all the

om for genius as well

in this as in all other circumstances of life. Though the ways of getting money were long since very numerous, and though so many new ones have been found out of late years, there is certainly still remaining so large a field for invention, that a man of an indifferent head might easily sit down and draw up such a plan for the conduct and support of his life as was never yet once thought of

We daily see methods put in practice by hungry and ingenious men, which demonstrate the power of invention in this particular. It is reported of Scaramouche, the first famous Italian comedian, that being in Paris, and in great want, he bethought himself of constantly plying near the door of a noted perfumer in that city, and when any one came out who had been buying snuff, never failed to desire a taste of them, when he had by

this means got together a quantity made up of several different sorts, he sold it again at a lower rate to the same perfumer, who, finding out the trick, called it tabac de melle fleurs, or snuff of a thousand flowers The story further tells us, that by this means he got a very comfortable subsistence, until, making too much linste to grow rich, he one day took such an unreasonable ninch out of the box of a Swiss officer as engaged him in a quarrel, and obliged him to quit this ingenious way of life. Nor can I in this place omit doing justice to a youth of my own country, who, though he is scarce yet twelve years old, has, with great industry and application. attained to the art of beating the Grenadiers' March on his chin I am credibly informed, that by this means he does not only maintain himself and his mother, but that he is laying up money every day, with a design, if the war continues, to purchase a drum at least, if not a pair of colours.

I shall conclude these instances with the device of the famous Rabelais, when he was at a great distance from Paris, and without money to bear his expenses This ingenious author being thus sharp set, got together a convenient quantity of brick-dust, and having disposed of it into several papers, writ upon one, 'Poyson for Monsieur,' upon a second, 'Poyson for the Dauphin, ' and on a third, 'Poyson for the King' Having made this provision for the royal family of France, he had his papers so that his landlord, who was an inquisitive man and a good subject, might get a sight of them. The plot succeeded as he desired, the host gave immediate intelligence to the secretary of state. The secretary presently sent down a special messenger, who brought up the traitor to court, and provided him at the king's expense with proper accommodations on the road. As soon as he appeared, he was known to be the celebrated Rabelais, and his powder upon examination being found very innocent, the jest was only laught at, for which a less eminent droll would have been sent to the galleys

Trade and commerce might doubtless be still varied a thousand ways, out of which would arise such branches as have not yet been touched. The famous Doily is still fresh in every one's memory, who raised a fortine by finding out materials for such stuffs as might at once be cheap and genteel I have heard it affirmed, that, had not he discovered this frugal method of gratifying our pride, we should hardly have been able to carry on the last war I regard trade not only as highly advantagious to the commonwealth in general, but as the most natural and likely method of making a man's fortune, having observed, since my being a Spectator in the world, greater estates got about 'Change than at Whitehall or St James's I believe I may also add, that the first acquisitions are generally attended with more satisfaction, and as good a conscience.

I must not, however, close this essay without observing, that what has been said is only intended for persons in the common ways of thriving, and is not designed for those men who, from low beginnings, push themselves up to the top of states and the most considerable figures in life. My maxim of saving is not designed for such as these, since nothing is more usual than for thrift to dis appoint the ends of ambition, it being almost impossible that the mind should be intent upon trifles while it is, at the same time, forming some great design.

(From The Speciator, No. 283.)



valuable materials in the rolls of Parliament, the Cottonian MSS, and other available sources Carte really did make an attempt to utilise the documents at his command, and though his work failed, it proved invaluable to many

William Stukeley (1687–1765), called the 'Arch-Druid,' was born at Holbeach, studied at Corpus, Cambridge, and practised as a doctor at Boston, London, and Grantham. In 1729 he took orders, and in 1747 became a London rector His twenty works (1720–26), dealing with Stonehenge, Avebury, and antiquities generally, enshrine much that is credulous as well as curious. His Diary and Correspondence was published by the Surtees Society in 1884–87

Benjamin Hoadly (1676-1761), successively Bishop of Bangor, Hereford, Salisbury, and Winchester, was a prelate of great controversial ability. who threw the weight of his talents into the scale of Whig politics when fiercely attacked by Tories and Jacobites Born at Westerham in Kent, in 1697 he was elected a Fellov of Catharine Hall, Cambridge In 1706, while rector of St Pcter le-Poor, London, he attacked a sermon by Atterbury. and thus incurred the enmity and ridicule of Swift and Pope. He defended the Revolution of 1688, and attacked the doctrines of divine right and passive obedience with such vigour and perse verance that, in 1709, the House of Commons recommended him to the favour of the queen Her successor, George I., elevated him in 1715 to the see of Bangor Shortly after his elevation to the Bench Hoadly published a work against the Nonurors, and a sermon preached before the king at St James's, on the 'Nature of the Kingdom or Church of Christ,' from the text, 'My kingdom is not of this world? The latter excited a long and vehement dispute, known by the name of the Bangorian Controversy, in which an endless series of tracts was published The Lower House of Convocation censured Hoadly's views, as calculated to subvert the government and discipline of the Church, and to impugn and impeach the roval supremacy in matters ecclesiastical controversy was conducted with unbecoming violence, and several bishops and other grave divines-Sherlock among the number-forgot the dignity of their station and the spirit of Christian charity in the heat of party warfare. Pope alludes sarcastically to Hoadly's sermon in the Duncial

Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer, Yet silent bowed to Christ's no lingdom here

Yet Hallam held that there was 'nothing whatever in Hoadly's sermon injurious to the established endowments and privileges, nor to the discipline and government of the English Church, even in theory. If this had been the case, he might have been reproached with some inconsistency in becoming so large a partaker of her honours and emoluments. He even admitted the usefulness of

censures for open immoralities, though denying all Church authority to oblige any one to external communion, or to pass any sentence which should determine the condition of men with respect to the favour or displeasure of God Another great question in this controversy was that of religious liberty as a civil right, which the Convocation explicitly denied. And another related to the much-debated evercise of private judgment in religion, which, as one party meant virtually to take away, so the other perhaps unreasonably exaggerated' Hoadly was author of several other works, as on the reasonableness of conformity and on the sacrament. The following is from the famous sermon on John xviii 36

## The Kingdom of Christ not of this World.

If, therefore, the church of Christ be the kingdom of Christ, it is essential to it that Christ himself be the sole lawgiver and sole judge of his subjects, in all points relating to the favour or displeasure of Almighty God, and that all his subjects, in what station soever they may be, are equally subjects to him, and that no one of them, any more than another, bath authority either to make new laws for Christ's subjects, or to impose a sense upon the old ones, which is the same thing. or to judge, censure, or punish the servants of another master, in matters relating purely to conscience or salvation If any person hath any other notion, either through a long use of words with inconsistent meanings, or through a negligence of thought, let him but ask himself whether the church of Christ be the kingdom of Christ or not, and if it be, whether this notion of it doth not absolutely exclude all other legislators and judges in matters relating to conscience or the favour of God, or whether it can be his kingdom if any mortal men have such a power of legislation and judgment in it. This inquiry will bring us back to the first, which is the only true account of the church of Christ, or the kingdom of Christ, in the month of a Christian, that it is the number of men, whether small or great, whether dispersed or united, who truly and sincerely are subjects to Jesus Christ alone as their lawgiver and judge in matters relating to the favour of God and their eternal salvation

The next principal point is, that, if the church be the kingdom of Christ, and this 'kingdom be not of this world,' this must appear from the nature and end of the laws of Christ, and of those rewards and punishments which are the sanctions of his laws. Now, his laws are declarations relating to the favour of God in another state after this. They are declarations of those con ditions to be performed in this world on our part, without which God will not make us happy in that to And they are almost all general appeals to the will of that God, to his nature, known by the common reason of mankind, and to the imitation of that nature, which must be our perfection. The keeping his commandments is declared the way to life, and the doing his will the entrance into the kingdom of heaven being subjects to Christ is to this very end, that we may the better and more effectually perform the will of God The laws of this Lingdom, therefore, as Christ left them, have nothing of this world in their view, no tendency either to the exultation of some in worldly

pomp and dignity, or to their absolute dominion over the faith and religious conduct of others of his subjects, or to the creeting of any sort of temporal kingdom under the covert and name of a spiritual one

The sanctions of Christ's law are rewards and punish ments. But of what sort? Not the rewards of this world, not the offices or glories of this state, not the pains of prisons, banishments, fines, or any lesser and more moderate penalties, nay, not the much lesser and negative discouragements that belong to human society He was far from thinking that these could be the instru ments of such a persuasion as he thought acceptable to God. But as the great end of his kingdom was to guide men to happiness after the short images of it were over here below, so he took his motives from that place where his kingdom first began, and where it was at last to end, from those rewards and punishments in a fature state, which had no relation to this world, and to show that his 'kingdom was not of this world,' all the sanctions which he thought fit to give to his laws were not of this world at all.

St Paul understood this so well, that he gives an account of his own conduct, and that of others in the same station, in these words 'Knowing the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men' whereas, in too many Christian countries since his days, if some who profess to succeed him were to give an account of their own conduct, it must be in a quite contrary strain 'Knowing the terrors of this world, and having them in our power, we do not persuade men, but force their outward profession against their inward persuasion'

Non, wherever this is practised, whether in a great degree or a small, in that place there is so far a change from a kingdom which is not of this world, to a kingdom which is of this world As soon as ever you hear of any of the engines of this world, whether of the greater or the lesser sort, you must immediately think that then, and so far, the kingdom of this world takes place For, if the very essence of God's worship be spirit and truth, if religion be virtue and charity, under the belief of a Supreme Governour and Judge, if true real faith cannot be the effect of force, and if there can be no reward where there is no willing choice—then, in all or any of these cases, to apply force or flattery, worldly pleasure or pun, is to act contrary to the interests of true religion, as it is plainly opposite to the maxims upon which Christ founded his kingdom, who chose the motives which are not of this world, to support a kingdom which is not of this world. And indeed it is too visible to be liid, that wherever the rewards and punishments are changed from future to present, from the world to come to the world now in possession, there the kingdom founded by our Saviour is in the nature of it so far changed that it is become in such a degree what he professed his kingdom was not, that is, of this world, of the same sort with other common earthly kingdoms, in which the rewards are worldly honours, posts, offices, pomp, attendance, dominion, and the punishments are prisons, fines, banishments, gulleys and racks, or something less of the same sort

See the Life in the edition of his works by Hoadly's son (3 vols. folio, 17-3).

Daniel Waterland (1683-1740), born at Waseley rectors, Lincolnshire, was elected in 1704 a Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge, and in 1730 became Archdeacon of Middlesex and vicar of

Twickenham He was a controversial theologian of great ability and acuteness, and as champion of Trinitarian orthodoxy vindicated the doctrines of the Church of England from Arian and deistic assailants. His several publications on the Trinity constitute a valuable series of treatises. A complete edition of his works, with a Life of the author by Bishop Van Mildert, was published at Oxford, in eleven volumes, in 1823

Conyers Middleton (1683-1750), rector of Hascombe in Surrey, was very eminent as a controversialist, and even Parr, who proved that his famous and eulogistic Life of Cicero (1741) was largely plagrarised from William Bellenden, a Scottish seventeenth century author, held that as a writer of English Middleton was excelled by Addison alone. It is long since he ceased to hold this proud eminence, but he was a very conspicuous personage in his lifetime. 'A native of Richmond in Yorkshire, Fellow and librarian of the University of Cambridge, he was early engaged in a personal feud with Bentley, and ultimately had to apologise for libel A Letter from Rome showing an exact conformity between Popery and Paganism (1729) was ostensibly an attack on Catholic ritual, but raised grievous suspicions of the writer's soundness in the Christian faith In a controversy with Waterland he professed to be answering the deists, but gave up the literal accuracy of Scripture and was by many regarded as little better than a dangerous freethinker An Introductory Discourse and a Free Inquiry (1747-49) denied the credibility of all miracles later than the first age of the Church, but was by most thought to cast doubt on all miracles In the Life of Cicero, admiration of the rounded style and flowing periods of the Roman orator seems to have produced in his biographer a desire to attain to similar excellence, certainly few contemporaries wrote English with the same careful finish and sustained dignity. A few sen tences from his panegyrical summary of Cicero's character will exemplify his style

He [Cicero] made a just distinction between bearing what we cannot help, and approving what we ought to condemn, and submitted, therefore, yet never consented to those usurpations, and when he was forced to compli with them, did it always with a reluctance that he cr presses very keenly in his letters to his friends. But whenever that force was removed, and he was at liberty to pursue his principles and act without controll, as in his consulship, in his province, and after Cæsar's death (the only periods of his life in which he was trul) master of himself), there we see him shining out in his genuine character of an execllent citizen, a great magis trate, a glorious patriot, there we see the man who could declare of himself with truth, in an appeal to Atticus as to the best witness of his conscience, that he had always done the greatest services to his country when it was in his power, or when it was not, had never harboured a thought of it but what was divinc-If we must needs compare him, therefore, with Cato, as some writers affect to do, it is certain that if Cato's

virtue seem more splendid in theory, Cicero's will be found superior in practice, the one was romantic, the other was natural, the one drawn from the refinements of the schools, the other from nature and social life, the one always unsuccessful, often hurtful, the other always beneficial, often salutary to the republic.

To conclude Cicero's death, though violent, cannot be called untimely, but was the proper end of such a life, which must also have been rendered less glorious if it had owed its preservation to Antony It was, there fore, not only what he expected, but, in the circum stances to which he was reduced, what he seems even to have wished. For he, who before had been timid in dangers and desponding in distress, yet, from the time of Cresar's death, roused by the desperate state of the republic, assumed the fortitude of a hero, discarded all fear, despised all danger, and when he could not free his country from a tyranny, provoked the tyrants to take that life which he no longer cared to preserve like a great actor on the stage, he reserved himself, as it were, for the last act, and after he had played his part with dignity, resolved to finish it with glory

The Bellenden with whose herier Middleton ploughed was not John Bellenden (Vol. 1. p. 215) but William Bellenden, sometime professor at Paris, who wrote in Latin more than one work on Cicero the last giving Cicero's history in Cicero's own words, and died about 1633. Middleton thus found not merely his plan ready made, but his materials collected.

Nathaniel Lardner (1684-1768), an English Nonconformist divine who ultimately became a Unitarian, was born and died at Hawkhurst in Kent. He wrote a number of theological works, including The Credibility of the Gospel History (2 vols 1727 and 12 vols 1733-55), long a notable part of English apologétics, and a large collection of Jewish and Heathen Testimonies to the Truth of Christianity (1764-67)

William Law (1686-1761) was a great writer of English, a consummate controversialist, and a powerful and permanent spiritual influence. Born a grocer's son at Kingschiffe, Northamptonshire, he entered Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and became a Fellow in 1711 He was unable to sub scribe the oath of allegiance to George I, and forfeited his fellowship. About 1727 lie became tutor to the father of Edward Gibbon, and for ten years was 'the much honoured friend and spiritual director of the whole family ' The elder Gibbon died in 1737, and three years later Law retired to kingscliffe, where he was joined by his disciples, Miss Hester Gibbon sister of his pupil, and Mrs Hutcheson-Indies whose united income of about £3000 a year was mostly spent in works of charity About 1733 Law had begun to study Jacob Boehme, and most of his later books are expositions of Boehme's mysticism or adaptations of it. Law won his first triumphs against Bishop Hoadly in the famous Bangorian Controversy with his Three Letters (1717) His Remarks on Mandeville's Fable of the Bees (1723) is a masterpiece of caustic wit and vigorous English Only less admirable is the Case of Reason (1732), in answer to Tindal the deist held that Locke's philosophy led to freethinking,

and regarded Warburton's defence of Christianity as worse than useless. His most famous work remains the Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life (1729), written before the 'mystical period,' which profoundly influenced Dr Johnson and the Wesleys, as well as the early evangelicals such as Venn, Scott, and Newton His position, theologically and otherwise, was somewhat isolated, and was puzzling even to the more spiritual tempers in an unspiritual age. He was a High Churchman but an 'enthusiast'-characters not then thought compatible, his asceticism seemed to smack of Puritanism, his later mysticism alienated the Wesleys, and as a Churchman he was a controversial anti-Methodist. But his character and his writings produced marked effects on English intellectual life. His thought and his style were equally vigorous, his reasoning logical and keen, his expression lucid, brilliant, and often highly humorous, and, like most of his contemporaries, he had no dislike to forms of argument that would now be accounted too personal, as in the following extract from his attack

### On Mandeville's 'Fable of the Bees'

Sir, I have read your several compositions in favour of the vices and corruptions of mankind, and hope I need make no apology for presuming to offer a word or two on the side of virtue and religion. I shall spend no time in preface or general reflections, but proceed directly to the examination of such passages as expose moral vertue as a fraud and emposition, and render all pretences to it as odious and contemptible Though I direct myself to you, I hope it will be no offence if I sometimes speak as if I was speaking to a Christian, or show some ways of thinking that may be owing to that kind of worship which is professed amongst us Ways of thinking derived from revealed religion are much more suitable to our low capacities than any arrogant pretences to be wise by our own light. Moral virtue, however disregarded in practice, has hitherto had n speculative esteem amongst men, her praises have been celebrated by authors of all kinds, as the confessed beauty, ornament, and perfection of human nature. On the contrary, immorality has been looked upon as the greatest reproach and torment of mankind, no satyr has been thought severe enough upon its natural baseness and deformity, nor any wit able to express the evils it occasions in private life and public societies. goodness would not suffer you to see this part of Christendom deluded with such false notions of I know not what excellence in virtue or cvil in vice, but obliged you immediately to compose a system (as you call it) wherein you do these three things 1st You consider man merely as an animal, having, like other animals, nothing to do but to follow his appetites. 2dly You consider man as cheated and flattered out of his natural state by the craft of moralists, and pretend to be very sure that the moral virtues are the political offspring which flattery begot upon pride ' So that man and morality are here both destroyed together, man is declared to be only an animal, and morality an imposture According to this doctrine, to say that a man is dishonest is making him just such a criminal as a horse that does not dance. Hat this is not all, for you dare further affirm in praise of

immorality, 'that evil, as well moral as natural, is the solid basis, the life and support of all trades and employ ments without exception, that there we must look for the true origin of all arts and sciences, and that the moment evil ceases, the society must be spoiled, if not dissolved' These are the principal doctrines which with more than functic zeal you recommend to your readers, and if lewd stories, profane observations, loose jests, and haughty assertions might pass for arguments, few people would be able to dispute with you

I shall begin with your definition of man 'As for my part, say you, without any compliment to the courteous reader or mysclf, I believe man (besides skin, flesh, bones, &c that are obvious to the eye) to be n compound of various passions, that all of them as they are provoked and come uppermost, govern him by turns whether he will or no 'Surely this definition is too general, because it seems to suit a wolf or a bear as exactly as your self or a Grecian philosopher 'you believe man to be,' &c., now I cannot understand to what part of you this believing faculty is to be asembed, for your definition of man makes him in capable of believing anything, unless believing can be said to be a passion, or some faculty of skin or bones But supposing such a belief as yours, because of its blindness, might justly be called a passion, yet surely there are greater things conceived by some men than can be ascribed to mere passions, or skin and flesh That reach of thought and strong penetration which his carried Sir Isanc Newton through such regions of science must truly be owing to some higher principle Or will you say that all his demonstrations are only so many blind sallies of passion? If man had nothing but instincts and passions, he could not dispute about them, for to dispute is no more an instinct or n passion than it is a leg or an arm. If therefore you would prove yourself to be no more than a brute or an animal, how anuelt of your life you need alter I cannot tell, but you must nt least forbear writing against virtue, for no mere animal ever hated it. But however, since you desire to be thought only skin and flesh, and a compound of passions, I will forget your better part, as much as you have done, and eonsider you in your own way tell us, 'that the moral virtues are the political offspring, which flattery begot upon pride.' You therefore, who are an advocate for moral vices, should by the rule of contraries lx supposed to be acted by humility, but that being (as I think) not of the number of the passions, you have no claim to be guided by it. The prevailing passions, which you say have the sole government of man in their turns, are pride, shame, fear, lust, and anger, you have appropriated the moral virtues to pride, so that your own conduct must be ascribed either to fear, shame, anger, or lust, or else to a beautiful union and concurrence of them all. I doubt not but you are already angry that I consider you only as an animal that acts as anger, or lust, or any other passion moves it, although it is your own assertion that you are no better But to proceed, 'Sagacious moralists, say you, draw men like angels, in hopes that the pride at least of some will put them upon copying after the beautiful originals which they are represented to be? I am loth to charge you with sagacity, because I would not accuse you falsely, but if this remark is well made, I can help you to another full as just, viz. 'that sagacious advocates for immorality draw men like brutes, in hopes that the depravity at least of some will put them upon copying after the base originals, which they are represented to be? The province you have chosen for yourself is to deliver man from the sagacity of moralists, the encroachments of virtue, and to replace him in the rights and privileges of brutality, to recall him from the giddy heights of rational dignity and angelic likeness to go to grass or wallow in the mire. Had the excellence of man's nature been only a false insinuation of errifty politicians, the very falseness of the thing had made some men at peace with it, but this doctrine coming from heaven, its being a principle of religion and a foundation of solid virtue, has rouzed up all this zeal against it

There are two collected editions of Laws works—that of 1762 and that by Moreton (1893 et seq.). See Walton's Materials for a Cemplete Biography (1848), Overton's William Law, Nonjuror and Mystic (1881), and Dr A. Whyte's Characters of William Law (1892).

Thomas Parnell (1679-1718), one of a bril liant circle of wits, was born and educated in Dublin, his father, a native of Congleton in Cheshire, having estates in Ireland He took holy orders in 1700, and in 1706 was appointed Arch deacon of Clogher, to which office was afterwards added, through the influence of Swift, the vicarage of Finglass, estimated by Goldsmith (extravagantly) at £400 a year Parnell, like Swift, disliked Ire land, and seems to have considered his situation there a cheerless and irksome banishment, but, as permanent residence at their livings was not then required from the Irish clergy, he lived for the most part in London He little guessed that by and by the fame of Parnell the poet would be obscured by that of his brother's descendant, Parnell the uncrowned king of Ireland, and that Parnellite and anti-Parnellite would be watchwords not in poetry but politics His grief for the loss of his young wife (five years after their marriage in 1706) prejed upon his spirits-which had always been unequaland drove him into intemperance, though he was an accomplished scholar and a delightful companion. He died at Chester on his way back to Ireland, and there was buried. His Life was written by Goldsmith, who was proud of his distinguished countryman, and reputed him the last of the great school that had modelled itself upon the ancients Parnell's works are miscellaneous in charactertranslations, songs, hymns, epistles, eclogues, tales in verse, and various kinds of occasional poems The Bookworm is a satirical joke, Chloris appearing in a Looking-glass is a trifle On Bishop Burnet being set on Fire in his Closet is meant to be as unpleasant as possible to the prophet of the northern nation A series of Scripture characters -Moses, David, Solomon, Deborah, Habakkuk even, and others—are celebrated at great length in rhyming couplets The Batrachomnomachia is the In the song quoted below principal translation there is more of Irish vivacity than of eightcenth century didacticism, and we seem to hear a comrade of Tommy Moore singing But Parnell's best known piece is The Hermit Pope pronounced it to be 'very good,' and a certain picturesque solemnity marks what Mr Gosse has called 'the apex and chef d'œuvre of Augustan poetry in England'—the subject an old and often-handled moral apologue or fable, apparently of Oriental origin. The Night-piece on Death was indirectly—strange as it may appear—preferred by Goldsmith to Gray's Elegy

# From 'A Night-plece on Death.'

How deep you azure dyes the sky, Where orbs of gold unnumbered he. While through their ranks, in silver pride, The nether crescent seems to glide. The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe, The lake is smooth and clear beneath, Where once again the spangled show Descends to meet our eyes below The grounds which on the right aspire. In dimness from the view retire The left presents a place of graves, Whose wall the silent water laves That steeple guides thy doubtful sight Among the livid gleams of night There pass, with melancholy state, By all the solemn heaps of fate, And think, as softly sad you tread Above the venerable dead, 'Time was like thee they life possest, And time shall be that thou shalt rest.'

Those graves with bending osier bound, That nameless heave the crumbled ground. Quick to the glancing thought disclose Where toil and poverty repose The flat smooth stones that bear a name, The chisel's slunder help to same (Which ere our set of friends decay, Their frequent steps may wear away), A middle race of mortals own, Men half ambitious, all unknown The marble tombs that rise on high, Whose dead in vaulted arches lie, Whose pillars swell with sculptured stones, Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones These all the poor remains of state, Adom the rich, or praise the great, Who, while on earth in fame they live, Are senseless of the fame they give

#### The Hermit

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew,
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well,
Remote from men, with God he passed the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure pruse.

A life so sacred, such serene repose, Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose, That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway, His hopes no more a certain prospect boast, And all the tenor of his soul is lost So when a smooth expanse receives imprest Calm nature's image on its watery breast, Do yn bend the banks, the trees depending grow, And skies beneath with answering colours glow.

But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glummering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew),
He quits his eell, the pilgrim staff he bore,
And fixed the scallop in his hat before,
Then, with the rising sun, a journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event

The morn was wasted in the pathless gruss, And long and lonesome was the wild to pass, But when the southern sun had warmed the day, A youth came posting o'er a crossing way, His raiment decent, his complexion fair, And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hur, Then near approaching, 'Father, hail' he cried, 'And hail, my son!' the reverend sire replied Words followed words, from question answer flowed, And talk of various kind deceived the road, Till each with other pleased, and loth to part, While in their age they differ, join in heart Thus stands in aged elm in my bound, Thus youthful my clasps an elm around

Now sunk the sun, the closing hour of day Came onward, mantled o'cr with solker gray, Nature in silence bid the world repose, When near the road a stately palace rose, There by the moon through ranks of trees they pass, Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides of grass It chanced the noble master of the dome Still made his house the wandering stranger's home, Let still the kindness, from a thirst of praise, Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease The pair armie, the liveried servants wait. Their lord receives them at the pompous gate, The table groans with costly piles of food, And all is more than hospitably good Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown, Deep sunl in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down At length 'tis morn, and, at the dawn of day, Mong the wide canals the zepliyrs play, Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep, And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep Up use the guests, obedient to the call, An early banquet decked the splendid hall, Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced, Which the lind master forced the guests to taste Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go, And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe, His cup was vanished for in secret guise, The younger guest purloined the glittering prize

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Ghstening and basking in the summer ray,
Disordered stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear,
So seemed the sire, when, far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner shewed
He stopped with silence, walked with trembling heart,
And much he wished, but durst not ask to part,
Murmiring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That generous actions meet a base reward
While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing slies heng out their scale clouds,

A sound in air presaged approaching i un, And heasts to covert send across the plans Warned by the signs, the wandering pair retreat To seck for shelter at a neighbouring cat Twas built with turrets, on a rising pround And strong, and large, and unumproved around, Its owner's temper, tunorous and severe, Unkind and griping can ed a de est there As near the mi er's heavy doors they diew, Licrec using custs with adden fury blew, The numble highrant, mixed with shower, began And o or then head loud rolling thunder ran , Here long they I nock, but knock or call in vain, Dri on by the yind and battered by the rain ic pity y armed the matter beat At length (I was then his threshold first received a puese). Slow creating turns the door with jealous care, And half he welcomes in the shivering pair, One frogal fagget hights the naled to dis And Nature's fervour through their limit's recalls, brend of the correct sort, with ea, er wine, Inch hardly printed served them both to due And when the tempest first appeared to cause, A ready warming bid them part in peace With till remark, the pondering hermit viewed, In one so rich in life to poor and rule, And why should such within himself he cried, Lack the log wealth a thousand want bende? But what new marks of wonder contral e place In every settling feature of his face, When, from his vest, the young companion bore That cup the generous landlord owned before, And paid profusely with the precion boul, The stinted I indues of this churchsh soul? But now the clouds in airy timult fly, The sun emerging oper an arnre sky A fresher green the smelling lewes distant And, glutering as they tremble, cheer the day The weather courts them from their poor retient, And the glad master bolts the weary gate While hence they wall, the pilgrim's bo om wrought With all the traval of uncertain thought His partner's acts without their cause appear. Twas there a vice, and seemed a inniness here Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes I ost and confounded with the various shows Now night's dim shades again involve the sky, Igain the wanderers want a place to he, Again they search, and find a lodging night The soil improved around, the mansion neat, And neither poorly low, nor idly great, It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind. Content, and not for praise, but virtue, kind Hither the walkers turn their weary feet, Then bless the mansion, and the master greet. Their greeting fair, bestowed with modest guise, The courteous master hears, and thus replies

Without a vain, without a gradging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part,
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and suber, more than costly cheer!
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talked of virtue till the time of bed.
When the grave household round his half repair,
Warned by a bell, and close the hour with prayer
At length the world, renewed by calm repose,

Ne'er moved in pity to the wandering poor, With him I left the cup, to teach his mind That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl. And feels compassion touch his grateful soul. Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead. With heaping coals of fire upon its head, In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow, And, loose from dross, the silver runs below Long had our pious friend in virtue trod, But now the child half weaned his heart from God, Child of his age, for him he lived in pain, And measured back his steps to earth again. To what excesses had this dotage run! But God to save the father took the son. To all but thee, in fits he seemed to go, And 'twas my mmistry to deal the blow The poor foud parent, humbled in the dust, Now owns in tears the punishment was just. But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack Had that false servant sped in safety back! This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal, And what a fund of charity would fail! Thus Heaven instructs thy mind this trial o'er, Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.'

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew, The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew, Thus looked Elisha when, to mount on high, His master took the chariot of the sky, The fiery pomp ascending left the view, The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too

The bending Hermit here a prayer begun 'Lord, as in heaven, on earth thy will be done.' Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place, And passed a life of piety and peace.

#### Song

When thy beanty appears,
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky,
At distance I gaze and am awed by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle mine eye

But when without art
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes through every vein,
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your
Then I know you're a woman again. [heart,

There's passion and pride
In our sex, she replied,
And thus (might I gratify both) I would do,
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you

Good editions of Parnell's Poems are by the Rev John Mitford (1833) and G A. Aitlen (1894).

Thomas Tickell (1686–1740) was one of those on whom Addison's friendship shed a reflected light. Born at Bridekirk vicarage near Carlisle, he went up to Queen's College, Oxford, in 1701, and held a fellowship there in 1710–26. He was a writer in the Spectator and Guardian, and when Addison went to Ireland as secretary to Lord Sunderland, Tickell accompanied him, and was employed under him. He published a translation of the first book of the Iliad at the same

time with Pope. Addison and the Whigs were rumoured to have pronounced it the better version of the two, while the Tories ranged under the banner of Pope, and hence originally came about the famous quarrel between Pope and Addison Gay told Pope that Steele said Addison had called Tickell's work the best translation that ever was in any language. Pope professed to believe Tickell's translation as really by Addison, designed to eclipse his, and wrote the satire on 'Atticus,' and so sputtered on the feud, which was never quenched Addison continued his patronage of Tickell, when made Secretary of State in 1717, he appointed his friend Under-Secretary, and further left him the charge of publishing his works Tickell seems to have held himself at liberty to make occasional alterations in Addison's words, and to his edition -long the standard one-of Addison's collected works he prefixed an elegy on his friendly patron. which was justly reckoned his best poem and one of the best things of the kind He wrote a number of addresses, epistles, odes, and occasional poems His ballad of Colin and Lucy was rendered into Latin by Vincent Bourne. Both Gray and Goldsmith pronounced Colin and Lucy one of the best ballads in the language, though Gray thought Tickell 'a poor, short-winded imitator of Addison,' with but three or four notes of his own, sweet but tiresomely repeated 1722 Tickell published a poem, chiefly allegorical, entitled Kensington Gardens, but having been in 1724 appointed secretary to the Lords-Justices of Ireland, he seems to have abandoned the Muses He died at Bath in 1740, and was buried at Glasnevin near Dublin, where he had his home. The memorial tablet in Glasnevin Church records that 'his highest honour was that of having been the friend of Addison' The elegy and Colin and Lucy would have served to perpetuate his name, even Pope admitted that he was an 'honest man.'

#### From the Elegy on Addison.

Can I forget the dismal night that gave My soul's best part for ever to the grave? How silent did his old companions tread, By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead, Through breathing statues, then unheeded things Through rows of warners, and through walks of kings! What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire, The pealing organ, and the pausing choir, The duties by the lawn robed prelate paid And the last words, that dust to dust conveyed! While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend, Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend. Oh, gone for ever ' take this long adicu. And sleep in peace next thy loved Montague. To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine. A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine.

A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine, Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan, And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone If e'er from me thy loved memorial part, May shame afflict this alienated heart, Of thee forgetful if I form a song,

My lyre be broken, and untuned my tongue, My gries be doubled from thy image free, And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee!

Oft let me range the gloomy assles alone,
Sad luxury to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the wills where speaking marbles shew
What worthies form the hallowed mould below,
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held,
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled,
Chiefs graced with scars and prodigal of blood,
Stern patriots who for sacred freedom stood,
Just men by whom impartial laws were given,
And saints who taught and led the way to heaven,
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest,
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade

In what new region to the just assigned, What new employments please th' unbodied mind? A winged virtue, through th' ethereal sky From world to world unwearied does he fly? Or curious trace the long laborious muze Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze? Does he delight to hear bold scraphs tell How Michael battled, and the dragon fell, Or, mixed with milder cherubim, to glow In hymns of love, not ill essayed below? Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind, A task well suited to thy gentle mind? Oh if sometimes thy spotless form descend, To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend ! When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms, When pain distresses or when pleasure charms, In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart, And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart Led through the paths thy virtue trod before. Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more

That awful form which, so the heavens decree, Must still be loved and still deplored by mc, In nightly visions seldom fulls to rise, Or, roused by fancy, meets my waking eyes If business calls or crowded courts invite, Th' unblemished statesman seems to strike my sight, If in the stage I seek to soothe my care, I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there, If pensive to the rural shades I rove, His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove, 'Twas there of just and good he reasoned strong. Cleared some great truth, or raised some serious song There patient shewed us the wise course to steer, A candid censor, and a friend severe, There taught us how to live, and (oh! too high The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou hill whose brow the antique structures grace, Reared by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race, Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower appears, O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears? How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair, Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air! How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees, Thy noontide shadow, and thy evening breeze! His image thy forsaken bowers restore, Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more, No more the summer in thy glooms allayed, Thy evening breezes, and thy noonday shade

('To the Earl of Warwick on the Death of Mr Addison,')

### Colin and Lucy

Of Leinster, famed for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace,
Nor e'er did Liffey's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face,
Till luckless love and pining care
Impaired her rosy hue,
Her coral hips and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue

Oh! I have you seen a hily pale
When beating rains descend?
So drooped the slow consuming maid,
Her life now near its end
By Lucy warned, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair!
Of vengeance due to broken yows,
Ye perjured swains, beware

Three times nil in the dead of night \( \) bell was heard to ring,
And shricking, at her window thrice
The riven flapped his wing
Too well the love form miden knew
The solemn boding sound,
And thus in dying words bespoke
The virgins weeping round

'I hear n voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay,
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which buckons me away
By a false heart and broken vows
In early youth I die
Was I to blame because his bride
Was thrice as rich as I?

'Ah, Colin' give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone,
Nor thou, fond maid! receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.
To morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient both prepare,
But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
That Lucy will be there.

'Then bear my corpse, my comrades, bear,
This bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding trim so gay,
I in my winding sheet'
She spoke, she died, her corse was borne
The bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding trim so gay,
She in her winding sheet

Then what were perjured Colin's thoughts?
How were these amputals kept?
The bridesmen flocked round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept
Confusion, shame, remorse, despuir,
At once his bosom swell,
The damps of death bedewed his brow,
He shook, he groaned, he fell

From the van bride, ah, bride no more!
The varying crimson fled,
When stretched before her rival's corse
She saw her husband dead

Then to be I may sine for la private conveyor by trombing so and a. One mould with be the continuous soil, I are ever he remains.

Of at this prove the contract had And planted more are so.

With garlant has a number of love knots. They done the according in Business orn, who are those art, the hallowed spot forces.

Remember Colms decadful fite,

And fear to need him there.

Tielell's saure, 'imitated' from Horace (Odes in 25 on the Jacobite Earl of Mar and his rash enter prise in 1715 shows a stronger and freer hand than the bull of his serves

An Imitation of the Prophecy of Nercus

As Mar his reand one meroing took (Whene one coll cut), and some call du's), And I is not brother nof the blode.

Shivering with fear and free, surveyed,
On Perthableak hills he chanced to spy
An aged wizard six feathigh,
With birs led here and visage I lighted,
Wall-eyed here handered and second sighted.
The gride sage in thought profound
If he II the chief with book sor and
Hien rolled his excludes to and fro
O'er his paternal hill of show,
And into these tremendous specific
If of a fit the prophet on hour breeches
The agreemath is placed by thee.

This ancient lingdom do I re!

Her realize an propled and follom—

Wies me that ever the a vert born!

Proud I relief looms four clars o errome)

On Soor ish pads shall amole home,

I see them dressed in bonnet the

(The prilef this rebelled screw)

I see the arge of this is a few pres—

And clockers light? Is care her pres—

The clock of all distributions in print

I or nangaria in to don ther

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The Countess of Winchilsen, alo die! n 1720 ced mou it, wis r, ided by Works worth as emptith memory in it late to respect. It is remarkable, he say throughout m di No ' rrel ke rie it da propie ci i I in the Bud r I enclose Pept the poets of the period interseming between the public in all I made I feet and the Nove of the non-contraction I were lest and the Nove et a smile for infigure on a mile that the i we co not accor the and an art to all company attention to a to a per so to a mental romat his experience nde helice cress the Vitizes I r n in be Incode he of he William for mile Kimmon region of the control SETTIFIED THE **\** 1, 1, t log attle Common a real street the store of a lear of the "In the tereor" It I have not end and 3 Hz - - In in to some a v The remains P and P are P are P and P are P are P and P are P are P and P are P and P are P and P are P and P are P and P are P are P and P are P are P and P are P and P are P are P and P are P are P and P are P and P are P are P and P are P are P and P are P and P are P are P and P are P are P and P are P and P are P are P and P are P are P and P are P and P are P are P and P are P are P and P are P and P are P are P and P are P are P and P are P and P are P are P and P are P are P and P are P and P are P are P and P are P are P and P are P and P are P and P are P are P and P are P and P are P and P are P are P and P are P are P and P are P and P are P are P are P are P and P are P and P are P are P and P are P are P and P are P and P are P and P are P and P are P and P are P are P and P are P and P are P are P and P are P are P and P are P and P are P are P and P are P are P and P are P and P are P and P are P and P are P are P and P are P are P and P are P are 117 m 2 2

#### A Nocturnal Reverle

In such a night, when every louder wind Is to its distant cavern safe confined, And only gentle zephyr funs his wings, And lonely Philomel still waking sings, Or from some tree, famed for the onl's delight, She, hollowing clear, directs the wanderer right In such a night, when passing clouds give place, Or thinly veil the heaven's mysterious face, When in some river overhung with green, The waving moon and trembling leaves are seen, When freshened grass now bears itself upright, And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite. Whence springs the woodbine, and the bramble rose, And where the sleepy cowslip sheltered grows, Whilst now a paler hue the forglove takes, I et checkers still with red the dusky brakes, When scattered glowworms, but in twilight fine, Shew trivial beauties, watch their hour to shine, Whilst Salisbury stands the test of every light, In perfect charms and perfect virtue bright When odours which declined repelling day, I hrough temperate air uninterrupted stray, When darkened groves their softest shadows wear, And fulling waters we distinctly hear, When through the gloom more venerable shews Some ancient fabrick, awful in repose, While sunburnt hills their swarthy looks conecal, And swelling hay cocks thicken up the vale When the loosed horse now, as his pasture leads, Comes slowly grazing through the adjoining meads, Whose stealing pace and lengthened shade we fear, Till torn up forage in his teeth we hear, When nibbling slieep at large pursue their food. And unmolested kine rechew the cud, When curlens ory beneath the village walls, And to her straggling brood the partridge calls, Their short lived jubilee the creatures keep, Which but endures whilst tyrant man does sleep, When a sedate content the spirit feels, And no fierer light disturbs, whilst it reveals, But silent musings urge the mind to seek Something too high for syllables to speak, Till the free soul to a composedness charmed, Finding the elements of rage disarmed, O'er all below a solemn quiet grown, Joys in the inferiour world, and thinks it like her own In such a night let me abroad remain, Till morning breaks, and all 's confused again, Our cares, our toils, our clamours are renewed, Or pleasures, seldom reached, again pursued

### A. Song

Love, thou art best of human joys, Our chiefest happiness below, All other pleasures are but toys, Music without thee is but noise, And beauty but an empty show

Heaven, who knew best what man would move
And ruse his thoughts above the brute,
Said, Let him be, and let him love,
That must alone his soul improve,
Howe'er philosophers dispute

A collected edition of the Countess's works, including an unacted tragedy, Aristomenes was published in 1713-

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (1689-1762). united as few men or women have done solid sense and learning to wit, fancy, and lively powers of description, in letter-writing she has very few equals, and scarcely a superior Horace Walpole may be more witty and sarcastic, and Cowper more unaffectedly natural, tender, and delightful. vet if we consider the variety and novelty of the matters described in Lady Mary's letters, the fund of anecdote and observation they display, and the idiomatic clearness of her style, we shall hesitate to place her below any letter-writer that England has yet produced She was the eldest daughter of Evelyn Pierrepont, who became next year fifth Earl, and in 1715 Duke, of Kingston, and was brought up at Thoresby, Notts in childhood she showed exceptional gifts, was very carefully educated, and from her youth up was a close student and indefatigable reader Bishop Burnet encouraged her in her unusually wide course of study, which included Greek In 1712 she philosophy in Latin translations married - against her father's wishes - Edward Wortley (later Wortley Montagu), and on his being appointed in 1714 a commissioner of the Treasury, she was introduced to the courtly and polished circles. Her personal beauty and the charms of her conversation secured the friend ship of Addison, Congreve, Pope, and the In 1716 her husband was appointed ambassador to the Porte, and Lady Mary accom panied him to Constantinople (1717-18), going b) way of Vienna, and returning by Tunis, Genoa, During her journey and her residence and Paris in the Levant, she corresponded with her sister the Countess of Mar, Lady Rich, Pope, and others, brilliantly describing and contrasting European and Turkish scenery and manners Having noted among the villagers in Turkey the results of inoculating for the smallpox, she confidently submitted her own son, at that time four years old, to this protective method, then practically unknown to European medical art, and by her zealous effort afterwards established the practice of inoculation in England and in Europe. In 1718, her husband being recalled from his embassy, she returned to England, and, by Pope's advice, settled at Twickenham The rival wits did not long con Pope wrote high-flown panegyrics tinue friends and half concealed love-letters to Lady Mary, and she treated them with silence or ridicule. On one occasion he is said to have made a tender and formal declaration, which threw the lady into an immoderate fit of laughter, henceforth the sen sitive poet became her implacable enemy Mary also wrote verses, town eclogues, and epigrams, and Pope confessed that she had too The cool self-possession of much wit for him the lady of rank and fashion, joined to her sarcastic powers, proved an overmatch for the jealous retired author, tremblingly alive to the shafts of In 1739, for reasons unknown, Lady

Mary left England and her husband to travel and live abroad. She visited Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples, and settled first at Avignon and then at Lovere, on the Lago d'Iseo. Mr Montagu having died in 1761, Lady Mary was prevailed upon by her daughter, the Countess of Bute, to return to England, but died in the following year.

Her letters, printed surreptitiously in 1763, were edited by her great grandson. Lord Wharnchiffe. The wit and varied talents of Lady Mary are visible throughout the whole of her correspondence. Her desire to communicate piquant personal stories or to paint graphically leads her into details which modern taste hardly approves She described what she saw and heard without mincing matters, and her strong masculine understanding and absolute frankness render her sometimes apparently unamiable and unfeeling, and frequently defective in what we account feminine delicacy But otherwise, as models of epistolary style, easy, familiar, and elegant, no less than as pictures of foreign scenery and manners and fashionable gossip, the letters of Lady must always hold their place in literature are truly letters, not critical or didactic essays enlivened by formal compliment and elaborate wit, though some of them are perhaps rather like a brightly-written chapter of a book of travel, or one section ('to be continued in our next') of a systematic description of life and manners abroad -such, for example, as Lady Mary's long letter to her sister describing in great and vivid detail her reception by the Grand Vizier's chief wife, and in the linem of the Vizier's chief deputy rather objectionable letters, published even in Lord Wharncliffe's and, with corrective notes, in Mr Moy Thomas's editions, were assuredly not written by Lady Mary, but are forgenes presumably by John Cleland, son of Pope's friend Major Cleland, a clever but notoriously unprincipled littérateur

#### On Matrimonial Happiness.

If we marry, our happiness must consist in loving one another 'tis principally my concern to think of the most probable method of making that love eternal You object against living in London, I am not fond of it myself, and readily give it up to you, though I am assured there needs more art to keep a fondness alive in solitude, where it generally prevs upon itself. There is one nrticle absolutely necessary—to be ever beloved, one must be ever agreeable. There is no such thing as being agreeable without n thorough good humour, a natural sweetnes of temper, enlivened by cheerfulness Whatever natural fund of gaiety one is born with, tis necessary to be entertained with agreeable objects Anybody capable of tasting pleasure, when they confine themselves to one place, should talle care tis the place in the world the most pleasing. Whatever you may now think (now, perhaps, you have some fondness for me), though your love should continue in its full force, there are hours when the most beloved mis ress would be troublesome. People are not for ever (nor is it in human nature that they should be disposed to be fond, you would be glad to find in me the friend and the companion. To be agreeably this last, it is necessary to be gay and entertaining. A perpetual solitude in " place where you see nothing to raise your spirits, at length wears them out, and conversation insensibly falls into dull and insipid. When I have no more to say to you, you will like me no longer How dreadful is that view! You will reflect, for my sake you have abap doned the conversation of a friend that you liked, and your situation in a country where all things would have contributed to make your life pass in (the true zolutté) a smooth tranquillity. I shall lose the vivaeity which should entertain you, and you will have nothing to recompense you for what you have lost people that have settled entirely in the country but have grown at length weary of one another. The lady's



LADY MARY WORTHLY MONTYGU (From an Engraving after the Portrait by Sir G Kneller)

conversation generally falls into a thousand impertinent effects of idleness and the pentleman falls in love with his dogs and his horses, and oir of love with everything else. I am now arguing in favour of the town, you have answered me as to that point. In respect of your health, its the first thing to be considered, and I shall never ask you to do anything injurious to that. But his my opinion, its necessary to be happy that we neither of its think any place more agreeable than that where we are. I have no hing to do in London and its indifferent to me if I never see it more.

(From a letter to Mr Wertley Montagu in 1-12.)

#### Eastern Manners and Language

I no longer look tipen Theornius a a romantic writer he has only given a plain image of the way of life amongs! the peasants of his country, who, before oppression had reduced them to war, were, I suppose

all employed as the better sort of them are now I don't doubt, had he been born a Briton, his Idylliums had been filled with descriptions of thrashing and churning, both which are unknown here, the corn being all trod out by onen, and butter (I speak it with sorrow) unheard of

I read over your Homer here with an infinite pleasure, and find several little passages explained that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of, many of the customs and much of the dress then in fashion being yet retained, and I don't wonder to find more remains here of an age so distant than is to be found in any other country, the Turks not taking that pains to introduce their own manners as has been generally practised by other nations that imagine themselves more polite would be too tedious to you to point out all the passages that relate to present customs. But I can assure you that the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their incids, which are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described The description of the belt of Menelaus exactly resembles those that are now worn by the great men, fastened before with broad golden clasps, and embroidered round with rich work The snowy veil that Helen throws over her face is still fashionable, and I never see half a-dozen of old pashas (as I do very often), with their reverend beards, sitting basking in the sun but I recollect good king Priam and his counsellors manner of druging is certainly the same that Diana is sung to have danced on the banks of the Eurotas. The great Indy still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely greated in the monderfully The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances, at least in my opinion I sometimes make one in the truin, but am not skilful enough to lead, these are Grecian dances, the Turl ish being very different

I should have told you, in the first place, that the eastern manners give a great light into many Scripture prisages that appear odd to us, their phrases being commonly what we should call Scripture language vulgar Turk is very different from what is spoken at court, or amongst the people of figure, who always mix so much Arabic and Persian in their discourse that it may very well be called another language ridiculous to make use of the expressions commonly u ed in speaking to a great man or lady, as it would be to speak broad Yorkshire or Somersetshire in the draw ing room Besides this distinction, they have what they call the sublime, that is, a style proper for poetry, and which is the exact Seripture style. I believe you will be pleased to see a geniune example of this, and I am very glad I have it in my power to satisfy your curio ity, by sending you a faithful copy of the verses that Ibrahim Pasha, the reigning favourite, has made for the young princess, his contracted wife, whom he is no vet permitted to visit without witnesses, though she is gone home to his house He is a man of wit and harming, and whether or no he is capable of writing good ver e lumself, you may be sure that on such an occasion he would not want the assistance of the best poets in Thus the verses may be looked upon as a sample of their finest poetry, and I don't doubt you'll be of my mind, that it is most wonderfully resembling the *Song of Solomon*, which was also addressed to a royal bride

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The nightingale now wanders in the vines Her passion is to seek roses

I went down to admire the beauty of the vines The sweetness of your charms has ravished my soul.

Your eyes are black and lovely, But wild and disdainful as those of a stag

11

The wished possession is delayed from day to day, The cruel sultan Achmet will not permit me To see those checks, more vermilion than roses

I dare not snatch one of your kisses,

The sweetness of your charms has ravished my soul
Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag

111

The wretched Ibrahim sighs in these verses
One dart from your eyes has pierced through my heart.
Ah! when will the hour of possession arrive?
Must I yet wait a long time?
The sweetness of your charms has ravished my soul.
Ah, Sultana! stag eyed—an angel amongst angels!
I desire, and my desire remains unsatisfied
Can you take delight to prey upon my heart?

w

My cries pierce the heavens!

My eyes are without sleep!
Turn to me, Sultana—let me gaze on thy beauty
Adieu! I go down to the grave
If you call me, I return
My heart is hot as sulphur, sigh, and it will flame
Crown of my life! fair light of my eyes!
My Sultana! my princess!
I rub my face against the earth—I am drowned in

scalding tear,—I rave!

Have you no compassion? Will you not turn to look
upon me?

I have taken abundance of pains to get these versus in a literal translation, and if you were acquainted with my interpreters, I might spare myself the trouble of assuring you that they have received no poetical touches from their hands.

(From a letter to Mr Pope, dated Adrianople, April 1, O.S., 1717, one of six long letters to various persons bearing the same date—surely a good day 8 work.)

# On Inoculation for Small-pox.

Apropos of distempers, I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The small pox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless, by the invention of ingrafting, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who male it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the small pox, they make parties for this purpose, and when

they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together) the old woman comes with a nut shell full of the matter of the best sort of small pox, and asks what years you please to have opened. She immediately ups open that you offer to her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch), and puts into the vein as much venom as can be upon the head of her needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell, and in this manner opens four or five years. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the fore head, one in each arm, and one on the breast, to mark the sign of the cross, but this has a very ill effect, all these wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by those that are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs, or that part of the arm that is con The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark, and in eight days time they are as well as before their illness. Where they are wounded, there remain rimning sores during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation, and the French embassador says pleasantly that they take the small pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries There is no example of any one that has died in it. and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of the experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little I am patriot enough to take pains to hring this useful invention into fashion in England, and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I I new any one of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them, not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it Perhaps if I live to return, I may however have conrage to war with them Upon this occasion, admire the heroism in the heart of your friend

(From a letter to Mrs Sarah Chiswell dated Adrianople,
April 1 O S 1717)

### France in 1718.

I cannot give my dear Lady R [Rich] a better proof of the pleasure I have in writing to her than choosing to do it in this seat of various amusements, where I am accable with visits, and those so full of vivacity and compliment that tis full employment to hearken, whether one answers or not. The French embassadress at Con stantinople has a very considerable and numerons family here, who all come to see me, and are never weary of The air of Paris has already had a making enquiries good effect upon me, for I was never in better health, though I have been extremely all all the road from Lyons to this place. You may judge how agreeable the journey has been to me, which did not need that addition to make me dislike it. I think nothing so terrible as objects of misers, except one had the Godlile attribute of being capable to redress them, and all the country villages of France shew nothing else. While the post hor-es are changed, the whole town comes out to beg, with such miserable starved faces, and thin tattered clothes they need no other elequence to persunde one of the wretched

ness of their condition. This is all the I rench magnifi cence till you come to Fontainebleau. There you begin to think the country rich, when you are showed one thousand five hundred rooms in the king's hunting The apartments of the royal family are very large, and richly gilt, but I saw nothing in the architee ture or painting worth remembering A protes of countenances, I must tell you something of the French ladies, I have seen all the beauties, and such - (I can't help making use of the course word) nauseous [creatures]' so fantastically absurd in their dress' so monstrously unnatural in their point! their hair cut short, and curled round their faces, and so loaded with powder, that makes it look like white wool! and on their cheeks to their clins, unmercifully laid on, a shining red japan, that glistens in a most flaming manner, that they seem to have no resemblance to human faces, and I am apt to believe that they took the first hint of their dress from a fair sheep newly 'Tis with pleasure I recollect my dear pretty countrywomen and if I was writing to anybody else, I should say that these grotesque daubers give me still a higher esteem of the natural charms of dear Lady R. s auburn hair, and the lively colours of her unsullied complexion (From a letter to Lady Rich dated Paris. October to OS 1718)

## To the Countess of Bute-On Female Education Loverr Jan 28 NS 1753.

DEAR CHILD-You have given me a great deal of satisfaction by your account of your eldest daughter I am particularly pleased to hear she is a good arith metician, it is the best proof of understanding knowledge of numbers is one of the chief distinctions between us and the brutes. If there is anything in blood, you may reasonably expect your children should be endowed with an uncommon share of good sense. Mr Wortley's family and mine have both produced some of the greatest men that have been born in Lingland, I mean Admiral Sandwich, and my grandfather, who was distinguished by the name of Wise William have heard Lord Bute's father mentioned as an extra ordinary genius, though he had not many opportunities of shewing it, and his uncle the present Dule of Argyll has one of the best heads I ever knew. I will therefore speak to you as supposing Lady Mary not only capable, but desirous of learning, in that case, by all means let her be includged in it. You vill tell me I did not male it a part of your education your prospect was very different from hers. As you had no defect either in inind or person to hinder, and much in your circumstances to attract the highest offers, it seemed your business to learn how to live in the world, as it is hers to know how to be easy out of it. It is the common error of builders and parents to follow some plan they think beautiful (and perhaps is so) without considering that nothing is beautiful that is displaced. Hence ve see so many edifices rused that the raisers can never inhabit, being too large for their fortunes. Vistas are laid open over barren heaths, and apartments contrived for a coolness very agreeable in Italy, but killing in the north of Britain, thus every woman endervour to breed her daughter a fine lady, qualifying her for a station in which she will never appear, and at the same tine in capacitating her for that retirement to which sie is destined Learning if she has a real taste for it, will not only make her contened by happy in it

entertunment is so cheep as reading, nor any pleasure so listing. She will not want new fashions, nor regret the loss of expensive diversions, or variety of company, if she can be amused with an author in her closet. To render this amusement extensive she should be permitted to learn the languages. I have heard it lamented that boys lose so many years in mere learning of words this is no objection to a girl, whose time is not so precious she cannot advance herself in any profession, and has therefore more hours to spare, and as you say her memory is good, she will be very agreeably employed this way

There are two cautions to be given on this subject first, not to think herself learned when she can read Latin, or even Greck Languages are more properly to be called vehicles of learning than learning itself, as may be observed in many schoolmasters, who, though per haps critics in grammar, are the most ignorant fellows True knowledge consists in knowing things, not words. I would no further wish her a linguist than to enable her to read books in their originals, that are often corrupted, and always injured, by translations Two hours' application every morning will bring this about much sooner than you can imagine, and she will have lessure enough besides to run over the English poetry, which as a more important part of a woman's education than it is generally supposed. Many a young damsel has been ruined by a fine copy of verses, which she would have laughed at if she had known it had been stolen from Mr Waller I remember, when I was a girl, I saied one of my companions from destruction, who communicated to me an epistle she was quite charmed As she had naturally a good taste, she observed the lines were not so smooth as Prior's or Pope's, but had snore thought and spirit than any of theirs. She was wonderfully delighted with such a demonstration of her lover's sense and passion, and not a little pleased with her own charms, that had force enough to inspire such elegancies In the midst of this triumph, I shewed her that they were taken from Randolph's poems, and the unfortunite transcriber was dismissed with the scorn he To say truth, the poor plagiary was very unlucky to fall into my hands that author, being no longer in fashion, would have escaped any one of less universal reading than myself. You should encourage your daughter to talk over with you what she reads, and as you are very capable of distinguishing, take care she does not mistake pert folly for wit and humour, or rhyme for poetrs, which are the common errors of young people, and have a trum of ill consequences

The second crution to be given her (and which is most absolutely necessary) is to concerl whatever learn ing she attains, with as much solicitude as she would hide crookedness or lameness the parade of it can only serve to draw on her the envy, and consequently the most inveterate hatred, of all he and she fools, which will certainly be at least three parts in four of her requaintance. The use of knowledge in our sex, beside the amusement of solitude, is to moderate the passions, and learn to be contented with a small expense, which are the certain effects of a studious life, and it may be preferable even to that fame which men have engrossed to themselves, and will not suffer us to share. You will tell me I have not observed this rule myself, but you are mistaken, it is only inevitable necedent that has given me any reputation that was have always carefully avoided it, and ever thought it a

misfortune The explanation of this paragraph would occasion a long digression, which I will not trouble you with, it being my present design only to say what I think useful for the instruction of my granddaughter, which I have much at heart If she has the same meliaation (I should say passion) for learning I was born with, history, geography, and philosophy will furnish her with materials to pass away cheerfully a longer life than is allotted to mortals. I believe there are few heads capable of making Sir I Newton's calculations, but the result of them is not difficult to be understood by a moderate capacity Do not sear this should make her affect the character of Lady ----, or Lady ----, or Mrs ---- [the blanks are in the original], these women are ridiculous not because they have learning, but because they have it not. One thinks herself a complete historian after reading Echard's Roman History, another a profound philosopher after having got by heart some of Pope's unintelligible essays, and the third an able divine on the strength of White field's sermons, thus you hear them screaming politics and controversy

It is a saying of Thucydides, ignorance is bold and knowledge reserved. Indeed it is impossible to be far advanced in it without being more humbled by a conviction of human ignorance than elated by learn ing At the same time I recommend books, I neither exclude work nor drawing. I think it is as scanda lous for a woman not to know how to use a needle, as for a man not to know how to use a sword I was once extremely fond of my pencil, and it was a great mortifi cation to me when my father turned off my master, having made a considerable progress for a short time I My over eagerness in the pursuit of it had brought a weakness on my eyes, that made it necessary to leave it off, and all the advantage I got was the improvement of my hand I see by hers that practice will make her a ready writer she may attain it by serv ing you for a secretary, when your health or affairs make it troublesome to you to write yourself, and custom will make it an agreeable amusement to her. She cannot have too many for that station of life which will probably be her fate. The ultimate end of your education was to make you a good wife (and I have the comfort to hear that you are one), hers ought to be to make her happy in a virgin state. I will not say it is happier, but it is undoubtedly safer than any marriage. In a lottery, where there are (at the lowest computation) ten thousand blanks to a prize, it is the most prudent choice not to venture I have always been so thoroughly persuaded of this truth, that, notwithstanding the flattering views I had for you (as I never intended you a sacrifice to my vanity), I thought I owed you the justice to lay before you may you all the hazards attending matrimony recollect I did so in the strongest manner Perhaps you may have more success in the instructing your daughter; she has so much company at home, she will not need seeking it abroad, and will more readily take the notions As you were alone in my you think fit to give her family, it would have been thought a great cruelty to suffer you no companions of your own age, especially having so many near relations, and I do not wonder their opinions influenced yours. I was not sorry to ecc you not determined on a single life, knowing it was not your father's intention, and contented myself with endeavouring to make your home so easy that you might not be in haste to leave it.

I am afraid you will think this a very long insignificant letter. I hope the kindness of the design will excuse it, being willing to give you every proof in my power that I am

Your most affectionate mother

More complete than the surreptitious edition of Lady Mary's letters in 1763 was that of 1803 (5 vols.), and still better that edited by her great-grandson, Lord Wharnchiffe (1837). This was further extended and improved by Mr Moy Thomas (1861) revised, 1887). The letters from Constantinople and from France have appeared in various shapes. The editor of the surreptitions 1763 edition (3 vols.) was probably John Cleland (1707-89) the forged letters presumably by him, were issued as a fourth volume in 1767.

John Norris (1657-1711), an English Platonist and 'mystic divine,' was one of the earliest opponents of the philosophy of Locke. Educated at Oxford, in 1689 he took a Somersetshire living, but from 1692 he held George Herbert's old rectors of Bemerton near Salisbury He was an intimate of Henry More. Hallam described him as 'more thoroughly Platonic than Malebranche, to whom, however, he pays great deference, and adopts his fundamental hypothesis of seeing all things in God? More noteworthy is it that he carried into the eighteenth century much of the spirit of Henry More, something of the mood of Crashaw and Vaughan. His first original work was An Idea of Happiness (1683), his poems, essays, discourses, and letters, entitled A Collection of Viscellanies (1687), went through nine editions. His verses are quaint and full of conceits One simile of his, in 'The Parting,' was copied or annexed by two better-known poets-by Blair in The Grave, and by Thomas Campbell in The Pleasures of Hope

How fading are the joys we dote upon!

Like apparitions seen and gone

But those which soonest take their flight,

Are the most exquisite and strong

Like angel visits short and bright,

Mortality's too weak to bear them long

In 'Lines to the Memory of my dear Neece' Norms repeats the idea in other words

Angels, as 'tis but seldom they appear, So neither do they make long stay, They do but visit and away

Again, when Campbell wrote 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,' he certainly had before his mind this from Norris's 'Infidel'

Distance presents the objects fair, With charming features and a graceful air, But when we come to seize th' inviting prey, Like a shy ghost, it vanishes away

In the same poem, with its unpromising title, we find the rather memorable stanza

So to the unthinking boy the distant sky
Seems on some mountain's surface to rely
He with ambitious haste climbs the ascent
Curious to touch the firmament,
But when with an unwearied pace,
Arrived he is at the long vished for place,
With sighs the sad event he does deplore—
His Hearen is still as distant as before

Some of his verses are prosaic and tuncless enough to recall Zachary Boyd's paraphrases of Scripture at their worst. Thus 'Adam Turned out of Paradise' complains in these words

O whither now, whither shall I repair,

Exiled from this angelic coast?

There's nothing left that's pleasant, good, or fair,
The world can't recompence for Eden lost.

'Tis true, I've here a universal sway,
The creatures me as their chief lord obey,

Yet the world, tho' all my seat,
Can't make me happy, tho' it makes me great

His twenty three publications include The Picture of Love Universed (a translation from Waring's Latin, 1682), The Theory and Regulation of Love, a Moral Essay (1688), four volumes of Practical Discourses (1690-93), essays on reason and religion, on schism, against Quakerism, a Theory of the Ideal and Intelligible World (1701-4), and A Philosophical Discourse concerning the Immortality of the Soul (1708)

Dr Grosart edited Norris's Poems in 1871 for Vol. III of the Miscellanies of the 'Fuller Worthies Library where he suggests many parallelisms between Norris and later writers, and insists on the debt of Blair and Campbell especially

Christopher Pitt (1699-1748) was admitted by Johnson into his gallery of English poets best-known work is his translation (1725) of Vida's Art of Poetry, and in 1740 he produced a complete English Encid He also imitated some of the satires and epistles of Horace, and helped with Creech's Lucretius and Pope's Odyssey 'Pitt pleases the critics, and Dryden the people, Pitt is quoted, Such was Johnson's report. and Dryden read. but even the critics have long ceased to delight in From New College, Oxford, he was presented to the rectory of Pimperne in his native county of Dorsct, and there he spent the rest of his life. 'Diamond Pitt,' Lord Chatham's grandfather, vas his cousin

Gilbert West (1700 3-1756) translated the Odes of Pindar (1749), prefixing a dissertation on the Olympic games, praised by Gibbon vrote Education, a Poem, The Institution of the Garter, and a number of other miscellaneous pieces of poetry One On the Abuse of Travelling, professedly in imitation of Spenser's manner (1739), was noticed by Gray with very warm commen For his Observations on the Resurrection, the University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of DCL, and Lyttelton addressed to lum his treatise on St Paul Pope left West a sum of £200, payable after the death of Martha Blount, and he did not live to receive it. son of a prebendary of Winchester, he was educated at Eton and Christchurch, and found a post under the Secretary of State for the time. By the influence of Pitt, he was appointed (1752) one of the clerks of the Privy Council, and under-treasurer of Chelsea Hospital Johnson included his mis cellaneous poems in his collection

## Edward Young,

author of the Night Thoughts, was born towards the end of June 1683 at Upham in Hampshire, where his father-afterwards Dean of Salisburywas rector He was educated at Winchester School, and subsequently at New, Corpus, and All Souls Colleges, Oxford In 1712 hc commenced as poet and courtier of the great, and he continued both professions till he was over eighty. One of his patrons was the notorious Duke of Wharton, the scorn and wonder of his days,' whom Young accompanied to Ireland in 1716-17 He was for a while tutor in the family of the Marquis of Exeter, but was induced by Wharton to stand as parliamentary candidate for Cirencester, receiving a bond for £600 to defrav expenses Young was defeated, Wharton died (1731), but the



EDWARD YOUNG, D D
(From an Engraving in the British Museum.)

courts sustained Young's claim to two annuities (worth £200 a year) promised by the Duke His first tragedy, Busins (afterwards burlesqued in Fielding's Tom Thumb), was produced in 1719, in 1721 his second and best, The Revenge, his last, The Brothers, not till 1753 Significantly enough, the three tragedies of the future author of the Night Thoughts all end in suicide. The Revenge contains, amidst some rant and hyperbole, passages of strong passion and eloquent declamation in Young's sonorous blank verse, like Othello, it is founded on jealousy, and the principal character, Zanga, is a Moor Young's satires, seven in number, appeared in 1725-28 under the title of The Love of Fame, the Universal Passion Doubtless his own experiences must have been valuable, for as the associate and toady of Bubb Dodington and the like his humiliations and disappointments must have been many In 1727 Young entered the Church. and grievous wrote a panegyric on the king, and was made one of His Majesty's chaplains In 1730 he obtained from his college the living of Welwyn in Hertford shire, where he was destined to close his days, though always eager for further preferment. His marriage with the (widowed) daughter of the Earl of Lichfield proved a happier union than rumour represented the noble alliances of Dryden and The lady had a daughter by her first marriage, to whom Young was warmly attached That daughter and her husband died, and when the mother followed, the lonely survivor's Night Thoughts (1742-44) showed that years and sorrows had but enriched his poetic gift. In 1761 he was made clerk of the closet to the Princess Dowager of Wales, and he lived on till the 5th of April 1765

In his youth Young was gry and dissipated, all his life he was an indefitigable flatterer and courtier, in his poetry only is he a severe moralist and ascetic divine. Even if he felt the emotions he describes, he hardly allowed them to influence his conduct. He was not weaned from the world till age overtook him, and the epigrammatic point and wit and gloom of his Night Thoughts show the poetic artist rather than the devout Christian. The becausements even on which the poem was based were deliberately exaggerated for poetical effect.

Insatiate archer I could not one suffice?

Thy shafts flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slun, And thrice, ere thrice you moon had filled her horn.

This tale of sorrows was a poetical license, one of the shafts struck after an interval of four years. The gay Lorenzo is overdrawn. Like the character of Childe Harold in the hands of Byron, it afforded its creator scope for dark and powerful painting, and was made the vehicle for bursts of indig nant virtue, sorrow, regret, and admonition artificial character pervades the whole poem, and is an essential part of its structure, yet there are many noble and sublime passages, where, as with the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Young prophesies of life, death, and immortality Epigram and repartee are then forgotten, fancy yields to feeling, and the imagery is natural and appropriate. But the poet-preacher seldom remains long at a time in his loftier mood, his desire to say witty and smart things, to load his picture with supernumerary horrors, and conduct his personages to their 'sulphureous or ambrosial seats,' soon converts him into the scene-printer or epigrammatist. Poetry disappears in verbinge and sentimentalism, which cloying antithesis and magniloquence make more tedious Many of his sententious lines and short passages have become proverbial, some of his reflections make ad mirable copy-lines, such as 'Procrastination 15 the thief of time.' Young's great work, like Hudibras, is too full of compressed reflection and

illustration to be read continuously with pleasure. There is no plot or progressive interest, each of the nine books is independent of the other. The reader seeks out favourite passages, or contents himself with a single excursion into a wide and variegated field. The worst fault is the inevitable suggestion of insincerity, or at least of overstrained sentiment. But the more the work is studied, the more marvellous seem the fertility of fancy, the pregnancy of wit and wisdom, the felicitous conjunction of sound and sense, of sympathetic tenderness and everlasting truth, clearly discernible through the gloomy recesses of the poet's melancholious imagination.

The glorious fragments of a fire immortal,
With rubbish mixed, and glittering in the dust
This magnificent apostrophe had hardly been equalled since Milton's days

### On Life, Death, and Immortality

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, lile the world, his ready visit pays
Where Fortnne smiles, the wretched he forsakes,
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsulled with a tear

From short (as usual) and disturbed repose,
I wake how happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
I umultuous, where my wrecked desponding thought
From wave to wave of faneied misery
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Though now restored, tis only change of pain—
A bitter change!—severer for severe
The day too short for my distress, and night,
E'en in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.

Night, sable goddess' from her ebon throne, In rayless majesty, now stretches forth Her leaden sceptre o er a slumbering world Silence how dead' and darkness how profound! Nor eye nor listening ear an object finds, Creation sleeps. Tis as the general pulse Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause, An awful pause! prophetic of her end And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled, Fate! drop the curtain, I can lose no more.

Silence and Darkness' solemn sisters! twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve—
That column of true majesty in man—
Assist me I will thank you in the grave,
The grave your kingdom—there this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye?——

Thou, who didst put to flight
Primeval Silence, when the morning stars
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball,
O Thon! whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the snn, strike wisdom from my soul,
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Through this opaque of nature and of soul, This double night, transmit one pitying ray, To lighten and to cheer Oh lead my mind, (A mind that fain v ould wander from its woe) Lead it through various scenes of life and death, And from each scene the noblest truths inspire. Nor less inspire my conduct than my song, Teach my best reason, reason, my best will Teach rectitude, and fix my firm resolve Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, poured On this devoted head, be ponred in vain.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august, How complicate, how wonderful is man! How passing wonder He who made him such ! Who centred in our make such strange extremes! From different natures marvellously mixt, Connexion exquisite of distant worlds ! Distinguished link in being's endless chain! Midway from nothing to the Deity l A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt! Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine l Dim miniature of greatness absolute ! An heir of glory ' a frail child of dust-Helpless immortal insect infinite! A worm ' a god ' I tremble at myself, And in myself am lost ! at home a stranger, Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast, And wondering at her own how reason reels! O what a miracle to man is man, Triumphantly distressed! what joy! what dread! Alternately transported and alarmed! What can preserve my life? or what destroy? An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave, Legions of angels can't confine me there.

Tis past conjecture, all things rise in proof
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O er fairy fields, or moarned along the gloom
Of pathless woods, or down the eriggy steep
Harled headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool,
Or scaled the cliff, or danced on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod
Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal!

Why, then, their loss deplore that are not lost? This is the desert, this the solitude
How populous, how vital is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom,
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth, is shadow, all beyond
Is substance, the reverse is folly's creed
How solid all, where change shall be no more!

This is the bid of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule,
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free
From real life, bat little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, slumbering in his sire.
Embryos we must be till we barst the shell,
Yon umbient azine shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport and of man.
Yet man, fool man! here biries all his thoughts,

Inters eclestial hopes without one sight Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon, Here pinions all his wishes, winged by heaven To fly at infinite, and reach it there Where seraphs gather unmortality, On life's fur tree, fast by the throne of God What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow In his full beam, and ripen for the just, Where momentary ages are no more! Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire! And is it in the flight of three score years To push eternity from human thought, And smother souls immortal in the dust? A soul immortal, spending all her fires, Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness, Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarmed, At aught this scene can threaten or indulge, Resembles occun into tempest wrought, To wast a scather, or to drown a fly

#### On Time

(From The Complaint-Night I)

The bell strikes one We take no note of time But from its loss to give it then a tongue Is wise in man As if an angel spoke, I feel the solemn sound If heard aright, It is the knell of my departed hours Where are they? With the years beyond the flood It is the signal that demands dispatch How much is to be done? My hopes and fears Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge Look down—on what? A fathoinless abyss A dread eternity ! how surely mine! And can eternity belong to me, Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour? (From The Complaint-Night I )

O time than gold more sacred, more a load Than lead to fools, and fools reputed wise What moment granted man without account? What years are squandered, wisdom's debt unput? Our wealth in days all due to that discharge Haste, haste, he has in wait, he's at the door, Insidious Death! should his strong hand arrest, No composition sets the prisoner free. Eternity's ineverable chain Fast binds, and vengeance claims the full arrear

Youth is not rich in time, it may be poor, Part with it as with money, sparing, pay No moment, but in purchase of its worth, And what it's worth, ask death beds, they can tell Part with it as with life, reluctant, big With holy hope of nobler time to come, Time higher aimed, still nearer the great mark Of men and angels, virtue more divine.

Ah! how unjust to nature and himself
Is thoughtless, thankless inconsistent man!
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure Nature for a span too short,
That span too short we tax as tedious too,
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the lingering moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves

Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings, And seems to creep, decrepit with his age, Behold him when passed by , what then is seen But his broad pinions swifter than the winds? And all mankind, in contradiction strong, Rueful, aghast! cry out on his career

We waste, not use our time, we breathe, not live, Time v asted is existence, used, is life. And live existence ninn, to live ordained, Wrings and oppresses with enormous weight. And why? since time was given for use, not waste, Linjoined to fly, with tempest, tide, and stars, To keep his speed, nor ever writ for man. Time's use was doomed a pleasure, waste a pain, That man might feel his error if unseen, And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure.

Not blundering, split on idleness for ease

We push time from us, and we wish him back, Lavish of lustrums, and yet fond of life, Life we think long and short, death seek and shun. Body and soul, lil c pecvish man and wife, United jar, and yet are loth to part Oh the dark days of vanity ' while here, How tastcless! and how terrible when gone! Gone? they ne'er go, when past, they haunt us still The spirit wall's of every day deceased, And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns. Nor death nor life delight us If time past, And time possest, both pain us, what can please? That which the Deity to please ordained, Time used The man who consecrates his hours By vigorous effort, and an lionest aim, At once he draws the sting of life and death He walks with nature, and her paths are peace.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hour,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome newe
Their answers form what men experience call,
If wisdom's friend her best, if not, worst foe.

(From The Compla nt—Night IL)

In these shorter passages he rangs the changes on the same topics

Look nature through, 'tis revolution all, All change, no death, day follows night, and night. The dying day, stars rise and set, and rise. Larth takes the example. See, the Summer gay, With her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers, Droops into pallid Autumn. Winter gray, Horrid with frost and turbulent with storm, Blows Autumn and his golden fruits away, Then melts into the Spring soft Spring, with breath I avonian, from warm chambers of the south, Recalls the first. All, to reflourish, fades. As in a wheel, all sinks to reascend. Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

Self flattered, unexperienced, high in hope,
When voung, with sanguine cheer and streamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend,
All in some darling enterprise embarkt
But where is he can fathom its extent?
Amid a multitude of nitless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite, her lawful prize!
Some steer aright, but the black blast blows hard,

And puff- them wide of hope with hearts of proof Full agunst win I and title, some win their vay, And when strong effort has deserved the port, And tugged it into view, 'tis won! 'tis lost! Though a rong their our, still stronger is their fate They strike ' and while they triumph they expire. In stress of weather most, some sink outright O or them and o or their rames the billows close. To morroy knows no they were ever born Others a short memorial leave behind, Lake a flag floating when the barl 's ingulfed, It floats a moment, and is seen no more. One Casar lives a thousand are forgot. How few beneath auspicious planets horn-Darling of Providence ! fond fates elect !-With swelling sails male good the promised port, Wi hall their wisnes freighted to even these, Freighted with all their wishes, soon complain, Free from misfortune, no from nature free, They still are men, and when is man secure? As fatal time, as s o m I the rush of years Beats down their strength, their numberless escapes In run end. And now their proud succes-But plants new terrors on the victors brow Wha pain to quit the world, jus made their own, Their rest so deeply downed, and built so high ' Too lon they build, who build beneath the stare

# On Night.

These though s O Night! are thine, From thee this came I ke lovers exerct sighs. While overs slept. So Cwithin, pices feigh, In shallows welled, soft, sliding from his sphere, Her shipherd encered, of his can noured less. Than I of thee.—And are thouse ill unsung, Beneath whose brow and by who e aid I sing? Immortal silence! where shall I begin? Where end? or how seal music from the spheres. To so he their golders?

O majestic night!

Nature's great ancestor! Day's elder born!

And fated to survice the transient suit!

By mortals and unmertals seen with awe!

A start; crown thy raven brow adorns,

An azure zone thy varieties of shape and shade,

In ample folds of urapery divine,

The flowing maintle form, and, heaven throughout

Volumirously pour thy pompous truin

The gloom, grandeurs—Nature's most august,

Inspiring aspect '—claim a gruteful verse,

And like a sable curtain started with gold,

Drawn oler my labours past, shall close the scene.

### On Retirement.

Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid My heart at rest beneath this humble shed! The orld's a stately bark, on dangerous seas, With pleasure seen, but boarded at our penl Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore, I hear the tumult of the distant throng, As that of seas remote, or dving storms, And meditate on scenes more silent still, Pursue thy theme, and fight the fear of Death. Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut, Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,

Eager ambition's fiery chace I sec,
I see the circling hunt of noisy men
Burst law's inclosure, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey,
As volves for rapine, as the fox for viles
Till Death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What though we wade in vicalth, or soar in fame,
Earth's highest station ends in 'Here he lies,'
And 'dust to dust' concludes her noblest song

#### Prograstination.

Be vise to day, its madness to defer Next day the fital precedent will plead, Thus on, till visdom is pushed out of life. Procrastination is the thief of time, Year after year it teals, till all are fled, An' to the mercies of a moment leaves. The vas' concerns of an e-ernal scene. It not so frequen, would not this be stringe? That its so frequent, this is stranger still.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears The palm, 'That all men are about to live,' For ever on the brink of being born All pay themselves the compliment to think They one day shall not drivel, and their pride-On this reversion talles up ready praise, At leas, their own their future selves applaud, How excellent that life they ne er will lead! Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's vails .. That lodged in Tate's to wisdom they consign, The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone. 'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool, And scarce in human wisdom to do more. All promise is poor dilatory man And that through every stage When young indeed, In full content we sometimes nobly rest, Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish, As duteous sons, our fithers were more wise. At thirty, man suspects himself a fool, kno vs it at forty, and reforms his plan. At fifty, chides his infamous delay, Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve. In all the magnanimity of thought Recoives, and re resolves, then dies the same

And why? because he thinks him elf immortal All men think all men mortal but themselves, Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate S ril es through their wounded hearts the sudden dread; But their liearts wounded, hile the wounded air, Soon close, where passed the shaft no trace is found, As from the wing no sear the sky retains, The parted wave no furrow from the keel, So dies in human hearts the thought of death E en with the tender tear which nature sheds O er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

(From The Complaint-Night I )

The Arght Thoughts eclipsed Young's other works, but his Love of Fame, in Seven Characteristical Satires, shows real satiric power, often almost equalling Pope's Parts of Pope's seem indeed to have been suggested by Young's

#### From 'The Love of Fame

Not all on books their criticism waste The genius of a dish some justly taste,

And ent their way to fame! with anxious thought The salmon is refused, the turbot bought Impatient Art rebul es the sun's delay, And bids December yield the fruits of May Their various cares in one great point combine The business of their lives, that is, to dine, Half of their precious day they give the feast, And to a kind digestion spare the rest Apieus liere, the taster of the town, Feeds twice a week, to settle their renown

These worthies of the palate guard with care The sacred annals of their bills of fare, In those choice books their panegyries read, And scorn the creatures that for hunger feed, If man, by feeding well, commences great, Much more the worm, to whom that man is meat

Brunetta's wise in actions great and rare, But scorns on trifles to bestow her eare. Thus every hour Brunetta is to blame, Because th' occasion is beneath her aim Think nought a trifle, though it small appear, Small sands the mountain, moments make the year, And trifles, life. Your care to trifles give, Or you may die before you truly live.

Belus with solid glory will be erowned, He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound, But builds lumself a name, and to be great, Sinks in a quarry an immense estate, In cost and grandeur Chandos he'll outdo, And, Burlington, thy taste is not so true, The pile is finished, every toil is past, And full perfection is arrived at last When lo I my lord to some small corner runs, And leaves state rooms to strangers and to duns

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay, Provides a home from which to run away In Britain, what is many a lordly seat, But a discharge in full for an estate?

Some for renown on scraps of learning dote, And think they grow immortal as they quote. To patchwork learned quotations are allied, Both strive to make our poverty our pride

Let high birth triumph! what can be more great? Nothing—but merit in a low estate. To Virtue's humblest son let none prefer Vice, though descended from the Conqueror Shall men, like figures, pass for high or base, Slight or important only by their place? Titles are marks of honest men, and wise, The fool or knave that wears a title, lies They that on glorious ancestors enlarge, Produce their debt instead of their discharge

From the 'First Epistle to Mr Pope With fame in just proportion envy grows, The man that makes a character makes foes, Slight peevish insects round a genius rise, As a bright day awakes the world of flies, With hearty malice, but with feeble wing, (To show they live) they flutter and they sting But as by depredations wasps proclaim The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.

Shall we not censure all the motley train, Whether with ale irriguous or champagne?

Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climo And whet their appetites on chiffs of rhyme, The college sloven or embroidered spark, The purple prelate or the parish elerk, The quiet quidnunc or demanding prig, The plaintiff Tory or defendant Whig, Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay or sad, Whether extremely witty or quite mid, Profoundly dull or shallov ly polite, Men that read well, or men that only write, Whether peers, porters, tailors, tune the reeds, And measuring words to measuring shapes succeeds, For bankrupts write, when ruined sliops are shut, As maggets crawl from out a penished nut. His hummer this, and that his trowel quits, And wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits. By thriving men, subsists each other trade, Of every broken craft a vinter's made. Thus his material, paper, takes its birth I rom tattered rags of all the stuff on earth.

Burns, who knew most of Young by heart, no doubt tool from the sixth satire the material for the climax of his 'Address to the Deil '

> But fare you weel, and 'Niekic ben!' O wad ve tak a thought an' men' ' Ve aiblins might-I dinna l'en-Still hae a stake I'm wae to think upo' von den, I v'n for your sale!

The idea that perhaps the devil might yet find salvation is often set to the credit of the plough Unreasonably, man-poet's unheard of generosity for though Burns may not have known that Origen's doctrine of the Apocatastasis or Final Restitution expressly included the devil and his angels, or that the benevolent scheme of St Macarius (who actually persuaded God to pardon the devil) fell through only because Satan would not stoop to beg forgiveness, he could not have been ignorant of Young's 'devil's fair apologist' and her comment on Tillotson's heresy having classised, not too tenderly, the foibles and vices of many types of women, and raised the question of 'she atheists,' Young goes on

Atheists are few most nymphs a Godhead own, And nothing but his attributes dethrone. From atheists far, they steadfastly believe God is, and is Almighty ---- to forgive. His other excellence they Il not dispute, But mercy, sure, is his chief attribute. Shall pleasures of a short duration chain A lady's soul in everlas ing pain? Will the great Author us poor worms destroy, For now and then a sip of transient joy? No, he's for ever in a smiling mood, He's like themselves, or how could be be good? And they blaspheme, who blacker schemes suppose -Devoutly thus Jehovah they depose, The pure! the just! and set up in his stead A deity that's perfectly well bred 'Dear T-l-n' be sure the best of men,

Nor thought he more, than thought great Origen.

Though once upon a time he misbehaved,
Poor Satan! doubtless, he'll at leugth be saved.
Let priests do something for their one in ten,
It is their trade, so far they 're honest men
Let them cant on, since they have got the knack,
And dress their notions, like themselves, in black,
Fright us with terrors of a world unknown,
From joys of this, to keep them all their own
Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee,
But then they leave our untithed virtue free.
Virtue's a pretty thing to make a show
Did ever mortal write like Rochefoucault?'
Thus pleads the devil's fair apologist,
And, pleading, safely enters on his list.

Burns's 'Address to the Deil,' it should be noted, is essentially comic or serio-comic, though, like this ironical excursus of Young's, it may contain some slight element of serious thought.

Young expounded in prose his views 'On Lyric Poetry,' and illustrated them in an ode on 'Ocean,' which has a more artificial air than his blank verse, and is full of bathos to boot. These are a few of the stanzas (nearly seventy in all!), the last of v hich contains an adumbration of Thomson's guardian angels chorusing 'Rule Britannia'

Who sings the source
Of wealth and force,

Vast field of commerce and big war,
Where wonders dwell!

Where terrors swell!

And Neptune thinders from his car?

The main! the main!
Is Britain's reign,
Her strength, her glory is her fleet
The main! the main!
Be Britain's strain,
As Triton's strong, as Syren's sweet.

Where rushes forth
The frowning North
On blackening billows, with what dread
My shuddering sonl
Beholds them roll
And heurs their roarings o'er my head I

The northern blast,
The shattered mast,
The syrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,
The breaking spout,
The stars gone out,
The boiling strait, the monster's shock

Let others fear,
To Britain dear
Whate'er promotes her darling claim
These terrors charm,
Which keep her warm
In chase of honest gain or fame

When Nature sprung,
Blest angels sung
And shouted o'er the rising ball,
For strains as high
As man's can fly
These sea devoted honours call.

The Life of Young in Johnson's Lives of the Poets is by Herbert Croft (written 1782). Mitford and Doran, in the memoirs prefixed to their editions (1852 and 1854) of the works, added a few facts and so also Leslie Stephen's article in the last volume of the Dictionary of National Biography (1900) George Ehot's Worldliness and Other worldliness, reprinted in her Estays (1884), contains a severe attack on Young's character. For Young in France, see Texte's Roussean and the Cosmopolitan in Literature (trans. 1800).

George Berkeley (1685–1753), the good bishop to whom Pope assigned 'every virtue under heaven,' was born at Dysert Castle near Kilkenny Like Swift, he passed from Kilkenny school to Trinity College, Dublin, where, student and Fellow, he remained thirteen years. His Commonplace Book of 1705–6 (published in 1871) reveals the influence of Locke's psychology on a subtle and original mind Berkeley's Lesay towards a new Theory of Vision (1709) showed that the act of



BISHOP BERKELEY
(From the Portrait by John Smibert in the National Portrait
Gallery)

seeing, which seems so immediate, is really a reasoning interpretation of signs and hints, and argued that the process involves the assisting agency of God The argument was extended in 1710 by a Treatise concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge, further illustrating his 'new principle'-that the world which we see and touch is not an abstract independent substance, of which our sensations are an effect, the very world presented to our senses depends for its actuality on being perceived. In 1711, having taken orders, he published a Discourse of Passive Obedience, a defence of the Christian duty of not resisting the supreme civil power, and in 1713 he visited London, and wrote some papers for Steele's Guardian The same year he published his Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous, the

design of which was plainly to demonstrate the immateriality of the external world, the meorporeal nature of the soul, and the immediate providence of a Deity, in opposition to scepties and deists. Berkeley now became intimate with Addison, Arbuthnot, Swift, Pope, Steele, and the rest of that gifted circle, by whom he seems to have been sincerely beloved He accompanied the brilliant and eccentric Earl of Peterborough, as chaplain and secretary, on his embassy to Sicily, and afterwards for four years travelled on the Continent as tutor to a son of the Bishop of Clogher While abroad we find him writing to Pope 'As merchants, antiquaries, men of pleasure, &c. have all different views in travelling, I know not whether it might not be worth a poet's while to travel, in order to store his mind with strong images of nature Green fields and groves, flowery meadows, and purling streams, are nowhere in such perfection as in England, but if you would know lightsome days, warm suns, and blue skies, you must come to Italy, and to enable a man to describe rocks and precipiees, it is absolutely necessary that he pass the Alps' A story was long current that while at Paris Berkeley visited Male branche, then in ill-health, and a dispute as to Berkeley's theory of the external world so excited the French philosopher that a violent access of his allment carried him off in a few days! In reality Berkeley was still in England when Malebranche On his return he published a Latin tract, In an Essay towards preventing the Ruin of Great Britain (1721) Berkeley says he would regard the collapse of the South Sea seheme as a blessing if it should make all honest men of one party, put religion and virtue in countenance, and 'turn our thought from cozenage and stock jobbing to industry and frugal methods of life,' denounces that fearful prevalence of bribery and perjury, makes proposals for new taxes (on bachelors, &c.) and for improving many manufactures, calls for the interposition of the legislature against the ruinous folly of masquerades and for the reformation of the drama, recommends the enaction of comprehensive sumptuary laws, and for the suppression of the more aggressive forms of freethinking am not,' he says, 'for placing an invidious power in the hands of the clergy or complying with the narrowness of any mistaken zealots who should incline to persecute Dissenters But whatever conduct common sense as well as Christian charity obligeth us to use towards those who differ from us in some points of religion, yet the public safety requireth that the avowed contemners of all religion should be severely chastised And perhaps it may be no easy matter to assign a good reason why blasphemy against God should not be inquired into and punished with the same rigour as treason against the king?

Through Pope he was recommended to the Duke of Grafton, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, who

made him his chaplain and secured for him the The benevolent philosopher dennery of Derry had long been cherishing 'a scheme for con verting the savage Americans to Christianity, by a college to be erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda.' In this eollege he most 'exhorbitantly proposed,' as Swift commented, 'a whole hundred pounds a year for himself, forty pounds for a fellow and ten for a student' No anticipated difficulties could daunt him, condutors were obtained, a royal charter was granted, and Sir Robert Walpole promised £20,000 from Government In January 1729 Berkeley and his friends landed at Newport in Rhode Island, in August the saintly missionary (who had no seruple about holding negro slaves) removed inland, liaving bought a farm and built a house. But when Walpole declined to advance the sum promised, the project was at an end, Berkeley returned to Europe, and was in London Next month appeared the m February 1732 largest and most finished of his works, Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher, a religious presenta tion of nature giving pleasant pictures of American scenery and life, conveyed in a series of dia logues, which in scope and charm have often been compared with Plato's Berkeley became a favourite with Queen Caroline, and, in 1734 was appointed to the bishoprie of Clovne. Lord Chesterfield afterwards offered him the see of Clogher, which was double the value of that of Cloyne, but he declined the preferment. Some useful tracts on sehemes for ameliorating lrish social conditions were published by the Bishop One of them was The Querist (1735-37), containing many acute suggestions, that called Stris (1744), a chain of philosophical reflections on the medica nal virtues of water in which pine tar has been stirred, eost him, he said, more thought than any of the rest of his works. The resin of the tar is compared with the creative spirit present in nature, the thought has a neoplatonic flavour His last literary labour was a tract, Further Thoughts on Tar-water (1752) The best way of making this panacea, he thinks, is 'in a stone jug or earthen vessel, throughout well glazed,' and by no means in a metallie vessel 'By increasing the proportion of tar to the water and by stirring it longer, tar-water may be made strong enough for a spoonful to impregnate a glass, a thing very useful on the road, "Tar-water must be drank warm in agues, small-pox, measles, and fevers, in eholic and disorders of the bowels, in gout also and rheumatism, in most other ailments cold or warm at the choice of the patient. the patient cannot begin too soon or drink too He records a case of an old woman cured in a fortnight of combined ague, colic, and jaundice by drinking three pints of warm tarwater every day

Fuling health (spite of tar-water) and bereave ment led Berkeley, in 1752, to resolve to resign his bishopric and settle in Oxford, and there next year he died. His dislike to the pursuits and troubles of ambition are thus expounded by him to a friend in 1747 'In a letter from England, which I told you came a week ago, it was said that several of our Irish bishops were earnestly contending for Pray, who are they? I thought the primacy Bishop Stone was only talked of at present. ask this question merely out of curiosity, and not from any interest, I assure you I am no man's rival or competitor in this matter. I am not in love with feasts, and crowds, and visits, and late hours, and strange faces, and a liurry of affairs often insignificant. For my own private satisfaction, I had rather be master of my time than wear a I repeat these things to you, that I may not seem to have declined all steps to the primacy out of singularity, of pride, or stupidity, but from solid motives As for the argument from the opportunity of doing good, I observe that duty obliges men in high station not to decline occasions of doing good, but duty doth not oblige men to solicit such high stations' The Bishop was a poet as well as a mathematician and phil-When inspired with his transatlantic mission, he enshrined in verse-somewhat tame for the inspiration—his apocalyptic vision of a transcendently glorious American world-empire, reviving the golden age on a vaster scale. The first line of the concluding verse has long since been quoted into a proverb

# Verses on the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America.

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime Barren of every glorious theme, In distant lands now waits a better time, Producing subjects worthy fame

In happy climes where from the genial sun And virgin earth such scenes ensue, The force of art by nature seems outdone, And fancied beauties by the true

In happy climes, the seat of inuocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where meu shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay, Such as she bred when fresh and young, When heavenly flame did animate her clay, By future poets shall be sung

Westward the course of empire takes its way,
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day,
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

Berkeley's Theory of Vision, long considered a philosophical romance, is now a part of scientific

ontics His doctrine of the immateriality of the outer world, which he insisted on regarding as the simplest, most obvious, and only logical way of interpreting our perceptions-that what is perceived is the perceptions, not a dead, mert world of matter lying behind them and (needlessly) inferred from them-puzzled his contemporaries. and has been consistently rejected by all 'common-sense' philosophers and laymen, though the dependence of matter on mind (not my mind but some mind) is a familiar element in idealist Probably his chiefest aim was, by means of his immaterialism, to turn the tables on materialists, and confute those who taught that there is neither soul nor God by proving that we know only our own souls and can logically prove only the existence of other souls, including the Creative Spirit He applied to the analysis and dissolution of the assumed outer material world the principles of Locke's psychology, hardly foreseeing that Hume would afterwards, with greater audacity, apply the same principles to soul as such, and analyse it too, by cognite methods, into fleeting successions of sensations and feelings Berkeley's philosophy is nowhere completely set forth in the form of a systematic treatise, but amongst English writers on abstruse philosophical problems he stands alone for lucidity and charm of exposition, for felicity of illustration, and for the union of gentle but humorous fancy with keen wit and trenchant logic. His style is clear and unaffected, with the easy grace of the polished philosopher, and his descriptions of external nature at times remind one of Izaak The following extracts, from the opening of the first and end of the last of the three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous, show how skilfully he could manage this device for popularising abstract argument

#### The Point in Dispute

Philonous Good morrow, Hylas I did not expect to find you abroad so early

Hylas It is indeed something unusual, but my thoughts were so taken up with a subject I was discoursing of last night, that finding I could not sleep, I resolved to rise and take a turn in the garden

Phil It happened well, to let you see what innocent and agreeable pleasures you lose every morning. Can there be a pleasanter time of the day or a more delight ful season of the year? That purple sky, those wild but sweet notes of birds, the frigrent bloom upon the trees and flowers, the gentle influence of the rising sun, these and a thousand nameless beauties of nature inspire the soul with secret transports, its faculties too being at this time fresh and lively, are fit for these meditations, which the solitude of a garden and tranquillity of the morning naturally dispose us to But I am afraid I interrupt your thoughts for you seemed very intent on something

Hy! It is true I was, and shall be obliged to you if you will permit me to go on in the same vein, not that I would by any means deprive myself of your company, for my thoughts always flow more easily in conversation

with a friend than when I am alone but my request is, that you would suffer me to impart my reflections to

Phil With all my heart, it is what I should have

requested myself if you had not prevented me.

III I was considering the old fate of those men who have in all ages, through in affectation of being dis tinguished from the vulgar, or some unaccountable turn of thought, pretended either to believe nothing at all, or to believe the most extravagant things in the world This however might be borne, if their paradoxes and scepticism did not draw after them some consequences of general disadvantage to mankind. But the mischief lictly here, that when men of less leisure see them who are supposed to have spent their whole time in the pursuits of knowledge professing an entire ignorance of all things, or advancing such notions as are repug nant to plain and commonly received principles, they will be tempted to entertain suspicions concerning the most important truths, which they had hitherto held sacred and unquestionable

Phil I entirely gree with you, as to the ill tendency of the affected doubts of some philosophers, and fan tastical conceits of others. I am even so far gone of late in this way of thinking, that I have quitted several of the sublime notions I had got in their schools for vulgar opinions. And I give it you on my word, since this revolt from inetaphysical notions to the plain dictates of nature and common sense, I find my understanding strangely enlightened, so that I can now easily comprehend a great many things which before were all mystery and riddle.

131 I am glad to find there was nothing in the accounts I heard of you

I'm! Pray, what were those?

Intly I on were represented in last night's conversation as one who maintained the most extravagant opinion that ever entered into the mind of man, to with there is no such thing as material substance in the world

Phil I hat there is no such thing as what philosophers call material substance, I am scriously persuaded but if I were made to see anything absurd or scepacal in this, I should then have the same reason to renounce this that I imagine I have now to reject the contrary opinion

III. What' can anything be hore fantastical, more repugnant to common sense enaction manifest piece of scepticism, than to believed for the o such thing is

matter?

Phil Sofily, par I Hylas is of free an int should prove that you, who hold chere is, complying of that opinion, a greater sceptic, and main alone who paradoxes and repugnances to common select, alots who believe no such thing?

Hil You may as soon persuade meistran cir. is greater than the whole, as that in ord differ froid absurdity and scepticism I should ever be obtacted give up my opinion in this point

Phil Well then, are you content to admit that opinion for true, which upon examination shall appear most agreeable to common sense, and remote from

scupticism?

III With all my heart Since you are for raising disputes about the plainest things in nature, I am content for once to hear what you have to say

## Berkeley's Theory summed up

Phil With all my heart retain the word matter, and apply it to the objects of sense, if you please, provided you do not attribute to them any subsistence distinct from their being perceived. I shall never quarrel with Matter, or material substance, you for an expression are terms introduced by philosophers, and as used by them, imply a sort of independency, or a subsistence distinct from being perceived by a mind but are never used by common people, or if ever, it is to signify the immediate objects of sense. One would think therefore, so long as the names of all particular things, with the terms sensible, substance, body, stuff, and the like, are retained, the word matter should be never missed in common talk And in philosophical discourses it seems the best way to leave it quite out, since there is not perhaps any one thing that hath more favoured and strengthened the depraved bent of the mind toward atheism, than the use of that general confused term.

Hyl Well but, Philonous, since I am content to give up the notion of an unthinking substance exterior to the mind, I think you ought not to deny me the privilege of using the word matter as I please, and annexing it to a collection of sensible qualities subsisting only in I freely own there is no other substance, in a strict sense, than spirit But I have been so long accustomed to the term matter, that I know not how to part with it. To say, there is no matter in the world, is still shocking to me Whereas to say, there is no matter, if by that term be meant an unthinking substance existing without the mind, but if by matter is meant some sensible thing, whose existence consists in being perceived, then there is matter this distinction gives it quite another turn and men will come into your notions with small difficulty, when they are proposed in that For after all, the controversy about matter, in the strict acceptation of it, lies altogether between you and the philosophers, whose principles, I acknowledge, are not near so natural or so agreeable to the common sense of mankind and holy scripture as yours is nothing we either desire or shun, but as it makes or is apprehended to make some part of our happiness But what hath happiness or misery, joy or grief, pleasure or pain, to do with absolute existence, or with unknown entities, abstracted from all relation to us? It is evident, things regard us only as they are pleasing or displeasing and they can please or displease only so far forth as they are perceived Further therefore we are not concerned, and thus far you leave things as Yet still there is something new in this you found them doctrine. It is plain, I do not now think with the phil osophers, nor yet altogether with the vulgar know how the case stands in that respect precisely what 'you have added to or altered in my former notions

Phil I do not pretend to be a setter up of new notions. My endeavours tend only to unite and place in a clearer light that truth which was before shared between the vulgar and the philosophers, the former being of opinion, that those things they immediately perceive are the real things, and the latter, that the things immediately perceived are ideas which exist only in the mind. Which two notions put together do in effect constitute the substance of what I advance.

Myl I have been a long time distrusting my senses, methought I saw things by a dim light, and through

false glasses. Now the glasses are removed, and a new light breaks in upon my understanding. I am clearly convinced that I see things in their native forms, and am no longer in pain about their unknown natures or absolute existence. This is the state I find myself in at present though indeed the course that brought me to it I do not yet thoroughly comprehend. You set out upon the same principles that Academics, Cartesians, and the like sects usually do and for a long time it looked as if you were advancing their philosophical scepticism, but in the end your conclusions are directly opposite to theirs.

Phil You see, Hylas, the water of yonder fountain, how it is forced upwards in a round column to a cer tain height, at which it breaks and falls back into the bason from whence it rose its ascent, as well as descent, proceeding from the same uniform law or principle of gravitation. Just so, the same principles which at first view lead to scepticism, pursued to a certain point, bring men back to common sense.

The standard edition of Berkeley is that of Professor Campbell Fraser, with a Life and dissertations (4 vols. 1871, nev ed 1902). Professor Fraser also published a small monograph on Berkeley (1881) and Selections from Berkeley (5th ed 1900). Mr A. J. Lalfour wrote a biographical introduction to the edition of the works by G. Sampson (3 vols. 1897-99).

Joseph Butlet (1692-1752), one of the greatest of English divines and moralists, was born at Wantage in Berkshire, the youngest of the eight children of a retired draper. With a view to the Presbyterian ministry, he attended a Dissenting academy at Gloucester, afterwards at Tewkesbury, where the future Archbishop Secker was his schoolfellow About the age of twenty-two he joined the Church of England, and entered Oriel College, Oxford. Having taken orders in 1718, be was appointed preacher at the Rolls Chapel, where he preached those remarkable sermons which he published in 1726 The first three, On Human Nature, constitute one of the most important contributions ever made to moral science He became prebendary of Salisbury (1721), and rector of Haughton-le-Skerne near Darlington (1722), in 1725 he was presented to the 'golden rectory' of Stanhope, also in Durham Here he resided in great retirement till 1733, busy on his Secker wished to see him promoted to some more important position, and mentioned his name to Queen Caroline The queen thought he had been dead 'No, madam,' said Archbishop Blackburne ('the jolly old Archbishop of York' who, according to Horace Walpole, 'had all the manners of a man of quality though he had been a buccaneer and was a clergyman'), 'he is not dead, but he is buried.' In 1733 Butler became chaplain to his friend Lord Chancellor Talbot, and in 1736 a prebendary of Rochester and clerk of the closet In 1736 he published the to Queen Caroline Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, which, in the words of Chalmers, made him the 'Bacon of theology' In 1738 he was made Bishop of Bristol, in 1740 Dean of St Paul's, in 1747 he declined the primacy, and in 1750 he was trans lated to the see of Durham

Butler takes high rank amongst English moralists. and has had the very greatest influence on Eng lish etbical thinking It is sometimes said that the sum total of his teaching is the insisting on the authority and supremacy of conscience. He de veloped Shaftesbury's moral sense into a higher and more authoritative conscience, he learnt from Aristotle and the Stoics, and he wrote against Mandeville and Hobbes, contending that the social impulses in man are no less natural than the appetites and self-regarding desires-that virtue is more consonant with human nature than vice He not merely emphasises, as vigorously as Kant does, the indefeasibleness of the moral law, but shows ingenuity in constructing an argumentum ad hominem specially applicable to those who



BISHOP BUTLER
(From an Engraving after a Picture in the possession of the
Bishop of Durham.)

deny his main thesis. This method of the argumentum ad hominem is especially characteristic of his great treatise, the Analogy The Leynote of the Analogy is to show that all the objections to revealed religion are equally applicable to the whole constitution of nature, and that the general analogy between the principles of divine government, as revealed in the Scriptures, and those manifested in the course of nature, warrants the conclusion that they have one Author argument is valid against the deists, but it lacks completeness as a defence of Christianity then it seemed hardly enough to pose the deists. unfriendly critics thought the true method of defending Christianity was so to exhibit its excel lences as to make objectors eager to embrace it. Pitt is reported to have said that it raised more doubts than it solved Bagehot not unfairly said that we might expect revelation to explain the

difficulties to be found in the religious interpretation of nature, and not to add others of its own Matthew Arnold and Mr Leslie Stephen are amongst those who find Butler's argument unsatisfring Mr Gladstone was one of Butler's most enthusiastic defenders, and seemed even to argue that the Analogy is of as great apologetic value now as it was in Butler's own time.

But for materialists, positivists, thorough going agnostics, Butler's arguments are irrelevant unless you posit the existence of God, and the truth and binding force of 'natural religion,' the Analogy has no fulcrum to work from In Butler's time the dcists were the most conspicuous, the only considerable opponents of revealed religion, and most of them accepted the truths of natural religion as heartily as Butler did Kant and Darwin had not as yet overthrown teleology, and the kind of evidences of religion then demanded were very different from what would now be required. The moral arguments in the Sermons of Butler are less antiquated thru those of the Analogy It was with deists more or less pronounced, and people liable to be influenced by their arguments, that Butler had to do, and it is by the cogency of his argument as addressed to them that he must be judged Butler's great influence, and the place his Sermons and the Analogy secured in the Church and at the universities, owe little to the superficial graces of style. He was a severely logical writer, often dry, sometimes cumbrous, generally vigorous, clear, and effective, at times attaining the force of aphorism, but even in the Sermons there is no declamation and little direct appeal to the feelings

# Probability in Religion.

It has been thought by some persons that if the evidence of revelation appears doubtful, this itself turns into a positive argument against it, because it cannot be supposed that if it were true, it would be left to subsist upon doubtful evidence. And the objection against revelation from its not being universal, is often insisted upon as of great weight.

Now the weakness of these opinions may be shown by observing the suppositions on which they are founded, which are really such as these—that it cannot be thought God would have bestowed any favour at all upon us, unless in the degree which we think he might, and which we imagine would be most to our particular advantage, and also that it cannot be thought he would bestow a favour upon any, unless he bestowed the same upon all—suppositions which we find contradicted not by a few instances in God's natural government of the world, but by the general analogy of nature together

Persons who speak of the evidence of religion as doubtful, and of this supposed doubtfulness as a positive argument against it, should be put upon considering what that evidence indeed is which they act upon with regard to their temporal interests, for it is not only extremely difficult, but in many cases absolutely impossible, to balance pleasure and pain, satisfaction and uneasiness, so as to be alle to say on which side the overplus in the first temporal interests and impossibilities in maling the due also ances for a change of temper

and taste, for satisty, disgusts, ill health-any of which render men incapable of enjoying, after they have obtained, what they most engerly desired. Numberless, too, are the accidents, besides that one of untimely death, which may even probably disappoint the best concerted schemes, and strong objections are often seen to lie against them, not to be removed or answered, but which seem overbalanced by reasons on the other side, so as that the certain difficulties and dangers of the pur suit arc by every one thought justly disregarded, upon account of the appearing greater advantages in case of success, though there be but little probability of it. Lastly, every one observes our liableness, if we be not upon our guard, to be deceived by the falsehood of men, and the false appearances of things, and this danger must be greatly increased if there be a strong bias within, supposed from indulged passion, to favour the deceit Hence arises that great uncertainty and doubtfulness of proof, wherein our temporal interest really consistswhat are the most probable means of attaining it, and whether those means will eventually be successful. And numberless instances there are in the daily course of life, in which all men think it reasonable to engage in pursuits, though the probability is greatly against succeeding, and to make such provision for themselves as it is supposable they may have occasion for, though the plain acknowledged probability is, that they never Then those who think the objection against revelation, from its light not being universal, to be of weight, should observe that the Author of Nature, in numberless instances, bestows that upon some which he does not upon others, who seem equally to stand in need Indeed he appears to bestow all his gifts with the most promiscuous variety among creatures of the same species-health and strength, capacities of prudence and of knowledge, means of improvement, riches, and all external advantages. And as there are not any two men found of exactly like shape and features, so it is probable there are not any two of an exactly like constitution, temper, and situation, with regard to the goods and evils of life. Yet notwithstanding these uncertainties and varieties, God does exercise a natural government over the world, and there is such a thing as a prudent and imprudent institution of life, with regard to our health and our affairs, under that his natural government (From the Analogy, Part n. Chap vl.)

See the splendid edition of Butler's Works by Mr Gladstone (s vols. 1896), his Subsidiary Studies on him (1896), Lives by Bartlett (1839), Collins (1881) and Spooner (1902) and Lightfoot's Leaders in the Northern Church (1890) and Mr Leslie Stephen's History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century (1876). The editions of the Sermons and of the Analogy are innumerable.

John Leland (1691-1766), born at Wigan and educated at Dublin, became a Presbyterian minister in Ireland. He wrote industriously against Tindal, Morgan, and other deists, but is remembered specially from the often-quoted View of the Principal Deistical Writers (1754-56)

William Wai burton (1698-1779), Bishop of Gloucester, had a bold and original way of thinking, indomitable self-will and arrogance, ponderous learning, and a gift of copious utterance, he was cager to astonish and arrest the attention of mankind, but his writings, after passing like a splendid meteor across the horizon of liis own age,

have all but sunk into oblivion. He was the son of an attorney at Newark, and there he began by following the same profession A passion for study having led him to qualify meanwhile for the Church, in 1723 he took deacon's orders, and by the dedication of a volume of translations, obtained a presentation to a small vicarage. He now threw himself amidst the literary society of the metropolis, and sought for subsistence and advancement by his pen. On obtaining from a patron the rectory of Brant Broughton in Lincolnshire, he retired thither, and devoted himself for eighteen years to unremitting study work of any note was The Alliance between Church and State (1736), which, though scarcely calculated to please either party in the Church, brought the author into notice. But it was in The Divine Legation of Moses, demonstrated on the Principles of a Religious Deist from the Omission of the Doctrine of a Future State of Rewards and Punishments in the Jewish Dispensation (1738-41), that the scholarship of Warburton was first fairly displayed. It was objected to the fewish religion that it nowhere acknowledges a future state of rewards and punishments Warburton, who delighted in paradox, instead of attempting to deny this or explain it away, asserted that therein lav the strongest argument for the divine mission of Moses—because no mere human legislator would have dispensed with the supernatural sanction of morals and religion. Ransacking the domains of pagan antiquity, he reared such a mass of curious and confounding argument that mankind was awed into partial agreement with his views In support of his startling thesis, he wanders -discursively into endless subsidiary inquiries, and supplies lack of evidence by abusing all kinds of opponents in his footnotes-the place of execution' There is a constant polemic, either by violent assault or casual innuendo, on contemporary deists and freethinkers He never completed the worl, he became, indeed, weary of it, and perhaps the fallacy of the hypothesis was first secretly acknowledged by himself Gibbon, in his autobiography, called the work 'a monument already crumbling in the dust of the vigour and weakness of the human mind' Bentley said, 'The man has monstrous appetite and bad digestion.' He showed no real speculative power or profundity of thought.

The merits of the author, or his worldly wisdom, brought him preferment in the Church he rose through the grades of prebendary of Gloucester, prebendary of Durham, and Dean of Bristol to be (1759) Bishop of Gloucester He had early forced himself into notice by his writings, but one material cause of his advancement was his friend-ship with Pope. He had secured the poet's favour by defending the ethical and theological orthodoxy of the Essay on Man, and by writing commentaries on that and other poems, and Pope in return left him the property or copyright of his

works, the value of which Johnson estimated at £,1000 Pope had also introduced him to Ralph Allen, one of the wealthiest and most benevolent men of his day, the Squire Allworthy of Fielding's Tour Jones, and Warburton took advantage of this introduction to secure the hand of Allen's niece and obtain a large fortune. To Pope he was also indebted for an acquaintance with Lord Mansfield, through whose influence he was made preacher of Lincoln's Inn (1746) He was remiss in episcopal duties, but was constantly at feud with Bolingbroke and Hume, Voltaire and the deists, as well as with fortin. Lowth, and Wesley, and his great learning was thrown away on paradoxical speculations His notes and commentaries on Shakespeare and Pope are lacking in taste and real insight-Douce said that of all Shakespeare's commentators he was 'surely the worst'-but they often display curious erudition and ingenuity. His arrogance and dogmatism became proverbial His force of character and various learning, always ostentatiously displayed, gave him a high name and authority in his own day, but posterity refused to ratify the judgment.

# The Rationalizing of the Greek Mythology

Here matters rested, and the vulgar faith seems to have remained a long time undisturbed. But as the age grew refined, and the Greeks became inquisitive and learned, the common mythology began to give offence The speculative and more delicate were shocked at the absurd and immoral stories of their gods, and scandalised to find such things make an authentic part of their story It may indeed, be thought matter of wonder how such tales, taken up in a barbarous age, came not to sinl into oblivion as the age grew more knowing, from mere abhorrence of their indecencies and shame of their absurdities Without doubt, this had been their fortune but for an unlucky circumstance. The great poets of Greece, who had most contributed to refine the public taste and manners, and were now grown into a kind of sacred anthority, had sanctified these silly legends by their writings, which time had now consigned to immortality

Vulgar paganism, therefore, in such an age as this, lying open to the attacks of curious and inquisitive men, would not, we may well think, be long at rest. It is true, freethinking then lay under great difficulties and discouragements To insult the religion of one's country, which is now the mark of learned distinction, was branded in the ancient world with public infamy 1 ct freethinkers there were, who, as is their wont, together with the public worship of their country, threw off all reverence for religion in general. Amongst these was Euhemerus, the Messenian, and, by what we can learn, the most distinguished of this tribe. This man, in mere wintonness of heart, began his attacks on religion by divulging the secret of the mysteries. But as it was capital to do this directly and professedly, he contrived to cover his perfidy and malice by the intervention of a kind of Utopian romance. He pretended 'that in a certain city, which he came to in his travels, he found this grand secret, that the gods were dead men defied, preserved in their sacred writings, and confirmed by monumental records inscribed to the gods themselves,

who were there said to be interred? So far was not amiss, but then, in the genuine spirit of his class, who never cultivate a truth but in order to graft a lie upon it, he pretended 'that dead mortals were the first gods, and that an imaginary divinity in these early heroes and conquerors created the idea of a superior power, and introduced the practice of religious worship amongst m n' The learned reader sees below, that our free thinler is true to his cause, and endeavours to verify the fundamental principle of his sect, that fear first made gods, even in that very instance where the contrary pastion seems to have been at its height, the time when men made gods of their deceased benefactors matter of addre shides the shame of so perverse a piece of malice. He represents those founders of society and fathers of their country under the idea of destructive conquerors, who, by mere force and fear, had brought men into subjection and slavery On this account it was that indignant antiquity concurred in giving Euliemerus the proper name of atheist, which however he would hardly have escaped though he had done no more than divulge the secret of the mysteries, and had not poisoned his discovery with this impious and foreign addition, so contrary to the true spirit of that secret

This detection had been long dreaded by the orthodox protectors of pagan wor hip and they were provided of a temporary defence in their intricate and properly perplexed system of symbolic adoration. But this would do only to stop a breach for the present, till a better could be provided, and was too weak to stand alone against so violent an attack. The philosophers, there fore, now took up the defence of paganism where the priests had left it, and to the others symbols added their own allegories, for a second cover to the absurdities of the ancient mythology [Here uncient authorities are quoted ] I or all the genuine seets of philosophy, as we have observed, were steady patriots, legislation making one essential part of their philosophy, and to legislate without the foundation of a national religion was, in their opinion, building eastles in the air So that we are not to wonder they took the alarm, and opposed these insulters of the public worship with all their But as they never lost sight of their proper character they so contrived that the defence of the national religion should terminate in a recommendation of their philosophie speculations. Hence their support of the public worship and their evasion of Euhemerus's charge turned upon this proposition, 'That the whole ancient inythology was no other than the vehicle of physical moral, and divine knowledge.' And to this it is that the learned Eusebius refers, where he says 'that a new race of men refined their old gross theology, and give it an honester look, and brought it nearer to the truth of thing '

However, this proved a troublesome work, and after all ineffectual for the security of men's private morals which the example of the heatitions story according to the letter would not fail to influence how well soever the allegorie interpretation was calculated to cover the public honour of religion, so that the more ethical of the plulo ophers grew prevish with what gave them so much trouble, and answered so little to the interior of religious practice. This made them break out from time to time into hest, resentments against their capital procts, unsuitable, one would than to the dignity of the authors of such noble recondite truths as they

would persuade us to believe were treasured up in their writings. Hence it was that Plato banished Homer from his republic, and that Pythagoras, in one of his extra mundane adventures, saw both Homer and Hesiod doing penance in hell, and hung up there for example, to be bleached and purified from the grossness and pollution of their ideas.

The first of these allegorisers, as we learn from Lacr tius, was Anaxagoras, who, with his friend Metrodorus, turned Homer's mythology into a system of ethics. Next came Hereelides Ponticus, and of the same fables made as good a system of physics. And last of all, when the necessity became more pressing, Proclus undertook to shew that all Homer's fables were no other than physical, ethical, and moral allegories.

(From The Divine Legation, Book iii. Section 6.)

Bishop Hurd published a sumptious edition of Warburtons works in seven quartos (1788), a later edition (1811) was in twelve volume. In *The Principles of Natural and Revealed Religion* we have sermons.

Colley Cibber (1671-1757), actor, manager, and dramatist, was born in London, the son of the Holstein sculptor, Caius Gabriel Cibber or Cibert, who settled in England during the Com monwealth, and executed sculptures for the London Monument, the old Royal Exchange, Bethlehem Hospital, St Paul's, and Chatsworth Young Colley, named after his mother's family, was educated at Grantham, and in 1690 joined the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, where he remained, with short intervals, during his whole theatrical career of forty-three years In 1696 he produced his first comedy, Love's Last Shift, himself playing Sir Novelty Fashion, and so established his fame both as dramatist and actor thirty pieces are ascribed to him, some of them tragedies and some 'musical entertainments and farces' Not a few are rechauffes from Shake speare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Dryden, and others, two or more plays being sometimes in Several are geniously welded into a new one Among the best known are from the French Woman's Wit, She Would and She Would Not, and The Provoked Husband (the latter completed from Vanbrugh's manuscript) Cibber contributed largely to the improvement in decency which fol lowed Jeremy Collier's famous philippic in 1698, his comedies do not rely for ludicrous effects on He was a strong Hanothe outraged husband verian, and as poet-laureate from 1730 onwards wrote some sufficiently tiresome and absurd odes But even they could not justify Pope in making Cibber the hero (in place of Theobald) in the 1743 issue of the Dunciad, where these lines occur

How with less reading than makes felons 'scape, Less human genius than God gives an ape, Small thanks to France and none to Rome or Greece, A past, vamped, future, old, revived, new piece 'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Congreve and Corneille Can make a Cibber, Johnson, or Ozell

Cibber was no poet, he was vain and a loose liver, but he was assuredly not a dullard. Pope's

first sneers, in the early editions of the Duncial and elsewhere, Cibber took good-humouredly As Pope grew more abusive, the other became aggressive in self-defence, and by his retalintory pamphlets and scurrilous stories had the satisfaction of making his sensitive foe writhe with vexation Cibber had the misfortune to have Fielding also for a persistent enemy, for reasons not so easily discovered Fielding was severe on him for his alterations on Shakespeare's plays, of one of which Cibber had self-complacently said. 'I have endeavoured to make it more like a play than I found it in Shakespeare.' Strange to say, Cibber's modification of Richard III., with the famous line 'Off with his head I so much for Buckingham!' had almost undisputed possession of the stage in London till Mr Irving re stored the Shakespearean tradition The Nomin or. an adaptation of Molicre's Tartuffe, was of course ultra loyal, and survives in The Hypocrite, still occasionally performed Towards the close of the nineteenth century Mr Augustus Daly and his American company revived She Would and She Would Not, unquestionably one of Cibber's best comedies His own Apology for the Life of Mr Colley Cibber, Comedian (1740, new edition by Lowe, 1888), is a greater literary success than any of his plays, it is a really interesting autobiography as well as a lively history of the stage in his own time, though the statements are at times both vague and inaccurate -His son, Theophilus (1703-58), was also an actor and dramatist. The following extract from She Would and

The following extract from She Would and She Would Not deals with two ladies travelling disguised as men, an attendant, and

# An Innkeeper's Welcome

Host Did you call, gentlemen?

Trappanti Yes, and bawl too, sir here, the gentle men are almost funished, and nobody comes near 'em what have you in the house now that will be ready presently?

Host You may have what you please, sir Hi polita Can you get us a partridge?

Host Sir, we have no partridges but we'll get you what you please in a moment we have a very good neek of mutton, sir, if you please it shall be clapt down in a moment

Hit Have you no pigeons or chickens?

Host Truly, sir, we have no fowl in the house at present, if you please, you may have any thing else in a moment.

Hip Then prithee get us some young rabbits

Hest Upon my word, sir, rabbits are so scarce they are not to be had for money

Thora Have you any fish?

Host Fish! Sir, I drest yesterday the finest dish that ever came upon a table, I am sorry we have none left, sir, but, if you please, you may have any thing else in a moment

Traf Pox on thee, list thou nothing but any thing else in the house?

Hest Very good mutton, sir His Prithee get us a breast then

Host Breast ' Don't you love the neck, sir?

Hip Ha' ye nothing in the house but the neek?

Host Really, sir, we don't use to be so unprovided, but at present we have nothing else left

Trap Faith, sir, I don't know but n nothing clse may be very good meat, when any thing else is not to be had

Hip Then prithee, friend, let's have the neck of mutton before that is gone too

Trap Sir, he shall lay it down this minute, I'll see it done gentlemen, I'll wait upon ye presently, for a minute I must beg your pardon, and leave to by the cloth myself

Hyp By no means, sir
Trap No ceremony, dear sir, indeed I'll do't

#### On his Critics

Here perhaps I may again seem to be vain, but if all these facts are true (as true they are) how can I help it? Why ain I obliged to conceal them? The merit of the best of them is not so extraordinary as to have warned me to be nice upon it, and the praise due to them is so small a fish, it was scarce worth while to throw my line into the water for it. If I confess my vanity while a boy, can it be vanity when a man to remember it? And if I have a tolerable feature, will not that as much belong to my picture as an imperfection? In a word, from what I have mentioned, I would observe only this, that when we are conscious of the least comparative merit in our selves, we should take as much care to concerl the value we set upon it as if it were a real defect. To be elated or vain upon it, is showing your money before people in want, ten to one but some who may think you have too much mny borrow, or pick your pocket, before you get home. He who assumes praise to himself, the world will think overpays himself. Even the suspicion of being vain ought as much to be dreaded as the guilt itself Cusar was of the same opinion in regard to his wife's Praise, though it may be our due, is not like a bankbill, to be paid upon demand, to be valuable it must be voluntary. When we are dunned for it, -we have a right and privilege to refuse it. If compulsion insists upon it, it can only be paid, as persecution in points of faith is, in a counterfeit coin, and who ever believed occasional conformity to be sincere? Nero, the most vain coxcomb of a tyrant that ever breathed, could not ruse nn unfeigned applituse of his harp by military execution, even where praise is deserved, ill inture and self conceit (pressions that poll a inajority of mankind) will with less reluctance part with their money than their approbation. Men of the greatest ment are forced to stay till they die, before the world will furly make up their necount, then indeed you have a chance for your full due, because it is less grudged when you are incapable of enjoying it then perhaps even malice shall heap praises upon your memory, though not for your sake, but that your surviving competitors may suffer by a comparison. It is from the same principle that satire shall have a thousand readers where panegyric has one. When I therefore find my nan e at length in the satirical works of our most celebrated living author, I never look upon those lines as malice meant to me (for he knows I never provoked it) but profit to himself one of his points must be to live many readers. He considers that my face and name are more known than those of many thousands of more consequence in the kingdom that therefore, right or wrong, a lick at the laureat will

always le a sure but, ad captandum vulyus, to eateh him little realer. and that to gratify the unlearned, by no vand then interspersing those merry sacrifices of an oll acquaintance to their taste, is a piece of quite right poetical craft

but as a little bad poetry is the greatest crime he lays to my charge, I am willing to subscribe to his opinion of it. That this sort of wit is one of the easiest ways too of Heasing the generality of readers, is evident from the comfortable subsistence which our weekly retailers of politics have been known to pick up, merely by making hold with a government that had unfortunately neglected to find their general better employment.

Hence too arises all that flat poverty of censure and invective that lo often has a run in our public papers, upon the success of a new author, when, God knows, there is seldom above one writer, among hundreds in being at the same time, whose satire a man of common sense ought to be moved at. When a master in the art is angry, then indeed we ought to be alarmed! How terrible a weapon is satire in the hand of a great genius! Yet even there how hable is prejudice to misuse it! How far, when general, it may reform our morals, or what cruelties it may inflict by being angrily particular, is perhaps above in reach to determine shall therefore only beg leave to interpose what I feel for others whom it may personally have fallen upon When I read those mortifying lines of our most eminent author in his character of Attiens-(Attieus, whose genius in verse, and whose morality in prose, has been so justly admired)-though I ain charmed with the poctry, my imagination is hurt at the severity of it, and though I allow the saturist to have had personal provocation, yet methinks, for that very reason, he ought not to have troubled the public with it. For, as it is observed in the 242d Tatler, 'in all terms of reproof, where the sentence appears to arise from personal hatred or passion, it is not then made the cause of mankind, but a misunderstanding between two persons? But if such kind of satire has its incon testable greatness if its exemplary brightness may not mislead inferior wits into a barbirous imitation of its severity, then I have only admired the verses, and expo el myself by bringing them under so scrupulous But the pain which the acrimony of a reflection those verses give me is in some measure allayed, in funding that this immitable writer, as he advances in years, has since had candour enough to celebrate the same person for his visible merit. Happy genius l whose verse, like the eye of beauty, can heal the deepest wounds with the least glance of favour

Since I am got so far into this subject, you must give me leave to go through all I have a mind to say upon it, because I am not sure that in a more proper place my memory may be so full of it. I cannot find therefore from what reason satire is allowed more license than comedy, or why either of them (to be admired) ought not to be limited by decency and justice Let Juvenal and Aristophanes have taken what liberties they please, if the learned have nothing more than their antiquity to justify their laying about them at that enormous rate, I shall wish they had a better excuse for them. The personal relicule and scurrility thrown upon Socrates, which Platarch too condenins, and the boldness of Juvenal in writing real names over guilty characters, I canno' that are to be pleaded in right of our modern

liberties of the same kind Facil indignatio versum may be a very spirited expression, and seems to give a render hopes of a lively entertainment, but I am afruid reproof is in unequal hands, when anger is its executioner, and though an outrageous invective may carry some truth in it, yet it will never have that natural easy credit with us which we give to the laughing ironies of a cool head The satire that can smile arcum pracordia ludit, and seldom fails to bring the reader quite over to his side, whenever ridicule and folly are at variance. But when a person satirized is used with the extremest ingour, he may sometimes meet with compassion instead of con tempt, and throw back the odium that was designed for When I would therefore disarm him upon the author the saturist of this indignation, I mean little more than that I would take from him all private or personal prejudice, and would still leave him as much general vice to seourge as he pleases, and that with as much fire and spirit as art and nature demand to enliven his work and keep his reader awake (From the Apology)

Charles Macklin (born between 1690 and 1697, died 1797), actor and playwright, was born in the north of Ireland, the son of William After a wild, unsettled youth he M'Laughlin went on the stage, and in 1733 was at Drury Lane, and, steadily rising in public favour, in 1741 he appeared as Shylock From this time till his retirement in 1789 he was accounted one of the best actors whether in tragedy or comedy, in Generous, high spirited, passion or buffoonery but irascible, in 1735 he killed a brother actor in a quarrel over a wig, and was tried for murder, and he died in extreme old age, at least a centenarian, in 1797 He wrote a tragedy and several farces and comedies, the farce Love à-la Mode (1759) and farcical comedy The Man of the World (1781) only were printed Sir Pertinay Macsycophant, a burlesque character, has become part of our literary tradition The dialect he uses belongs also to the realm of burlesque. What are supposed to be Scotch words and Scotch pronunciations of Eng lish words are scattered irregularly and arbitrarily through the speeches of the Scottish interlocutors. Most of these are actually Scottish in some sense, but by no means show the peculiarities that then clung to the utterance of well-born Scotsmen and And many Scotch words are in Scotswomen vented (as they still are in England) on false analogies Thus because batth in Scotch corre sponds to the English both, and aith to oath, it is assumed (quite erroneously) that traith will be Scotch for troth-hence we have 'gude traith' constantly and absurdly So because bone in England is bane in Scotland, only is made to become amb in a Scottish mouth! Nai does duty for a Scotsman's nac, na, and no, a past tense ganged is supplied to gang, and the provincial English thef (for though) is taken as normal Scotch

Sir Pertinax's son Egerton, in love with a penniless girl, has refused to become a party to his father's scheme to secure for him the daughter of a dissolute (Scotch) peer, and in a

heated conversation between father and son we have a luminous exposition of

#### Sir Pertinax's Rule of Life

Sir Pertmar Zounds! sir, I will not hear a word about it I insist upon it you are wrong, you should have paid your court till my lord, and not have scrupled swallowing a bimper or twa, or twenty till obbge him.

Egerton Sir, I did drinl his toast in a bumper

Sir P Yes, you did, but how, how? just as a bairn takes physic, with aversions and wry faces, which my lord observed then, to mend the matter, the moment that he and the Colonel got intill a drunken dispute about religion, you slyly slunged away

Eger I thought, sir, it was time to go, when my lord insisted npon half pint bumpers

Sir P Sir, that was not levelled at you, but at the Colonel, in order to try his bottom, but they aw agreed that you and I should drink out of sma' glasses.

Eser But, sir, I beg pardon I did not choose to drink any more.

Sir P Lut, zoons! sir, I tell you there was a necessity for your drinling more

Lger A necessity 1 in what respect, pray, sir 2

Sir P Why, sir, I have a certain point to carry, independent of the lawvers, with my lord, in this agreement of your marriage, about which I am afraid we shall have a warm squabble, and therefore I wanted your assistance in it.

Eger But how, sir, could my drinking contribute to assist you in your squabble?

Sir P Yes, sir, it would have contributed—and greatly have contributed to assist me.

Eger How so sir?

Sir P Nay, sir, it might have prevented the squabble entirely, for as my lord is proud of you for a son in law, and is fond of your little French songs, your stories, and your bon mots, when you are in the humour, and guin you had but staid, and been a little jolly, and drank half a score bumpers vith him, till he had got a little tipsy, I am sure, when we had him in that mood, we might have settled the point as I could wish it among ourselves, before the lawyers came but now, sir, I do not ken what will be the consequence

*Eger* But when a man is intoxicated, would that have been a seasonable time to settle business, sur?

Sir P The most seasonable, sir, for sir, when my lord is in his cups, his suspicion is asleep, and his heart is aw jollity, finn, and guid fellowship, and sir, can there be a happier moment than that for a bargain, or to settle a dispute with a friend? What is it you shrug up your shoulders at, sir?

Eger At my own ignorance, sir for I understand neither the philosophy nor the morality of your doctrine.

Sir P I know you do not, sir and, what is worse, you never will understand it, as you proceed in one word, Charles, I have often told you, and nov again I tell you, once for aw, that the manœuvres of pliability are as necessary to rise in the world, as wrangling and logical subtlety are to rise at the bar why you see, sir, I have acquired a noble fortune, a princely fortune and how do you think I raised it?

Eger Doubtless, sir, by your abilities

Sir P Doubtless, sir, you are a blockhead nac, sir, I'll tell you how I raised it sir, I raised it—by booing, [bows ridiculously low] by booing sir, I never could

stand straight in the presence of a great mon, but always booed, and booed, and booed—as it were by instinct.

Eger How do you mean by instinct, sir?

Sir P How do I mean by instinct! Why, sir, I mean by by by the instinct of interest, sir, which is the universal instinct of manlind. Sir, it is wonderful to think what a cordial, what an amicable—nay, what an infallible influence booing has noon the pride and vanity of human nature. Charles, answer me sincerely, have you a mind to be convinced of the force of my doctrine by example and demonstration?

Leer Certainly, sir

Sir P Then, sir, as the greatest favour I can confer upon vou, I'll give you a short sketch of the stages of my booing, as an excitement, and a landmark for you to boo by, and as an infallible nostrum for a man of the world to rise in the world

Eger Sir, I shall be prond to profit by your expen-

Sir P Vary weel, sir, sit ye down theu, sit you down here. [They sit down] And now, sir, you must recall to your thoughts, that your grandfather was a mon whose penurious income of captain's half pay was the sum total of his fortune, and, sir, aw my provision fra him was a modicum of Latin, an experiness in arithmetic, and a short system of worldly counsel, the principal ingredients of which were, a persevering industry, a rigid economy, a smooth tongue, a pliability of temper, and a constant attention to make every mon well pleased with himself

Eger Very prudent advice, sir

Sir P Therefore, sir, I lay it before you. Now, sir, with these materials, I set out a raw boned stripling fra the North, to try my fortune vith them here in the south, and my first step in the world was a beggarly clerkship in Sawny Gordon's counting house, here, in the city of London which you'll say afforded but a barren sort of a prospect.

Eger It was not a very fertile one, indeed, sir

Sir P The reverse, the reverse weel, sir, seeing myself in this unprofitable situation, I reflected deeply, I cast about my thoughts morning, noon, and night, and marked every mou, and every mode of prosperity, at last, I concluded that a matrimonial adventure, prudently conducted, would be the readiest gait I could gang for the bettering of my condition, and accordingly I set about it. Now, sir, in this pursuit, beauty beauty is ah beauty often struck my een, and played about my heart and fluttered, and beat, and knocked, and knocked but the devil an entrance I ever let it get for I observed, sir, that beauty is, generally,—a proud, vain, saucy, expensive, impertment sort of a commodity

Eger Very justly observed

Sir P And therefore, sir, I left it to prodigals and coxcombs, that could afford to pay for it, and, in its stead, sir, mark —I looked ont for an ancient, weel jointured, superanninted dowager, a consumptive, tooth less, phthisicky, wealthy widow, or a shrivelled, cadaverous piece of deformity, in the shape of an izzard, or an appersi and—or, in short, ainything, ainything that had the siller—the siller—for that, sir, was the north star of my affections. Do you take me, sir was nae that right?

Eger O1 doubtless, doubtless, sir

Sir P Now, sir, where do you think I ganged to look for this woman with the siller? nae till court, nae

till phyloures or assemblies, nine, sir, I ganged till the kirk, till the analoptist, independent, Bradlonian, and Muggletonian meetings, till the morning and even ing service of chirches and chapels of ease, and till the midnight, incling conciliating love feasts of the methodists, and there, sir, at last, I fell upon an old, slighted, antiquated, musty maiden, that looked—ha, ha, ha' she looked just like a skeleton in a sur geon's glass case. Now, sir, this miserable object was religiously angry with herself and aw the world, had nac coinfort but in metaphysical visions and supernatural deliriums—ha, ha, ha' Sir, she was as mad—as mad as a Bellmuite.

I ser Not improbable, sir there are numbers of poor creatures in the same condition

Now, sir, this cracked Sir P O' numbers—numbers creature used to pray, and sing, and sigh, and groan, and weep, and wal, and gnash her teeth constantly, morning and evening, at the tabernacle in Moor And as soon as I found she had the siller, aha l good truth, I plumped me down upon my knees, close by her-cheek by jowl-and prayed, and sighed, and sung and groaned, and gnashed my teeth as vehemently as she could do for the life of her, ay, and turned up the whites of mine cen, till the strings awmost cracked again I watched her motions, handed her till her chair, writed on her home, got most religiously intimate with her in a week, married her in a fortnight, buried her in a month, touched the siller, and with a deep suit of inourning, a melancholy port, a sorrowful visage, and a joyful heart, I began the world aguin, (rises) and this, sir, was the first boo, that is the first effectual boo I ever made till the vanity of human nature Now, sir, do you understand this doctrine?

Egy Perfectly well, sir

Sir P Ay, but was it not right? was it not ingenious, and weel litt off?

Lger Certainly, sir extremely well

Sir P My next boo, sir, was till your ain mother, whom I ran away with fra the boarding school, by the Interest of whose family I got a guid smart place in the treasury, and, sir, my vary next step was in till parlia ment, the which I entered with as ardent and as determined an ambition as ever agitated the heart of Crear lumself Sir, I bookd, and watched and hearkened. and run about, backwards and forwards, and attended, and dangled upon the then great mon, till I got into the vary bowels of his confidence, and then sir, I wriggled, and wrought, and wriggled, till I wriggled myself among the very thick of them IIn' I got my snack of the clothing, the foriging, the contracts, the lottery tickets. and all the political bonuses, till at length, sir, I became a much wealthier man than one half of the golden calves I had been so long a booing to and was nae that booing to come purpo e?

Eger It was indeed, sir

Sir P. But are you convinced of the guid effects and of the utility of booing?

Eger Thoroughly, sir

Sir P Sir, it is infallible. But, Charles, ali while I was thus been and wriggling, and ruising this princely fortun, ali I met with many heartsores and disappoint ments fra the want of literature, cloquence, and other popular abecute. Sir, guin I could but have spoken in the hone I should have done the deed in half the time, but the instant I opened my mouth there they

aw fell a laughing at me, aw which deficiencies, sir, I determined, at any expense, to have supplied by the polished education of a son, who I hoped would one day raise the house of Macsycophant till the highest pitch of ministerial ambition. This, sir, is my plan, I have done my part of it, Nature has done hers, you are popular, you are eloquent, aw parties like and respect you, and now, sir, it only remains for you to be directed—com pletion follows

Ege: Your liberality, sir, in my education, is an obligation I shall ever remember with the deepest filial gratitude.

Str P Vary weel, sir but, Charles, have you had any conversation yet with Lady Rodolpha, about the day of your marriage, your liveries, your equipage, or your domestic establishment?

Eger Not yet, sir

Str P Poh! why there again, now, you are wrong, vary wrong

Lger Sir, we have not had an opportunity

Str P Why, Charles, you are very tardy in this business

Lord Lumbercourt [Sings without, flushed with wine]
'What have we with day to do?'

Sir P O! here comes my lord

Lord L 'Sons of care, 'twas made for you' [Enters, drinking a dish of coffee] 'Sons of care, 'twas made for you' Very good coffee indeed, Mr Tomlins. 'Sons of care, 'twas made for you' Here, Mr Tomlins.

Tom Will your lordship please to have another dish?

Lord L No more, Mr Tomlins Ha, ha, ha I my
host of the Scotch pints we have had warm work

Sir P Yes, you pushed the bottle about, my lord, with the joy and vigour of a bacchianal

Lord I That I did, my dear Mac, no loss of time with me I have but three motions, old boy-charge, toast, fire—and off we go Ha, ha, ha, that's my exercise.

Sir P And fine warm exercise it is, my lord, especially with the half pint glasses.

Another characteristic speech by Sir Pertinny, addressed also to his son, is

Conscience! why you are mad! Did you ever hear any man talk of conscience in political matters? Conscience, quotha! I have been in parliament these three and thraty years, and never heard the term made use of before. Sir, it is an unparliamentary word, and you will be laughed at for it

There are careful Lives of Macklin by F. A. Congreve (1798) and Parry (1891). Those by Kirkman (1799) and Cooke (1804) must be used with caution.

George Lillo (1693-1739), born in London of mixed Dutch and English Dissenting parentage, succeeded his father as a jeweller, carried on the business successfully, and left a modest fortune. Devoting his leisure hours to writing tragedies founded on the sorrows of real life in the lower and middling ranks, he wrote in all seven dramas, among them George Barnwell, Fatal Curiosity, and Arden of Feversham. The last is a weak version of an anonymous tragedy written in 1592, where, and in the Vorkshire Tragedy and one or two other plays founded on domestic occur

rences, the style of Lillo may be said to have been foreshadov ed. These realistic plays, however (see Vol. I p 334), were rude and irregular, and were driven off the stage by the romantic drama of Shakespeare and his successors. At all events such 'domestic tragedies,' which had disappeared during the Commonwealth and Restoration, were revived by Lillo and his school, who had great influence on French dramatists. Lillo had a competent knowledge of dramatic art, and his style was generally smooth and easy. His George Barnwell (1731) describes the career of a London apprentice hurried on to ruin and murder by an infamous woman, who at last delivers him up to justice and to an ignominious death The characters are natural, and George Barnwell drew more tears than the rants of Alexander the Great' Lillo's Fatal Curiosity (1736) is a far higher work. Driven by destitution, an old man and his wife murder a rich stranger who takes shelter in their house, and discover too late that they have murdered their son returned after a long absence abroad. The harrowing details of this tragedy are power fully depicted, the agonies of old Wilmot, the father, make an appalling picture. The other plays were Marina, an adaptation of Shake speare's Pericles, Scanderbeg, or the Christian Hero, Elmerick, based on a passage of Hungarian history, and a feeble masque, Britannia and Batavia Fielding's friendship helped Lillo's popularity, and after the dramatist's death Fielding said of him that 'he had the spirit of an old Roman, joined to the innocence of a primitive Christian' A parallel to Lillo's realism has been sought, not merely in a succession of imitations on the stage, but in Fielding's novels and in Lessing's rebellion against French taste in the German theatre. The execution of Lillo's plays is unequal, and some of his characters are dull and commonplace, but he was a forcible painter of the darker shades of humble life. His plays kept the stage till the close of the century, since then the taste for murders and public executions has declined

# From Fatal Curiosity'

[Young Wilmot unknown, enters the house of his parents, and, returng for an hour's rest, delivers them a casket. Act iii, opens on Agnes, the mother alone with the casket in her hand ]

Agnes Who should this stranger be? And then this He says it is of value, and yet trusts it, [casket--As if a trifle, to a stranger's hand His confidence amazes me. Perhaps It is not what he says. I'm strongly tempted To open it and see. No, let it rest Why should my curiosity excite me To search and pre into the affairs of others, Who have to employ my thoughts so many cares And sorrows of my own? With how much ease The spring gives way! Surprising! most prodigious! My eyes are dazzled, and my ravished heart Leaps at the glorions sight How bright's the lustre, How immense the worth of those fair jewels ! Ay, such a treasure would expel for ever

Base poverty and all its abject train, The mean devices we're reduced to use To keep ont famine, and preserve our lives From day to day, the cold neglect of friends. The galling scorn, or more provoking pity Of an insulting world Possessed of these-Plenty, content, and power, might take their turn. And lofty pride bare its aspiring head At our approach, and once more bend before us A pleasing dream 1 'Tis past, and now I wake More wretched by the happiness I've lost. For sure it was a happiness to think, Though but a moment, such a treasure mine. Nay, it was more than thought I saw and touched The bright temptation, and I see it yet. 'Tis here-'tis mine-I have it in possession Must I resign it? Must I give it back? Am I in love with misery and want. To rob myself and court so vast a loss? But how? There is a way Retain it then Why sinks my heart? Why does my blood run cold? Why am I thrilled with horror? 'Tis not choice, But dire necessity, suggests the thought. Old Wilmot [entering] The mind contented, with how The wandering senses yield to soft repose, And die to gain new life! He's fallen asleep Already-happy man! What dost thou think, My Agnes, of our unexpected guest? He seems to me a youth of great humanity Just ere he closed his eyes, that swam in tears, He wrung my hand, and pressed it to his lips, And with a look that pierced me to the soul, Begged me to comfort thee, and — Dost thou hear me? What art thou gazing on? Fie, 'tis not well. This casket was delivered to you closed Why have you opened it? Should this be known, How mean must we appear ! 4 encs And who shall know it?

Agnes And who shall know it?

Wil There is a kind of pride, a decent dignity

Due to ourselves, which, spite of our misfortunes,

May be maintained and cherished to the last.

To live without reproach, and without leave

To quit the world, shews sovereign contempt

And noble scorn of its relentless malice.

Agner Shews sovereign madness, and a scorn of sense!

Pursue no further this detested theme

I will not die I will not leave the world

For all that you can nrge, until compelled

Wil To chase a shadow when the setting sun
Is darting his last rays, were just as wise
As your anxiety for fleeting life,
Now the last means for its support are failing
Were famine not as mortal as the sword
This warmth might be excused. But take thy choice
Die how you will, you shall not die alone.

Agnes Nor live, I hope.

Wil There is no fear of that.

Agnes Then we'll live both.

Wil Strange folly' Where's the means?

Aguer The means are there, those jewels

Wil Ha! take heed

Perhaps thou dost but try me, yet take heed There's nought so monstrous but the mind of man In some conditions may be brought to approve, Thest, sacrilege, treason, and parriende, When flattering opportunity enticed And desperation drove, have been committed By those who once would start to hear them named Agnes And add to these detested suicide, Which, by a crime much less, we may avoid Wil The inhospitable murder of our guest? How couldst thou form a thought so very tempting, So advantageous, so secure, and easy, And yet so cruel and so full of horror? Agnes 'Tis less impiety, less against nature, To take anothers life than end our own IVII It is no matter whether this or that Be in itself the less or greater crime Howe'er we may deceive ourselves or others, We act from inclination, not hy rule, Or none coul I act amiss And that all err, None but the conscious hypocrite denies Oh, what is man, his excellence and strength, When in an hour of trial and desertion, Reason, his noblest power, may be saborned To plead the cause of vile assassination ! Agnes I on 're too severe reason may justly plead For her own preservation

Whate'er resistance I may seem to make, I am betrayed within my will's seduced, And my whole soul infected. The desire Of life returns, and brings with it a train Of appetites that rage to be supplied. Whoever stands to parley with temptation Does it to be o ercome.

Agues Then nought remains
But the swift execution of a deed
That is not to be thought on or delayed
We must despatch him sleeping should be wake,
'Twere madness to attempt it.

Iffil True, his strength,

Single, is more, much more than ours united, So may his life, perlups, as far exceed Ours in duration, should he 'scape this snare. Generous, unhappy man' Oh, what could move thee To put thy life and fortune in the hands Of wretches mad with anguish'

Agnes By what means By stabbing, suffocation, or by strungling, Shall we effect his death?

Why, what a fiend!

How cruel, how remorseless, how impatient
Have pride and poverty made thee!

Agnes
Barbarous man!
Whose wasteful riots ruined our estate,
And drove our son, ere the first down had spread

Whose wasteful nots ruined our estate,
And drove our son, ere the first down had spread
His rosy cheeks, spite of my sad presages,
Earnest entreaties, agonies, and tears,
To seek his bread 'mongst strangers, and to perish
In some remote inhospitable land
The loveliest youth in person and in mind
That ever crowned a groaning mother's pains!
Whire was thy pity, where thy patience then?
Thou cruel husband! thou unnatural father!
Thou most remorseless, most ungrateful man!
To waste my fortune, rob me of my son,
To drive me to despair, and then reproach me
For being what thou'st made me.

Wil Dry thy tears
I ought not to reproach thee. I confess
That thou hast suffered much so have we both

But chide no more I'm wrought up to thy purpose. The poor ill fated unsuspecting victim,
Live he reclined him on the fatal couch,
From which he's ne'er to rise, took off the sash
And costly dagger that thou saw'st him wear,
And thus, unthinking, furnished us with arms
Against himself What shall I use?

Agues The sash

If you male use of that, I can assist Wil No, 'tis a dreadful office, and I'll spare Steal to the door, Thy trembling hands the guilt And bring me word if he be still asleep Or I'm deceived, or he pronounced himself The happiest of mankind Deluded wretch 1 Thy thoughts are perishing, thy youthful jovs, Touched by the 1cy hand of grisly death, Are withering in their bloom But though extinguished, He'll never know the loss, nor feel the bitter Pangs of disappointment. Then I was wrong In counting him a wretch to die well pleased Is all the happiest of mankind can hope for To be a wretch is to survive the loss Of every joy, and even hope itself, As I have done. Why do I mourn him then? For, by the anguish of my tortured soul, He's to be envied, if compared with me.

There is a memoir of Lillo prefixed to an edition of his dramatic works by T Davies (and ed 1810).

John Byrom (1692-1763) was born near Manchester He took his degree at Trinity Col lege, Cambridge, in 1712, and studied medicine at Montpellier in France. On his return he applied himself to teach a system of shorthand which he had invented Among his pupils were Gibbon and Horace Walpole, Bentley, Hoadly, Bishop Butler, John Wesley, Hartley, and William Law were amongst his friends The latter part of Byrom's life was spent in easy circumstances, he succeeded by the death of an elder brother to the family property in and about Manchester, and there he lived highly respected His poetry has the virtue of a genuine simplicity, and is some times pointed and rhythmical, rarely melodious, often it is mere doggerel, or measured lengths of rhymed prose He put everything into rhymetheological and historical arguments, petitions to the king, and even translations from the mystical theology of Ruysbrock, Bochme, and Law (of the He was very much of a mystic Serious Call) himself, regarded Malebranche as the greatest of divines and philosophers, and admired Fénelon and the visionary Madame Bourignon, but he met in a friendly way heretics like Whiston and deists like Collins Throughout life he was strongly Jacobite, though he avoided compromising himself By rom's (not Swift's) was the famous epigram about the dispute between Handel and Buononcini

Some say, compared to Bononcini,
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny,
Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange all this difference should be
'Twirt tweedle dum and tweedle-dee'

His Latin verse also is pointed rather than poetical Some of his smartest things are in broad Lancashire dialect, such as the dialogue on the 'Heelanders' in Lancashire in 1745 His Colin ai d Phebe, contributed to the Spectator in 1714, gave him some standing as a poet. Phebe was said to have been Jug Bentley, the sprightly daughter of the great Master of Trinity But an early biographer earnestly denied this, and vith some reason said the poem was really addressed to his favourite sister, Phebe Byrom The Journal is a light, gossiping record, which adds little to our knowledge of the public events of the period, but exhibits its author as an opinionative, kindly, cheerful, and happy man

#### Colin and Phebe-A Pastoral.

My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent, When Phebe went with me wherever I went, Ten thousand so eet pleasures I felt in my breast Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest! But now she is gone, and has left me behind, What a marvellous change on a sudden I find! When things seemed as fine as could possibly be, I thought 'twas the Spring', but alas! it was she.

With such a companion to tend a fev sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep
So good humoured made me, so cheerful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day,
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy, as never was known.
My fair one is gone, and my over all drowned,
And my heart, I am sure, weighs more than a pound.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along, And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among, Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phebe v as there, 'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear But now she is absent, I wa'k by its side, And still, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide 'Must you be so cheerful, while I go in pain? Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain'

My lambkins around me would oftentimes play
And Phobe and I were as joyful as they,
How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,
When Spring, Love, and Beauty were all in their prime!
But now, in their frolics when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass,
'Be still,' then I ery, 'for it makes me quite mad
To see you so merry while I am so sad'

My dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me
And Phebe was pleased too, and to my dog said
'Come hither, poor fellow,' and patted his head
But now, when he's fawning I with a sonr look
Crv 'Sirrali,' and give him a blow with my erook
And I'll give him another, for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his master, when Phebe's away?

When wall ing with Phebe, what sights have I seen, How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green! What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade, The corn fields and hedges, and everything made!

But now she has left me, they all are in tears, Not one of them half so delightful appears Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes Which made all these beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music attended us all the wood through, The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too, Winds over us whispered, flocks by its did bleat, And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet But now she is absent, though still they sing on, The woods are but lonely, the melody 's gone Her voice in the concert, as now I have found, Gave everything else its agreeable sound

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?
Ah rivals! I see what it was that you drest
And made yourselves fine for—a place in her breast.
You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
To be plueled by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly Time creeps till my Phebe return 'While amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn Methinks, if I knew whereabouts he would tread, I could breathe on his wings—it would melt down the lead

Ily swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear, And rest so much longer for 't when she is here. Ah Colin' old Time is quite full of delay, Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say

Will no pitying power that hears me complain, Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
To be cured, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove, But v hat swain is so sillv to live without love?
No, deitv bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah, what shall I do? I shall die with despair,
Take heed, all we swains, how ye part with vour fair

Of the following poem (in some editions described as in imitation of Sir Philip Sidney), Southey strained a good point when he said it was 'so perfectly in the manner of Elizabeth's age, that we can hardly believe it to be an imitation, but are almost disposed to think that Byrom had transscribed it from some old author'

#### Careless Content

I am content, I do not care,
Wag as it will the world for me,
When fuss and fret was all my fare,
It got no ground as I could see
So when away my caring went,
I counted cost, and was content.

With more of thanks and less of thought,
I strive to make my matters meet,
To seek what ancient sages sought,
Physic and food in sour and sweet
To take what passes in good part,
And keep the luccups from the heart.

With good and gentle humoured hearts, I choose to chat where'er I come, Whate er the subject be that starts, But if I get among the glum, I ho'd my tongue to tell the troth, And keep my breath to eool my broth

For chance or change of peace or pain,

I or I o-tune s favour or her frown,

I or lack or glut, for loss or gain,

I never do lge nor up nor down

But swing v hat wa, the ship shall swim,

Or tack about with equal trim

I suit not where I shall not speed,
Nor trace the turn of every tide,
If simple sense will not succeed,
I male no bushing but abide
For shining wealth, or scaring woe,
I force no friend, I fear no foe.

Of ups and downs, of ins and outs,
Of they 're i' the wrong, and we 're i' the right,
I shun the rancours and the routs,
And wishing well to every wight,
Whatever turn the matter takes,
I deem it all but ducks and drakes.

With whom I feast I do not fawn,
Nor if the folks should flout me, faint,
If v onted welcome be withdrawn,
I cook no kind of a complaint
With none disposed to disagree,
But like them best who best like me.

Not that I rate myself the rule
How all my betters should behave,
But fame shall find me no man's fool,
Nor to a set of men a slave
I love a friendship free and frank,
And hate to hang upon a hank

Fond of a true and trusty tie,

I never loose where'er I link,

Though if a business budges by,

I talk thereon just as I think,

My word, my work, my heart, my hand,

Still on a side together stand

If names or notions make a noise,
Whatever hap the question hath,
The point impartially I poise,
And read or write, but without writh,
For should I burn or break my brains,
Pray who will pay me for my pains?

I love my neighbour as myself,
Myself like him too, by his leave,
Nor to his pleasure, power, or pelf,
Came I to crouch, as I conceive
Dame Nature doubtless has designed
A man the monarch of his mind

No s taste and try this t mper, sirs,
Mood it and brood it in your breast,
Or if we ween, for worl dy stirs,
That man does right to mar his rest,
Le' me be deft, and dibonair,
I am content I do not care

The following is a fair specimen of Byrom's theological argumentation (against Sherlock)

When tempted Adam, yielding to deceit,
Presumed of the fordidden tree to eat,
The Bishop tells us that he did not die
Pray will you ask him, sir, the reason why?
Why he would contradict the sacred text,
Where death to sin so surely is annexed
'The day thou eatest' are the words, you know,
And yet by his account, it was not so

The often-sung hymn, 'Christians awake, salute the happy morn,' is a selection from Byrom's Christmas Carol The following is his happiest jeu d'esprit

Jacobite Toast

God bless the king, God bless the Faith's Defender, God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender But who Pretender is, and who is king, God bless us all! that's quite another thing

Byroms poems were republished, with Life and notes, in 1814, were included in Chalmers's *Poets*, and were re-edited in 1894-95 by Prof Ward for the Chetham Society (4 vols.). The Journal and Literary Remains appeared in 1854-57 (2 vols., Chetham Society).

Thomas Amoly (1691?-1788) was a miscel laneous writer and humourist of an eccentric type. He was of Irish descent—his father acquired pro perty as secretary for the confiscated estatesand he went to school in Dublin, but he is found established in Westminster in 1757 published, anonymously, Memoirs containing the Lives of several Ladies of Great Britain, A History of Antiquities, Observations on the Christian Religion, with a variety of Disquisi tions (in two volumes)—an extraordinary miscel lany of religion, scenery, autobiography, and His next work is practically fictitious adventures The Life of John Buncle, Esq. a continuation The author's aim in both (2 vols 1756-66) works was to promote good morals and Unita rian doctrines, or rather a kind of 'Christian Deism,' the ladies whose charms and virtues are commemorated belong very obviously to the fictitious side of the enterprise. In the first he travels among the wild hills of Northumber land, and meets there, in a secluded spot (which he invests with all the beauty and softness of a scene in Kent or Devon), the daughter of a de ceased college friend, who had been disinherited for refusing to sign the Thirty nine Articles. The young lady entertains her father's friend, and introduces him to other ladies undertake a visit to the Western Islands, and encounter various adventures and vicissitudes, besides indulging in philosophical and polemical discussions. The Life of John Buncle is of like complexion, but in the form of an autobiography Buncle has in succession no less than seven wives, all wooed and won upon his peculiar 'Christian principles' To such reviewers as should attempt to raise the laugh against him he replies think it unreasonable and impious to grieve immoderately for the dead. A decent and proper tribute of tears and sorrow, humanity requires, but when that duty has been paid, we must remember that to lament a dead woman is not to lament a wife. A wife must be a living woman' And, fortified by this philosophy, John Buncle proceeds on his way undisturbed after each bereavement, usually in high spirits, relishing fine old ale and good cheer, and making fresh converts to his views and opinions. The personal attractions, literary and other acquirements. of each wife, her many virtues, and her family history, are related at length 'As I mention nothing of any children by so many wives,' he explains, 'some readers may perhaps wonder at this, and therefore, to give a general answer once for all, I think it sufficient to observe, that I had a great many to carry on the succession. but as they never were concerned in any extraordinary affairs, nor ever did any remarkable things, that I ever heard of-only rise and breakfast, read and saunter, drink and eat, it would not be fair, in my opinion, to make any one pay for their history' In lieu of this, the reader is treated to dissertations on the origin of language, the causes of earthquakes and of muscular motion, on phlogiston, fluxions, the Athanasian Creed. and fifty other topics brought together in heroic contempt of the unities of time and place. At a moment's notice the most unlikely personsfarmers' wives and country gentlemen's daughters -burst into long debates or disquisitions on the evidences for (improved) Christianity, the origin of language, phallic worship, the physical cause of the Deluge Between Cumberland and Yorkshire, Buncle discovers a 'fine romantic country,' a trackless and all but impressible wilderness, with mountains higher than 'Snowden or Kedar-Idris,' appalling precipices, deafening cataracts as high as Niagara, bottomless abysses, but here and there little companies of charming recluses, sometimes wholly women. He is great on 'natural curiosities' -caverns, fossils, odd shells, rare mushrooms There is a portentous account of a fight to the death (seen under a rather highly magnifying microscope I) between a 'gallant louse' and an active flea, who at one stage of the struggle 'fixes his flashing eyes on his foe.' The classical quotations and even the names of the authors cited leave much to be desired, and suggest second-hand (though miscellaneous and extensive) erudition There is a vast amount of irrelevant padding in One long note gives sketches of the the notes lives and works of St Jerome, St Ambrose, and the Gregories Another note, running on to a tenth page, discusses Madame de Guyon, Madame Bourignon, and several other mystics, male and female. Another describes various monuments of native Irish literature, with translations fantastic and desultory work is only tolerable in virtue of its portentous eccentricity and unlikeness to any other book, with its occasionally happy, original, and unexpected thoughts and locutions How Hazlitt could have said that the soul of | Rabelais had passed into Amory is r

hensible, Mr Leslie Stephen, more reasonably, sees in his rhapsodies rather the 'light headed ramblings of delirium'. If Amory was not disordered in intellect, he had a marvellously ill balanced judgment, and probably no entirely sane person could ever read John Buncle from end to end without plentiful 'skipping'

The following, from the beginning of the Memoirs, is a portrait of the first of his heroines

## Marinda Bruce

In the year 1739, I travelled many hundred miles to visit ancient monuments, and discover curious things. and as I wandered, to this purpose, among the vast hills of Northumberland, fortune conducted me one evening, in the month of June, when I knew not where to rest, to the sweetest retirement my eyes have ever beheld This is Hali farm. It is a beautiful vale surrounded with rocks, forest, and water I found at the upper end of it the prettiest thatched house in the world, and a garden of the most artful confusion I had ever seen. The little mansion was covered on every side with the finest flowery greens. The streams all round were murmuring and falling a thousand ways. All the kind of singing birds were here collected, and in high harmony on the sprays The ruins of an abbey enhance the beauties of this place, they appear at the distance of four hundred yards from the house, and as some great trees are now grown up among the remains, and a river winds between the broken walls, the view is solemn, the picture fine

When I came up to the house, the first figure I saw was the lady whose story I am going to relate. She had the charms of an angel, but her dress was quite plain and clean as a country maid. Her person appeared faniliess, and of the middle size, between the disagree able extremes, her face, a sweet oval, and her complexion the brinette of the bright rich kind, her mouth, like a rose bud that is just heginning to blow, and a fugitive dimple, by fits, would lighten and disappear. The finest passions were always passing in her face, and in her long, even chestnut eyes, there was a fluid fire, sufficient for half a dozen pur

She had a volume of Shakspear in her hand as I came softly towards her, having left my horse at a distance with my servant, and her attention was so much engaged with the extremely poetical and fine lines which Titania speaks in the third act of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' that she did not see me till I was quite n-ar her She seemed then in great amazement She could not be much more surprised if I had dropped from the clouds. But this was soon over, upon my ask ing her if she was not the daughter of Mr John Bruce, as I supposed, from a similitude of faces, and informing her that her father, if I was right, was my near friend, and would be glad to see his chum in that part of the Marinda replied 'You are not wrong,' and immediately asked me in She conducted me to a parlour that was quite beautiful in the rural way, and welcomed me to Hali farm, as her father would have done, she said, had I arrived before his removal to a hetter world She then left me for a while, and I had time to look over the room I was in. The floor was covered with rushes wrought into the prettiest mat, and the walls decorated all round with the

d shells Robins and nightingales,

linnet, were in the neatest reed cages of her own making, and at the upper end of the chamber, in a charming little open grotto, was the finest striv capite aurito, corpore rufo, that I have seen, that is, the great eagle owl. This beautiful bird, in a niche like a ruin, looked vastly fine. As to the flowers which adorned this room, I thought they were all natural at my first coming in, but on inspection, it appeared that several baskets of the tinest kinds were inimitably painted on the walls by Marinda's hand

These things afforded me a pleasing entertainment for about half an hour, and then Miss Bruce returned of the maids I rought in a supper-such fare, she said, as her little cottage afforded, and the table was covered with green peas and pigeons, cream cheese, new brend and butter Everything was excellent in its kind eider and ale were admirable. Discretion and dignity appeared in Miranda's behaviour, she talked with judg ment, and under the decencies of ignorance was con cealed a valuable knowledge. After supper she gave me the lustory of her father from the time he and I parted, and concluded with saying that by his death, a year before my arrival, she became the solitary thing I saw her, in the midst of untravelled mountains, and had not in the world one friend, excepting the poor rustics of her house and neighbourhood

Richard Savage was an undignified assistant of Pope's, who supplied the 'private intelligence and secret incidents' which add poignancy to the satire of the Dunciad Savage is better known for his misfortunes, as related by Dr Johnson, than for the charms of his poetry, which rarely rises above the level of mediocrity, whereas his melancholy story bears to be a romance in real life. It is almost certain, however, that Johnson's memoir, derived directly or indirectly from Savage himself, is little else than a romance, and its hero an impostor Together, often penniless, they had roumed the streets by night, and now, moved by pity to partiality, he wrote what is perhaps the most perfect short Life in the language That the story contains 'inherent improbabilities and proved falsehoods' was demonstrated by Moy Thomas in 1858 in Notes and Queries

Savage (1697-1743) was born in London, and according to his own account was the issue of a licison between the wife of Charles Lord Brandon, afterwards Earl of Macclesfield, and Richard Swage, Earl Rivers Lady Brandon had been separated from her husband about ten years when she formed a haison with Lord Rivers, by whom she had two children, a girl (who died in infancy, having been christened after the father and mother. 'Ann Swage') and a male child, baptised as 'Richard Smith' Richard Smith, like the pre ceding child, was removed and placed at nurse, being taken away by a baker's wife named Portlock, who said the child was her own, and from this time all trace of the infant is lost are to believe Savage's story, the Countess (from 1700 the wife of Colonel Brett) from the hour of his birth discovered a resolution of disowning

him, and would never see him again suffered a large legacy left to him by his godmother to be embezzled for want of some one to prosecute his claim, told Earl Rivers, his father, on his deathbed (1712) that his child was dead, with the express object of depriving him of another legacy of £6000, endeavoured to have Richard kidnapped to the West Indies. and finally interfered to the utmost of her power, and by means of an 'atrocious calumny,' to pre vent his being saved from the hangmin Most of these assertions have been disproved deed, the story of the legacy is palpably untrue, for, as Croker remarked, if Swage had a title to the legacy, he could not have found any difficulty in recovering it. Had the executors resisted his claims, the whole costs, as well as the legacy, must have been paid by them, if he had been the child to whom it was given

The writer we know as Savage is first heard of in 1717, when was published The Convocation, or a Battle of Pamphlets, a Poem written by Mr Richard Savage Next year (1718) he produced a comedy, Love in a Veil, which was published by Curll, and stated on the title page to be 'written by Richard Savage, Gent, son of the late Earl Steele thought well of the play, and Rivers' became his friend for a time. In Jacob's Lives of the Poets (1719) the same story is repeated with additions, and Aaron Hill in his periodical, The Plain Dealer (1724), inserted letters and statements to the same effect, which were fur nished by Savage. His remarkable history thus became known, but the vices of his character displayed themselves He had some good m pulses, but his habits were low and sensual Histemper was irritable and capricious, and whatever money he received was instantly spent in obscure haunts of dissipation. In a tavern brawl in 1727 he had the misfortune to kill a young man called Sinclair, for which he was tried and condemned to death, but was pardoned by Queen Caroline and set at liberty He published poetical pieces for his living, addressed a birthday ode to the queen in 1732, calling himself the 'Volunteer Laureate' -to the annoyance, it is said, of Colley Cibber, the legitimate inheritor of the laurel, and received from Her Majesty a pension of £50 His threats, as well as the sympathetic interest of the public in the story of his wrongs, induced Lord Tyr connel, a friend of his reputed mother, to take him into his family, where he lived on equal terms and was allowed £200 a year This, as Johnson said, was the 'golden period' of Swige's life. But, as might have been foreseen, the habits of the poet differed widely from those of the peer, they soon quarrelled, and Savage was again set adrift on the world. The death of the queen also stopped his pension, but his friends mide up an annuity for him of equal amount, towhich Pope contributed £20 Savage agreed to withdraw to the country, to avoid the temptationsof London. He selected Swansea, but stopping at Bristol, was treated with great kindness by the opulent merchants and other inliabitants, whom he afterwards libelled in a sarcastic poem In Swansea he resided about a year, but on revisiting Bristol he was arrested for a small debt, and being unable to find bail, was thrown mto prison His folly, extravagance, and pride, though it was 'pride that licks the dust,' lind left him almost without a friend. He made no vigorous effort to extricate or maintain himself Pope continued his allowance, but being provoked by something in his conduct, he wrote to him, stating that he was 'determined to keep out of his suspicion by not being officious any longer, or obtruding into any of his concerns? Savage felt the force of this rebuke from the steadiest and most illustrious of his friends was soon afterwards taken ill, and, unable to procure medical assistance, was found dead in bed The kindly keeper of the prison buried the poor man at his own expense.

Savage was the author of two plays and a volume of miscellaneous poems. Of the latter, the principal piece is The Wanderer (1729), written with greater care than most of his things, it was the offspring of that happy period of his life when he lived with Lord Tyrconnel. Pope repeatedly read it and commended it. Amidst much puerile and tawdry description and many banalities, The Wanderer contains some impressive passages. There are obvious evidences that Savage studied The Seasons, of which part was published three years before. The Bastard (1728) is also a striking poem, and bears the impress of true feeling and vigorous thinking. One couplet is worthy of Pope. Of the bastard he says

He lives to build, not boast, a generous race No tenth transmitter of a foolish face

The concluding passage, in which he bewails the lot of his victim and of himself, has real pathos in it, though it ends in a bit of preposterous bombast, bathos, and bad taste.

## From 'The Bastard.'

Is chance a guilt, that my disastrous heart, For mischief never meant, must ever smart? Can self-defence be sin? Ah, plead no more! What though no purposed make stained thee oer, Had heaven befriended thy unhappy side, Thou hadst not been provol ed—or thou hadst died

Far be the guilt of home shed blood from all
On v hom, unsonght, embroiling dangers fall!
Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me,
To me! through Pity's eve condemned to see
Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate
Grieved I forgive, and am grown cool too late
Voung and unthoughtful then, who I nows one day,
What ripening virtues might have made their way!
He might have lived till folly died in shame,
Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame
He might perhaps his country's friend have proved
Both happy, generous, candid, and beloved,

He might have saved some worth, now doomed to fall, And I, perchance, in him have nurdered all

O fate of late repentance ' always vain
Thy remedies but lull undving pain.
Where shall my hope find rest? No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer
No father's guardian hand my youth maintained,
Called forth my virtues, or from vice restrained,
Is it not thine to snatch some powerful arm,
First to advance, then screen from future harm?
Am I returned from death to live in pain?
Or would imperial pity save in vain?
Distrust it not What blame can mercy find,
Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind?

Mother, miscalled, farewell—of soul severe, This sad reflection yet may force one tear All I was wretched by to you I owed, Alone from strangers every comfort flowed!

Lost to the life you gave, your son no more, And now adopted, who was doomed before, New born, I may a nobler mother claim, But dare not whisper her immortal name, Supremely lovely and serencly great, Majestic mother of a kneeling state, Queen of a people's heart, who ne'er before Agreed, yet now with one consent adore. One contest yet remains in this desire, Who most shall give applause where all admire

There is a certain parallelism in the passage quoted below to the survey of the city, its sins, sorrows, and close packed contrasts, in Dr Teufelsdrockh's garret-window in Weissnichtwo 'Bold bad spectre' sounds like a modern joke, although the collocation of 'bold' and 'bad' is as old at least as Spenser, and few even of Savage's poetical contemporaries would regard the epithet 'sapient bard' a compliment.

# From The Wanderer

You mansion, made by beaming tapers gay. Drowns the dim night, and counterfeits the day, From 'lumined windows glancing on the eye, Around, athwart, the frisling shadows fly There midnight riot spreads illusive jovs, And fortune, health, and dearer time destroys. Soon death's dark agent to luxuriant ease Shall wal e sharp warnings in some fierce disease O man! thy fabrie's like a well formed state, Thy thoughts, first runked, were sure designed the great. Passions plebeians are, which factions raise, Wine, like poured oil, excites the raging blaze, Then giddy anarchy's rude triumphs rise Then sovereign Reason from her empire flies That ruler once deposed, wisdom and wit To noise and folly, place and power, submit, Lil e a fruil bark thy weakened mind is tost. Unsteered, unbalanced, till its wealth is lost.

The miser-spirit eyes the spendthrift heir,
And mourns, too late, effects of sordid care.
His treasures fit to clove eith fawning slave,
I et grudge a stone to dignify his grave.
For this, low thoughted craft his life employed,
For this, though wealthy he no wealth enjoyed,
Tor this he griped the poor and alms denied,
Unfriended lived and unlamented died

Yet smile, grieved shade! when that unprosperous store I ast lessens, when gay hours return no more, Smile at the heir, beholding, in his fall, Men once obliged, like him, ungrateful all! Then thought inspiring woe his heart shall mend, And prove his only wise, unflattering friend

Folly exhibits thus unmanly sport, While plotting Mischief keeps reserved her court Lo ! from that mount, in blasting sulphur broke, Stream flames voluminous, enwrapped with smoke ! In chariot shape they whill up yonder tower, Lean on its brow, and like destruction lower! From the black depth a fiery legion springs, Each bold bid spectre claps her sounding wings, And strught beneath a summoned, traitorous band, On horror bent, in darl convention stand From each fiend's mouth a ruddy vapour flows, Glides through the roof, and o'er the council glows The villains, close beneath the infection pent, Feel, all possessed, their rising galls ferment, And burn with faction, hate, and vengeful ire, For rapine, blood, and devastation dire! But Justice marks their ways slie waves in air The sword, lugh threatening, like a comet's glare

While here dark Villamy herself deceives,
There studious Honests our view relieves,
A feeble taper from you lonesome room,
Scattering thin rays, just gliminers through the gloom,
There sits the sapient bard in museful mood,
And glows impassioned for his country's good!
All the bright spirits of the just combined,
Inform, refine, and prompt his towering mind!
He takes the gifted quill from hands divine,
Around his temples rays refulgent shine
Now rapt, now more than man, I see him climb
To view this speck of earth from worlds sublime.
I see him now o'er nature's works preside,
How clear the vision! and the view how wide!

John Dver was born at Aberglasslyn, Carmarthenshire, about 1700, and on the death of his father, a solicitor, abandoned the profession of law He then took to art, and rambled over South Wales and the adjoining parts of England, filling his mind with a love of nature and his portfolio with sketches During his excursions he wrote Grongar Hill (1726), a poem remarkable in its period for simplicity, warm feeling, and fine description of natural scenery, it provokes com parison with Jonson's Penshurst and Denham's Cooper's Hill Grongar Hill, on the river Towy in Cardigan, commands a view noble enough to inspire any poet Dyer next made a tour to Italy, to study painting On his return in 1740 he published anonymously another poem, The Ruins of Rome, in blank verse of this pattern

Behold the pride of pomp,
The throne of nations fallen, obscured in dust,
Even yet majestical—the solemn scene
Elates the soul, while now the rising sun
Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Towering aloft, upon the glittering plain,
Like broken rocks, a vast circumference,
Rent palaces, crushed columns, ritted moles,
Fancs rolled on fanes, and tombs on buried tombs

One short passage Johnson specially noted as 'concerned with the mind of a poet'—it is certainly neither smooth (even if we agree to mispronounce or ison) nor in Johnson's own manner

The pilgrim oft At dead of night, 'mid his orison, hears, Aghast, the voice of time, disparting towers, Tumbling all precipitate down dashed, Rattling around, loud thundering to the moon

Seeing that he had little chance of succeeding as an artist, Dyer entered the Church, and obtained successively the vacarage of Catthorpe in Leicester slure and the Lincolnshire livings of Belchford, Coningsby, and Kirkby-on-Bain He published in 1757 his longest poetical work, The Fleece, devoted to 'the care of sheep, the labours of the loom.' The subject was hardly a promising one How can a man write poetically, said Johnson, of serges and druggets? Yet Dyer did write a not un pleasing didactic poem on this theme, Akenside assisted him with some finishing touches, and Wordsworth praised the result in a sonnet One critic, learning from Dodsley that the author of The Fluce was no longer young, threatened 'He will be buried in woollen! He did die the year after the publication (Samuel Dyer, translator and Johnson's friend, was a younger contem-Dier's poetical pictures are happy minintures of nature, enrefully drawn, prettily coloured, and grouped with the taste of an artist. His versification is musical, and his moralisings Byron thought the six lines relevant enough towards the close of Grongar Hill beginning 'As you summits soft and fair' had suggested Campbell's famous opening of the 'Pleasures of Hope.

# Grongar Hill.

Silent nymph, with curious eye, Who, the purple evening, he On the mountain's lonely van, Beyond the noise of busy man, Painting fair the form of things, While the vellow linnet sings, Or the tuneful nightingale Charms the forest with her tale, Come, with all thy various hues, Come, and aid thy sister muse, Now, while Phœbus, riding high, Gives lustre to the land and sky 1 Grongar Hill invites my song, Draw the landskip bright and strong, Grongar, in whose mossy cells Sweetly musing quiet dwells, Grongar, in whose silent shade, For the modest Muses made, So oft I have, the evening still, At the fountain of a rill, Sat upon a flowery bed, With my hand beneath my head, While strayed my cyes o'er Towy's flood, Over mend, and over wood, From house to house, from hill to hill, Till contemplation had her fill.

About his checkered sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal
The mountains round, unhappy fate,
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads,
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly risen hill.

Now I gain the monntain's brow, What a landskip lies below! No clouds, no vapours intervene, But the gay, the open scene Does the face of nature shew, In all the hues of heaven's bow, And, swelling to embrace the light, Spreads around beneath the sight

Old castles on the cliffs arise, Proudly towering in the skies! Lushing from the woods, the spires Seem from hence ascending fires! Half his beams Apollo sheds On the yellow mountain heads! Gilds the fleeces of the flocks, And glitters on the broken rocks!

Below me trees nnnumbered rise, Beautiful in various dyes The gloomy pine, the poplar blue, The yellow beech, the sable yew, The slender fir that taper grows, The sturdy oak with broad spread boughs And beyond the purple grove, Haunt of Phillis, queen of love 1 Gaudy as the opening dawn, Lies a long and level lawn, On which a dark hill, steep and high, Holds and charms the wandering eye I Deep are his feet in Towy's flood, His sides are cloathed with waving wood, And ancient towers crown his brow, That cast an aweful look below, Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps, And with her arms from falling keeps So both a safety from the wind On mntual dependence find 'Tis now the raven's bleak abode, 'Is now the apartment of the toad, And there the fox securely feeds, And there the poisonous adder breeds, Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds, While, ever and anon, there falls Huge heaps of hoary mouldered walls. Yet time has seen, that lifts the low, And level lays the lofty brow, Has seen this broken pile complete, Big with the vanity of state, But transient is the smile of fate! A little rule, a little sway, A snnbeam in a winter's day, Is all the proud and mighty have Between the cradle and the grave

And see the rivers, how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our windering thought,
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landskip tire the view l
The fountains fall, the rivers flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low,
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky l
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower,
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm
As pearls upon an Athiop's arm

See, on the mountain's southern side, Where the prospect opens wide, Where the evening gilds the tide, How close and small the hedges lie! What streaks of meadows cross the eye! A step, methinks, may pass the stream, So little distant dangers seem, So we mistake the future's face, Eyed thro' hope's deluding glass, As yon summits soft and fair, Clad in colours of the air, Which to those who journey near, Barren, brown, and rough appear, Still we tread the same coarse way, The present's still a cloudy day

O may I with myself agree, And never covet what I see. Content me with an humble shade, My passions tamed, my wishes laid, For while our wishes wildly roll, We banish quiet from the soul 'Tis thus the busy beat the air, And misers gather wealth and care. Now, even now, my joys run high, As on the mountain turf I lie, While the wanton zepliyr sings, And in the vale perfumes his wings, While the waters murmur deep, While the shepherd charms his sheep, While the birds unbounded fly, And with music fill the sky Now, even now, my joys run high

Be full, ye courts, be great who will, Search for peace with all your skill, Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor
In vain you search, she is not there,
In vain you search the donies of care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain heads,
Along with Pleasure close allied,
Ever by each other's side
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill

The Fleece, in blank verse, is not an English pastoral Georgic on sheep and the shepherd's cares and joys, but sees the fleece through the shearing, washing, dyeing, carding, spinning, and weaving, and even follows English woollens on their last journey by land and sea to France, Russia, Siberia, India, China, the United States, South America, and all the world, it is a patriotic poem on the woollen manufacture and the seaborne trade of the nation of shopleepers scription of the land suitable for rearing sheep leads quite naturally to pictures of life in Lapland and Arabia, which are not good for sheep breeding, the voyages of Jason and the argonauts of the golden fleece presented inevitable attractions, and the Miltonic and sonorous lists of places to which English manufactures find their way leave room for references to Vasco da Gama, Columbus, and Not content with the processes of woollen Anson manufacture, this poet of the woollen interest in its widest sense bursts into an enthusiastic excursus on the forging and sharpening of sheep shears and cutlery at Leeds Dyer had a warm affection for his native Wales, and Welsh sheep, Demetra, Siluria, the banks of the Wye and Severn, occupy disproportionate space in a survey of British sheep farming And repeated returns to the magnificence of Phynlimmon, Cader Idris, and other Welsh hills show that Dyer and his contemporaries were by no means so dead to the glories of mountain scenery as is often assumed Amid the comically prostic details and tedious didacticism there are fine passages and admirable lines in The Fleece, to which Mr Leslie Stephen is unjust in dismissing it as simply unreadable combination of true simplicity and eighteenth-century artificiality is curiously entertaining frank enthusiasm for the English climate, its refreshing fogs and rains, and the perennial verdure and purling brooks thereby nourished, is unconventional, frank, and infectious

Those slow descending showers, Those hovering fogs, that bathe our growing vales In deep November (loathed by trifling Ganl, Effeminate), are gifts the Pleiads shed, Britannia's handmids. As the beverage falls, Her hills rejoice, her valleys laugh and sing

Hail noble Albion where no golden mines,
No soft perfumes, nor oils, nor inyrtle bowers,
The vigorous frame and lofty heart of man
Enervate round whose stern cerulean brows
White winged snow, and cloud, and pearly rain,
Frequent attend, with solemn myesty
Rich queen of mists and vapours! These thy sons
With their cool arms compress, and twist their nerves
For deeds of excellence and high renown
Thus formed, our Edwards, Henrys, Churchills, Blakes,
Our Lockes, our Newtons, and our Miltons, rose

See, the sun gleams, the living pastures rise, After the nurture of the fallen shower, How beautiful! How blue the ethereal vault, How verdurous the lawns, how clear the brooks! Such noble warlike steeds, such herds of kine,

So sleek, so vast, such spreads flocks of sheep, I she flakes of gold illumining the green, What other paradise adorn but thine, Britannia? happy, if thy sons would know Their happiness

This English 'Cotter's Saturday Night' is not without a charming and truthful realism

Only a slander tuft of useful ash,
And numbed beech and alm, securely tall,
The little smiling cottage warm embowered,
The little smiling cottage, where at eve
He meets his rosy children at the door,
Prattling their welcomes, and his honest wife,
With good brown cake and becon slice, intent
To cheer his hunger after labour hard

This is part of the shepherd's duties But spread around thy tenderest diligence In flowery spring time, when the new dropt lamb, Tottering with weakness by his mother's side, reals the fresh world about him, and each thorn, Hillock, or furrow trips his feeble feet O guard his meek sweet innocence from all The innumerous ills that rush around his life! Mark the quick kite, with beal and talons prone, Circling the skies to snatch him from the plain, Observe the lurling erows, beware the brale, There the sly for the careless minute writs, Nor trust thy neighbour's dog, nor earth, nor sky, Between the larl's note and the nightingale's, His hungry bleating still with tepid milk In this soft office may thy children join, And charitable habits learn in sport

Colin, on the top of Cruig v-Breiddyn in Mont gomervshire, laments like a modern philanthropic economist the rush to the towns

What various views unnumbered spread beneath! Woods, towers, vales, caves, dells, eliffs, and torrent And here and there, between the spiry rocks, [floods, The broad flat sea. Far nobler prospects these, Than gardens black with smole in dusty towns, Where stenely vapours often blot the sun Yet flying from his quiet, thither crowds Lach greedy wretch for tardy rising wealth, Which comes too late, that courts the taste in vain, Or nauscates with distempers—Yes, ye rich, Still, still be rich, if thus ye fishion life, And piping, careless, silly shepherds we, We silly shepherds, all intent to feed Our snowy flocks, and wind the sleeky fleece.

Dyer rejoiced in the present and prospective well being of the American colonies

Happy the vovage, o'er the Atlantic brine, By active Kaleigh made, and great the joy, When he discerned above the foamy surge A rising coast, for future colonies, Opening her bays and figuring her capes, Even from the northern tropic to the pole. No land gives more employment to the loom, Or kindher feeds the indigent, no land With more variety of wealth rewards. The hand of labour—thither from the wrongs Of lawless rule the free born spirit flies, Thither affliction, thither poverty,

And arts and sciences thrice happy clime, Which Britain mal es the asylum of mankind.

But jov superior far his bosom warms, Who views those shores in every culture dressed, With habitations gay, and numerons towns, On hill and valley, and his countrymen Formed into various states, powerful and rich, In regious far remote—who from our looms Take largely for themselves, and for those tribes Of Indians, ancient tenants of the land, In amity conjoined, of civil life The comforts taught, and various new desires, Which kindle arts, and occupy the poor, And spread Britannia's flocks o'er every dale.

But he quite foresees American rivalry in raw material, if not in manufacture, and warns Britons, then as now too secure, of the dangers of slackness

Even in the new Columbian world appears
The woolly covering Apacheria's glades,
And Canses', echo to the pipes and flocks
Of foreign swains While Time shakes down his sands,
And works continual change, be none secure
Quicken your labours, brace your slackening nerves,
Ye Britons, nor sleep careless on the lap
Of bounteous Nature, she is elsewhere kind.
See Mississippi lengthen on her lawns,
Propitious to the shepherds—see the sheep
Of fertile Arica, like camels formed,
Which bear huge burdens to the sea beat shore,
And shine with fleeces soft as feathery down

The country of the Apache Indians—parts of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona—was even farther away in the Wild West than Kansas. The sheep of Arica are of course llamas.

Isaac Hawkins Browne (1705-60), son of the vicar of Burton on-Trent, was educated at Oxford, and in 1736 published a clever series of six imitations of then living authors which obtained great popularity They naturally suggest a comparison with the parodies in the Rejected Addresses Browne, who was called to the Bar, resided mainly on his family estate, but sat in Parliament for some time as member for Wenlock in Shropshire He wrote a Latin poem, De Animi Immortalitate, which was much praised and repeatedly translated (as by Soame Jenyns), and an English poem on the subject of Design and Beauty Johnson said that 'of all conversers he was the most delightful with whom I ever was in company,' and gave the sympathetic Boswell food for comfort when he told him that Browne 'drank freely for thirty years' His imitations are his happiest work, the subject of the whole being A Pipe of Tobacco The first of the series, A New Year's Ode, appropriately parodies the manner of Colley Cibber, then poet laureate, in recitative and airs, and begins

Old battle array, big with horror, is fled, And olive robed Peace again lifts up her head, Sing, ye Muses, tobacco, the blessing of peace, Was ever a nation so blessed as this?

Arr —When summer suns grow red with heat,
Tobacco tempers Phœbus' ire,
When wintry storms around us beat,
Tobacco chears with gentle fire.

Yellow autumn, youthful spring, In thy praises jointly sing

Like Neptune, Cæsar guards Virginian flects, Fraught with tobacco's balmy sweets, Old Ocean trembles at Britannia's power, And Boreas is afraid to roar

Cibber's laureate effusions are here happily travestied Ambrose Philips is also well hit off—not by Browne himself, but by 'an ingentous friend'

> Little thbe of mighty power, Charmer of an idle hour, Object of my warm desire, Lip of wax and eye of fire, And thy snowy taper waist With my finger gently braced, And thy pretty swelling crest, With my little stopper pressed, And the sweetest bliss of blisses Breathing from thy balmy kisses

Thomson is the subject of the third imitation

O thou, matured by glad Hesperian suns, Tobacco, fountain pure of limpid truth, That looks the very soul, whence pouring thought, Swarms all the mind, absorpt is yellow care, And at each puff imagination burns, Flash on thy bard, and with exalting fires Touch the mysterious lip that chants thy praise. In strains to mortal sons of earth unknown Behold an engine, wrought from tawny mines Of ductile clay, with plastic virtue formed, And glazed magnifick o'cr, I grasp, I fill From Patotheke with pungent powers perfumed Itself one tortoise all, where shines imbibed Each parent ray, then rudely rammed illume, With the red touch of zeal enkindling sheet, Marked with Gibsonian lore, forth issue clouds, Thought thrilling, thirst inciting clouds around, And many mining fires I all the while, Lolling at ease, inhale the breezy balm But chief, when Bacchus wont with thee to join In genial strife and orthodoxal ale, Stream life and joy into the Muse's bowl. Oh, be thou still my great inspirer, thou My Muse oh, fan me with thy zephyr's boon, While I, in clouded tabernacle shrined, Burst forth all oracle and mystick song

Many of the lines and phrases are from Thomson's poem of Liberly (1732), which also explains Gib sonian lore. Patotheke is a pedantic coinage for a tobacco-box. Such a smart parody of Thomson's magniloquent style and diction being inevitably ludicrous, the usually good-natured poet was offended, and indited some ingry lines in reply The fourth imitation is in the style of Young's Satires, which are less strongly marked by mannerism than the Night Thoughts, not then written The parody begins

Criticks awaint, Tobacco is my theme, Tremble like liornets at the blasting steam And you, court insects, flutter not too near Its light, nor buzz within the scorching splice Pollio, with flame like thine my verse inspire, So shall the Muse from smoke elicit fire.

It is Pope of course who is thus imitated

Blest leaf! whose aromatic gales dispense To templars modesty, to parsons sense So raptured priests, at famed Dodona's shrine, Drank inspiration from the steam divine. Poison that cures, a vapour that affords Content more solid than the smile of lords Rest to the weary, to the hungry food, The last kind refuge of the wise and good Inspired by thee, dull cits adjust the seale Of Europe's peace, when other statesmen fail By thee protected, and thy sister beer, Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near Nor less the critic owns thy genial aid, While supperless he plies the piddling trade. What though to love and soft delights a foe, By ladies hated, linted by the beau, Yet social freedom long to courts unknown, Fur health, fair truth, and virtue are thy own Come to thy poet, come with healing wings, And let me taste thee unexcised by kings !

In the last, beginning

Boy' bring an ounce of I reeman's best, And bid the vicar be my guest—

Browne not merely caught the manner of Swift, but successfully reproduced his coarseness

Matthew Green (1696-1737), author of The Spicen, praised by Pope and Gray, left the austere Dissenting communion of his parents, had a post as clerk in the London Custom House, performed his duties faithfully, and from time to time wrote and published verses He was a witty and entertrining companion, but seems to have had personal experience of 'the spleen,' to judge by the aptness with which he discusses its various forms and their appropriate remedies, in comic verse like that of Hudibras and of some of Swift's poems The poem was first published by Glover, the nuthor of Leonidas, after Green's death Gray thought that 'even the wood-notes of Green often break out into strains of real poetry and music,' and the fourth line of the first of the following extracts from The Spleen (alluding to David and Goliath, and not unlike Shakespeare's

> Man but a rush against Othello's breast, And he retires),

soon attained to the dignity of a stock quotation

# Cures for Melancholy

Fo cure the mind's wrong hias, spleen,
Some recommend the bowling green,
Some hilly walks, all exercise,
Fling but a stone, the giant dies,
Laugh and be well Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the spleen,
And kitten, if the humour list,
Has harlequined away the fit
Since mirth is good in this behalf,
At some particulars let us laugh
If spleen fogs rise at break of day,
I clear my evening with a play,
Or to some concert take my way

The company, the shine of lights, The seenes of humour, music's flights, Adjust and set the soul to rights.

In rainy days keep double guard, Or spleen will surely be too hard, Which, like those fish by sailors met, Tly highest while their wings are wet. In such dull weather, so unfit To enterprise a work of wit. When clouds one yard of azure sky, That's fit for simile, deny, I dress my face with studious looks, And shorten tedious hours with books. But if dull fogs invade the head, That memory minds not what is read, I sit in window dry as ark, And on the drowning world remark Or to some coffee house I stray For news, the manna of a day, And from the hipped discourses gather That politics go by the weather

Sometimes I dress, with women sit, And chat away the gloomy fit, Quit the stiff garb of serious sense, And wear a gay impertinence, Nor think nor speak with any pains, But lay on Fancy's neck the reins

I never game, and rarely bet,
Am louth to lend or run in debt
No Compter writs me agitate,
Who moralising pass the gate,
And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn
Wisdom, before beneath their care,
Pays her upbraiding visits there,
And forces Folly through the grate
Her panegyric to repeat.
Experience, joined with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.

Happy the man who, innocent, Grieves not at ills he can't prevent, His skiff does with the current glide, Not puffing pulled against the tide He, paddling by the senffling crowd, Sees unconcerned life's wager rowed, And when he can't prevent foul play, Enjoys the folly of the fray

The gate is the gate of the Compter or debtor s prison, me is the antecedent to the who that follows.

## Contentment-A Wish

May Heaven-it's all I wish for-send One genial room to treat a friend, Where decent cupboard, little plate, Display benevolence, not state And may my humble dwelling stand Upon some chosen spot of land A pond before full to the brim, Where cows may cool, and geese may swim, Behind, a green, like velvet neat, Soft to the eye, and to the feet, Where odorous plants in evening fur Breathe all around ambrosial air, From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground, renced by a slope with bushes crowned, Fit dwelling for the fcathered throng, Who pay their quit rents with a song,

With opening views of hill and dale, Which sense and fancy do regale, Where the half cirque, which vision bounds, Lil e amphitheatre surrounds And woods impervious to the breeze, Thick phalanx of embodied trees, From hills through plams in dusl array, Extended far, repel the day, Here stillness, height, and solemn shade Invite, and contemplation aid Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate The dark decrees and vill of fate, And dreams, beneath the spreading beech, Inspire, and docile fancy teach, While soft as breezy breath of wind, Impulses rustle through the mind Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray, While Pan melodious pipes away, In measured motions frisk about, Till old Silenus puts them out There see the clover, pea, and bean Vie in variety of green, Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep, Brown fields their fallow Sabbaths I eep, Plump Ceres golden tresses wear, And poppy top I nots deck her hair, And silver streams through meadows stray, And Natads on the margin play, And lesser nymphs on side of hills, From plaything urns pour down the rills

Lord Hervey (1696-1743), the son of a Suffolk knight, is well known as the Sporus of Pope and as husband of the much besung and bcautiful Mary Levell A supple politician and a good parliamentary debater, he was successively Vice-Chamberlain and Lord Privy Seal, and a great favourite with Queen Caroline. His history, called Memoirs of the Reign of George II from his Accession till the Death of Queen Caroline, edited in 1848 by John Wilson Croker, is very valuable It abounds in minute details drawn from personal observation, the characters are cleverly drawn, and he has described at length all the vices, coarseness, and duliness of the court, in a style concisc and pointed. His portraits are often spiteful, and he rarely does justice to the good qualities of those-and they were manywhom he disliked Besides his Memoirs, Lord Hervey published many pamphlets, wrote occasional verses, and joined with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in endeavouring vainly to repel the envenomed shafts of Pope. He was a man of talent and energy, though contending with wretched health, drinling asses' milk, and rouging his countenance to conceal his ghastly appearance, of moral principle or public honour he appears to have been destitute A fen neeks before his death we find him writing thus characteristically to Lady Mary 'The last stages of an infirm life are filthy roads, and, like all other roads, I find the further one goes from the capital, the more tedious the miles grow, and the more ?

turnpiles to mend them, medicine pretends to be such, but doctors who have the management of it, like the commissioners for most other tumpikes, seldom execute what they undertake, they only put the toll of the poor cheated passenger in their pockets, and leave every jolt at least as bad as they found it, if not worse' The extracts that follow are from the Memous

# Traits of George II and Queen Caroline

The Duke of Richmond asked the king immediately to succeed Lord Scarborough, and the ling was not averse to granting his request any further than he was always averse to giving anything to anybody ingredients concurred to form this reluctance in his majesty to bestowing. One was that, taling all his notions from a German measure, he thought every man who served him in England overpaid, another was, that while employments were vacant he saved the salary, but the most prevalent of all was his never having the least inclination to oblige I do not believe there ever lived a man to whose temper benevolence was so abso Intely a stranger It was a sensation that, I dare say. never accompanied any one act of his power, so that whatever good he did was either extorted from him, or was the adventitious effect of some self interested act of policy consequently, if any seeming favour he conferred ever obliged the receiver, it must have been because the man on whom it fell was ignorant of the motives from which the giver bestowed I remember Sir Robert Walpole saying once, in speaking to me of the king, that to tall with him of compassion, consideration of past services, charity, and bounty, was making use of words that with him had no meaning The queen, by long studying and long experience of his temper, knew how to instil her own sentiments—whilst she affected to receive his majesty's, she could appear convinced whilst she was controverting, and obedient whilst she was ruling, and by this means her dexterity and address made it impossible for anybody to persuade him what was truly his case—that whilst she was seem ingly on every occasion giving up her opinion and her vall to his, she was always in reality turning his opinion and bending his will to hers. She managed this deified image as the heathen priests used to do the oracles of old, when, kneeling and prostrate before the altars of a pageant god, they received with the greatest devotion and reverence those directions in public which they had before instilled and regulated in private. And as these idols consequently were only propitious to the favourites of the angurers, so nobody who had not tampered with our chief priestiss ever received a favourable answer from our god storms and thunder greeted every votary that entered the temple without her protection-calms and sunshine those who obtained it The ling himself was so little sensible of this being his case, that one day, enumerating the people who had governed this country in other reigns, he said Charles L was governed by his wife, Charles II by his mistresses, King James by his priests, King William by his men, and Queen Anne by His fither, he added, had been her women—favourites governed by anybody that could get at him end of this compendious listory of our great and wise monarchs, with a significant, satisfied, triumphant air, he turned about, smiling to one of his auditors, and asked rough and disagreeable the way I know of no | him 'And who do they say governs now?' Whether

this is a true or a false story of the king I know not, but it was currently reported and generally believed (From Chap iv)

Her predominant passion was pride, and the darling pleasure of her soul was power, but she was forced to gratify one to gain the other, as some people do health, by a strict and painful regime, which few besides herself could have had patience to support or resolution to adhere to She was at least seven or eight hours tête à tete with the king every day, during which time she was generally saying what she did not think, assenting to what she did not believe, and prusing what she did not approve, for they were seldom of the same opinion, and he too fond of his own for her ever at first to dare to controvert it ('Consilir quamvis egregii quod ipse non afferret immicus'-'An enemy to any eounsel, however excellent, which he himself had not suggested '- Tacitus' She used to give him her opinion as jugglers do a card, by changing it imperceptibly, and making him believe he held the same with that he first pitched upon that which made these têle à têles seem heaviest was that he neither liked reading nor being read to (unless it was to sleep) she was forced, like a spider, to spin out of her own bowels all the conversation with which the fly However, to all this she submitted, for the sake of power, and for the reputation of having it, for the vanity of being thought to possess what she desired was equal to the pleasure of the possession itself either for the appearance or the reality, she knew it was absolutely necessary to have interest in her husband, as she was sensible that interest was the measure by which people would always judge of her power Her every thought, word, and act therefore tended and was cal culated to preserve her influence there, to him she sae rificed her time, for him she mortified her inclination, she looked, spake, and breathed but for him, like a weathercock to every capricious blast of his uncertain temper, and governed him (if such influence so gained can bear the name of government) by being as great a slave to him thus ruled as any other wife could be to a man who ruled her For all the tedious hours she spent then in watching him whilst he slept, or the heavier task of entertaining him whilst he was awake, her single consolation was in reflecting she had power, and that people in coffee houses and ruelles were saying she governed this country, without knowing how dear the government of it cost her (From Chap xiil.)

Barton Booth (1681-1733), son of a Lancashire squire of good family, was educated at Westminster, and, spite of opposition, carried out his wish to become an actor and a famous one, his Cato in Addison's play being his greatest part He wrote a masque on the death of Dido, and a number of poems, many of them to his wife and some of them sprightly. From one of his songs come the lines (based on *Hudibras*, III, ii 175)

True as the needle to the pole Or as the dial to the sun

Thomas Cooke (1703-1756), the son of an innkeeper at Bruntree, studied the classics at Filstend School and privately, and became a Whig journalist. He was the author of dramatic pieces, poems, and translations, his translation

of Hesiod secured him the nickname of 'Hesiod Cooke' An assault on Pope, Swift, and others in his Battle of the Poets began a lifelong feud. He was editor of the Craftsman

Francis Hutcheson (1694–1746) was the son of a Presbyterian minister at Armagh, himself the son of a minister of good Ayrshire stock who had settled in Ireland Francis studied for the ministry at the University of Glasgow, and was tutor to the young Earl of Kilmarnock who was executed for his share in the rebellion of 1745 As a licentiate he was thought to incline too much to a modified or 'new light' Calvinism, and shortly after the completion of his theological course he was in vited to open a private academy in Dublin, which proved highly successful. In 1720 he published his Inquiry into the Original of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue, and so became known to many influential personages, such as Lord Gran ville, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Archbishop This work was followed in King, and others 1728 by his Essay on the Nature and Conduct of the Passions, and in the year after he was called to be professor of Moral Philosophy in In his lifetime he the University of Glasgow published various minor books, including a small treatise on Logic, his largest work, A System of Moral Philosophy, was published by his son after his death (with a Life, 1755) classical and literary sympathies, largely learnt from Shaftesbury, Hutcheson rescued philosophy from aridity, and conciliated a new interest in He may in some respects speculative thought be considered a pioneer of the so called 'Scotch school' and of the common sense philosophy, although he was an eclectic, and was largely influenced by Locke, from his professorial work Dugald Stewart dated the metaphysical philosophy But it is as a moral philosopher, of Scotland rather than as a metaphysician, that Hutcheson His system is to a large extent was conspicuous that of Shaftesbury, but it is more complete, coherent, and clearly illustrated He took over the term 'moral sense' (rarely used by his pre decessor) and greatly developed the doctrine. He was a strong opponent of the theory that benevolence has a selfish origin, he was practically an For insisting that 'we have a early utilitarian knowledge of good and evil without and prior to a knowledge of God,' and like unwonted teach ing, he was (unavailingly) prosecuted for heresy by the Presbytery, and his influence powerfully promoted a liberal theology in Scotland consulted Hutcheson, Adam Smith studied under him, and was much influenced by him too, was first stirred by his works to philosophical interests, but Hutcheson's greatest strength lay in his spoken utterances and not in his printed books

See Professor Fowler's Shaftesbury and Hutcheson (1882), and the admirable monograph by W. R. Scott, which sheds new light both on his life and his teaching

# The Earl of Chesterfield.

Philip Dormer Stanhope (1694-1773) vas an enlightened statesman, an orator, a conspicuous wit, and a man of almost universal accomplishments, but he is chiefly remembered as the author of the famous Letters written to his natural son, Philip Stanhope. Son of the third Earl of Chesterfield, he studied at Cambridge, made the grand tour, and sat in the House of Commons as member for St Germains in Cornwall from 1716 to 1726, when be succeeded his father as fourth Earl. In 1730 he was made Lord Steward of the Housebold. Until then, as a Whig, he had supported Walpole, but being ousted from office for voting against an excise bill, he went over to the Opposition, and was one of Walpole's bitterest antagonists. He was above bribes, and, according to his lights, an honest statesman and a true patriot. He joined the Pelham Ministry in 1744, in 1745-46 was a judicious, able, and conciliator, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and was in 1746 one of the principal Secretaries of State, but in 1748 was compelled by ill-bealth and deaf ness to retire from public life. He was at one time on terms of intimacy with Swift, Pope, and Bolingbroke, and he patronised Colley Cibber and many other men of letters Later in life, by obtruding on Samuel Johnson the patronage which he had vithheld till the publication of the Dictionary, he drew from the lexicographer the famous indignant letter. The story that Johnson was kept waiting in an anteroom in Chesterfield's house while fops and fribbles passed freely into the presence is not true, and was denied by Johnson himself

Chesterfield's ambition was gratified neither by success in public life nor in court society Besides several series of letters, he wrote articles for periodicals and produced some political tracts The letters to his son were meant to form the young man's mind, mould his manners, and make him an exceptionally accomplished man of the They were carried on from the time the boy was five years old till his death as envoy at Dresden at the age of thirty six. As it happened, though Philip was good natured and sensible, he was singularly deficient in the graces his courtly father so sedulously inculcated, he filled several minor diplomatic posts with credit, but was shy and diffident in manner and incapable of elegant accomplishments The correspondence began with 'the dawnings of instruction adapted to the capacity of a boy, rising gradually, by precepts and monition calculated to direct and guard the age of incautious youth, to the advice and knowledge requisite to form the man ambitious to shine as an accomplished courtier, an orator in the senate, or a minister at foreign courts.' The letters contain a vast deal of shrewd advice and observation, show a highly refined taste in literary matters, and are written in singularly pure, perspicuous, and graceful English. Their ethical level is not highthough Johnson spoke quite unfairly when he said they taught the morals of a whore and the manners of a dancing-master Chesterfield carefully distinguished between the manners of a gentleman and those of a dancing-master, which he abhorred. his morals, however unsatisfactory, were not those suggested by Johnson He earnestly reprobated what he regarded as the coarser forms of vice It might rather be said that he had neither real moral principles nor religious scruples, nor any higher rule of life than a regard for the conventional decencies prescribed by the code of his time-gentlemanliness as then understood was not an age of pure lives or lofty aspirations, and Chesterfield was perhaps not far below the



CHESTERFIELD
(From the Portrait by Win. Hoare R.A., in the National
Portrait Gallery)

level of the contemporary man of the world, whose supreme aim in life was to shine in public life or in society The tone is cynical, self-control and regard for the feelings of others are necessary for our own well-being Gallantry, its justifications, etiquette, and proper management, are discussed with unpleasant iteration, most unedifying maxims being seriously inculcated A recent editor apologises for Chesterfield's remarkable counsel to his son to cultivate irregular relations with married women, on the ground that of a total of four hundred and twenty-one letters printed by him only seven or eight gave this unholy advice! The 121st letter—to the boy of eighteen -says women are children of a larger growth, without good sense, 'a man of sense only trifles with them, plays with them? The 180th has the first actual suggestion, the notorious 202nd opens,

'I have seldom or never written to you on the subject of religion and morality,' insists that 'your moral character [1 e. on the side of honour and truthfulness, not of sexual purity] must be not only pure, but, like Cæsar's wife, unsuspected,' and, characteristically, proceeds explicitly to re-The letters were never decommend adultery signed for publication. After the death of Mr Stanhope in 1768, it was found that he had been secretly married, and had left a widow and two The widow made over the original children letters to their proper owner, Lord Chesterfield, but she preserved copies, and immediately after the death of the eminent wit and statesman, the letters were committed to the press The copyright was sold for  $f_{1500}$ —a sum almost unprecedented for such a work-and five editions were called for within twelve months In the later years of his life, when almost totally deaf and afflicted by increasing ill health, Chesterfield wrote another long series of letters to his youthful Linsman, godson, and successor in the earldom -letters similar to the earlier ones in general nim, but less remarkable and less exceptionable On his deathbed he still endeavoured to carry out his own maxims of punctilious courtesy towards those about him

#### On Good-Breeding

A friend of yours and mine has very justly defined good breeding to be, 'the result of much good-sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them' Taking this for granted-as I think it cannot be disputed—it is astonishing to me that anybody, who has good sense and good nature, can essentially fail in good breeding. As to the modes of it indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances, and are only to be acquired by observation and experience, but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally the same. manners are to particular societies what good morals are to society in general-their cement and their And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility universally implied and received, to enforce good manners and And indeed there seems to me to punish bid ones be less difference both between the crimes and punish ments than at first one would imagine The immoral man who invades another's property is justly hanged for it, and the ill bred man, who by his ill manners invides and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences are as natural an implied compact between civilised people as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects, whoever in either case violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it For my own part, I really think that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the mot pleasing, and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well bred.

# Judicious Flattery

If you would particularly gain the affection and friendship of particular people, whether men or women. endeavour to find out their predominant excellence, if they have one, and their prevailing weakness, which every body has, and do justice to the one, and something more than justice to the other. Men have various objects in which they may excel, or at least would be thought to excel, and, though they love to hear justice done to them where they know that they excel, yet they are most and best flattered upon those points where they wish to excel, and yet are doubtful whether they do As for example Cardinal Richelieu, who was undoubtedly the ablest statesman of his time, or perhaps of any other, had the idle vanity of being thought the best poet too he envied the great Corneille his repu tation, and ordered a criticism to be written upon the Cid Those therefore who flattered skilfully said little to him of his abilities in state affairs, or at least but en fassant, and as it might naturally occur But the incense which they gave him, the smoke of which they knew would turn his head in their favour, was as a bel esperat and a poet. Why? Because he was sure of one excellency, and distrustful as to the other \ \ \lambda ou mill easily discover every man's prevailing vanity, by observ ing his favourite topic of conversation, for every man talks most of what he has most a mind to be thought Touch him but there, and you touch him to excel in to the quick. The late Sir Robert Walpole (who was certainly an able man) was little open to flattery upon that head, for he was in no doubt himself about it, but his prevailing weakness was to be thought to have a polite and happy turn to gallantry, of which he had undoubtedly less than any man living it was his favourite and frequent subject of conversation, which proved to those who had any penetration that it was his prevailing weakness. And they applied to it with

Women have in general but one object, which is their beauty, upon which, scarce any flattery is too gross for them to swillow Nature has hardly formed a woman ugly enough to be insensible to flattery upon her person, if her face is so shocking that she must in some degree be conscious of it, her figure and air, she trusts, make ample amends for it If her figure is deformed, her face, she thinks, counterbalances it. If they are both bad, she comforts herself that she has graces, a certain manner, a je ne sçais quoi, still more engaging than This truth is evident from the studied and claborate dress of the ugliest women in the world An undoubted, uncontested, conscious beauty is of all women the least sensible of flatters upon that head she knows it is her due, and is therefore obliged to aobody for giving it her She must be flattered upon her under standing, which, though she may possibly not doubt of herself, yet she suspects that men may distrust.

Do not mistake me, and think that I mean to recommend to you abject and criminal flattery no, flatter nobody's vices or crimes, on the contrary, abhor and discourage them. But there is no living in the world without a complaisant indulgence for people's weaknesses, and innocent, though ridiculous vanities. If a man has a mind to be thought wiser, and a woman handsomer, than they really are, their error is a comfortable one to themselves, and an innocent one with regard to other

people, and I vould rather make them my friends by indulging them in it, than my enemies, by endeavouring, and that to no purpose, to undeceive them

There are little attentions, likewise, which are infinitely engaging, and which sensibly affect that degree of pride and self love which is inseparable from human nature, as they are unquestionable proofs of the regard and consideration which we have for the person to whom we pay them. As for example, to observe the little habits, the lilings, the antipathies, and the tastes of those whom we would gain, and then tale care to provide them with the one, and to secure them from the other, giving them genteelly to understand, that you had observed they liked such a dish, or such a room, for which reason you had prepared it or, on the contrary, that having observed they had an aversion to such a dish, a dislike to such a person, &c., you had taken care to avoid presenting Such attention to such trifles flatters self love much more than greater things, as it makes people think themselves almost the only objects of your thoughts and

These are some of the arcana's necessary for your initiation in the great society of the world. I wish I had known them better at your age, I have paid the price of three and fifty years for them, and shall not grudge it, if you reap the advantage. Adieu.

## Personal Dignity

There is a certain dignity of manners absolutely necessary to make even the most valuable character either respected or respectable

Horse play, romping, frequent and loud fits of laughter, jokes, waggery, and indiscriminate familiarity will sink both merit and knowledge into a degree of contempt They compose at most a merry fellow, and a merry Indiscriminate fellow was never yet a respectable man familiarity either offends your superiors, or else dubs you their dependent and led captain It gives your inferiors just but troublesome and improper claims of A joker is near akin to a buffoon, and neither of them is the least related to wit. Whoever is admitted or sought for in company upon any other account than that of his merit and manners is never respected there, but only made use of We will have such a one, for he sings prettily, we will invite such a one to a ball, for he dances well, ve will have such a one at supper, for he is always joking and laughing, we will ask mother, because he plays deep at all games, or because he can drink a great deal. These are all vilifying distinctions, mortifying preferences, and evelude all ideas of esteem and regard Whoever 15 bade (as it is called) in company for the sake of any one thing singly, is singly that thing, and will never be considered in any other light, consequently never respected, let his merits be what they

This dignity of manners which I recommend so much to you, is not only as different from pride as true courage is from blustering, or true wit from joking, but is absolutely inconsistent with it, for nothing vihites and degrades more than pride. The pretensions of the proud man are oftener treated with sneer and contempt than with indignation, as we offer ridiculously too little to a tradesman who asks ridiculously too much for his gools, but we do not haggle with one who only asks a just and reasonable price.

Abject flattery and indiscriminate assentation degrade as much as indiscriminate contradiction and noisy debate

disgust But a modest assertion of one's own opinion, and a complaisant acquiescence in other people's, preserve dignity

Vulgar, low expressions, awkward motions and address, vilify, as they imply either a very low turn of mind, or low education and low company

Trivolous curiosity about trifles and a laborious attention to little objects, v litch neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man, who from thence is thought (and not unjustly) incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Retz, very sagaciously, marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment he told him he had wrote three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still

A certain degree of exterior seriousness in looks and motions gives dignity without evaluding wit and decent cheerfulness, which are always serious themselves. A constant smirk upon the face and a whiffling activity of the body are strong indications of fatility. Whoever is in a hurry shews that the thing he is about is too big for him. Haste and hurry are very different things.

## Detached Thoughts

Men who converse only with women are frivolous, effeminate puppies, and those who never converse with them are bears

The desire of being pleased is universal. The desire of pleasing should be so too. Misers are not so much blamed for being misers as envied for being rich

Dissimulation to a certain degree is as necessary in business as clothes are in the common intercourse of life, and a man would be as imprudent who should exhibit his inside naked, as he would be indecent if he produced his outside so

Hymen comes whenever he is called, but Love only when he pleases

An abject flatterer has a worse opinion of others, and, if possible, of himself, than he ought to have

A woman will be implicitly governed by the man whom she is in love with, but will not be directed by the man whom she esteems the most. The former is the result of passion, which is her character, the latter must be the effect of reasoning, which is by no means of the feminine gender.

The best moral virtues are those of which the vulgar are, perhaps, the best judges.

A fool never lias thought, a madman has lost it, and an absent man is for the time without it

Advice is seldom welcome, and those who want it the most always like it the least

In spite of his courtly accomplishments, Chesterfield was of unimposing presence and rather distinctly plain looking. Some of his other correspondence memoirs, speeche, essays, and contri butions to the press were published in two volumes in 1777. All the miscellaneous works appeared in four volumes in 1779. Lord Mahon (afterwards Earl Stanhope) published the Letters and other pieces in five volumes in 1845-57 and Mr Bradshaw in three volumes in 1849. And the whole series of two hundred and thirty sir letters written to the Earl's godson and successor were published in 1830 by Lord Carmirvon. Oddly enough the god on, like the son was ill qualified to profit by Chesterfield's coun el He was good natured and shrewd, fond of field spirits and a country life, and rather decidedly defective in breeding. Another edition of the Letters by Mr C. Strachey appeared in 1901 Innumerable selections from the Letters have been published not merely in English but in Dutch German and Spanish. Se-Sain e-Bruve's Cri cil Essay on Chesterfield (Eng trans. 1°70) W Ernst Browning's Bit and Bittern of Lord Chest rield (1874) and his Mem ier of Lord Chesterfield (1891), and Churton Collins & Essays art Studies (18) ).

# Samuel Richardson.

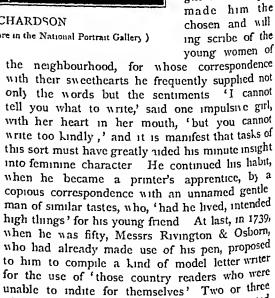
From some unexplained circumstance, which certainly cannot be the lack of material, since there are no fewer than six huge volumes of his immoderate epistles in the Forster collection at South kensington, Richardson has not hitherto found a place in any of the numerous series of short biographies. Until recently, the lengthy memoir which Mrs A. L. Barbauld prefixed in

1801 to her selec tion (also in six volumes) of his letters, remained the chief authority for his life, but in 1900 a careful biographical and critical study was published by Miss C L Thomson Richardson's father, like Prior's, 1 as a joiner, 'a very honest man (says his son), descended of a family of middling note, in the County of Surrev,' his mother, 'a good woman, of a family not ungenteel' At the time of the Monmouth rebellion the elder Richardson retired to Derbyslure and here in 1689 Samuel Richardson was born He was at first designed for the Church, but

means were wanting, and, with nothing more than 'common school learning,' he began life in 1706 as a printer's apprentice, his master being Mr John Wilde of Aldersgate Street had selected this calling, he tells us, because he thought it would gratify his thirst for reading due time he became a compositor and corrector of the press, married, set up for himself (1719), printed newspapers, wrote 'honest dedications' and prefaces for the booksellers, and was made successively Printer of the Journals of the House of Commons, Master of the Stationers' Company, and finally King's Law Printer His first London place of business was in Fleet Street itself Afterwards he moved to Salisbury Square (then Court), where his last house (now demolished) was at No 11, in the north west corner, and his offices in the present Bell's Buildings Besides his city residence, he had a country box at North End, Fulhum, which he occupied from 1739, or earlier, to 1754, when he moved to Parson's Green. His three novels, the last of which was completed early in 1754 by the issue of the final volumes, were therefore written before he quitted North End At Parson's Green, on the 4th July 1761, he died, and was buried in the middle aisle of St Bride's, Fleet Street, near the pulpit

Such a career, so laborious, so methodical, so

monotonous, is not usually found to be fertile in inci dent, and the story of Richard son is the story of his works, the insensible pre paration for which began betimes As a child he was a letter-writer, and even a moral letter-writer One of his school mates invited him, at a very early age, to attempt the history of a ser vant man (virtu ous) who marned his young mistress, and before he was eleven he had spontaneously addressed a hor tatory epistle to a backbiting widow of near fifty His gift with the pen made him the chosen and will ing scribe of the



of the epistles prepared for this purpose suggested



SAMUEL RICHARDSON
(From the Portrait by Joseph Highmore in the National Portrait Gallery)

a separate story 'And hence,' in the writer's own words, 'sprung Paniela'

Virtue Rewarded, the second title of Pamela, (whose name, by the way, is borrowed from Sidney's Arcadia), sufficiently indicates the object of the book But the precise author added further explanatory details It was, he said, 'a series of familiar letters from a beautiful young damsel to her parents, published in order to cultivate the principles of virtue and religion in the vouth of both sexes' It was besides 'a narrative which had its foundation in truth and nature, and, at the same time that it agreeably entertained by a variety of curious and affecting incidents, was entirely divested of all those images which, in too many pieces, calculated for amusement only, tend to inflame the minds they should instruct.' As to these last pretensions, it is possible that the modern reader, like the excellent Dr Watts, may have his doubts, but there can be no doubt as to the success of the book. Issued in two volumes in November 1740, by February it had reached a second edition, to be followed by a third in March, and a fourth in May Gentleman's Magazine, in a rapture of admiration, declared that it was 'judged in Town as great a Sign of Want of Curiosity not to have read Pamela, as not to have seen the French and Italian dancers' A Southwark clergyman extolled it from the pulpit, the great Mr Pope was alleged to have said that it would 'do more good than many volumes of sermons,' and profance persons went as far as to compare it with the Bible. Fine ladies at public gardens (Mrs Barbauld says Ranelagh, but Ranelagh was not opened) held up the popular tomes to one another 'to shew they had got the book that every one was talking of' In short, its vogue was undeniable. It interested, it held the reader, it dealt with existing men and women, and it was as different as possible from the 'huge folios of manity,' the Clelias and the Cassandras, which then constituted the light reading of Those who examine it now, while the period thoroughly recognising the sincerity of its intention, will probably be repelled both by its manner and its morality They will also conclude that the prolonged defence of the heroine's chastity smacks unpleasantly of expediency and calculation it is a peculiarity of the writer's minute and exasperating method that its cumulative effect is difficult to resist. Attracting at first insensibly, it gradually fascinates, and finally absorbs over, its patient analysis of motive is akin to genius, and its knowledge of the female heart extraordinary from the outset. The quotation from Horace which Fielding afterwards applied to the author of Clarissa is already true of the author of this earlier book upon which he built up his own brilliant reputation

Pectus maniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet
Ut Magus. (Hor. Epist II L)

The story of Fielding's Joseph Andrews, and the connection with Pamela of what Richardson not unnaturally styled its 'lewd and ungenerous engraftment,' belongs, however, to our account of Fielding Of the other works which owe their origin to Richardson's book, it is only necessary to recall the names Panula's Conduct in High Life, Pamela Censured, Anti Pamela, The Apology for the Life of Mrs Shamela Andrews, &c., had nevertheless this effect, that they prompted the author to produce two supplementary volumes. 'Second parts are never good,' says the bachelor Samson Carrasco in Don Quixote, and these supplementary volumes, which appeared in December 1741, were no exception to the rule. They were dull they were heavy, and they were 'less a continuation than the author's defence of himself' But two years later he was already engaged upon a far greater work than Pamela, the book entitled Clarissa, or, the History of a Young Lady, of which the further object, as particularised upon the title page, was to show 'the Distresses that may attend the Misconduct both of Parents and Children in Relation to Marriage.' The first two volumes were published in November 1747, and in April and December of the following year the book was completed by five more. Notwithstanding its extent, it is Richardson's masterpiece. Its subject is not, like that of Pamela, 'virtue rewarded,' but rather virtue hunted down and outraged the author has rendered such a theme endurable through so many pages-which pages, moreover, cover only a period of eleven months-is an unanswerable proof of his genius And not only is his heroine one of the most beautiful, as she is the noblest and purest of her sex, but her creator, whose strength hitherto had not lain in the delineation of men, has achieved, in her seducer, Lovelace (whether he built him on the lines of Rowe's Lothario or not), one of the most attractive villains of fiction In addition to this, the book, as a narrative, straggles less than its predecessor, there is no wandering from the plain path of the story, and no dallying with details which retard the carrying onward of the Unhasting, unresting, unrelenting, the author progresses to his foreseen conclusion with all the inexorable impetus of Fate. Clarissa, or (as it is popularly and erroneously called) Clarissa Harlowe, was, and deserved to be, a success. From persons of quality like Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Lady Hervey, down to the seamstress behind her Cheapside or Ludgate counter, the little printer's book set all England sobbing, and the wave of sentiment spread from England to the Continent, where the sorrows of Richardson's heroine delighted the great critic Diderot, and stimulated the super-sensitised spirit of Rousseau. Jean-Jacques, who remembered Clarissa in his Nouvelle Heloise, declared that nothing equal to or approaching it had been written in any language, while Diderot placed its author on the

some shelf with Moses and Homer, Euripides and Sophocles. History, he said, painted individuals, Richardson had painted the human species. In Germany, Klopstock, Gellert, and Wieland added their voices to the chorus. The book was promptly translated into German, Dutch, and French—the French translator being none else than the Abbé Prevost, himself the author of another epochmaking novel, Manon Lescant. Prévost had already translated the first two volumes of Pamela, and he also made a version of Grandison.

Six years clapsed before Richardson again came forward as a novelist In Classes he had intended the portrait of a good woman, in his next and last worl he essayed the (to him) more difficult task of depicting a good man-'a man of true honour' Sir Charles Grandison (whose surname lins become synonymous with a certain frigid and formal politeness) represents the beau-ideal of a perfect gentleman and Christian He disapproves of duelling as fervently as Steele, declines to dock the trils of his horses, and comports himself generally, on all occasions, including the Macheath-like dilemma of loving two ladies at once, with a most edifying dis-But, although lie is drawn with strokes as minute and patient, he never quite 'comes off' in the same way as Clarissa. He is too superfine, too courteous, too impeccable for 'human nature's duly food,' and one can understand, and even excuse, the burst of unwonted levity with which I have eventually dismisses him 'He is great, he is generous, he is delicate, he is pious, he is irreproachable, he has never done a dirty action or been betrayed into a false gesture. His conscience and his wig are intact. So be it. He shall be canonised and stuffed' But if the hero of the book never attains to the faultless monsterhood at which the author aimed, in the feminine characters, Clementina, Harriet Byron, Charlotte Grandison, and so forth, he is again at his best. And though Su Charles Grandison does not equal Clarissa, it is immeasurably superior to Pamela

Besides the volume of model letters with which Pamela originated, a pamphlet dealing with the treatment he had experienced at the hands of the Dublin bool sellers, and a paper in the Rambler (No 97, on 'Virtuous Courtship'), in the introductors sentence to which Johnson describes him as an author who had 'enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the passions to move at the command of virtue,' Richardson made no further contributions to literature of any importance. He continued to write at inordinate length to his friends and admirers, mostly of the opposite sex, and to receive complacently the unstinted tribute of their adulation. A nervous, sentimental little man, a vegetarian and water-drinker, his health, undermined by long scdentury occupation, declined as he gren older, and he became subject to fits of diviness. His chief mode of exercise was walking, with alternative of that recently-revived |

substitute for equitation, the chamber-hobby or horse. He quitted London rarely, and then got no farther than Bath or Tunbridge Wells, where he might be seen in his flaxen wig, furtively shuffling along the side-walks, one hand in his bosom, the other at his chin or grasping his cane head beneath his coat-tails, shyly distrustful of strangers, but brightening into a fluttered benignity upon the approach of Miss Highmore, Miss Fielding, Miss Mulso, Miss Talbot, Miss Collier, or some other member of the little consistory of fem nine flatterers when he called 'my ladges'

whom he called 'my ladies' His three novels, as already stated, belong to his residence at North End, which seems at one time to have been known, either actually or familiarly, as Selby House (Corr 1 clv1), after the 'Selby House' in Grandison His favourite writing place was a grotto or arbour in the middle of the garden at the back, where he had a seat with an ink horn on the side He has also an ink-pot let into the handle of his chair in Highmore's portrait lt was his practice to write his letters, either feigned or real, upon a little board which he held in his hand, and this is shown in another picture by Mason Chamberlin, which has been engraved. Some of his work must have been done at Salisbury Court, but it is probable that the greater part of Clarissa and Grandison had its birth in the grotto at North End. To this, says Mrs Barbauld, he used to retreat in the morning 'before the family were up, and, when they met at breakfist, he communicated the progress of his story, which, by that means, had every day a fresh and lively interest. Then began the criticisms, the pleadings, for Harriet Byron or Clementina, every turn and every incident was eagerly canvassed, and the author enjoyed the benefit of knowing beforehand how his situations would strike.' One of these sessions, which sometimes took place in the grotto itself, is depicted in a little sketch by Miss High more, where Richardson is shown reading the manuscript of Grandison to a circle of friends. These readings must have been invaluable to lim in shaping and modifying the course of his story They must also be responsible, in some measure, for its exceptional length, if, as he told Young, he was apt to add three pages for every one that he retrenched But his prolivity was innate. It was a part of his minute method, and it is also part of his strength 'You have,' said Aaron Hill, who tried vainly to abridge him, 'formed a style where verbosity becomes a virtue, because, in pictures which you draw with such a skilful negli, gence, redundance but conveys resemblance, and to contract the strokes would be to spoil the like ness' This is the verdict of an admirer, but it Richardson's style is not good, it is is true colloquial, it is pedestrian, it is diffuse. But it is

also direct and unaffected, and, what is more,

in the much-debated metaphor of Buffon, it is

the man himself—the sentient being, Phonine

même



I had taken care to have ready, within a little distance, a surgeon and his assistant, to whom, under an oath of ecreey, I had revealed the matter (though I did not own it to the two gentlemen) so that they were prepared with bandages, and all things proper. For well was I acquainted with the bravery and skill of my chevalier, and had heard the character of the other, and knew the animosity of both. A post chaise was ready, with each of their footnen, at a little distance.

The two chevaliers came exactly at their time—they were attended by Monsieur Margate (the Colonel's gentleman) and myself. They had given orders over night, and now repeated them in each other's presence, that we should observe a strict impartiality between them and that, if one fell, each of its should lool upon himself, as to any needful help or retreat, as the servant of the survivor, and take his commands accordingly

After a few compliments, both the gentlemen, with the greatest presence of mind that I ever beheld in men, stript to their shirts, and drew

They parried with equal judgment several passes. My chevalur drew the first blood, making a desperate push, which, by a sudden turn of his antagonist, missed going clear through him, and wounded him on the fleshy part of the ribs of his right side, which part the sword tore out, being on the extremity of the body but, before my chevalure could recover himself, the Colonel, in return, pushed him into the inside of the left ann, near the shoulder and the sword (raking his breast as it passed) being followed by a great effusion of blood, the Colonel said, sir, I believe you have enough

We gave the signal agreed upon to the footmen, and

they to the surgeons, who instantly came up

Colonel Morden, I found, was too well used to the bloody work, for he was as cool as if nothing extra ordinary had happened, assisting the surgeons, though his own wound bled much. But my dear chevalier fainted away two or three times running, and vomited blood besides

However, they stopped the bleeding for the present, and we helped him into the voiture, and then the Colonel suffered his own wound to be dressed, and appeared concerned that my chevalier was between while (when he could speak, and struggle) extremely outrageous.—Poor gentleman! he had made quite sure of victory!

The Colonel, against the surgeons' advice, would mount on horseback to pass into the Venetian territories, and generously gave me a purse of gold to pay the surgeons, desiring me to make a present to the footman, and to accept of the remainder, as a mark of his catisfaction in my conduct, and in my care and tenderness of my master

The surgeon told him, that my chevalier could not live over the day

When the Colonel took leave of him, Mr Lovelace said, You have well revenged the dear creature.

I have, sir, said Mr Morden and perhaps shall be sorry that you called upon me to this work, while I was balancing whether to obey, or disobey, the dear angel

There is a fate in it 1 replied my chevalier—a cursed fate 1—or this could not have been 1—but be je all witnesses, that I have provoked my destiny, and acknowledge that I fall by a man of honour

Sir, said the Colonel, with the piety of a confessor (wringing Mr Lovelace's hand), snatch these few fleeting moments, and commend yourself to God

And so he rode off

The voiture proceeded slowly with my chevalier, yet the motion set both his wounds bleeding afresh, and it was with difficulty that they again stopped the blood.

We brought him alive to the nearest cottage, and he give orders to me to dispatch to you the packet I herewith send sealed up, and bid me write to you the particulars of this most unhappy affair, and give you thanks, in his name, for all your favours and friend ship to him

Contrary to all expectation, he lived over the night but suffered much, as well from his impatience and dis appointment as from his wounds, for he seemed very

unwilling to die

He was delirious, at times, in the two last hours, and then several times cried out, as if he had seen some frightful specific. Take her away! Take her away! but named nolody. And sometimes praised some lady (that Clarissa, I surpose, whom he had invoked when he received his death's wound), calling her, Sweet Excellence! Divine Creature! Fair Sufferer!—and once he said, Look down, Blessed Spirit, look down!—and there stopped,—his hips however moving

At nine in the morning, he was seized with convul sions, and fainted away, and it was a quarter of an

hour before he came out of them

His few last words I must not omit, as they show an ultimate composure, which may administer some consolation to his honourable friends

Blessed—said he, addressing himself no doubt to Heaven, for his dying eyes were lifted up—a strong convulsion prevented him for a few moments saying more—but recovering, he again with great fervour (lifting up his eyes, and his spread hands) pronounced the word blessed—then, in a seeming ejaculation, he spoke inwardly so as not to be understood at last, he distinctly pronounced these three words,

# LET THIS EXPIATE!

and then, his head sinking on his pillow, he expired, at about half an hour after ten

He little thought, poor gentleman! his end so near so had given no direction about his body. I have caused it to be embowelled, and deposited in a vault, till I have orders from England.

This is a favour that was procured with difficulty, and would have been refused, had he not been an English man of rank a nation with reason respected in every Austrian government—for he had refused ghostly attend ance, and the sacriments in the Catholic way May his soul be happy, I pray God l

I have had some trouble also, on account of the manner of his death, from the magistraey here who

have taken the requisite informations in the affair And it has cost some money. Of which, and of the dear chevalier's effects, I will give you a faithful account in my next. And so, waiting at this place your commands, I am, sir.

Your most faithful and obedient servant,

Γ J DE LA TOUR.
(From Claritia)

#### Sir Charles Grandison.

Sir Charles Grandison, in his person, is really a very fine man. He is tall, rather slender than full his face in shape is a fine oval, he seems to have florid health, health confirmed by exercise.

His complexion seems to have been naturally too fine for a man but, as if he were above being regardful of it, his face is overspread with a manly sinniness, [I want a word,] that shows he has been in warmer climates than England and so it seems he has, since the tour of Europe has not contented him. He has visited some parts of Asia, and even of Afric, Egypt particularly

I vonder what business a man has for such fine teeth, and so fine a month, as Sir Charles Grandison might boast of, were he vain

In his aspect there is something great and noble, that shews him to be of rank. Were kings to be chosen for beauty and majesty of person, Sir Charles Grandison would have few competitors. His eye—Indeed, my Lucy, his eye shews, if possible, more of sparkling in telligence than that of his sister——

Now pray be quiet, my dear uncle Selby! What is beauty in a man to me? You all know that I never thought beauty a qualification in a man

And yet, this grandeur in his person and air is accompanied with so much ease and freedom of manners, as engages one's love with one's reverence. His good breeding renders him very necessible. His sister says, he is always the first to break through the restraints, and to banish the diffidences, that will generally attend persons on a quite new acquaintance. He may, for he is sure of being acceptable in whatever he does or says

Very true, Lucy shake your head if you please.

In a word, he has such an easy, yet manly politeness, as well in his dress as in his address, (no singularity appearing in either), that were he not a fine figure of a man, but were even plain and hard featured, he would be thought (what is far more eligible in a man than mere beauty) very agreeable.

Sir Charles Grandison, my dear, has travelled, we may say, to some purpose.

Well might his sister tell Mr Reeves, that whenever he married he would break half a score hearts.

Upon my word, Lucy, he has too many personal ad vantages for a woman, who loved him with feculiarity, to be easy with, whatever may be his virtne, from the foible our sex in general love to indalge for handsome men. For, O my dear! women's eyes are sad giddy things, and will run away with their sense, with their understandings, beyond the power of being overtaken either by stop-thief, or hue and cry

I know that here you will bid me take care not to increase the number of the giddy, and so I will, my I us.

The good sense of this real fine gentleman is not, as I can find, rusted over by sourness, by moroseness he is above quarrelling with the world for trifles but he is

still more above making such compliances with it as would impeach either his honour or conscience. Once Miss Grandison, speaking of her brother, said. My brother is valued by those who know him best, not so much for being a handsome man, not so much for his birth and fortune, nor for this or that single worthiness, as for being, in the great and yet comprehensive sense of the word, a good man And at another time she said. that he lived to himself, and to his own heart, and though he had the happiness to please every body, yet he made the indement or approbation of the world matter but of second consideration. In a word, added she, Sir Charles Grandison, my brother, (and when she looks proud, it is when she says, no brother), is not to be misled either by false glory, or false shame, which he calls. The great snares of virtue.

What a man is this, so to act '-What a woman is this, so to distinguish her brother's excellencies'

What a poor creature am I, compared to either of them! And yet I have had my admirers. So perhaps may still more faulty creatures among their inferiors. If, my Lucy, we have so much good sense as to make fair comparisons, what have we to do but to look forward rather than backward, in order to obtain the grace of humility?

But let me tell you, my dear, that Sir Charles does not look to be so great a self denier, as his sister seems to think him, when she says, he lives to himself, and to his own heart, rather than to the opinion of the world

He dresses to the fashion, rather richly, 'tis true, than gaudily, but still righly so that he gives his fine person its full consideration. He has a great deal of vivacity in his whole aspect, as well as in his eye. Mrs Tenny says, that he is a great admirer of handsome women. His equipage is perfectly in taste, though not so much to the glare of taste, as if he aimed either to inspire or shew emulation He seldom travels without a set, and suit able attendants, and what I think seems a little to savonr of singularity, his horses are not docked their tails are only tied up when they are on the road I took notice of when we came to town I want, me thinks, my dear, to find some fault in his outward appearance, were it but to make you think me impar tial, my gratitude to him and my veneration for him notwitbstanding

But if he be of opinion that the tails of these noble animals are not only a natural ornament, but are of real use to defend them from the vexatious insects that in summer are so apt to annoy them (as Jenny just now told me was thought to be his reason for not depriving his cattle of a defence, which nature gave them), how far from a dispraise is this humane consideration! And how, in the more minute as well as we may suppose in the greater instances, does he deserve the character of the man of mercy, who will be mercifal to his beast!

I have met with persons, who call those men good, that yet allow themselves in liberties which no good man can take. But I dare say, that Miss Grandison means by good, when she calls her brother, with so much pride, a good man, what I, and what you, my Lucy, would understand by the word

(From a letter from Miss Byron to Miss Selby)

Richardson's works were collected in 1811 in nineteen volumes with a sketch of his life by the Rev Edward Mangin M.A. They were also included in Ballantyne sa "owlist's Library with a memoir

be Sir Walter Swit - Later edition are H. Is with a prefatory chapter of be exaplical crit i in by Mr Lesbe Stephen (i rick 198 ), and A n 's, with an introduction by Miss I that M M M Kenna (2) 1018-10011. This fast, which in lides reproductions of the pretty of I plates or Stethard Turney and the rest, is based upon Maugina text. There are a table articles up as Richardson m I rear r high (Mrs Obphant) Mirch i () Fr r h h h m (Mr H lint n F man) O to er if r and December 1931 (116 17 Ac (II D Traill) Orbber 185, end Vr 17 (Vr In ren Lang) Nevember 1862 (II D Trail) Orbber The Y - Invited Mr I militared it a commiss at price mest on admirable dialogue between Lie ding in I Kichardson, and there mur ferences to his work in Late unie s If it it it (rec.) In ~ s(12 ) I viet Fer Fry Ke ar rmls / Rec & (1858), and I neh Schmidt Ri in a Reins rand Get e (18 s). I bust of Richardson by Cearne Leamp in 1 k 1 mas resently (with November 1301) unveiled at the St Bride Loim lation Institute in Flet Street. The North I id how - formerly 4) let now my North End Road Tulbam) still exists and was n caththe resilence of the late Sir I. Burne-lenes, Bart. the Pusans Creen louse which stood at the south we them erief the green theng the king s Kood which le ds from the kingham I il co to Paines Brillie has long disappointed. An intereding sketch of it with a rusleading title was engraved by T.P. Midfolm in 1752

# AUSTIN DORSON

William Somerville 1075-1742) the poet of It. Class was as he tells All in Rams in the squire well born and six toot high' The patia month estate to which he succeeded in 1705) In m Whitekshire, and was worth 1500 a very Generous but extravagant and dissipated he died in distressed circumstances and barna no child to succeed him for present relief of burdens he settled his estate on the Scottish Lord Somerville He wrote a poetral address to Addison when he purchised an estate in Warwickshire, 'In his versus to Addison,' sixthe couplet which mentions Cho is written with the most exquisite delicacy of praise, it exhibits one of those happy strokes that are seldom attained? Addison signed his papers in the Speciator with the letters of the name Cho, and this is the couplet which so delighted Johnson

When printing virtue her last efforts made, You brought your Cho to the virgin's aid

In welcoming Addison to the banks of Avon Somerville (like many another critic of the time) scruples not to rank him above Shakespeare

In heaven he sings, on earth voor muse supplies The important to s, and heats our weeping eyes Correctly great, she melts each flinty heart With equal genius, but superior art

Somerville's chief poetical ventures were The Tree Springs, a Paole (1725), Occasional Poems (1727) The Chase (1735), Hobbinel, a burlesque (1740), and Field Sports, a poem on hawking (1742) The Chase, in blank verse, contains practical instructions to sportsmen this is a bright sketch of an autumn morning proper for 'throwing off the pack'

Now golden Antinin from her open hip Her fragrant bounties showers—the fields are shorn, Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views The rising pyramids that grace his yard, And counts his large increase, his barns are stored, And grounning and die benefit their load and knies All now is free as air, and the gay pack In the rough bristly stubbles range unblaned, Na union's term o'culon, no secret a re-Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips Frembling conceal by his force landlord awed but conteous now he levels every fence, Joins 11 the common ery, and hollows loud, FCDR Charmed with the rittling thun ler of the field Obeir me some kind power invisible, To that extended lawn where the gas court View the swift incer, stretching to the goal, Games more renowned, and a far nobler train, Than proud Llean fields could boast of eld Oh were i Thelan lyre no wanting here, And I md it's voice to do their ment night? Or to this e-spread is plants, where the straned ever In the wide pro peet lo , beholds it list Sarum's proud spire that over the fulls ascends And pierces through the clouds. Or to the downs, I air Coswold, where the well breathed beagle chimbs With matchless speed, the green aspiring brot, And leaves the lagging in Iti tide behind Hall, gentle Dann ' mil l, blushin, goddess, hall And orient pearls from every slimb depend

Rejoiced I see thy purple mantle spread Our half the shies goins pave thy redunt was, I arewell, Clears here, deep sunk in down Slumber ceure with hoppy dreams amused, Till gracful streams shall tempt thee to receive The cult meal or the officious maids, The toilet placed shall urge thee to perform The important work Me wher joys invite The horn sonorous calls, the pack awaked Their matins client ner bailed my long delac My conner hears their voice, see there, with ears And tril creet meighing he pans the ground, I terce replace kindles in his reddening every And boils in every vein. As eaptive boxs Could be the ruling rod and haughts frowns Of pedacogues severe, from their hard tasks If once dismissed, no limits can contain The tumple rused within their little breasts But give a loose to all their frolie plat, So from their kennel rush the joyous pack I thousand wanton gractics express Their inward ecstast, their pleasing sport Once more indulged, and liberty restored The rising sun that o'er the horizon peeps As many colours from their glossy skins Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow When April showers descend Delightful seeme! Where all around is give men, horse, dogs, And in each smiling countenance appears I resh blooming health, and universal joy Stothard illustrated an edition of Tee Chan (1800) as did also

High Thomson (1850) An edition of the works appeared in 181

William Old's (1696-1761) was a zealous literary antiquary and Norrot King at arms. He wrote a Life of Raleigh for the edition of Raleigh's

wrote a Life of Raleigh for the edition of Raleigh's History of the World edited by him (17,6), cal lected a large and valuable library, and assisted every author or bookseller who sought help from his voluminous collections. He was librarian to Harley, Earl of Oxford, catalogued the library,

compiled a bibliographical work called *The British Librarian* (1737), and edited the *Harleian Miscellany* He contributed to several serials, and his diligence amassed many interesting facts in literary history. The following little anacreontic has been universally credited to the pen of Oldys, who, according to a later antiquary and herald, Francis Grose, occasionally indulged in too deep potations of ale. It was published anonymously as 'made extempore by a gentleman, occasioned by a fly drinking out of his cup of ale.'

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I,
Freely welcome to my cup,
Could st thou sip and sip it np
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short and wears away
Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore,
Threescore summers when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one

John Jortin (1698–1770), the son of a Huguenot refugee, born in London, became a prebendary of St Paul's and Archdeacon of London His chief works are Miscellaneous Observations upon Authors, Ancient and Modern (1731–32), Remarks on Ecclesiastical History (1751–53), a Life of Erasmus (1758–60), which was for a century the standard English book on the subject, and Tracts (1790) Dr Parr, the literary dictator, said of him 'Wit without ill-nature and sense without effort he could at will scatter on every subject.'

Robert Dodsley (1703-1764), an able and spirited publisher, the friend of literature and of literary men, was born near Mansfield in Notts, and was apprenticed to a stocking weaver, but so ill treated that he ran away and became a footman. His leisure he gave to reading, and in 1732 pub-His Tos Shop, a lished A Muse in Livers dramatic piece, was, through Pope's influence, acted at Covent Garden in 1735 with great suc-With his profits, and £100 from Pope, he set up as bookseller, but still continued to write bright plays-The King and the Miller of Mansfield (1737), The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green (1741), Rex et Pontifes (1745) &c, which were collected as Trifles (1748) In 1738 he bought London from the yet unknown Johnson for ten guineas, other famous authors for whom he published were Pope, Young, Akenside, Lord Chesterfield, Horace Walpole, Goldsmith, and Shenstone. Among his schemes were The Museum (1742-47), a collection of historical and social essays, The Preceptor, a book of instruction for the voung, and the Annual Register, started in 1759, and partly written by Burke. With a tragedy, Cleone (1758), acted at Covent Garden with extraordinary success, he closed his career as a dramatist. Dodsley is chiefly remembered by his Sclect Collection of Old Plays (12 vols 1744, 4th ed by W C Hazlitt, 15 vols 1874-76) and his Poems by Several Hands (3 vols 1748, 6 vols 1758) See Austin Dobson's Lighteenth Century Vignetics (2nd series, 1894) This was Dodsley's own

## The Parting Kiss

One kind wish before we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu
Though we sever, my fond heart,
Till we meet, shall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not so, my love, Let me I iss that falling tear, Though my body must remove, All my soul will still be here.

All my sonl, and all my heart,
And every wish shall pant for you,
One kind kiss, then, ere we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu.

Patrick Abercrombie (1656-17161), a descendant of an old Scottish Catholic family and younger brother of the first Lord Glassford, was born at Forfar, graduated at St Andrews, and practised medicine in Edinburgh, being appointed physician to James II in 1685 A strong Jacobite and nationalist, he published two anti-Union pamphlets in 1707, one of them a reply to Daniel His patriotism, however, found more notable utterance in his Martial Achievements of the Scots Nation (1711-16), a popular and discursive history of the national wars and struggles from the time of the mythical King Fergus I, three centuries before Christ, to the battle of Flodden Abercrombie's aim was to defend the legendary antiquity of Scotland against the sceptical criticism which as yet had got no hearing or tolerance north of the Tweed, and in his earlier chapters he repeats and elaborates the fables about Caractacus, Corbredus Galdus, and Achaius v hich had been concocted by Fordun and Boece (or by the annalists they took them from, see the next article, also Vol I pp 182, 212, 256) He shows an abundance of absolutely uncritical learning, and, in spite of his frequent divergence into contro versy, his style is easy and fluent enough to justify the esteem and popularity which he enjoyed for a while as the patriotic historian of Scotland.

## The Antiquity of the Scottish Monarchy

Scotland boasts of an uninterrupted series of 112 sovereigns, that till this time have swayed its sceptre, since Fergus I, who began to reign 330 years before the Christian rera commenced, than which there's nothing so glorious, nothing equal or secondary in its kind. By this account Scotland has remained a monarchy, and monarchs of the same unspotted blood and royal line have governed it upwards of 2000 years, v hereas, according to their own historians, France has lasted littlerto but 1309, Spain 1306, England 918, Poland 719 (111), Denmark 920, Sweden 900, the Limpire of the Romans in Germany 831, and that of the Turks but 420. The empire or kingdom of China, 'tis owned, is of an older

date than Scotland, but then, six several times, upon their own records, the race of their Kings has been changed by eavil wars, and they have been four times conquered by foreign and barbarous forces, nay at this very day a Tartar race sits on the throne instead of a Chinese Since, therefore, Scotland has such a pre eminence over the very pretensions of all other nations with reference to their respective antiquities and races of kings, 'tis no great wonder that some of our neighbours (and these are but few and late authors) have, through emulation and jealousy, attempted to strike out of the catalogue of Scots monarchs no less than 39, and to date the Scots government in North Britain from about the year of our This controversy was started by Luddus in the year 1572, Camden took the hint from him, as did afterwards the Bishop of St Asaph, and Dr Stilling fleet from both The last three were men emment for their learning and parts, but, as Englishmen in all ages, prejudiced against a rival but lesser nation, which nevertheless the immense treasure, refined policy, nor numerous, well disciplined and better paid forces of mighty England could never deject from equality in all things but wealth Archbishop Usher, a man whose excellencies the learned and pious will ever respect, and the Irish of L e (for of old they thought otherwise), have made the like attempts upon the Scots antiquities, and the race of their Kings Men of such a character, Loth English and Irish, could not fail to proselyte some www.iore.gners, as Duchesne, Père L'Abbé, and Thomas -25 its, at an opinion which, by depressing but one no ion, flatters the pride and raises the pretensions of most others, their own in particular But all in vain Scots writers have muntained with their pens the rights and territories Scots heroes first gained and then preserved with their arms, and what these effected by dint of sword, those have made good by dint of thought and force of argum at

Thomas Innes (1662-1744), a cadet of a gentle Catholic family in Aberdeenshire, was bred n priest in France, and studied and taught at the Scots College in Paris, of which he ultimately became Vice Principal in 1727 From 1698 to 1701 he was in Scotland as a missionary priest, and in 1724 Wodrow saw him in Edinburgh consulting the Advocates' Library, and described him as 'a monkish bookish person who meddles with nothing but literature' His historical studies, which seem to have begun with his share in the arrangement of the records of Glasgon Cathedral, possessed by the Scots College, bore good fruit in his Critical Essay on the Ancient Inhabitants of Scotland (1729), and his Ecclesiastical History of Scotland A D 80 to 818, first published by the Spalding Club in 1853 The former of these works has been justly described by Pinkerton as marking 'a grand epoch' in Scottish antiquities, and leading the way to 'rational criticism upon them' Innes was the first to assail the fabric of spurious history founded by Fordun and completed and adorned by Boece and Buchanan, and in the Critical Essay he dispressionately and laboriously demolished the whole legendary series of kings-the portruts of them are still in Holyrood-with which our ancestors had peopled the seven dark centuries

preceding the actual settlement of the Scots in Dalriada. As the earliest to apply scientific methods to the Scottish historic legends and to print the authentic Pictish chronicles, Innes takes rank as the veritable father of Scottish history, nor is his position at all weakened by the pretty evident fact that he was stimulated partly by a Jacobite dislike of Buchanan and a desire to disprove the numerous stories of rebellion and deposition in the legendary chronicles. The Critical Essay is reprinted as volume viii of the 'Historians of Scotland' series, Edinburgh, 1879.

Thomas Boston (1676–1732), author of The Fourfold State, was born at Duns in Berwick shire, and educated there and at Edinburgh Uni For a time minister of Simprin (from 1699), he was in 1707 translated to Ettrick in Selkirkshire, and there he died His Fourfold State (1720) discourses, not without flashes of insight and felicity of diction, on human nature in its fourfold state of primitive integrity (in Eden), entire depravity (by the fall), recovery begun on earth, and happiness or misery consummate here after, and in Scotland was long recognised as a standard exposition of Calvinistic theology such it ranked in the esteem of clergy and laity next the Bible and the Confession of Futh, and in most pious Scottish households a copy of it was kept and studied by successive generations The Crook in the Lot, a little book written in a quant and striking style, was also a great favourite with the Scottish people. Many single sermons and collections of his sermons were published both during his life and after his death humous Memoirs-detailed, shrewd, kindly, tender, humorous, sincere—deserves a high place aniongst Christian biographies His entirely human frailies are as frankly recorded as his religious aspirations and fallings away Diametrically opposed as were their temperaments and views of life, Boston was one of R L Stevenson's recognised masters in Characteristic amongst Boston's phrase makings is his warning to loose livers not to expect the chance of 'a leap out of Delilah's hip into Abraham's bosom' In the ecclesiastical courts Boston distinguished himself by his zeal for the Church's independence, and in the controversy regarding the Marrow of Modern Divinity, he defended the anonymous Puritan soldier's book against the charge that it was too free in its offers Though by outsiders he is generally of salvation regarded as a typical high Presbyterian, he lad much trouble at Ettrick from the open hostility of the still 'higher' Presbyterian Cameronians or Macmillanites, of whom, in his Memons, he speaks very sharply, almost bitterly, and even his own flock suspected him as too near of kin to an Thus, unlike some of his brethren, he Erastian had no difficulty in proclaiming fasts appointed by secular government At the end of the Memours he thus gives a judicial view of

#### His own Character

That east of temper, whereby I was naturally slow. timorous, and diffident, but eager in pursuit when once engaged, as it early discovered itself, so I think it hath spread itself all along through the whole of my course It hath been a spring of much uneasiness to me in the course of my life, in that I was thereby naturally fond, where I loved Yet I cannot but observe, that my God hath made a valuable use of it, especially in my studies, combating special difficulties therein, till surmounted by Agreeable unto it, I was not of a quick apprehension, but had a gift of application and things being once discovered. I was no more wavening in them. I was addicted to silence, rather than to talking I was no good spokesman, but very unready, even in common conversation, and in disputes especially at a loss, when engaged with persons of great assurance the disadvan tage of which last I often found in Etterick, where an uncommon assurance reigned. The touching of my spirit. so as to set me above fear, the moving of my affec tions, and being once well dipped into the matter, were necessary to give me an easy exercise of my faculties, in these and other extempore performances My talent lay in doing things by a close application, with pains I had a tolerable faculty at drawing of and labour papers yet no faculty at dictating, but behoved to have the pen in my own hand, and even in that case it vould often have been a while ere I could enter on Accordingly, as for my sermons, it was often hard for me to fix on a text, the which hath oft times been more wasting and weakening to me than the study of my sermon thereon. I studied my sermons with the pen in my hand, my matter coming to me as I wrote, and the bread increasing in the breaking of it if at any time I walked, it was occasioned by my sticking Meanwhile, it would frequently have been long ere I got the vein of my subject struck but then I could not be easy, unless I thought I had hit it. Thence it was, I often tore out what I had written, and began anew again, but ordi narrly I found this turned to my greatest comfort and satisfaction, in end falling upon the vein. Hence it was not my manner to shift from text to text, but to insist long on an ordinary, the closing of which at length I readily found to relish as much with myself and the serious godly as the other parts preceding

Thus also I was much addicted to peace, and averse to controversy, though once engaged therein, I was set to go through with it I had no great difficulty to retain a due honour and charity for my brethren differing from me in opinion and practice, but then I was in no great hazard neither of being swayed by them to depart from what I judged truth or duty Withal it was easy to me to yield to them in things wherein I found not myself in conscience bound up Whatever precipitant steps I have made in the course of my life, which I desire to be humbled for, rashness in conduct was not my weak side But since the Lord by his grace brought me to consider things, it was much my exercise to discern sin and duty in particular cases, being afraid to venture on things until I should see myself called thereto but when the matter was cleared to me, I generally stuck fast by it, being as much afraid to desert the way which I took to be pointed out to me And this I sincerely judge to have been the spring of that course of conduct upon which Mr James Ramsy above mentioned did, before the commission anno 1717, in my hearing, give me the following character, viz. That if I thought myself right, there would be no diverting of me by uny means.

I never had the art of making rich, nor could I ever heartily apply myself to the managing of secular affairs. Even the secular way of managing the discipline of the church was so unacceptable to me that I had no heart to dip in the public church management. What uppear ances I made at any time in these matters were not readily in that way. I had a certain averseness to the being laid under any notable obligation to others, and so was not fond of gifts, especially in the case of any whom I had to deal with as a minister. And Providence so ordered that I had little trial of that kind. I easily perceived that in that case, 'the borrower is servant to the lender'

There is a Life of Boston by A Thomson (1895), and an elaborate edition of the *Memoirs* by G H Morrison (1899).

Martin Martin, born in Skye, took his M D at Leyden, and about 1685 was already factor, or estate agent, for Macleod (the laird) in Skye, and he died in 1719. In 1698 he published a Voyage to St Kilda, narrating his own observations, and, in 1703, 4 Description of the Western Islands of Scotland Dr Johnson had read Martin's book when he was very young, and was particularly struck with the St Kilda man's notion that the High Church of Glasgow had been hollowed out of a rock. This 'notion' had probably struck Addison also, as in the Spectator (No 50) he makes, as Mr Croker has remarked, the Indian king suppose that St Paul's was carred out of a rock. Martin's work is but poorly written. as Dr Johnson said, but the out of the-way information it contains, and even the credulity of the writer, gave it an interest and value it has not vet lost. Martin gives a long account of the secondsight or taish, as it is called in Grelic, in which he was a firm believer, though he admitted that it had greatly declined. In the dozen of pages he devotes to the subject he gives numerous authenticated cases, with names and addresses as in the transactions of the Psychical Research Society. including those that converted himself

# The Second-sight

The second sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person that sees it for that end. The vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see nor think of anything else except the vision, as long as it continues, and then they appear pensive or jovial, according to the object which was represented to them. At the sight of a vision the cyclids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanish

If an object is seen early in a morning (which is not frequent), it will be accomplished in a few hours after wards, if at noon, it will commonly he necomplished that very day, if in the evening, perhaps that night if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night, the latter always in accomplishment by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of night the vision is seen. When a shroud is perceived

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Thomas Ruddiman (1674-1757), the chief of Scottish Latinists since the age of Buchanan, wrote little in the vernacular, but his editions of some earlier Scottish writers, his share in Scottish historical controversy, and his general literary activity give him the right to be mentioned here Born in Banffshire, and educated at King's College, Aberdeen, he became parish schoolmaster of Laurencekirk, but went thence to Edinburgh at the suggestion of Dr Pitcairne in 1700 assistant and latterly chief librarian of the Advo cates' Library, he was also a book auctioneer, a newspaper proprietor, and a successful printer. and did much good scholarly work, both original and editorial His well-known Rudiments (1714) and Institutions (1725-32) of the Latin tongue, and his 'immaculate' edition of Livy (1751), were his main achievements in classical philology. while to Scottish literature he contributed a reprint of Gawin Douglas's version of the Encid, with an excellent glossary, in 1710, and a fine edition of the works of George Buchanan (1715) which has not yet been superseded Ruddiman was a stout Royalist and Jacobite in politics, and his criticisms on Buchanan entangled him in a prolonged controversy (1746-50) on the right of succession to the crown of Scotland, in which his chief antagonist was a Presbyterian minister named George Logan Much more valuable than his polemical tracts were his contributions to James Anderson's Diplomata Scotiæ (1739), the first and for long the only monument of Scottish palæography A sound scholar and a worthy man, Ruddiman was praised by Dr Johnson, who stopped at Laurencekirk on his Scottish tour to remember the man 'by whose labours,' writes Boswell despondently, 'a knowledge of the Latin language will be preserved in Scotland if it shall be preserved at all' Boswell himself at one time intended to write the life of Ruddiman, but the work was left for the far less competent hand of George Chalmers (1794)

Robert Keitli (1681-1756), a bishop and primus in the Scottish Episcopal Church, was born in Kincardineshire of a younger branch of the family of the Earls Marischal, and spent most of his life in Edinburgh as the pastor of an A diligent student of Episcopal congregation Scottish antiquities, he published in 1735 a History of the Affairs of Church and State in Scotland during the Reformation, which, while strongly prelatist and Royalist in tone, sliows careful research and incorporates many valuable It has been reprinted by historical documents the Spottiswoode Society (1844-45), and is interesting—a good way after Innes's Critical Essay -as an evidence of the development of historic method in Scotland Keith is best known as an antiquary by his Catalogue of the Bishops of Scotland (1755), a laborious and praiseworthy compila tion for its time, but long liopelessly out of date

Robert Blair (1699-1746), author of The Grave, was an accomplished Scottish minister. who enjoyed some private fortune, lived in better style than his brother ministers, cultivated botany and general literature, and cherished the society of the neighbouring gentry He was born in Edinburgh, his father being minister of the Old Church there, and at Edinburgh University and in Holland he was educated In 1731 he was appointed to the living of Athelstaneford, the East Lothian parish in which Home, author of Douglas, was his successor Before his ordina tion, he had begun The Grave, and in 1742 he submitted the manuscript to Watts and Doddridge Watts offered it to two publishers in vain, as both thought it rather heavy for the times, but it appeared in 1743, and immediately became popular His one considerable work (besides lie published only an elegy and one or two paraphrases of Scripture), it is a sombre but suggestive poem of near eight hundred lines in blank verse, and is almost inevitably unoriginal in scope and plan. but vigorous in execution, harmonising well with the genius of Scottish Presbyterianism monotony of its didactic meditations is relieved by occasional flashes of true inspiration, and novel and graphic ways of wording hackneyed The variations on the great theme sometimes, indeed, are so unconventional as to have been denounced as low and vulgar both in thought and expression—'crammed' and 'tumbled flat upon his back' in the first extract may suffice as examples The versification (more like that of the drama than of poetry proper, as Professor Saintsbury says) is less rhythmical than Young's, and constantly admits a redundant syllable.

It has been matter of controversy whether Blur inspired Young, or contrariwise, practically the poems were contemporary (the Night Thoughts dated from 1742-44), but, as has been said, Young was doubtless encouraged in his longer task by the immediate success of Blur. It was no smill honour to Blur that William Blake put some of his best and best-known work into designs illustrating the congenial poem, notably 'Death's Door' and 'The Soul parting from the Body'. And in dedicating the edition with his twelve illustrations to the Queen (1808), Blake himself bursts into poetical criticism, and speaking apparently as much of his own share as of Blur's in the hand some quarto, proclaims

Bowing before my sovereign's feet,
'The grave produced these blossoms sweet,
In mild repose from earthly strife,
The blossoms of eternal strife.'

#### Then and Now

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war? The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs, The boast of story? Where the hot bruned youth, Who the tirra at his pleasure tore From kings of all the then discovered globe,

And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hampered, And had not room enough to do its worl? Alas, how slim-dishonourably slim! And crammed into a space we blush to name, Proud royalty! How altered in thy looks 1 How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue 1 Son of the morning! whither art thou gone? Where hast thou hid thy many spangled head, And the inajestic menace of thine eyes Telt from afar? Plant and powerless now Like new born infant wound up in his swathes, Or victim tumbled flat upon his back, That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife, Mute must thou bear the strift of little tongues, And coward insults of the base born crowd, That grudge a pravilege thou never hadet, But only hoped for in the peaceful grave-Of being inmolested and alone! Arabin's gums and odoriferous drugs, And honours by the heralds duly paid In mode and form, e en to a very semple (O ernel irony '), these come too lite, And only mock whom they were meant to honour! Surely there s not a dungeon slave that s buried In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffined, But lies as soft and sleeps as sound as he Sorry pre eminence of high descent Above the baser born, to rot in state I

# The Death of the Strong Man

Strength, too! thou surly and less gentle boast Of those that loud laugh at the village ring 1 I fit of common sickness pulls thee down With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling That rashly dared thee to the unequal fight What grown was that I heard? Deep groan, indeed, With anguish heavy laden ! let me trace it From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man, By stronger arm belaboured, gasps for breath Like a hard hunted beast. How his great heart Beats thick ! his roomy chest by far too scant To give the lungs full play 1 What now avail The strong built sinewy limbs and well spread shoulders? See how he tugs for life, and lays about him, Mad with his pain! Eager he catches hold Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard Just like a creature drowning Hideous sight! O how his eyes stand out, and stare full gliastly ! While the distemper's rank and deadly venom Shoots like a burning arrow 'cross his bowels, And drinks his marrow up Heard you that groan? It was his last. See how the great Goliah, Just like a child that brawled itself to rest, Lies still What mean'st thou then, O mighty borster, To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the bull, Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward, And flee before a feeble thing like man That, knowing well the slackness of his arm, Trusts only in the well invented knife?

# A Great Church at Night

See yonder hallowed fane! The pions work Of names once famed, now dubious or forgot, And buried midst the wreck of things which were There he interred the more illustrious dead The wind is up—hark! how it howls! methinks

Till now I never heard a sound so dreary!

Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Roel ed in the spire, screams loud—the gloomy aisles,
Black plastered, and hung round with shreds of sout
And tattered coats of arms, send back the sound, [cheons,
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead—Roused from their slumbers,
In grim array the grish spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and, obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, husbied as the foot of night
Again the screech owl shricks—ingracious sound!
I'll hear no more, it makes one a blood run chill

# These are shorter passages

On this side and on that men see their friends
Drop off like leaves in autumn yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegenerate days
Would scarce have leisure for Fools that we are
Never to think of death and of ourselves
At the same time, as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours

The lay n robed prelate and plain presbyter, Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet, Familiar mingle here, like sister streams That some rude interposing rock has split

The wrecks of nations and the spoils of time With all the lumber of six thousand years.

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul, Sweetener of life and solder of society

Man, sick of bliss, tried evil, and

Alas ' too well he sped, the good he scorned Stalked off reluctant, like an ill used ghost, Not to return, or, if it did, in visits, Like those of angels, short and far between.

'Angel visits, short and bright' came from Norris of Bemerton (see above, page 259) to Blair, and from Blair to Campbell

What though my winged hours of bliss have been, Like angel visits, few and far between

The passage so often quoted by Burns (surely for the idea rather than for the characteristically conversational and unrhythmical expression of it) also contains a reminiscence of Norris

Tell us, ye dead! Will none of you in pity To those you left behind disclose the secret? O that some courteous ghost would blab it out, What its you are and we must shortly be

The last paragraph, passing from death to the resurrection, has naturally a more cheerful note, and thus impressively concludes

'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night, We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.

Thus at the shut of even the wears bird Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake Cowers down and dozes till the break of day, Then claps his well fledged wings and bears away

# THE SCOTTISH VERNACULAR REVIVAL



Union in 1707 the Scottish Chancellor, Scafield, uttered his memorable saying, 'Now there's ane end of ane old song,' the echo of his words sent a chill to the hearts of

all good Scotsmen, whatever their party or politics The bulk of the people not merely regretted but resented the loss of their Parliament, last con spicuous emblem of 'Scotland a nation' And the gradual introduction of English coinage, English weights and measures, English taxation, and English ways produced a vehement nationalism of which the Jacobite risings in the '15 and the '45 were but one consequence. A more permanent outcome was (not the revival of the national literature, but) the revival of the native speech as a literary vehicle. In one thing at least Scotticism might be cherished with even varmer affection than heretofore-but within well-understood limits, the revival of the old Scots for general literary purposes was forever out of the question The native tongue was not dead, but it had been too long divorced from the national culture to be a natural or sufficient instrument for expressing the various interests of the eighteenth Scotland was now a part of Europe. Scottish writers justly ambitious of a European audience would stultify themselves by harking back to a local dialect that for a hundred years had lived on mainly in the mouths of country-folks, fishers, and handicraftsmen, and become greatly limited in its scope and capacities. Scotsmen were about to claim a very conspicuous place in English literature, and, writing in English to bestow on posterity a richer bequest than the old Scottish authors of Scotland's first golden age, Edinburgh was to be recognised as the Modern Athens we-speaking only of the works of men born before the end of the first quarter of the eighteenth century—imagine Hume's Essays in 'broad Scotch,' or his History of England? or Reid's Pullosophy of the Intellectual Powers? Thomson's Seasons? Robertson's Charles V? or Adam Smith's Wealth of Vations? The old literary tongue was, as such, dead, nor could any combination of wit and wisdom put back the shadow on the dial

Long before Scotch ceased to be a literary tongue in the full sense, the chief models for Scottish writers were their great English predecessors and contemporaries After the Reformation the language of literature, of the Church, and of public life came to be normally English-English with a difference—and the language of

HEN on signing the Act of | Scottish civic society became increasingly anglicised. Bible, psalm-book, confession, catechism, were in English, made in England The books of devotion were English, at most, like Rutherford's letters. English with Scotch words brought in with effect at wide intervals By the end of the seventeenth century books were no longer printed in Scotch, and for more than half a century nobody had been taught to spell or write Scotch Scottish authors wrote regularly in English Nothing but occasional songs, pasquils, or chap books appeared in Scotch, and then the Scotch was seldom Scotch throughout. All but the utterly uneducated were. in town or country, constantly hearing English. reading nothing but English, and, even if they spoke Scotch, writing their letters in English

> Yet then and now, in spite of adverse circumstances, this mixed dialect lived on in surprising vigour amongst the humbler classes, and was not merely a pithy spoken vernacular, but (for specific uses) an admirably effective literary instrument It was least anglicised amongst those living farthest from the towns Most largely anglicised was the macaronic used by the edu cated who condescended to the vernacular in conversation with their illiterate neighbours, in hours of relaxation or domesticity, and for jests and anecdotes The 'broad Scotch' heard by Dr Johnson amongst Scottish literati was substantially English spoken with a markedly Scottish intonation. The old heroic ballads, even, were rarely in quite broad Scotch, never in the broadest Scotch To make Blind Harry's Hallace intelligible to his contemporaries, higher and lower, Hamilton of Gilbertfield in 1722 translated the poem from old Scots into English, and it was this version that, half a century later, poured a flood of Scottish prejudice into Burns's breast writing for Scotsmen even on Scottish subjects employed English regularly -as vitness the authors dealt with above at pages 301-305

> A prose treatise wholly in Scotch on any subject whatever was impossible, so was a sustained and dignified poem. But verse-writing in the vernacular had never wholly ceased, and was practised sporadically in various kinds with curious limita-Jocular, facetious, and satirical verse was produced in as broad a form of the vernacular as the writer could attain, love poems also, when they professed to reproduce the lovers' spoken utterance, and in a less broad form. Very much in proportion as the subject was serious was the English tinge or element in vernacular verse conspicuously large, often even passing into English altogether Beattie, author of the Isinsticl, who

vas publishing his first poems about the middle of the century, did write admirable and pithy ver nacular verse on occasion, but said, not long before Burns's time. To vitte in the vulgar broad Scotch, and vet seriously, is now impossible, for more than balf a century it has by the Scots been considered a dialect of the vulgar.

About the time Beattic speaks of, Allan Ramsay was of another opinion. It was Ramsay who fixed the standard for the revived Scottish vernacular poetising, a stundard in rhyme and diction so closely followed by his successors, Fergusson and Burnsthough both I ergusson and Burns worded many of the traps into which honest Allan fell open eyed, and, with truer humour and better taste, recognised the limits within which the vernacular was available vithout becoming grotesque. Allan even wrote clegies in Scotch in which noble Scottish ladies are incongruously addressed by the pseudo classic names of Keitha and Southeska! And profitably to paraphrase Horace, the most courtly and elegant of Litin poets, in a dialect deliberately rejected by the educated and resigned to the special use of the day labourer and the mechanic, is about as feasible as it would be to reproduce Aschylus in Ur harnes's excellent Dorsetshire, or to render the gems of the Greek anthology in the actually spoken and pithy dialect of the Old Kent Road

Ramsay had acquired some credit as the laureate of a club, and as author of a few pithy occasional and saturical verses in the manner of Scripill, before he conceived the patriotic ambition of awalening interest in old Scottish poetry, and of continuing the production of it on a larger His loose and sadly vulgarised version of pirt of Christ's Kirl on the Green, as well as his editing of the Evergreen, shows how illequipped he was for undertaking this work from the historical and philological side. The dialogue of his Gentle Shipherd is about as far removed from the actual rough and ready speech of contemporary Scottish country folk as are the idyllic pictures of their amiable occupations from a representation of actual life on a Lowland farm And his songs remain to show how little sense he had for a pure style of Scotch, the sub stance of them being at times sound vernacular (occasionally with an archaic word or two), at times ordinary English, at times the characteristic, stilted, and formal English poetic diction of the eighteenth century, already artificial enough, but made still more unnatural by being done over into a 1 and of fancy Scotch Ramsay wrote some poems in English throughout, and sometimes evidently meant to write in his mixed, artificial jargon of broken English But for him and his successors, it was perhaps almost inevitable that the typical Scotch should be that which was most patriotically unlike English did not distinguish between the purer Scots of the landward folks and the debased dialect of the Edinburgh slums, often London slang transported to the north, and the lingo that would have reproduced aptly enough in verse the actual speech of the haunters of low town pothouses was transferred simpliciter to poems in which noble ladies and gentlemen were the inter The academy for regulating the revived Scottish tongue was not even the man in the street and the man on the moors, but the men and women who spoke the most uncouth and even debased form of the tongue corruptions, monstrosities, and barbarisms, ignorant mispronunciations and illiterate misspellings, were equally welcome-not indeed to Ramsay, but to many of his initators. 'The Carritches' for the Catechism is as typical Scotch as sparrer grass or sparrow grass is the typically English form of asparagus, 'pockmantie' is an extraordinarily debased form of portmanteau, 1 large proportion of modern Scotch words are simply the result of slurred and slovenly utterance -'Embro' for Edinburgh and 'scomfish' for discomfit are parallel to 'gemman' and 'nuffink' in London, 'dinna' and 'canna,' now universally accepted in place of the old Scots 'do nocht' and 'can nocht,' are precisely on the same philological level as the Cockney "e dunno for he don't know,' and 'Ou ay, a' ae oo' for 'Oh ay, all one wool,' instead of being a triumph of expressiveness, shows how a nervous, pithy organism like the Scottish tongue can be degraded to boneless pulp.

Nothing more convincingly shows that a lan gunge has fallen out of the race than when its characteristic words and sounds are spelt, even by those who use them, in terms of another language, The practice of with another phonetic system spelling Scots words with the modern English power of the vowels, long established and now carried much further, shows that Scots was no longer a rule to itself A Scotsman who knows Scots can pronounce house, cow, town, round, die, without having the English phonetic equiva lents-hoose, coo, toon, roond, dee-provided for him as in a 'pronouncing' dictionary, 'ccevil' and 'peety' are not Scotch words, but English spellings of the way an old-fishioned Scotsman pronounces civil and pity And 'tae dae' are not words at all, but attempts, and extremely in accurate attempts, to indicate to an eye trained to English spelling the value given in old Scots to the vowels in 'to do,' the old and only genuine Seafield's words, 'Now there's Scots spelling ane end of ane old song,' might have been said of the Scots tongue as a literary language The very form of his utterance for general use proves it, as does the fact that when it is quoted it is almost never cited as lie said it and as it was reported at the time, but translated into some such form as 'Noo there's an en' o' an auld sang' But that the song was not yet at an end in various and admirable shapes and uses, the extracts from the following authors show DP.

Dr Alexander Pennecuik (1652-1722), son of a surgeon in the Swedish and Covenanting armies, practised physic himself in Pecblesshire, and wrote divers pieces of indifferent verse, which he reprinted in his Historical Description of Tweeddale in 1715 The chief of them is an allegorical rhyme entitled Truth's Travels, composed in a modification of the vernacular, after this manner

When lirk was shaeld and preaching done, dismis ed And men and women buth went hum, Nie man called Truth to his disjoun, breakfast

Albeit he was of noble fame. There was not one that I ept a craime, But they had bacon, beef, and ale,

Yet no acquaintance Truth could claim To vish him worth a dish of kail

Length

stall

In his attempts in English verse Pennecuik was not content with imitation, but would sometimes plagarise an entire passage from Rochester or Ayton There was another Meanuder Penneenth. possibly a relative (died 1730), an Edinburgh citizen who wrote Streams from Helicon (1720) and Flowers from Parnassus (1726) in the Scotch nernacular, and described the coarser aspects of Edinburgh life in the fashion set by Allan Ramsay One of his effusions tells the story of 'half-hangit Maggie Dickson,' who escaped so strangely from the executioner's hands in 1724. It ind others of this most characteristic verses appear in a Collection of Scots Poems on Several Occasions, printed at Edinburgh in 1756

Alexander Robertson of Strowan (1668-1749), a Pertlishire laird and irreconcilable Jacobite, who was in almost every rebellion from 1689 to 1745, wrote some verses which were published at Edinburgh in 1751 in a volume that is one of the curiosities sought after by Scottish bibliophiles It is described not unfairly by Macaulay as 'a volume of poems always very stupid and often very profligate, which, lind it been manufac tured in Grub Street, 'would scarcely have been lionoured with a quarter of a line in the Durciad' As the recreations of a Highland chief however, produced in a Highland liut before Culloden (for Strownn, through confiscation and dissipation, was reduced to sordid poverty), the verses have a certain historic interest, although the only good lines in them are nothing but an impudent theft from Butler's Hudibras

William Hamilton of Gilbertfield (1665?-1751), son of a Fife laird, served is a lieutenant in the army, and after his retirement made the requaintance of Allan Ramsay, with whom he corre-ponded in some rhyming epistles, which seem to have given Burns an occasional hint lins a minor place among Ramsay's contemporaries in virtue of his Last dying II ords of Bonrie Heck a poem in the 'Habbie Simpson' stanza and sentiment on the death of a famous Fife grey hound, which appeared in Witson's Creia Cellection in 1706 More notable historically was his metrical modernisation of Blind Harry's 'Willace, dedicated to the 'High Puissant and most noble Prince James. Duke of Hamilton,' and published in 1722 The version, as will be seen from the following specimen, is no better than doggerel, but it won instant popularity among the Scottish persenter, and is memorable in a way as the book which give Burns his boyish reading and 'poured a Scottish prejudice' into his veins. It is significant of the progress of anglicisation that in this highly successful attempt to popularise an old Scottish classic amongst the Scottish people, the medium adopted vas modern English

The Battle of Stirling

The day of buttle does approach at length. The English thus advance with all their strength And fifty thousand march in battle rank I ull six to one, yet Wallace never shrank The rest they lay about the castle hill, Both field and eastle thought to have at will The worthy Scots together close did bide In the plain field upon the other side Hugh Kirkingham the vanguard on led he Cre singham With twenty thousand likely men to see The Larl of Warren thirty thousan I had If all were good the number was not bad Thus fifty thousand silly Southron sots Proudly march up against nine thousand Scots, When Kirkingham his twenty thousand men Had passed the bridge, quite to the other end, Some of the Scots, in earnest without scorn, Thought it high time to blow the warning horn, But Wallace be marched stoutly through the plain, Led on his men, their number did disdain The hards Scots with heavy strokes and sore Attack the twenty thousand that came o'er Wallace and Ramsay, Lundie, Boyd, and Graham With dreadful strokes made them retire, for shame !

William Hamilton of Bangour (1704-54) was born at his father's estate of Bangour in Linkthgowshire, and was bred a Whig at North Berwick by his stepfather, Lord President Dil rymple. He was the delight of the fashionable circles of his native country, and became early distinguished as a poet by his contributions to Ramsay's Tea-table Miscellus (1724-27) Rome, whither he had been sent for his health he is said to have been converted to Jicobitism by Prince Charlie himself and in 1745 he joined his standard, and became the 'volunteer laureate' of the Jacobites by celebrating the battle of Gladsmur After Culloden he succeeded in escaping to France, and in Dennistoun's Veneurs of Sir Robert Strange there are some interesting notes of his residence at Rouen But, through his friends and admirers at home, a pardoux is procured for him, and in 1750 he succeeded his clder brother in the paternal estate. He did not live Ion, to enjoy his good fortune. his health had always been delicate, and a pulmoran attack forced him to seek the surmer climite of the Continent. He productly declined, and died as

Lyons In 1748 some person unknown to him (seemingly Adam Smith) collected and published his poems in Glasgov, but the first genuine and correct copy did not appear till 1760, after Hamilton's death, when a collection was made from his on minuscripis. A notable feature in his English verse is his ornate diction, and there he usually shows more fancy than feeling

In everlasting blushes seen,
Such I ringle shines of sprightly mien,
To her the power of love imparts,
I ich gift! the soft successful arts,
That best the lover's fire provole,
The hely step, the mirthful jole,
The spealing glance, the amorous vale,
The sportful laugh, the winning smile
Her soul awakening every grace,
Is all abroad upon her face,
In bloom of vouth still to survive,
All charms are there, and all alive.

Others of his amatory verses are full of conceits and chargerated expression, without a trace of real passion. He wrote a didactic poem, 'Contemplation,' and, in blink verse, a national one on the Illistic, and the order of larighthood named from it

How oft beneath
Its martial influence have Scotia's sons,
Through every age, with dauntless valour fought
On every hostile ground! While o'er their breast,
Companion to the silver star, blest type
Of fame, unsulhed and superior deed,
Dis inguished ornament! this native plant
Surrounds the sainted cross, with costly row
Of gems emblazed, and flame of radiant gold,
A sacred mark, their glory and their pride!

His billed of 'The Braes of Yarrow' is his masterpiece, and in virtue of it he ranks high amongst the revicers of vernacular poetry. Suggested, it may be, by the old ballad of 'The Dowie Dens of Yarrow' (printed by Scott in the Border Minstrelsy), it has real nature, tenderness, and pastoral simplicity, and it struct the Leynote of Wordsworth's 'Three Yarrows'

# The Braes of Yarrow

A Pullye, bushive, my bonnie, bonnie bride, Bullye, bushive, my winsome marrow! It kive, bullye, my bonnie, bonnie bride, and think nice mair on the Bracs of Varrow

B. Where gat ye that bonnie, bonnie bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?
A. I gat here here I darena well be seen,
Paling the birks on the Braes of Yarrow

Weep not, weep no my bonnie, bonnie bride,
We progress teep not, my win-ome marror!
You't the heart lam nt to live
Puting the bit's on the Braes of Varrow

H. Why does, he meep, the bonnie, bonn e bride?

Why do ish exp, then insome marrow?

In Inh doe you me main not be seen,

I ung the brids on the Braes of Narrom?

A Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Pu ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow

For she has tint her luver, luver dear,
Her luver dear, the cause of sorrow,
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow

Why runs the stream, O Yarrow, I arrow, red?
Why on thy braces heard the voice of sorrow?
And why con melancholeous weids
Hung on the bonnie birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude? What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrov! 'Tis he, the comely swain I slew Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears, His wounds in tears with dule and sorrov, And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds, And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad, Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow, And weep around in waeful wise,
His helpless fate on the Braes of Yarrov

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, nseless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow

His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow Did I not warn thee not to lu'e, And warn from fight? but to my sorrow,

O'er rashly bald a stronger arm
Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the gress, I ellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frac the rock,

e xin

Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan

Flor s Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as so eet flows Tweed, As green its grass, its gownn as yellow, As sweet smells on its bracs the birk, The apple frac the rock as mellor

Fair was thy luve, fair, fair indeed the luve, In howery bands thou him didst fetter, Though he was fair and weil believed again, Than me he never lu'ed thee better

Bush ye, then bush, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
Bush ye, bush ye, my winsome marrow,
Bush ye, and lu'e me on the banks of I weed,
And think my mair on the Brites of Narrow

And think not mair on the Braes of Yarrow C. How can I busk a bonnie, bonnie bride, How can I busk a vensome marrow, How life him on the banks of Tweed, That slew my luve on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarron fields! may never, never rain
Nor dev thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my luve,
My luve, as he had not been a luver

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 't as my ain sawing
Ah' vretched me' I little little len'd
He was in these to meet his ruin

2.5

The boy took out his milk white, milk white steed,
Unlikedful of my dule and sorrow,
But ere the to fall of the night,
He lay a corpse on the Bries of Yatroy

Much I rejoiced that waeful, v aeful day,
I sang, my voice the v oods returning.
But lang ere night, the spear was flown
That slev my luve, and left me mourning

What can my barburous, burbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My luver's blood is on thy sprar,
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud With cruel and ungentle scoffin, May bid me seek on Varrow Braes
My luver nailed in his coffin

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And strike with threatening words to muve me,
My luver's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me luve thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luve, With bridal sheets my body cover, Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door, Let in the expected husband luver

But who the expected husband, husband is?
His hands, methinds, are bothed in slaughter.
Ali me I what ghastly spectre's you,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he 13, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pilloy,
Tal c aff, take aff these bridal v cids,
And crown my careful head with willow

Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beluved,
O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Le'd he all night between my breists,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale, indeed, O lively lively youth,
I orgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And he all night between my breats,
No youth shall ever he there after

I Return return, O mournful mournful bride, Return and dry thy useless sorrow Thy layer heeds nought of thy sighs He lies a corp e on the Brie of Yarrow

Hamilton's poems and songs (168 pages) were collected and ed/Lile by James 1 sterson in 1810

Lady Grizel Baillie (1665-1746), author of the song, 'Were no my Heart light 1 wad die,' which appeared in the Orfne is Caledonis about 1725, and was copied by Allan Ramsay into his Teata'le Viscellary, was the daughter of Sir Patricl Hume for Home', created Earl of Marchmont was born at Redbrues Castle, 25th December 1665, was married to George Bulke of Jeruswood in 1692 and died in London December 6, 1746. The eldes daughter of Lady Girel (or Grisell' Lady Murray of Stanhope wrote a singularly interesting and affecting Memoir of her parents which con aims

the story of Grizel Hume's devo ion to her fisher while he was in trouble (1684) for his opposition to the tyranny exercised by the Government of Charles II against the Covenanting Presbyterians Ultimately Sir Patrick escaped, disguised as a surgeon, by way of London and I rance to Holland. where, after he had tal en part in Argyll's disistrous expedition in 1685, he was joined by his wife and Their estate was forfeited, and they remained three years and a half in Holland, but on the abdication of James II and the accession of the Prince of Orange to the throne of England, the exiles were restored to their country and their patrimony, and Hume was made a peer The faithful Grizel was married to her early love. George Baillie of Jerviswood, son of the martyred patriot, of whom she put on record of husbands, and delight of my life for forty eight verrs, without one for betweet us? I rom her youth she virote verses, of the one here quoted Tytler says 'Its sudden inspiration has fused into one perfect line the protest of thousands of stricken hearts in every generation?

# Were na my Heart light.

There was once a May, and she lo'ed no men
She bigged her bonny bower down in you glen.
But now she crys dool and well a day!
Come down the green gate, and come here away

When bonns young Johns cam o er the sea,
He said he saw maething sae lovely as me,
He height me buth rings and mons bruw things promi d
And werena my heart light I wad die would

He had a wee titty that lo'ed na me,
Because I was twice as bonny as she
She rais d such a pother 'twist him and his mother,
That werena my heart light I wad die

The day it was set, and the bridal to be
The wife tool a dwam, and lay down to die
She main d an I she grain'd out of dolour and pain, mained—
greaned
Till he vow d he never wad see me again

His kin was for ane of a higher degree Sald, what had he to do with the like of me? Albeit I was bonny, I wasna for Johny And werena my heart light I wad die.

They said I had neither cow nor calf Nor dribles o drink rins through the draff Nor pickles o' meal rins through the mill eye, And werena my heart light I wad die

His titty she was both wybe and sle, She spy dime as I cam over the lie. And then she cam in and rially a lord din, Ischese your am can an ve trou name.

His bonnet seed are four and on his tre.
His and I are looked type as well as some sine will now be lets 't wear ony after a will him, was all.
And casts himself lowic i poin be combined.

And not be green proposed in the color with a half a le down do not brind the trace with the language of the teacher has the language of the teacher has the language of the l

Were I young for thee as I had been We shou'd had been galloping down on you green, And hinking out o'er you hily white lee, And wow gin I were but young for thee!

The eighth stanza and the concluding one, somewhat altered were applied by Burns to him.elf in his latter days. Throughout light is to be pronounced as light, die as die, eje as ee, do as do in German But some of the words are manifestly not Scotch at all, such as 'pothe The ballad, as usually given, is respelt in modern Scotch

Lady Elizabeth Wardlaw (1677–1727), second daughter of Sir Charles Halkett of Pitfirane, married in 1696 Sir Henry Wardlaw of Her pseudo-archaic Pitreavie near Dunfermline ballad, Hardyknute (1719), had been expanded and reprinted as by Allan Ramsay in the Evergreen, when Percy in the second edition of his Reliques (1767) revealed what has been generally accepted To her also Dr Robert as the real authorship Chambers in 1859 ascribed 'Sir Patrick Spens,' 'The Douglas Tragedy,' and many more of the best Scottish ballids-a paradox endorsed in Professor Masson's Edinburgh Sketches It is of course possible to hold that she wrote Hardyknute and edited and altered 'Sir Patrick Spens' Hardyknule, said to have been found in an old vaulted chamber in Dunfermline, was received everywhere in Scotland with the utmost favour as a fine martial and pathetic ballad, though irreconcilable, as Scott acknowledged, with all chronology, 'a chief with a Norwegian name is strangely introduced as the first of the nobles brought to resist a Norse invasion at the battle of Largs' 'Britons' for Englishmen is also unhistorical, the effects sought are many of them visibly imitative, and the language throughout is obviously the English of one accustomed to speak and write English, with Scotch words-and sup posed but not real old Scotch words-and spellings and pronunciations more or less freely interspersed No doubt Hardyknute had its part in the 'Scottish revival' of which Ramsay was the chief representa-The ballad extends to forty two stanzas

Stately stept he east the wa',
And stately stept he west,
Full seventy years he now had seen,
With scarce seven years of rest
He hved when Britons' breach of faith
Wrought Scotland mickle wae,
And aye his sword tauld to their cost,
He was their deadly fae

High on a hill his castle stood,
With ha's and towers a height,
And goodly chambers fair to see,
Where he lodged mony a knight
His dame sae peerless ance and fair,
For chaste and beauty deemed,
Nac marrow had in all the land,
Save Eleanor the Queen

The king of Norse in summer tide,
Puffed up with power and might,
Landed in fair Scotland the isle
With mony a hardy knight

The tidings to our good Seots king Came, as he sat at dine, With noble chiefs in brave array, Drinking the bluid red wine

'To horse, to horse, my royal hege,
Your free stand on the strand,
Full twenty thousand glittering spears
The king of Norse commands.'
'Bring me my steed, Madge dapple gray,'
Our good king rose and eried,
'A trustice beast in a' the land,

A Scots king never tried

Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on hill sae hie,
To draw his sword, the dread of faes,
And haste and follow me.'
The little page flew swift as dart
Flung by his master's arm

Flung by his master's arm 'Come down, come down, Lord Hardyknute, And rid your king frae harm'

Then red, red grew his dark brown cheeks,
Sic did his dark brown brow,
His looks grew keen, as they were wont
In dangers great to do,
He's ta'en a horn as green as gliss,
And gi'en five sounds sae shrill,
That trees in greenwood shook thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill

# Allan Ramsay

was the son of a mine manager at Leadhills, Lanarkshire, who traced descent to the Ramsays of Dalhousie, whence the poet's address to 'Dal housie of an auld descent, whom he apostrophised as 'My chief, my stoup, my ornament, His mother was the daughter of an Englishman settled in Scot land, and through her he claimed affinity with the Twelve months after his birth-Douglas family 15th October 1686—his father died, and his mother presently married a 'bonnet laird' named Crichton, who gave the lad as good an education as was to be had at the parish school, embracing a slight acquaintance with Latin, but his early reading In 1701, his mother is matter of conjecture only having died in the previous year, Ramsay was apprenticed to an Edinburgh wig-maker (not a barber), and, having served a seven years' appren iceship, he was, in the Union year, made free of his craft, and started business on his own account. At whatever period he acquired a taste for letters, it was plainly now that he set himself to a serious study of the vernacular Scottish poets, and aspired Hamilton of Gilbert to become one of them field's Dying Words of Bonnie Heck in particular, according to his own story, 'warm'd his breast' and caused emulation to 'pierce' him in 1712, having married Christian Ross, the daughter of an Edinburgh lawyer, he sought admission to the select society of the Easy Club, a convivial association of Jacobites, he was able to second his father-in-law's nomination with a versified address, and so conquered the suffrages of Ruddiman the grammarian, and Dr Pitcairn, the 'Scottish Voltaire' The club printed and published the address, and appointed Ramsay their poet-laureate. He was now launched in versifying An Elegi on Maggy Johnston (a disreputable female) took the fancy of the club, which published much if not all that he wrote for its delectation-The Qualifications of a Gentleman, The Great Eclipse of the Sun, and broadly humorous Elegies on John Cowper, the Kirk Treasurer's Man, and Lucky Wood, an alewife. The town began to look for the broadsides on which his successive productions were printed, and when in 1716 he essayed a continuation of the royal canto, Christ's Kirk on the Green. to which he added a third canto in 1718, he was acknowledged the Scottish poet of the day 1719, when he gave up wig-making and turned bookseller, we find Hamilton of Gilbertfield addressing him as

O fam'd and celebrated Allan!
Renowned Ramsay! Canty Callan! Joyous fellow
There's nowther Highland man nor Lawlan,
In poetrie,

But may as soon ding down Tantallan, knock
As match wi' thee.

In 1720 he published a collection of his pieces in a quarto volume, which included some English poems that were considered by his admirers as good as the best produced in the England of Pope, Steele, Arbuthnot, and Gay Pope's time were subscribers, and Arbuthnot, Philips, Tickell, and others flattered him to the top of his bentand his appetite for praise was egregious shop became the rendezvous of the literary and the fashionable in Edinburgh, whose patronage he retained by a steady production of verse-Fables and Tales and The Three Bonnets (1722). The Fair Assembly, a satire on the Puritan objection to dancing (1723), Health, containing portraits of contemporary debauchees (1724) In 1724 he commenced the publication of the Tea-table Miscellany a Collection of Scots Songs, in which 'new words' were wedded to 'known good tunes' mainly by himself, but partly by Hamilton, Mallet, This was followed by The Evergreen being ane Collection of Scots Poems, wrote by the Ingenious before 1600' The Miscellany was excellent work of its kind The Evergreen is a monument of editorial stupidity Ramsay had access to the Bannatyne MSS, but what he took from them he cut and carved and modernised according to his own taste, he passed off some of his own work as old Scots by the device of pseudo archaic spelling Finally, in 1725, he published The Gentle Shepherd, a dramatic pastoral, which his contemporaries esteemed not only his greatest work but a masterpiece of literature, poets and critics sang an unbroken chorus in its praise It was by way of a realistic picture of Scottish rural life as it was-in reality as false as much of the Kull yard literature of to-day—and had an enormous success Thenceforward the poet rested

on his oars, adding nothing to his output during the rest of his life but a masque, a pastoral epitlialamium, a volume of fables, and an epistle to the Lords of Session. He was a prosperous man of business, and whether or not he was conscious that he had nothing more to say to his contemporaries. he was content to go on publishing, bookselling, managing a circulating library, and enjoying the society of his numerous friends He sustained serious losses in 1736 through building a theatre, which the dominant class-half-bigoted, but perhaps three parts rightly loath to allow the Restoration dramas, which were the vogue, to pollute the Edinburgh youth—did not allow him to open. his circulating library had barely escaped the Presbyterian Inquisition All his influence with



ALLAN RAMSAY
From an Engraving after the Portrait by W. Aikman.

the leading men of the day in Edinburgh could not save his theatre, and he had to wait other ten years for the popular sanction of a legal quirk through which a playhouse, thanks largely to his efforts, was erected and opened in the Canongate. Ramsay's shops were successively in the Grassmarket, the High Street, and the Luckenbooths He built a house for himself on the Castlehill in 1742, to a design by his son Allan the painter, and there spent the evening of his days. He died 7th January 1758

The 'science of heredity' being as yet in its infancy, it would be rash to speculate much or confidently as to the influence that the fact that Allan Ramsay had English blood in his veins may have had on his destiny as a man or his career as a poet. Yet there is nothing unreasonable in the supposition that this circumstance had a chastening effect upon the Scottish perfervidity which he inherited from his father, and may even

liave qualified him for the position of 'leader of the Scottish poetical revival of the eighteenth century' by helping him to write Scottish verse that was popular in England, as well as English verse that, frankly imitative though it was of southern models, was not boycotted for 'patriotic' reasons in Scotland Ramsay was at his best when, through poetry, he preached the gospel of his own nature of the

Black a vie'd, snod, dapper fallow,
Nor lean nor overlaid with tallow—

dark-com
plexioned—neat

he was not ashamed to describe himself nature, as set forth by himself, is less suggestive of typical Scottish 'canniness,' which is the shrewdness not of temperament but of calculation, than of English good temper, free from religious or moral austerity, not averse from the pleasure afforded by the 'tappit hen' for the sound practical reason that 'good claret best keeps out the cauld,' but distinctly averse from excess. At all events the 'canty callan,' the moderate convivialist of the Easy Club, the worldly bookseller who carried the courtly deference of the wig-maker into his poetic 'tributes to reigning beauties,' was eminently fitted to do justice to a period of literary transition, to recall Dunbar and Henryson, and prepare the way for Fergusson and Burns Although in almost everything he wrote he appealed, like the dedication of his Tea table Miscellany,

To ilka lovely British lass,
True ladies Charlotte, Anne, and Jean,
Doun to ilk bony singing Bess
Wha dances barefoot on the green—

and although in his Gentle Shipherd he undoubtedly realised his comprehensive ambition, Ramsay desired primarily to please the well to do society of the Scottish capital, which was bent above all things on rivalling London, which re garded the 'rustic life' much as a later generation regarded the 'Kail yard,' and which wished to see expressed in not too strenuous verse its own epicurean rather than rationalistic rebellion against 'the Kirk' Ramsay made an admirable laureate for such a society He could hold his own with all but the greatest of his English contemporaries He could be sufficiently realistic when reproducing 'local' life, as in his Elegies on Maggy Johnston and Lucky Wood, he could even fall to the realism of the squalid picturesque, as in some portions of the Gentle Shepherd and in the cantos he added to Christ's Kirk While he advocated the pagan naturalism of 'puin' the gowan in its prime,' he did not carry his representation of passion to excess To the ecstasies of 'the cannie hour at e'en' he preferred the

Dinna pu' me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms for good and a'—
of the far-seeing Peggie, who calculates that
Bairns and their bairns make sure a firmer tie
Than aught in love the like of us can spy
Ramsay had the limitations of the successful poet

of a transition period He was superficial, mistool vulgarity for humour, and could on occasions be commonplace in an appalling degree, not without reason has the charge of 'buffoonery' been preferred against him. In spite of 'The Lass of Patie's Mill,' 'Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,' and 'Fare well to Lochaber'—if indeed he wrote the last—he can be allowed a place only among the minor lyrists of Scotland. There is nothing classical or 'inevitable' in Ramsay, yet the fidelity to truth of three-fourths of the Gentle Shepherd, and the prudent and genuinely 'national' Horatianism of

Be sure ye dinna quat the grip
Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a rung—

double over

have secured him a permanent place in Scottish poetry and the literature of Scottish sociology

#### From 'The Gentle Shepherd.'

Beneath the south side of a eraigy bield, rocky shelter Where crystal springs the halesome waters yield, Twa youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay, daines Tenting their flocks ac bonny morn of May Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring, But blither Patie likes to laugh and sing cheefuler

#### SANG I

Tu: E-' The want ing of the faulds. Patte My Peggy is a young thing, Just enter'd in her teens, Fair as the day, and sweet as May, Fur as the day, and always gay My Peggy is a young thing, And I'm not very auld, Yet well I like to meet her at The wanking of the fauld My Peggy smiles sae sweetly, Whene'er we meet alane, I wish nae mair to lay my care, I wish mae mair of a' that's rare. My Peggy speaks sre sweetly, To a the lave I'm cauld, But she gars a' my spirits glow

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tald,
With innocence, the wale of sense,
At wauking of the fauld
(Act 1. scene 1)

rest

#### PROLOGUE TO SCENE II

At wauking of the fauld

A flowrie howm between two verdant bracs, Where lasses use to wash and spread their cluths, A trotting burnie wimpling through the ground, Its channel peebles, shining smooth and round, pebbles Here view two barefoot beauties clean and clear,

First please your eye, then gratify your ear, While Jenny what she wishes discommends, And Meg with better sense true love defends

Jenny Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green, The shining day will blench our linen clean, The water's clear, the lift unclouded blew, Sky-blue Will make them like a lily wet with dew

118

make

\* 1V

Piggr Gae farer up the burn to Haldne's How, Hollow Where a' that s sweet in spring and simmer grow, Between twa birl's out o'er a little lin waterfall. The water fa's, and males a singance din singing A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass, kisses with easy whirles the bordering grass. We'll end our washing while the morning's cool, And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool, There v ash our sells—'tis healthfou now in May, And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day fresh

(Act a scene 2)

#### SINC 1

Tu E- Winter was cauld and my cleathing was thin

Pegg: When first my dear laddie gade to the green hill, And I at ew mill ing first trev'd my young skill, tried To bear the milk bo vie no pair vas to me, vessel When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee. folding

Patte When corn nggs wav'd yellow, and blew hether

Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells, harnt
Nae birns, brier, or breckens, give trouble to me, healh
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee

Peggy When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane, And came off the victor, my heart was my fain. Thy ilkn sport manly gave pleasure to me, For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

(Act in scene 4)

Si mon Whene'er he drives our sheep to I diuburgh port, He buys some books of lustory, sangs or sport Nor does he want of them a routh at will. realth And carries ay a pouchfu' to the hill About ane Shakespear and a famous Ben, He aften speaks, and cas them best of men How sweetly Hawthornden and Stirling sing, And ane can'd Cowley, loyal to his king, He kens fou weel, and gars their verses ring males I sometimes thought, that he made o er great frase fuss About fine poems, histories and plays. When I reproved him anes-a book he brings, With this, quoth lie, on braces I crick with lings. (Act us. scene 4)

#### Auld Lang Syne

Should add acquintance be forgot,
They return with scars?
These are the noblest here's lot
Obtain d in glorious wars.
Welcome, my Varo, to my breast,
Thy arms about me twine,
And male me once again as blest
As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each bough
A thousand cupids play
Whilst thro' the groves I walk with you,
Lach object makes me gry
Since your return the sun and moon
With brighter beams do shine,
Streams murmur soft notes y hile they run
As they did lang syne

#### Bessy Bell and Mary Gray

O Pessy Pell and Mary Gray!

The are two bonny layes,
They bigged a hower on you by in brace step.

And theek'd it o'er yoth rashes

Fur Bessy Bell I lood yettreen,
And thought I ne'er could alter,
But Mary Grav's twa pawky een
They gar my fancy falter

And Mary's locks are like the craw,
Her cen like diamonds glances,
She's avesac clean red up and braw,
She kills v hencer she dances
Blyth as a kid, v ith wit at vall,
She blooming, tight and tall is,
And guides her airs sar gracefu' still,
O love' She's hie thy Pallas

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray!
Ye auco sair oppress us, very sorely
Our fancies jee between you twae,
Ye are sic bonny lisses
Wae's me! I or brith I canna get,
To ane by law we're stented,
Then I'll diaw cuts, and take my fate,
And be with the contented.

#### An Ode to Ph-

Look up to Pentland's tow'ring tap,
Buried beneath great wreaths of snaw,
O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scar, and slap,
As high as ony Koman wa'

Driving their baws frae whins or tee,

There's no nae gowlers to be seen,

Nor douffer fowk wising a jee quietr—guiding away.

The byast bouls on Tamson's green bias ed bowls

Then fling on coals, and ripe the ribs,
And beck the house bath but and Len,
That mutchkin stoup it hads but dribs,
Then let's get in the tappit hen.

Then let's get in the tappit hen.

Good claret best I cops out the cauld,
And drives away the winter soon
It makes a man buth gash and baild,
And heaves his saul beyond the moon

Be sure ye dinna quat the grip

Of ilka joy when ye are young

Before auld age your vitals mp,

And lay ye twafald o er a rung

double over a \* aff

#### Fablo III.

A Rnm, the father of a flock, Wha's mony winters stood the shock Of northern winds and driving snaw, Leading his family in a raw Through wreaths that clad the lugher field, and drave them free the lowner bield, in re wind me To crop contented frozen fare. With honests on hills blown bare. This Kam of upright bordy spirit, Was really a horn d head of ment Unlike him was a neighb'ring Goat, A mem stul d, cherting, thicking sot, That the 10 cet of rock the prime, Crown d with fresh herl and so oth of theme wes h Yet, shore to palering, his deligh Was to break gardens ilka might. Citty

Upon a borrowing day when sleet sheep of cer Made twinters and hog wedders bleet, tum ages And gurke with cauld behind a rucl nel <nealing Mct honest Toop and snaling Buel, Frae chin to tail clad with thick hair, He bad defiance to thin air, But trusty Toop his fleece had riven, burnt heath When he among the birns was driven stalks Half naked the brave leader stood, He lool'd compos'd unmov'd his mood When thus the Goat, that had tint a' lost His credit bath with great and sma', Shunn'd by them as a pest, wad fain New friendship with this worthy grin Ram, sav, shall I give you a part Of mine? I ll do t with all my heart, 'Is yet a lang cauld month to Beltan, rd May And we were very ranged kelt on, cont Accept, I pray, what I can spare, To clout your doublet with my hair No, says the Ram, tho my coat's torn, Yet ken, thou worthless that I scorn To be oblig'd at any price To sie as you, whose friendship's vice, I'd have less favour frac the best, Clad in a hatchi's hairy vest Beston d by thee, than as I non Stand but ill drest in native woo Boons frac the generous male ane smile, Frae miscr'ants make receivers vile

#### Christ's Kirk on the Green

But there had been mur blood and skuth,
Sair harship and great spulie, sore harrying—spoil
And mony a ane had gotten his death,
By this unsonsie tooly unliappy fight
But that the bauld goodwife of Bruth
Arm'd wi'a great kail gully,
Came bellvflaught, and loot an aith,
She'd gar them a' be hooly
Fou fast that day

Blyth to win aff sae wi' liale banes,
Tho' mony lind clowr'd pows,
And draggi'd sae 'mang much and stanes,
They look'd like wirrykows

Quoth some, who 'maist had tint their ayaids, lost—breath
'Let's see how a' bowls rows
And quat their brulziement at anes,
Yon gully is nae mows,
Forsooth this day'

The manly miller, haff and haff,
Came out to shaw good will,
Flang by his mittens and his staff,
Cry'd 'Gie me Paty's Mill,'
He lap bawk hight, and cry'd 'Had aff,' rafter high—Hold
They rees'd him that had skill, chaffed
'He wad do't better,' quoth a cawff,
'Had he another gill
Of usquebay'

On whomelt tubs lay twa lang dails, overturned—deals
On them stood mony a goan, wooden dish
Some fill'd wi' brochan, some wi' kail, porridge—colewort
And milk het frae the loan milking place

Of drantiths they had rowth and wale
Of which they were right fon,
But nacthing wad give down but ale
Wi' drunken Donald Don,
The smith, that day
(From Car.o.i.)

Now free the east nook of Fife the dawn

Specied westlines up the lift, Climbed—westward
Carles wha heard the cock had crawn,

Begond to rax and rift, Began—stretch—tetch
And greedy wives we girning thrawn, cross with whining

Cry delasses up to thrift,

Dogs barked, and the lads frae hand

Bang'd to their breeks like drift

Hew to—breeches

Be break of day Βv But some who had been fou vestreen, p ecen or Sic as the letter gae, Air up had nae will to be seen Farly Grudgin their groat to pay But what aft fristed's no forgeen trus ed When foul has nought to say, Lath Yet sweer were they to rake their een, Sie dizzy heads had they, And het that day Auld Bessie in her red cont braw

Came wither ain on Nanny grandlid
An old like wife, they said that saw,
A monpin, rinilled granny, mumbing—winkled
She fley'd the 1 immers and a', frightened—go-sips
Word gae d she was na lanny,
Nor wad they let Lucky awa,

or wan they let Lucky awa,
I'll she was fou wi' branny,
Like mony mae.

(From Carts ut )

A complete edition of Ramsay's poems, with a Inograph) by George Chaimers was published in 1800, and has been often reprinted. A selection by Mr Logic Robertson was issued in 15. The Teo table Miscelling and the Evergreen have been reprinted more than once. There is a short biography of Ramsay by Mr Oliphant Smeaton (1896) and an admirable essay in Preferen Masson's Edinburgh Sketches (1892).

# WILLIAM WALLACE

William Weston (1688-1745), who aspired to write the Scottish Hudibras, was the son of an Aberdeenshire blacksmith, and, after an education at Marischal College, became one of the regents there through the influence of the noble family of Following his patrons, however, in the rebellion of 1715, he lost his office, and had to go for a while into hiding, and during the rest of his life he carned a precarious subsistence as schoolmaster and tutor in various places in the north of Scotland, under the protection of several Jacobite families His Knight of the Kirk (1723) shows a close and even servile imitation of the plot and metre of Butler Sir John Presbyter takes the place of the English Puritan knight, and that of Ralph is filled by a squire who evidently repre The poem had sents the Wild Westland Whigs a certain vogue among Scottish Jacobites, and it would seem that about five or six editions of it appeared within forty years But it shows no trace of original genius, and the almost entire lack of action in its pages makes it very tedious reading

even in its fragmentary state. Meston's collected verses, which vere printed at Edinburgh in 1767. and reprinted at Aberdeen in 1802, include also a series of short stories in verse entitled Mother Grim's Tales

Robert Crawford (c 1695-1733), author of 'Tweedside' and 'The Bush aboon Traquair,' was the son of an Edinburgh merchant. He assisted Allan Ramsay in his Tea-table Miscellany, and, according to information obtained by Burns, was drowned in coming from France in May 1733. His two lyrics, admired by Burns and Allan Cunningham, now strike one as oddly conventional, though there is only one word of unmis takable Scotch in the two songs, we place him here with the vernacular and local poets

#### The Bush aboon Traquair

Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain, I'll tell how Peggy grieves me. Though thus I languish and complain, Alas 1 she ne'er believes me My vows and sighs, like silent air, Unheeded, never move her. At the bonny Bush aboon Traquair, Twas there I first did love her

That day she smiled and made me glad, No maid seemed ever kinder, I thought myself the luckiest lad, So sweetly there to find her, I tried to soothe my amorous flame, In words that I thought tender. If more there passed, I'm not to blame-I meant not to offend her

Yet now she scornful flees the plain, The fields we then frequented, If e'er we meet she shews disdain, She looks as ne er acquainted The bonny bush bloomed fair in May, Its sweets I'll ave remember. But now her frowns make it decay-It fades as in December

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains, Why thus should Peggs grieve me? O make her partner in my pains, Then let lier smiles relieve me If not, my love will turn despair, My passion no more tender, I'll leave the Bush aboon Tragnair-To lonely wilds I'll wander

#### Tweedside

What beauties does Flora disclose ! How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed! Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those, Both nature and fancy exceed No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose, Not all the gay flowers of the field, Not Tweed, gliding gently through those, Such beauty and pleasure does yield

The warblers are heard in the grove, The linnet, the lark, and the thrush, The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove. With musick enchant every hush Come, let us go forth to the mead. Let us see how the primroses spring. We'll lodge in some village on Tweed, And love while the feathered foll sing

How does my love pass the long day? Does Mary not tend a few sheep? Do they never carelessly stray While happily she lyes asleep? Should Tweed's murmurs Inll her to rest. Kind nature mdulging my bliss. To ease the soft pains of my breast, I'd steal on ambrosial kiss

'Tis she does the virgins excel, No beauty with her niny compare, Love's graces around her do dwell. She's fairest where thousands are fair Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray? Oh, tell me at morn where they feed? Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay? Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

Alexander Ross (1699-1784), from 1732 schoolmaster at Lochlee in Forfarshire, when nearly seventy years of age, in 1768, published at Aberdeen, by the advice of Dr Beattie, a volume entitled Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess, a Pastoral Tale n the Scottish Dialect, to which are added a few Songs by the Author Some of his songs-as 'Woo'd, and Married, and a',' 'The Rock and the Wee Pickle Tow'-are still popular in Scotland Being chiefly written in the Buchan dialect-which differs in words and in pronunciation from the west-country Scotch of Burns-Ross's pastoral is little known even in Scotland Beattie took a warm interest in the 'goodhumoured, social, happy old man'-who was independent on £20 a year—and to promote the sale of his volume, he addressed a letter and a poetical epistle in praise of it in Aberdeenshire Scotch to the Aberdeen Journal

#### Woo'd, and Married, and a'

wiped

jade

The bride cam out o' the byre, And, oli, as slie dighted her checks 'Sirs, I'm to be married the night, And have neither blankets nor sheets, Have neither blankets nor sheets, Nor scarce a coverlet too, The bride that has a' thing to borrow, Has e'en right mnekle ado ' Woo'd, and married, and a'. Married, and woo'd, and a'! And was she nae very weel off, That was woo'd, and married, and a'?

Out spake the bride's father. As he cam in frae the pleugh 'Oh, hand your tongue, my dochter, And ye 'se get gear eneugh, The stirk stands i' the tether, And our braw bawsint yaud, mare with a white forehead Will carry ye hame your corn-What wad ye be at, ye jand?'

Out spale the bride's mither
'What deal needs a' this pride?
I had noe a plach in my pouch copper—poolet
That night I was a bride,
My gown was linsey woolsey,
And no er a sark ava,
And ye had ribbons and bushins,
Mae than and or twa.'

Out spake the bride's brither,
As he cam in vi the kye
'Poor Willie wad no or line ta'en ye,
Had he hent we as weel as I,
For ye're brith proud and saucy,
And no for a poor man's wife,
Gin I canna get a better,
I so no or tak and i my life'

Out spake the bride's sister,
As she cam in free the byre
'O gin I were but married,
It's a' that I desire,
But we poor folk mann hive single,
And do the best that we can,
I dinna care what I should want,
If I could get but a man'

John Skinner (1721-1807), by his 'Tullochgorum' and other songs, helped to inspire Burns, and in his life as in his versus sought to further kindliness and good will among men Birse in Aberdeenshire, the son of a Presbyterian schoolmaster, he was educated at Marischal College, Aberdeen, and, turning Episcopalian, from 1742 officiated as Episcopal minister of Longside near Peterhead. After the troubled period of the rebellion of 1745, when the Episcopal clergy of Scotland laboured under the charge of disaffection, Skinner was in 1753 imprisoned six months for preaching to more than four persons! He was a faithful pastor and a diligent student, setting little store by his verse writing gifts All his life he had a hard struggle with poverty, in venerable age he died in the house of his son, the Bishop of Aberdeen, having realised his wish of 'seeing once more his children's grandchildren, and peace upon Israel? His son edited the theological works (with Life, 3 vols 1809), the Ecclisiastical History of Scotland (2 vols 1788) begins with the conversion of Scotland, and is an authority for the history of the 'suffering and Episcopal remnant' There is also a most interesting life of him by Walker (1883) Skinner wrote a poem on football in imitation of Chrystis Kirk, which latter he did into Latin. He wrote Latin versions of some of the psalms, and several Latin poems, humorous and other 'The Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn' combines playful humour and tenderness, Burns's 'Death and Dying Words of Poor Mailie' has much in common with it Burns said (too complimentarily, writing to Skinner himself) "Tullochgorum" was the best Scotch song ever Scotland In Skinner's day 'Tullochgorum' was no song, but the name of a Highland reel tune, called after a holding of the Grants on Speyside.

#### Tullochgorum,

Come gic's a sing, Montgomery ened, And has your disputer all aside.
What signifies t for folks to chide.
I or what's been done before them?
I et Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Let Whig and Tory all agree.
To drop their Whigmegmorum
Let Whig and Tory all agree.
To spend this night with mirth and glee,
And cheerful sing along wi' me.
The reel of Tullochgorum

O, Tullochgorum s my delight,
It gars us a in one unite;
And one samph that I cops up spite,
In conscience I abbor him
Blithe and inerry we's be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we's be a',
And mak a cheerfu' quorum
Blithe and merry we's be a',
As lang as we has breath to draw,
And dance till we be hile to fa',
The reel of Inllochgorum

There need not be say great a fraise
Wi dringing dull Italian lays,
I widning no our ain strathspeys
I or half a hunder score o 'em
They be down and down at the best, salarder fly
Down and downe, down and downe,
They be now found down at the best,
Wi'a' their variorum
They be down and down at the best,
Their allegros, and a the rest,
They cannot please a Scottish taste,
Compared wi' Tullochgorum

May choicest blessings at attend
Lach honest hearted, open friend,
And calm and quiet be his end
And a that is good watch o er him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
May peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties, a great store o em!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstained by any vicious spot,
And may he never want a groat,
That is fond of Tullochgorum

But for the discontented fool,
Who wants to be oppression a tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him '
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And name say, Wae's me for im!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frue France,
Whae'er he be that winna dance
The real of Tullochgorum!

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# THE REIGNS OF THE GERMAN-BORN GEORGES



HE accession of the Hanoverian dynasty made no very serious break in our history, the outward events it brought in its train—the Jacobite risings at home and the foreign complica-

tions—did not so deeply affect the life of the nation as is suggested by the disproportionate space their records occupy in the national annals. But under the first George, who did not know any English, and the second, who to the end of his life spoke it as a foreigner, notable changes and signs of greater change manifested themselves in our literature.

Most important is what is known as the return to nature, the revival of interest in the poetry of natural description the gradual transition from the poetry of formal culture, of critical disquisition, of philosophical reflection, to the poetry of emotion, of spontaneous jos in life and passion and beauty At no time had men or poets been wholly obtuse to the glorics of nature-of sea and sky, mountain and river, winter storms and summer sunsets But somehow in poetry and literature the expression of these emotions was obscured by much moralising and reflecting on them, and so making them, as it were, a background for philosophical and more or less artificial looking elucubrations The more Nature in the abstract was praised and invoked and personified in poetry and prose, the less room was left for taking concrete things and facts close to the The difference was not so much in what men felt, or in the way they felt, as in the things they were moved to put into words and to utter in song, and what other people cared to have them say Human nature remained fundamentally the same, but sought and found a new way of expressing itself, or at least of expressing itself more fully

Occasional utterances that reveal the new temper may be traced sporadically even in the writers at the end of the seventeenth century, but become more frequent and more marked early in the eighteenth. In Dyer, born towards the end of the seventeenth century, we found the new leaven working. Grongar IIill is largely a poem of nature, but has not wholly thrown off the old fetters. And in virtue of his principal poem. The Fleece, Dier must still be ranked with the didactics, though he is obviously happier when exulting over his Welsh mountains than in blessing English sheep-walks and their industries Young and Blair are far removed from Pope in temper as in versifica tion, but the Night Thoughts and the Grave, both printed in the period under review. belong clearly to the didactic category James Thomson, born in the very last months of the seventeenth century, literary historians have agreed to see the first whole-hearted prophet of the new movement, direct and licartfelt descriptions of natural scenery form the warp and woof of his fine spun web (see above at page 11) Yet the Scasons was being read while Pope's pre eminency was undisputed, and before the Essay on Man was written In Shenstone, along with much old artificiality, the new spirit is also stirring Gray and Collins combine with zeal for a classical perfection of form, a freedom and variety of verse and rhythm, a simplicity and spontaneity of thought and feeling, that point forward to the poetry of romanticism William and Margaret prepares the way for the work of Warton and Percy on the relics of the romantic past. The significance of Fielding's novels, and their modernness of spirit in contrast to Richardson, have been dealt with by Mr Dobson at pages 7 and 340 of this volume The rude realism of Fielding and Smollett is also an aspect of the naturalistic movement, and is reflected in the art of Hogarth Alenside, Thomson's younger contemporary, is even more didactic and pseudo-philosophical than many of his spiritual ancestors, and Dr Samuel Johnson, the dominant personality in his age, the most characteristic representative of eighteenth century England, in his poetry holds almost wholly of the past. The Great Cham of letters was too ponderous a figure to be easily swayed by new movements or the

British Museum experts, positively denies that the writing of the second corrector is Pope, and Mr Churton Collins has argued strongly against the inherent improbability of Mitford's assumption. There is no ground to believe that Pope wrote blank verse at all, and it is certainly odd that none of the anecdotists or earlier biographers of Pope or Thomson should have recorded a fact so interesting as the collaboration of the two poets. It may well be that the handwriting of the second series of corrections was merely that of Thomson's amanuensis, and that the second corrector as well as the first was Thomson himself—for it is not fair to assume that the best of the alterations were beyond Thomson's own powers

One of the most remarkable alterations attributed by Mitford to Pope, which duly appeared in the later editions of the Seasons, was the famous passage about Lavinia. In the original edition of Autumn, Thomson's lines on Lavinia were

Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self, Recluse among the woods, if city dames Will deign their faith—and thus she went, compelled By strong necessity, with as serene And pleased a look as Patienec e'er put on, To glean Palemon's fields.

This passage was deleted, and the following substituted for it

Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self, Recluse amid the close embowering woods As in the hollow breast of Apennine, Beneath the shelter of enericling hills, A myrtle rises, far from human eye, And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild, So flourished blooming, and unseen by all, The sweet Lavinia, till at length, compelled By strong Necessity's supreme command, With smiling patience in her looks, she went To glean Palemon's fields

In writing the Seasons, Thomson is credited with having opened a new era in English literature, and with having produced the first conspicuous example of the poetry consisting mainly of the description of nature Hazlitt called him 'the best of our descriptive poets' It would be absurd to say that poets had ever been obtuse to the beauties and interests of nature, Dyer rejoiced in describing hills and valleys and glimpses of the distant sea, but in the bulk of Thomson's predecessors-in Shakespeare, for example, and Milton -nature, and the emotions evoked by nature, form rather an accidental background, in Thomson it becomes the essence of the poem Wordsworth, his most conspicuous successor in this sphere, was unfair in ascribing Thomson's popularity to 'false ornaments and sentimental commonplaces' It is Thomson's best that appealed then, that appeals still, to his readers, in spontaneous and genuine love of nature, in describing and in evoking the joy and love of nature in others, he led the way for a long band of followers He had the insight to I

sec that the heroic couplet, then so popular, was unsuited for his theme, no doubt his blank verse falls short of his great model, Milton, yet the poet of the Seasons wields his verse with power and musical charm

That Thomson's art was perfecting itself up to the end may be seen from the nobler style and diction of the Castle of Indolence, in which the imitation of Spenser is largely playful Thomson's natural gift included an exuberance which required to be disciplined and controlled He never slackens in an enthusiasm which fatigues his readers, nor tires of pointing out the beauties of nature, which, indolent as he was, he had surveyed under every aspect till he had become familiar with all There are many traces of minute and accurate observation at first hand But he looks also, as Johnson said, with the eye which nature bestows only on a poet -the eye that distinguishes, in everything presented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the And everywhere we find evidences of minute' a genuinely sympathetic and kindly heart. His touching allusions to the poor and suffering, to hapless bird and beast in winter, the description of the peasant perishing in the snow, the Siberian evile, or the Arab pilgrims-all overflow with the true feeling which in part at least 'formed the magic of his song' His own impulses he has expressed with convincing sincerity in one lofty stanza of the Castle of Indolence

I care not, Tortune, what you me deny You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace, You cannot shut the windows of the sky, Through which Aurora shows her brightening face, You cannot bar my constant feet to trace. The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve. Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace, And I their toys to the great children leave. Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave.

'The love of nature,' in Coleridge's words, 'seems to have led Thomson to a cheerful religion, and a gloomy religion to have led Cowper to a love of The one would carry his fellow-men along nature with him into nature, the other flies to nature In chastity of diction, how from his fellow-men ever, and the harmony of blank verse, Comper leaves Thomson immeasurably below him, )et I still feel the latter to have been the born poet' The copiousness and fullness of Thomson's descriptions distinguish them, not always to their advantage, from those of the less buoyant Cowper, although Sainte-Beuve holds that he is better than the poet of the Task at large pictures and general effects, 'ily a des masses chez Thomson' Colendge also rather unkindly said that 'Thomson was a great poet rather than a good one, his style was as meretricious as his thoughts were natural? His work is at times as verbose as an elaborately descriptive catalogue, and is frequently disfigured by grandiose words and phrases and by superfluous Latinisms And it must be admitted that even the thought is often conventional and commonplace. He is terribly unequal, and though he has long passages of pleasing melody, though the exquisite note in his description of the Hebrides, 'placed far amid the melancholy main,' is but rarely heard, the diction of the *Scasors*, often admirable for its purpose, is too ambitious for ordinary themes. This, also on the Hebrides, is another wonderfully felicitous fragment.

Or where the northern ocean in vast whirls Boils round the naked melancholy isles Of farthest Thile, and the Atlantic surge Pours in among the stormy Hebrides

Thomson was not without a vein of quaint and even coarse humour, but when he descends to minute description, or to humorous or saturcal scenes—as in the account of the chase and forhunters' dinner in *Autumn*—the effect is grotesque and absurd.

As a man Thomson was kindly, easy, gay, indolent, and of a rare modesty. No wonder he was universally popular. Stanza levili Canto is ('written by a friend of the author'—Lord Lyttelton) of his last work pictures him as 'more fat than bard beseems,' as 'void of envy guile, and lust of gain,' as all

The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
Here laughed lie careless in his easy seat,
Here quaffed eneircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralising sage—his ditty sweet.
He loathed much to write, nor cared to repeat.

The Seasons powerfully influenced Kleist, and told on the attitude to nature of German poetry. The poem was translated by Brockes, and is still familiar to many in Germany and elsewhere in the selection set to music by Haydn. The Castle of Indolence, in Mr Gosse's opinion, had a marked influence in determining certain phases of the work of Shelley. The first seven of the following passages are from the Seasons, the next is from the beginning of Book 1 of the Castle of Indolence, by most critics admitted to be his masterpiece.

#### Showers in Spring

The North-east spends his rage, and now shit inp Within his iron cave, the effisive Sonth Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent. At first a dusky vreath they seem to rise, Scarce staining ether, but by fast degrees, In heaps on heaps the doubling vapour sails Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep Sits on the horizon round in settled gloom Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed, Oppressing life, but lovely, gentle, kind, And full of every hope and every jov, The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze Into in perfect calm, that not a breath Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,

Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffused In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse Forgetful of their course 'Tis silence all. And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks Drop the dry sprig, and mute imploring, eve The falling verdure. Hushed in short suspense, The plumy people streak their wings with oil, To throw the lucid moisture trickling off, And wait the approaching sign to strike, at once, Into the general choir Even mountains, vales, And forests seem, impatient, to demand The promised sweetness Man superior walks Amid the glad creation, musing praise, And looking lively gratitude At last, The clouds consign their treasures to the fields, And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow. In large effusion, o'er the freshened world The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard. By such as wander through the forest walls, Beneath the umhrageous multitude of leaves

#### Birds in Spring

To the deep woods They haste away, all as their fancy leads, Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts, That Nature's great command may be obeyed Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive Indulged in vun. Some to the holly hedge Nestling repair, and to the thicket some. Some to the rude protection of the thorn Commit their feeble offspring the eleft tree Offers its kind concealment to a few. Their food its insects, and its moss their nests Others apart far in the grassy dale, Or roughening vaste, their humble texture weave. But most in woodland solitudes delight. In nnfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks, Steep, and divided by a bahbling brook, Whose murmurs soothe them all the live long day, When by kind duty fixed Among the roots Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream, They frame the first foundation of their domes Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fahrie laid, And bound with clay together Now 'tis nought But restless hurry through the busy air, Beat by unnumbered wings. The swallow sweeps The slimy pool, to build his hanging house Intent. And often, from the careless back Of herds and flocks n thousand tugging bills Plnck hair and wool, and oft, when unohserved, Steal from the barn n straw till soft and warm, Clean and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,
Though the whole loosened Spring around her hlows,
Her sympathising lover takes his stand
High on the opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time nway, or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
To pick the scanty meal. The appointed time
With pious toil fulfilled, the callow young,
Whitmed and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,

A helpless family, demanding food
With constant clamour O what passions then,
What melting sentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents scize! away they fly
Affectionate, and undesiring bear
The most delicious morsel to their young,
Which equally distributed, again
The search begins Even so a gentle pair,
By fortune sank, but formed of generous mould,
And charmed with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
Sustained alone by providential Heaven,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all

#### A Summer Morning

With quickened step, Brown Night retires young Day pours in apice, And opens all the lawny prospect wide The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top, Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine, And from the bladed field the fearful hare Limps, awkward while along the forest glade The wild deer trip, and, often turning, gaze At early passenger Music awakes The native voice of undissembled joy, And thick around the woodland hymns arise Roused by the cock, the soon clad shepherd leaves His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells, And from the crowded fold, in order, drives His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn

# Summer Evening

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees, Just o'er the verge of day The shifting clouds Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train, In all their pomp attend his sitting throne Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now, As if his weary chariot sought the bowers Of Amphitrité, and her tending nymphs (So Grecian fable sung), he dips his orb, Now half immersed, and now a golden curve Gives one bright glance, then total disappears

Confessed from yonder slow extinguished clouds, All ether softening, sober Evening takes Her wonted station in the middle air, A thousand shadows at her beck First this She sends on earth, then that, of deeper dye, Steals soft behind, and then a deeper still, In circle following circle, gathers round, Io close the face of things. A fresher gale Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream, Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn, While the quail clamours for his running mate. Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,  $\Lambda$  whitening shower of vegetable down Amusive floats. The kind impartial care Of Nature nought disdains thoughtful to feed Her lowest sons, and clothc the coming year, From field to field the feathered seeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home Hies, merry hearted, and by turns relieves The ruddy milk maid of her brimming pail, The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart, Unknowing what the joy mixed anguish means, Sincerely loves, by that best language shown Of cordial glances and obliging deeds. Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height, And valley sunk and unfrequented, where At fall of eve the fairy people throng, In various game and revely to pass. The summer night, as village stories tell. But far about they wander from the grave. Of him whom his ungentle fortune urged Against his own sad breast to lift the hand. Of improus violence. The lonely tower. Is also shunned, whose monthful chambers hold, So night struck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge, The Glowworm lights his gem, and through the dark, A moving radiance twinkles Evening yields The world to Night, not in her winter robe Of massy Stygian woof, but loose arrived In mantle dun A faint erroncous ray, Glanced from the imperfect surfaces of things, Flings half an image on the straining eye, While wavering woods, and villages, and streams, And rocks, and mountain tops, that long retained The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene, Uncertain if beheld Sudden to heaven Thence weary vision turns, where, leading soft The silent hours of love, with purest rav Sweet Venus shines, and, from her genial rise, When day light sickens, till it springs afresh, Unrivalled reigns, the fairest lamp of night

### An Autumn Evening

But see, the fading many coloured woods, Shade deepening over shade, the country round Imbrown, a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun, Of every huc, from wan declining green To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse, Low whispering, lead into their leaf strewn walks, And give the season in its latest view.

Meantime, light shadowing all, a sober calm Fleeces inbounded ether, whose least wave Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn The gentle current, while, illumined wide, The dewy skirted clouds imbibe the Sun, And through their lucid veil his softened force Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd, And soar above this little scene of things, To tread low thoughted Vice beneath their feet, To soothe the throbbing passions into peace, And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solutary, and in persive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the saddened grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil
Hiply some widowed songster pours his plant,
Far, in funt warblings, through the tawny copse,
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swelled all the music of the swarming shades,
Robbed of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock,
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.
O, let not, aimed from some inhuman eye,

The gun the music of the coming year Destroy, and harmless, unsuspecting harm, Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey, In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground to

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still, A gentler mood inspires, for now the leaf Incessant rustles from the mournful grove. Oft startling such as, studious, walk below, And slowly circles through the waving air But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs Sob. o er the sky the leafy deluge streams, Till, choked and matted with the dream shower, The forest walks, at every rising gale, Roll wide the withered vaste, and whistle bleak. Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race Their sunny robes resign Even what remained Of stronger fruits falls from the nul ed tree. And woods, fields gardens, orchards, all around The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

The western sun withdraws the shortened day. And humid Evening, gliding o'er the sky. In her chill progress, to the ground condensed The vapours throv s. Where creeping waters ooze, Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind, Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along The dusky mantled lawn Meanwhile the Moon. Full orbed, and breaking through the scattered clouds. Shows her broad visage in the crimsoned east Turned to the Sun direct, her spotted disk-Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend, And caverns deep, as optic tube descries, A smaller earth-gives all his blaze again, Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop, Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime. Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild O er the skied mountain to the shadowy vale, While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam, The whole air whiteus with a boundless tide Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

The lengthened night elapsed the morning slunes Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright, Unfolding fur the last Autumnal day And now the mountain Sun dispels the fog, The rigid hoar frost melts before his beam, And, hung on every spray, on every blade Of grass, the myraid dew-drops twinkle round

#### A Winter Landscape

Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends, At fir t thin wavering, till at last the flakes Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day With a continual flow The chemshed helds Put on their winter robe of pure t white Tis brightness all, save where the new snow meets Along the mazy current I on the woods Bow their hoar heads, and cre the langual Sun Faint from the West emits his evening ray, Earth's universal face deep hid and chill, Is one wide drivling waste, that buries wide The works of man Drooping, the labourer ox S ands covered o er with snow, and then demands The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of hersen, Tamed by the cruel season crowd around The winnowing store, and claim the little boon

Which Providence assigns them One alone. The redbreast, sacred to the household gods, Wisely regardful of the embroiling sly. In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man His nanual visit Half afraid, he first Against the window beats, then, brisk, alights On the warm hearth, then, hopping o'er the floor, Eyes all the smiling family askance. And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is Till, more familiar grown, the table crumbs Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds Pour forth their brown inhabitants Though timorous of lieart, and liard beset By death in various forms-dark states, and dogs. And more unpitying men-the garden seeks, Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kine Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth. With looks of dumb despair, then, sad dispersed. Die for the withered herb through heaps of snow As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce All Winter drives along the darkened air. In his own loose revolving fields the swain Disastered stands, sees other hills ascend. Of unknown, joyless brow, and other scenes, Of horrid prospect, shag the trickless plain, Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid Beneath the formless wild, but wanders on From hill to dale, still more and more astray, Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps, Stung with the thoughts of home the thoughts of home Rush on his nerves, and call their vicour forth In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul! What black despair, what horror fills his heart, When, for the dusky spot which Fancy feigned His tufted cottage rising through the snow, He meets the roughness of the middle waste, I ar from the track and blest abode of man While round him night resistless closes fast, and every tempest, howling o'er his head. Renders the savage wilderness more wild? Then throng the busy shapes into his mind. Of covered pits, unfathomably deep, A dire descent ' beyond the power of frost, Of faithless boys, of precipiees huge Smoothed up with snow, and v hat is land, unknown, What water, of the still unfrozen spring In the loose marsh or solitary lake, Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boil There cheel his fearful steps, and down he sinks Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift, Thinking o er all the bitternes of death, Mixed with the tender anguish Nature shoots Through the wrung besom of the dving man -His wife, his children and his friends unseen In vain for him the officious vife prepares The fire fair blazing and the vestment warm, In vain his little children preping out Into the mingling storm, demand the r s re, With tears of artless innocence Mast Nor wife, nor children, more shall be lighold, Nor friends nor sacred home. On every rer e The deadly Wirter enes; shut up sense And, o'er his immo ' vital creeping cold Law him along the shows a stiffened come Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern Hast

#### The Mecca Caravan

Breathed hot From all the boundless furnace of the sky, And the wide glittering waste of burning sand, A suffocating wind the pilgrim sinites With instant death Patient of thirst and toil, Son of the desert! e'en the camel feels, Shot through his withered heart, the fiery blast Or from the black red ether, bursting broad, Sallies the sudden whirlwind Straight the sands Commoved around, in gathering eddies play, Nearer and nearer still they darkening come, Till with the general all involving storm Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise, And by their noonday fount dejected thrown, Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep, Beneath descending bills, the caravan In Cairo's crowded streets Is buried deep The impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain, And Mecca saddens at the long delay

#### From 'The Castle of Indolence'

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground,
And there a season atween June and May,
Half prankt with spring, with summer half imbrowned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play

Was nought around but images of rest
Sleep soothing groves, and quiet lawns between,
And flowery beds, that slumbrous influence kest,
From poppies breathed, and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen
Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
And hurled everywhere their waters sheen,
That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dile
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale,
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep
Let all these sounds Johent inclined all to sleep

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,
Where nought but shadowy forms were seen to move,
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood
And np the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood,
And where this valley winded out below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to
flow

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was, Of dreams that wave before the half shut eye, And of gay castles in the clouds that pass, For ever flushing round a summer sky There eke the soft delights, that witchingly Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast, And the calin pleasures, always hovered nigh, But whate'er smackt of noyance, or unrest, Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

The landscape such, inspiring perfect case, Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight) Close hid his castle mid embowering trees, That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright, And made a kind of checkered day and night. Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate, Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight Was placed, and to his lute of cruel fate And labour harsh, complained, lamenting man's estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still, I rom all the roads of earth that pass there by I or, as they chanced to breathe on neighbouring hill, The freshness of this valley smote their eye, And drew them ever and anon more nigh, Till clustering round the enchanter false they hung, Ymolten with his syren melody,

While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand he flung, And to the trembling chords these tempting verses sung

'Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold! See all but man with unearned pleasure gav See her bright robes the butterfly unfold, Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May! What youthful bride can equal her array? Who can with her for easy pleasure vie? From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray, From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly, Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky

'Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
Ten thousand throats that, from the flowering thom,
Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
Such grateful kindly raptures them emove!
They neither plough, nor sow, ne, fit for flail,
E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they drove,
Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

'Outcast of Nature, man' the wretched thrall
Of butter-dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
Of cares that eat away the heart with gall,
And of the vices, an inhuman train,
That all proceed from savage thirst of gain
For when hard hearted Interest first began
To poison earth, Astrea left the plain,
Guile, Violence, and Murder, seized on man,
And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

'Come, ye who still the cumbrous load of hife
Push hard up hill, but as the farthest steep
You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
For ever vain come, and, withouten fee,
I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
Your cares, your toils, will steep you in a sea
Of full delight O come, ye weary wights, to me!

With me, you need not rise at early dawn, To pass the joyless day in various stounds, Or, louting low, on apstart Fortune fawn, And sell fair Honour for some paltry pounds,

Or through the city tal e your dirty rounds,
To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,
No r flattering base, now giving secret wounds,
Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,
In youal senate thieve, or rob on broad highway

'No cocl s, with me, to rustie labour call,
From village on to village sounding clear,
To tardy swun no shrill voiced matrons squall,
No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear,
No hammers thump, no horrid blacksmith sear,
Ne noisy tradesman your sweet slumbers start
With sounds that are a misery to hear
But all is calm,—as would delight the heart
Of Sybarite of old,—all Nature, and all Art.

'The best of men have ever loved repose
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray
Where the soul sours, and gradual raneour grows,
Embittered more from peevish day to day
Even those whom Pame has lent her fairest ray,
The most renowned of worthy wights of yore,
Irom a base world at last have stolen away
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before

'But if a little exercise you choose,

Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.

Amid the groves you may indulge the Muse,

Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year,

Or, softly stealing, with your watery gear,

Along the brooks, the crimson spotted fry

You may delude, the whilst, amused, you hear

Now the hoarse stream, and now the Zephyr's sigh,

Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody

'O grievous folly ' to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the sun,
When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting Fate,
And gives the untasted portion you have won,
With ruthless toil and many a wretch undone,
To those who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun,
But sure it is of vanities most vun,
To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain.'

He ceased. But still their trembling ears retained The deep vibrations of his witching song, That, by a kind of magic power, constrained To enter in, pell mell, the listening throng Heaps poured on heaps, and yet they slipped along, In silent case—as when beneath the beam Of summer moons, the distant woods among, Or hy some flood all silvered with the gleam, The soft-embodied Fays through any portal stream

Straight of these endless numbers, swarming round,
As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,
But every man strolled off his own glad way.
Wide o er this ample court's blank area.
With all the lodges that thereto pertained,
No living creature could be seen to stray.
While solutide and perfect silence reigned.
So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrained.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid Isles, Placed far amid the melancholy main (Whether it be lone Paner him beguiles, Or that acral beings sometimes deign To stand embodied, to our senses plain),
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilst in ocean Phoebus dips his wain
A vast assembly moving to and fro
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
Ne cursed I nocker plied by villain's hand,
Self opened into halls, where who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And conclies stretched around in seemly band,
And endless pillows rise to prop the head,
So that each spacious room was one full swelling bed

And every where huge covered tables stood,
With wines high flavoured and rich viands crowned,
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this Earth are found,
And all old Ocean genders in his round
Some hand unseen these silently displayed,
Even undemanded by a sign or sound
You need but wish, and, instantly obeyed,
Fair ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses
played

The rooms with costly tripestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale,
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Poured forth at large the sweetly tortured heart,
Or, sighing tender passion, swelled the gale,
And tanglit charmed Echo to resound their smart,
While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and peace
impart.

Those pleased the most, where, by a cunning hand, Depainted was the patriarchal age, What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land, And pastured on from verdant stage to stage, Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage. Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed, But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage, And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed Blessed sons of Nature they! true Golden Age indeed!

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or Autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls
Now the black tempest strikes the astonished eyes,
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies,
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies
Whate'er Lorraine light tonched with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dashed, or learned Ponssin drew

A certain music, never known before
Here fulled the pensive, melancholy mind,
Full easily obtained—Belioves no more,
But sidelong to the gently waving wind
To lay the well tuned instrument reclined,
From which with airy flying fingers bight
Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,
The god of win is drew sounds of deep delight
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Eolu 1 hight.

Ah me what hand can touch the string so fine?
Who up the lofty drapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul!
Now rising love they funned, now pleasing dole
They breathed, in tender musings, through the heart,
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when scraphic hands a hymn impart
Wild warbling Nature all, above the reach of Art!

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state,
Of Caliphs old, v ho on the Tigris' shore,
In mighty Bagdad, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store,
And verse, love, music still the garland wore
When sleep was coy, the bard, in waiting there,
Cheered the lone midnight with the Muse's lore,
Composing music bade his dreams be fur,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran Soft tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell, And sobbing breezes sighed, and oft began (So worked the wizard) wintry storms to swell, As heaven and earth they would together mell At doors and windows, threatening, seemed to call The demons of the tempest, growling fell, Yet the least entrance found they none at all, Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams, kuising a world of giver tinet and grace, O'er which were shadowy east Elysian gleanis, That played, in waving lights, from place to place, And shed a roseate smile on Nature's face Not Titian's peneil c'er could so array, So fleece with clouds, the pure ethereal space, Ne could it e'er such melting forms display, As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay

No, fair illusions! artful phantoms, no!
My Muse will not attempt your fury land,
She has no colours that hi e you can glow
To catch your vivid scenes, too gross her hand
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel seeming sprites,
Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, soft, and bland,
Poured all the Arabian heaven upon our nights,
And blest them oft besides with more refined delights

They were in sooth a most enchanting truin,
Even feigning virtue, skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain
But for those fiends whom blood and broils delight,
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down, down black gulfs, where sullen waters sleep,
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep,
They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence to keep

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom!
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom!
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart
But chief, awhile, O! lend us from the tomb
Those long lost friends for whom in love we smart,
And fill with pious awe and joy mixed woe the heart.

(From Book 1)

Trom 'Alfred, a Masque'—An Ode
When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never will be slaves!

The nations not so blest as thee,

Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak
Rule, Britannia, &e

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe and thy renovn
Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,

Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
All thine shall be the subject main,

And every shore it circles thine.

Rule, Britannia, &c

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair,
Blest isle, with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair!
Rule, Britinnia, &c.

In 1897 the Res D C. Tovey published a good edition of The Poeth al Works of James Thomsor, with critical appendices and a memoir and there is a convenient Selection by J Logic Robertson (Clarendon Press, 1891). Murdoch and Dr Johnson were early biographers, there are also Lives by Gilfillan, by W M Rossett, and by W Bayne ('Famous Scots 1898). A German memograph by Schmeding appeared in 1839 and Professor Léon Morel is the author of a singularly full monograph on James Thomson, sa Vicet ses Œur res (1895).

David Mallet (1705?-65), author of some popular ballad stanzas, and some florid unimpassioned poems in blank verse, was a successful but unprincipled literary adventurer His original name was Malloch, the name adopted by many of the Macgregors when their clan was broken up (1603) His father was said to have kept an inn at Crieff, but seems rather to have been the well-to do tenant of the farm of Dunruchan, near Muthill in Perthshire. Educated at Crieff parish school and Edinburgh University, where he made the acquaintance of James Thomson, Mallet went to London as tutor in the Duke of Montrose's family in 1723 Next year his ballad of William and Margaret appeared, and he soon numbered among his friends Young, Pope, and other authors, to whom his assiduous attentions, his agreeable manners, and literary tastes rendered his society acceptable. In 1726 he began to write his name Mallet, 'for there is not one English man,' he sud, 'that can pronounce Malloch,' and

Dennis had made a jest on Moloch that rankled A great dandy, he succeeded not merely in keeping clear of Scotticisms in his published works, but 'in clearing his tongue of his native pronunciation'

In 1728 he published his poem the Ercursion, written in servile imitation of the blank verse of Thomson By command of Frederick, Prince of Wales, then head of the Opposition, he wrote, in conjunction with Thomson, the masque of Alfred, which was performed in 1740, at Cliefden, the prince's summer residence. In this slight dramatic performance—afterwards altered by Mallet, and brought upon the stage at Drury Lane in 1751-'Rule, Britannia,' first appeared In the reissue Mallet indirectly claimed the song-and all that was best in the masque—as his own seems to be fatal to his claim that the song was published in 1752 as by Thomson the same year (1740) he wrote a Life of Bacon, prefixed to an edition of the works In 1742 he was appointed under-secretary to the Prince of Wales, and a fortunate second marriage with a daughter of Lord Carlisle's steward added to his income. Both Mallet and his wife were professed deists When Gibbon the historian left Oxford and entered the Roman Catholic Church, he went to live in Mallet's house, but was rather scandalised than reclaimed by the philos ophy of his host. In 1749 Mallet figured as the ostensible editor of Bolingbroke's Patriot King -insulting the memory of his benefactor Pope, and the peer rewarded him by bequeathing to him the whole of his works, manuscripts, and Mallet's love of money and freethinking views were equally gratified by this bequest, he published the collected works of Bolingbroke 1754, and drew down on Bolingbroke's head and his own Johnson's famous sarcasm (see above at page 203), in which Mallet figured as the hungry Scotchman whom Bolingbroke hired for half a crown to fire off after his death the gun he was himself too great a coward to discharge. The accession of George III opened a way for all literary Scotsmen subservient to the Crown, and Mallet was soon a worshipper of the favourite Lord Bute. He dedicated his tragedy of Elvira (1763) to Bute, and was rewarded with the sinecure office of Keeper of the Book of Entries for the port of London, worth £300 a year

Gibbon anticipated that if ever his friend Mallet should attain poetic fame, it would be by his Amyntor and Theodora (1747), a blank verse tale of a hermit in St Kilda, but, contrariwise, the poetic repute of Mallet has rested on his ballads, and chiefly on his William and Margaret, written about the age of twenty two Critics from Dr Percy down gave high praise to the ballad, attempts were at the same time made—in vain—to prove it a wholesale plagiarism. But it is sufficiently obvious that Mallet used freely both the ideas and the words of actual old ballads. Thus the injured maid had often returned from

her grave to reproach her undoer, and the hungry worm and the cock crowing are precise parallels to the channerin' worm and the cock in 'The Wife o' Usher's Well' (see Vol I p 537) Mallet confessed to having followed a verse in Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle

When it was grown to dark midnight, And all were fast asleep, In came Margaret's grimly ghost, And stood at William's feet.

In the first printed copies of Vallets ballad the first two lines were all but identical

When all was wrapt in dark midnight, And all were fast asleep

#### William and Margaret.

'Twas at the silent solemn hour, When night and morning meet, In glided Margaret's grimly ghost, And stood at William's feet

Her face was like an April morn Clad in a wintry cloud, And clay cold was her hily hand That held her sable shroud

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew,
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view

But love had, like the canker worm,
Consumed her early prime,
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek,
She died before her time.

'Awake'' she cried, 'thy true love calls, Come from her midnight grave Now let thy pity hear the maid Thy love refused to save

'This is the dark and dreary hour When injured ghosts complain, When yawning graves give up their dead, To haunt the faithless swain

'Bethink thee, William, of thy fault, Thy pledge and broken oath' And give me back my maiden vow, And give me back my troth

'Why did you promise love to me, And not that promise keep? Why did you swear my eyes were bright, Yet leave those eyes to weep?

'How could you say my face was fair, And yet that face forsake? How could you win my virgin heart, Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you say my hp was sweet, And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young, witless maid!
Beheve the flattering tale? 'That face, alas! no more is fair,
Tho e lips no longer red
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,
And every charm is fled

'The hungry worm my sister is,
I his winding sheet I wear
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear

'But hark I the cocl has warned me hence,
A long and last adicu!

Come see, false man, how low she hes,
Who died for love of you'

The lark sing loud, the morning smiled With beams of rost red Pale William quaked in every limb, And raying left his bed

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay,
And stretched him on the green grass turf
That wrapt her breathless clay

And thrice he called on Margaret's name, And thrice he wept full sore, Then had his cheek to her cold grave, And word spake never more!

#### The Birks of Invermay

The smiling morn, the breathing spring, Invite the tuneful birds to sing, And, while they warble from the spray, Love melts the universal by Let us, Amanda, timely wise, Like them, improve the hour that flies, And in soft raptures waste the day, Among the birks of Invernal

I or soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear,
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feathered songsters are no more,
And when they drop and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay!

Some additional stanzas were added to the last po-m (originally 'The Birks of Endermay) by Dr Bryce of Kirknewton Mallet's Collected Works appeared in three volumes in 1759. His poems were often reprinted (in such collections as Johnson's and Chalmerss) Dinsdale's edition of the Ballads and Senge, with a Life of Mallet, was published in 1857

Henry Carey (born near the end of the seventeenth century) was believed to be an illegitimate son of George Savile, the famous Marquis of Halifax. He wrote a multitude of songs, witty poems, burlesques, facces, and dramatic pieces, sometimes providing also music for them, and had produced a volume of youthful poems in 1713 Chrononhotonthologos, 'the King of Queerummania,' was a burlesque tragedy (1734) in some measure on the lines of Fielding's Tom Thumb (1730) Characters in it are Aldiborontiphoscophornio and Rigdumfunnidos ('a lord in waiting'), whose names Scott applied to

the Ball untyne brothers The Dragon of Wantley (1744) was popular on the stage. In all he produced some two hundred works. It was of him it was said that 'he led a life free of reproach, and lianged himself October 4th, 1743.1 From Henry Circy, as Lord Macaulay noted, 'descended that Edmund Kenn who in our time transformed himself so marvellously into Sliylod, Ingo, and Othello' Circy's poem of Namer Pamby has added a word to the English lan gunge. It is a burlesque of the child poems of Ambrose Philips, and is a reductio ad absurdue in child language, 'Namby Pamby Pilli pist the name of the poet, corresponding with 'thm' pinied on missy mis. The reference is to the 'Dimply damsel, sweetly smiling,' and 'Timel blossom, infinit fair' style of odes by Ambro-e Philips

Namby Pamby or, a Panegyrie on the new Vereification addressed to A— P—, Esq

> 'Nauty Pauty Jack addardy Sole a piece of sugar-cao ly 1 run the Grover's ahoppy-shop And away did hoppy hop

All we poets of the age, All we withings of the stage, Learn your jingles to reform Crop your numbers, and conform Let your little verses flow Gently, sweetly, row by row Let the verse the subject fit, I ittle subject, little wit Namby Pamby is your guide, Albion's joy, Hiberma's pride Namba Pamba Pilli pis, Ishims pim'd on misss mis As an actor does his part, So the nures get by heart Namby Pamby s httle rhymes, Little jingle, little chimes Numby Pamby neer will die While the nurse sings lullaby Namby Pamby s doubly mild, Once a man, and twice a child, To his hanging sleeves restor'd, Now he foots it hica lord, Now he pumps his little wits, All by little tiny bits. Now me hinds I hear him say, boys and girls, come out to play, Moon does shine as bright as day Now he sings of Jacky Horner Sitting in the chimney corner, Enting of a Christmas pic, Putting in his thumb, oh fie 1 Putting in, oh, fie! his thumb, Pulling out, oh, strange 1 2 plum. Now he nets the Grenndier, Calling for a pot of beer Where s his money? he's forgot, Get him gone, a drunken sot Now on cock horse does he ride, And anon on timber stride, See and saw and Sacch'ry down, London is a gallant town

In Chrononhotonthologos the Great, a burlesque of the bombast of the stage, and much ado about nothing, Bombardinion, general of Queerummania, reports an invasion of the Antipodeans, but defeats them. Meanwhile the King falls in love with the captive Queen, and quarrels with the general, who first kills the King and then himself. The plot is —intentionally, it may be presumed—utterly silly and senseless, but there are amusing passages, the most being made of the fantastic names.

Scene.—An Anti Chamler in the Palace Enter Rig DUM FUNNIDOS and ALDIBOPONTIPHOSCOPHORNIO

Rig-Fun Aldiborontiphocophormo 'Where left you Chrononbotonthologos'

Aldi Fatigu'd with the tremendous toils of war, Within his tent, on downy couch succumbent, Himself he unfatigues with gentle slumbers, Lull'd by the cheerful trumpet's gladsome clangour. The uoise of drums, and thunder of artillery, He sleeps supine amidst the diu of war. And yet 'tis not definitively sleep, Rather a land of doze, a waking slumber, That sheds a stupefaction o'er his senses, For now he nods and snores, anon he starts, Then nods and snores again. If this be sleep, Tell me, ye gods! what mortal man's awake! What says my friend to this?

Rig Fim Sav! I say he sleeps dog sleep What a plague would you have me say?

Aldi O impious thought! O curst insinuation!
As if great Chrononhotonthologos
To animals detestable and vile
Had aught the least similitude!

SCE E.—BOMEARDINION'S Tent King and Bombar Dinion, at a table, with two Ladies

Bomb This honour, royal sir! so royalizes
The royalty of your most royal actions,
The dumb can only utter forth your praise
For we, who speal, want words to tell our meaning
Here! fill the goblet with Falerman wine,
And, while our monarch druks, bid the shrill trumpet
Tell all the gods, that we propine their healths.

King Hold, Bombardmon, I esteem it fit, With so much wine, to eat a little bit.

Bomb See that the table instantly be spread, With all that art and nature can produce. Traverse from pole to pole, sail round the globe, Bring every eatable that can be eat. The king shall eat, the all mankind be stary d

Cook. I am afraid his majesty will be start d, before I can run round the world for a dinucr, besides, where's the money?

King Ha! dost thou prattle, contumacious slave? Guards, seize the villain! broil him, fry him, stew him, Ourselves shall eat him out of mere revenge.

Cook. O pray, your majesty, spare my life, there's some nice cold pork m the pantry I'll hash it for your majesty in a minute.

King Be thou first hash'd in hell, audacious slave.

[Kills him, and turns to BOMBARDINION

Hash'd pork! shall Chrononhotonthologos
Be fed with swine's flesh, and at second haud?
Now, by the gods! thou dost insult us, general!

Bomb The gods can witness, that I little thought

Your majesty to other flesh than this

Had aught the least propensity [Points to the ladies

Kirg Is this a dinner for a hungry monarch?

Bomb Monarchs as great as Chrononhotonthologos

Have made a very hearty meal of worse

Aing Ha! traitor! dost thou brave me to my teeth? Take this reward, and learn to mock thy master

[Strikes him

Bomb A blow' shall Bomlardinion take a blow?
Blush' blush, thou sun' start back thou rapid ocean!
Hills' vales' seas' mountains' all commixing crumble,
And into chaos pulverize the world
For Bombardinion has receiv'd a blow,
And Chrononhotonthologos shall die.

[Draws

King What means the traitor?

Bomb Traitor in thy teeth,

Thus I dely thee'

[This fight, he kills the King

Ha' what have I done?

Go, call a coach, and let a coach be call'd,

And let the man that calls it be the caller,
And, in his calling, let him nothing call,
But coach ' coach ' coach ' Oh ' for a coach, ye gods I

[Exit raving returns with a Doctor.

Bomb How fares your majesty?

Doct My lord, he's dead.

Bomb Ha' dead' impossible' it caunot be'

I'd not believe it, the himself should swear it Go join his body to his soul again, Or, by this light, thy soul shall out thy body

Doct My lord, he's far beyond the power of physic, His soul has left his body and this world

Bomb Then go to t' other world and fetch it back

And, if I find thou triflest with me there,
I'll chase thy shade through myriads of orbs,
And drive thee far beyond the verge of Nature.
Ha'—Call st thou, Chrononhotonthologos'
I come' your faithful Bombardinion comes!
He comes in worlds unknown to make new wars,
Aud gain thee empires numerous as the stars

Kills himself

Carey thus tells the occasion of his classical lyric, Sally in our Alley, the music of which is also his 'A shoemaker's apprentice making holiday with his sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet-shows, the flying chairs, and all the elegancies of Moorfields from whence proceeding to the Farthing Piehouse, he gave her a collation of buns, cheese-cakes, gammon of bacon, stuffed beef, and bottled ale, through all which scenes the author dodged them (charmed with the simplicity of their courtship), from whence he drew this little sketch of nature.' The song, he adds, was more than once mentioned with approbation by 'the divine Addison'. There is no good ground for crediting him with the authorship of God save the King, though after his death his son claimed it for him.

Sally in our Alley

Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like pretty Sally She is the darling of my heart, Aud she lives in our alley There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em
Her mother she sells laces long,
To such as please to buy 'em
But sure such foll s could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally '
She is the durling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley

When she is by, I leave my work (I love her so sincerely),
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely
But let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley

Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwirt
A Saturday and Monday
For then I'm dressed all in my best,
To walk abroad with Sally,
Slie is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is named
I leave the church in sermon time,
And slink away to Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley

When Christmas comes about again,
O then I shall have mone;
I'll hoard it up and box it all,
I'll give it to my honev
I would it were ten thousand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And (but for her) I'd better be
A slave, and row a galley
But when my seven long years are out,
O then I'll marry Sally,
O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our alley

Philip Doddridge, Nonconformist divine, was born in London, 26th June 1702. His grandfather had been ejected from the living of Shep perton in Middlesex by the Act of Uniformity in 1602, and his father, a well to do oilman in London, married the only daughter of a German Lutheran pastor who had fled from Prague to escape the persecution which raged in Bohemia after the expulsion of Frederick, the Elector Palatine. In

1712 Doddridge was sent to school at Kingston upon-Thames, but both his parents dying, he was removed to St Albans in 1715, and whilst there was admitted a member of the Nonconforming congre When, in 1718, the Duchess of Bedford offered to educate him at either university for the Church of England, Doddridge declined from conscientious scruples Dr Clarke, Presbytenan minister of St Albans, befriended him, and in 1719 he was placed at a Dissenting academy at hibworth in Leicestershire. Here for three years he pursued his studies for the ministry, cultivating a taste for elegant literature, and, as appears from his correspondence, usually in love with somebody, and in brisk correspondence with her. The play fulness and even gatety of some of these epistles are remarkable in one so staid and devout, and suggest Couper's

From his first sermon, delivered at the age of twenty, Doddridge became a marked preacher among the Dissenters, and had calls to various He declined several calls because congregations the congregations inviting were 'a very rigid kind of people,' or were too orthodox, but in 1729 he settled at Northampton, becoming also the head He believed that he of a theological academy was 'in all the most important points a Calvinist,' but the orthodox suspected him, and Stoughton holds that his view of the Trinity was Sabellian. But even those who suspected his orthodoxy, and thought his truly Catholic liberality too all embracing, revered his personal picty a happy family life and many devoted friends. He first appeared as an author in 1730, when he published a pamphlet on the Means of Revry ing the Dissenting Interest His Sermons on the Education of Children (1732), Sermons to Young People (1735), Ten Sermons on the Power and Grace of Christ (1736), and Practical Discourses on Regeneration (1741) were all well received, and The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul (1745) is one of the few works of practical religion which has been accepted by all denominations of evangelical Christians as next to the Bible the best aid to the devout life, and has been translated into French, Dutch, German, Danish, Gaehc, Welsh, Tamil, and other tongues 1747 appeared Some Remarkable Passages in the Life of Colonel James Gardiner, who was slain by the Rebels at the Battle of Prestonpans, Sept 21, 1745—the life of a Scottish officer who served with distinction under Marlborough, and from a gay libertine life was suddenly converted to the strictest piety by a visible representation of Christ upon the cross amidst a blaze of light, and the 'O sinner! did I suffer this for audible words thee, and are these the returns?' The Family Expositor, containing a Version and Paraphrast, of the New Testament, with Critical Notes and a Practical Improvement (6 vols 1739-56), also Doddridge's health received a wide welcome failing, he was, in 1751, advised to remove to 1

warmer climate for the winter, and in September of the same year he sailed from Falmouth for Lisbon. He survived his arrival only five days, dying October 26, 1751. His hymns are prized by many who hardly know his name. Of some four hundred written by him the best known are 'Ye servants of the Lord,' 'O happy Day,' 'My God, and is thy table spread,' 'Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,' 'O God of Bethel, by whose hand.' Doddridge was author of what Johnson calls 'one of the finest epigrams in the English language.' His family motto, 'Dum vivimus vivamus,' was in its primary signification hardly very suitable to a Christian divine, but he paraphrased it thus

'Live while you live,' the epicure would say
'And seize the pleasures of the present day '
'Live while you live,' the sacred preacher cries,
'And give to God each moment as it flies'
Lord, in my views let both united be
I live in pleasure when I live to thee!

#### A Country Life

'You know I love a country life, and here we have it in perfection. I am roused in the morning with the ! chirping of sparrov's, the eooing of pigeons, the lowing of kine, the bleating of sheep, and, to complete the concert, the grunting of swine and neighing of horses We have a mighty pleasant garden and orchard, and a fine arbour under some tall shady limes, that form a kind of lofty dome, of which, as a native of the great city, you may perhaps catch a glimmering idea, if I name the enpola of St Paul's And then, on the other side of the house, there is a large space which we call a wilderness, and which I fancy would please you The ground is a dainty greensward, a extremely brook runs sparkling through the middle, and there are two large fish ponds at one end, both the ponds and the brool are surrounded with villows, and there are several shady walks under the trees, besides little knots of young willows interspersed at convenient distances This is the nursery of our lambs and calves, with whom I have the honour to be intimately acquainted. Here I generally spend the evening, and pay my respects to the setting snn, when the variety and the beauty of the prospect inspire a pleasure that I know not how to express. I am sometimes so transported with these manimate beauties, that I fancy I am like Adam in Paradise, and it is my only misfortune that I want an Eve, and have none but the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, for my companions.'

(From a letter to a young lady)

#### Happy Devotional Feelings of Doddridge

I hope, my dear, von will not be offended when I tell you that I am, what I hardly thought it possible, without a miracle, that I should have been, very easy and happy without yon. My days begin, pass, and end in pleasure, and seem short because they are so delight ful. It may seem strange to say it, but really so it is, I hardly feel that I want anything. I often think of you, and pray for you, and bless God on your account, and please myself with the hope of many comfortable days, and weeks, and years with you, yet I am not at all anxious about your return, or indeed about

anything else. And the reason, the great and sufficient reason, is, that I have more of the presence of God with me than I remember ever to have enjoyed in any one month of my life. He enables me to live for him. and to live with him. When I awake in the morning, which is always before it is light. I address myself to him, and converse with him, speak to him while I am lighting my candle and putting on my elothes, and have often more delight before I come out of my chamber, though it be hardly a quarter of an hour after my awaling, than I have enjoyed for whole days, or perhaps weeks of my life. He meets me in my study, in secret, in family devotions. It is pleasant to read, pleasant to compose, pleasant to converse with my friends at home, pleasant to visit those abroad-the poor, the sick, pleasant to write letters of necessary business by which any good can be done, pleasant to go out and preach the gospel to poor souls, of which some are thirsting for it, and others dying without it, pleasant in the week day to think how near another Sabbath is, but, oh! much, much more pleasant, to think how near eternity is, and how short the journey through this wilderness, and that it is but a step from earth to heaven (From a letter to his wife in 1742.)

His Correspondence and his Diary were published in 1829-31, and there is a Memoir by Stanford (1880).

John Wesley (1703-91), the founder of Methodism, was a great religious and reforming genius, he was also a very copious and effective writer on innumerable subjects, and the author of one of the most interesting Journals in the English tongue. The fifteenth child and second surviving son of the rector of Epworth in Lincolnshire, he passed from the Charterhouse to Christ Church, Oxford, where his brothers Samuel and Charles also studied He was ordained deacon in 1725, and in 1726 became Fellow of Lincoln and Greek lecturer In 1727 he left Oxford to assist his father, but returned as tutor in 1729, having in 1728 been ordained priest. During his absence his brother Charles and one or two other students had by a new religious zeal led somebody to exclaim, 'Here is a new sect of Methodists sprung up' So the word, used in the sixteenth century for certain schools of physicians and mathematicians, was first used in its religious reference, but the movement we identify it with had not yet taken origin, though by 1735 the little company of devout friends numbered nearly a score, Hervey and Whitefield being now of the number even before this Wesley had been much influenced by Law's mysticism In 1735 Wesley undertook a mission to Georgia under the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, being then a rigid High Churchman It has even been said of him that at this time he seemed likely to anticipate by a century the work of Cardinal Newman He returned to England in 1738, and in London had much prayerful intercourse with the Moravian missionary, Peter Böhler Methodism dates its birth from that May evening in 1738 when, at a meeting of a society in Aldersgate Street, he heard Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans

read, and felt that Christ had taken away his sins The sweeping aside of ecclesiastical traditions, the rejection of Apostolical Succession, the ordination with his own hands of presbyters and bishops, the final organisation of a separate Church, were all involved in what took place that night. The clergy closed their pulpits against Wesley, this intolerance, Whitefield's example, and the needs of the degraded masses drove him into the open air During his journeyings of hilf a century ten thousand to thirty thousand people would wait patiently for hours to hear him. He gave his strength to working class neighbourhoods, hence the mass of his converts were colliers, miners, foundry men, weavers, spinners, fishermen, artis ms, yeomen, and day-labourers in towns His life was frequently in danger, but he outlived all persecution, and the inneraries of his old age were triumphal processions from one end of the country to the other. He wandered all over the British Isles, crossed the Irish Sen more than forty times, and after 1757 was frequently in Scotland, and he repeatedly visited the Continent During his unparalleled apostolite he travelled two hundred and fifty thousand miles and preached forty thousand sermons. Yet he managed to do a prodigious amount of literary work, reading on horseback, whenever and wherever he rode he read or composed He wrote short English, French, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew grammars, a Compendium of Logic, extracts from Phydrus, Oxid, Virgil, Horace, Juvenal, Persius, Martial, and Sillust, an English Dictionary, commentaries on the Old and New Testaments, a short Roman History, a History of England, an Ecclesiastical History, a Compendium of Social Philos ophy, and a Christian Library of fifty volumes, for the benefit of his itinerant preachers edited the Imitation of Christ, and the principal works of Bunyan, Baxter, Edwards, Rutherford, Law, Madame Guyon, and others, endless abridged biographies, and even an abridged edition of Brooke's novel, The Fool of Quality, a Compendium of Physic-not to speak of collections of psalms, hymns, and tunes, his own Sermons and Journals, and a monthly magazine His works were so popular that he made £50,000, every penny of which he distributed in charity during his life. He founded an orphans' home at New castle, charity schools in London, and a dispensary in Bristol. Dean Stanley affirmed that Wesley was the founder of the Broad Church. Under his direction the Conference in 1770 adopted resolutions which provoked the indignation of his orthodox Calvinistic friends - that the heathen who had never heard of Christ could be saved if they feared God and worked righteousness according to the light they had And he believed Marcus Aurelius would be saved, and spoke of the 'execrable wretches' who wrangled at the various Church councils He took upon himself with the utmost reluctance the responsibility of organising.

a separate Church—But the most striking feature of his life is a theologian vas his readiness in the list resort, whatever it cost him, to adapt his creed to indisputable facts

Of the enormous mass of his writing, much is 'As for me,' he said, 'I never think of my style at all, but just set down the rords that come first' For that very reason, since he was an exceptionally gifted man and a well read scholar, his work is natural, simple, generally pithy and racy His sermons are not eloquent, original, or profound, but they were abundantly effective, probably by reason of their very simplicity was a licen and telling controversialist, and some times carried franliness and free speech to their When Toplady, author of 'Rock of full lunits Ages,' but a ficrce Calvinist champion, became too abusive, and tall ed of Wesley's Satanic guilt and Sat mic shamelessness, Wesley retorted that he declined to fight with chimney sweepers Wesley's best hymns are translations from Mora vian and other German sources, but Charless noblest and tenderest hymns gained much from the elder brother's judicious and numerous emen dations Here he had Charless sanction and co-But his effective touch is also seen operation in the alterations he made in Wattss ligning. If one man inavalter mother man's living, then perhaps Wesley performed the task as judiciously as is possible, the alterations are in most cases obvious improvements Wesley's published Journal (more precisely 'Extracts of the Rev Mr John Wesley's Journals'), which extends from 1735 to 1790, contains the experiences, observations, reflec tions, comments, and intimate thoughts of one of the most acute and sagratious of men, not without wit, epigrain, and iron. Many of those far removed from the Wesleyan fold take delight in Wesley's Journal, it was Edward TitzGerald's favourite reading Wesley was keenly interested in ghost stories, psychical research subjects, firmly believed in apparitions and in diabolical possession, and even held that the inspiration of Scripture guaran teed the reality of what Englishmen understood 'Cleanliness is indeed next to god by witcheraft liness,' from a sermon of Wesley's on dress, seems to be the first known instance in which this proverbial saving occurs precisely in this form, and his letters are studded with sage savings such as, 'Passion and prejudice govern the world, only under the name of reason?

These extracts are from the Journal

#### The Birth of Methodism.

In my return to England, January, 1738, being in imminent danger of death, and very uneasy on that account, I was strongly convinced that the cause of that unexisness was unbelief, and that the gaining a true, living faith was the 'one thing needful' for me. But still I fixed not this faith on its right object I meant only faith in God, not faith in or through Christ. Again, I knew not that I was wholly void of this faith, but only thought, I had not enough of it. So that when

Peter Bohler, whom God prepared for me as soon as I came to London, affirmed of true faith in Christ, (which is but one,) that it had those two fruits inseparably attending it, 'Dominion over sin, and constant Peace from a sense of forgiveness,' I was quite amazed, and looled upon it as a new Gospel. If this was so. it was clear I had not faith But I was not willing to Therefore, I disputed with all my be convinced of this might, and laboured to prove that faith might be where these were not, especially where the sense of forgiveness was not For, all the Scriptures relating to this, I had been long since taught to construe away, and to call all Presbyterians who spoke otherwise. Besides, I well saw, no one could, in the nature of things, have such a sense of forgiveness, and not feel it. But I felt it not If then there was no faith without this, all my pre tensions to faith dropped at once.

When I met Peter Bohler again, he con ented to put the dispute upon the issue which I desired, namely, Scripture and experience. I first consulted the Scrip But when I set aside the glosses of men, and simply considered the words of God, comparing them together, endeavouring to illustrate the obscure by the plainer passages, I found they all mide against me, and was forced to retreat to my last hold, 'that expe rience would never agree with the literal interpretation of those scriptures Nor could I therefore allow it to be true, till I found some living witnesses of it' He replied, he could show me such at any time, if I desired it, the next day And accordingly, the next day he came again with three others, all of v hom testified, of their own personal experience, that a true living faith in Christ is inseparable from a sense of pardon for all past, and freedom from all present, sins. They added with one mouth, that this faith was the gift, the free gift of God, and that he would surely bestow it upon every soul who earnestly and perseveringly sought it I was now thoroughly convinced, and by the grace of God, I resolved to seek it unto the end, (I) By absolutely renonncing all dependence, in whole or in part, upon my own works or righteousness, on which I had really grounded my hope of salvation, though I knew it not, from my youth up (2) By adding to the constant use of all the other means of graec, continual prayer for this very thing, justifying, saving faith, a full reliance on the blood of Christ shed for me, a trust in Him, as my Christ, as my sole justification, sanetification, and redemption

I continued thus to seek it, (though with strange in difference, dulness, and coldness, and unusually frequent relapses into sin,) till Wednesday, May 24. I think it was about five this morning, that I opened my Testament on those words, Τὰ μέγιστα ημίν ral τίμια ἐπαγγέλματα δεδωρηται, Ίνα διά τουτων γένησθε θείας κοινωνοί φυσεως 'There are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, even that ye should be partakers of the divine nature' (2 Pet 1 4) Just as I went out, I opened it again on those words, 'Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.' In the afternoon I was asked to go to St Panl's. The anthem was, 'Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord Lord, hear my voice O let thine ears consider well the voice of my complaint. If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, tho may abide it? For there is mercy with thee, therefore shalt thou be ferred O Israel, trust in the Lord For 1 ith the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plentcous redemption. And He shall redeem Israel from all his sins?

In the evening I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone for salvation. And an assurance was given me, that he had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death.

I began to pray with all my might for those who had in a more especial manner despitefully used me and persecuted me. I then testified openly to all there, what I now first felt in my heart. But it was not long before the enemy suggested, 'This cannot be faith, for where is thy joy?' Then was I taught, that peace and victory over sin are essential to faith in the Captain of our salvation. But that, as to the transports of joy that usually attend the beginning of it, especially in those who have mourned deeply, God sometimes giveth, some times withholdeth them, according to the counsels of his own will.

After my return home, I was much buffeted with temptations, but cried out, and they fled away. They returned again and again. I as often lifted up my eves, and He 'sent me help from his holy place'. And herein I found the difference between this and my former state chiefly consisted. I was striving, yea, fighting with all my might under the Law, as well as under grace. But then I was sometimes, if not often, conquered, now, I was always conqueror

Thur 25—The moment I awaked, 'Jesus, Master,' was in my heart and in my mouth, and I found all my strength lay in Leeping my eye fixed upon him, and my soul waiting on him continually. Being again at St Paul's in the afternoon, I could taste the good word of God in the anthem, which began, 'My song shall be always of the loving kindness of the Lord. With my mouth will I ever be showing forth thy truth from one generation to another'. Yet the enemy injected a Jear, 'If thou dost believe, why is there not a more sensible change?' I answered, (yet not I.) 'That I know not. But this I know, I have "now peace with God." And I sin not to day, and Jesus my Master has forbid me to take thought for the morrow.'

'But is not any sort of fear,' continued the tempter, 'a proof that thou dost not believe?' I desired my Master to answer for me, and opened his Book upon those words of St Panl, 'Without were fightings, within were fears' Then, inferred I, well may fears be within me, but I must go on, and tread them under my feet.

#### Wesley in Scotland.

Fri [Maj] 8, [1761] —We rode to Glammiss, about sixty four measured miles, and on Saturday, 9th, about sixty six more to Edinburgh. I was tired however, I would not disappoint the congregation and God gave me strength according to my day

Sun 10—I had designed to preach near the Infirmary, but some of the managers would not suffer it. So I preached in our Room, morning and evening, even to the rich and honourable. And I bear them witness, they will endure plain dealing, whether they profit by it or not

Mon 11 -I took my leave of Edmburgh for the

present The situation of the city, on a hill slielying down on both sides, as well is to the east, with the stately eastle upon a eraggy rock on the west, is inexpressibly fine, and the main street so broad and finely paved, with the lofty houses on either hand (many of them seven or eight stories high,) is far beyond any in Great Britain But how can it be suffered, that all manner of filth should still be thrown even into this street continually? Where are the magistricy, the gentry, the nobility of the land? Have they no concern for the honour of their nation? How long shall the capital city of Scotland, yea, and the chief street of it, stink worse than a common sewer? Will no lover of his country, or of decency and common sense, find a remedy for this?

Holvrood House, at the entrance of Edinburgh, the ancient palace of the Scottish kings, is a noble structure,



JOHN WESLEY
From the Portrait by Nathaniel Hone R.A., in the National
Portrait Gallery

it was re built and furnished by King Charles the Second. One side of it is a picture gallery, wherein are pictures of all the Scottish kings, and an original one of the cele brated Queen Mary. It is scarce possible for any who looks at this, to think her such a monster as some have punted her, nor indeed for any who considers the circum stances of her death, equal to that of an ancient martyr.

I preached in the evening at Musselburgh, and at five in the morning Then we rode on to Haddington, where (the rain driving me in) I preached, between nine and ten, in Provost Dickson's parlour About one I preached at North Berwick, a pretty large town, close to the sea shore and, at seven in the evening, (the rain continuing,) in the house at Dunbar

Wed 13—It being a fair mild evening, I preached near the Key, to most of the inhabitants of the town, and spoke full as plain as the evening before. Every one seemed to receive it in love probably if there was regular preaching here, much good might be done.

Wed [May] 13, [1772] -I preached at Leith, in the

most horrid, dreary Rooin I have seen in the kingdom. But the next day I found another kind of Room, airy, checrful, and lightsome, which Mr Parker undertook to fit up for the purpose, without any delay

Sun 17—I had appointed to preach at noon in the I ady's Walk, at Leith, but being offered the use of the Episcopal chapel, I willingly accepted it, and both read Prayers and preached. Here also the behaviour of the congregation did honour to our church

Mon 18—Dr Hamilton brought with him Dr Monro and Dr Gregory They satisfied me what my disorder was, and told me there was bit one method of cure. Perhaps but one natural one, but I think God has more than one method of healing either the soul or the body

In the evening (the weather being still severe) I preached in the new House at Leith, to a lovely audience, on, 'Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life' Many were present again at five in the morning. How long have we toiled here almost in vain' Xet I cannot but hope God will at length have a people even in this place.

Wed 20—I took my leave of Edinburgh in the morning, by strongly enforcing the Apostle's exhortation, 'Be careful for nothing, but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God'

I had designed to preach (as usual) at Provost Dixon's, in Haddington, in the way to Dunbar—But the Provost, too, had received light from the 'Circular Letter,' and durst not receive those heretus—So we went round by the Marquis of Tweedale's seat, completely finished within and without—But he that took so much delight in it is gone to his long home, and has left it to one that has no taste or regard for it—So rolls the world away! In the evening I preached at Dunbar

Thur 21 -I went to the Bass, seven miles from it, which, in the horrid reign of Charles the Second, was the prison of those venerable men who suffered the loss of all things for a good conscience. It is a high rock surrounded by the sea, two or three miles in circumference, and about The strong east wind made two miles from the shore the water so rough, that the boat could hardly live And when we came to the only landing place, (the other sides being quite perpendicular,) it was with much difficulty that we got up, climbing on our hands and The castle, as one may judge by what remains, was utterly maccessible. The walls of the chapel, and of the governor's house, are tolerably entire. The garden walls are still seen near the top of the rock, with And round the walls there the well in the midst of it are spots of grass, that feed eighteen or twenty sheep. But the proper natives of the island are Solund geese, a bird about the size of a Muscovy duck, which breed by thousands, from generation to generation, on the sides of the rock. It is peculiar to these, that they lay but one egg, which they do not sit upon at all, but keep it under one foot, (as we saw with our eyes,) till it is hatched How many prayers did the holy men confined here offer up, in that evil day! And how many thanks, givings should we return, for all the liberty, civil and religious, which we enjoy!

At our return, we walked over the runs of Tantalloa Castle, once the seat of the great Earls of Douglas. The front walls (it was four square) are still standing, and by their vast height and huge thickness, give us a little idea of what it once was Such is human greatness'

Fit 22.—We took a view of the famous Roman camp,

lying on a mountain, two or three miles from the town. It is encompassed with two broad and deep ditches, and is not easy of approach on any side. Here lay General Lesley with lus army, while Cromwell was starving below. He had no way to escape, but the enthusiastic fury of the Scots delivered him. When they marched into the valley to swallow him np, he mowed them down like grass.

Sat 23—I went on to Alnwick, and preached in the Town Hall What a difference between an English and a Scotch congregation! These judge themselves rather than the Preacher, and their aim is, not only to know, but to love and obey

#### Wesley on Chesterfield's Letters

[Wed, Oct 11, 1775]—I borrowed here a volume of Lord Chesterfield's Letters, which I had heard very strongly commended And what did I learn?-That he was a man of much wit, middling sense, and some learning, but as absolutely void of virtue, as any Jew, Turk, or Heathen, that ever lived I say, not only void of all religion, (for I doubt whether he believed there is a God, though he tags most of his letters with the name, for better sound sake,) but even of virtue, of justice, and mercy, which he never once recommended to his son. And truth he sets at open defiance. He continually guards him against it. Half his letters inculcate deep dissimulation, as the most necessary of all accomplishments Add to this, his studiously instilling into the young man all the principles of debauchery, when himself was between seventy and eighty years old Add his cruel censure of that amiable man, the Archhisliop of Cambray, (quantum dispar illi,) as a mere time-serving hypocrite! And this is the favourite of the age! Whereas, if justice and truth take place, if he is rewarded according to his desert, his name will stink to all generations.

#### Witchcraft

[Wed, May 25, 1768]-It is true likewise that the English in general, and indeed most of the men of learning in Europe, have given up all accounts of witches and apparitions as mere old wives' fables I am sorry for it, and I willingly take this opportunity of entering my solemn protest against this violent compliment which so many that believe the Bible pay to those who do not believe it. I owe them no such service. I take know ledge, these are at the bottom of the outery which has been raised, and with such insolence spread through the land in direct opposition not only to the Bible, but to the suffrage of the wisest and best of men in all ages and nations. They well know (whether Christians know it or not) that the giving up witchcraft is in effect giving up the Bible, and they I now, on the other hand, that if but one account of the intercourse of men with separate spirits be admitted, their whole structure (Deism, Atheism, Materialism) falls to the ground

Jo'in Wesley 8 works have o'ten been edited The first collected edition (just after his death) was in 32 vols that of 1856-57 the eleventh, was in 15 vols. See John's Life by Tyerman (new ed 1876) and those by Southey (1820) Miss Wedgwood (1870) Urlin (1870) Rigg (1875), Telford (1885) Overton (1891), Kirton, Bevan, and others

Charles Wesley (1707-88) studied at Westminster (where he was the protector of the Jacobite Scotch boy afterwards to be Lord Mansfield) and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he was known as a 'Methodist' early in 1729 But it vas not till 1738 that, like his elder brother, he came under the influence of Peter Bohler and 'found rest to his soul' Though they differed about the ordination of ministers and on other points, Charles was in the main and throughout life an indefatigable lieutenant to his greater brother, becoming an itinerant preacher. In 1771 he settled with his family in London. Though he did vastly less work in prose than John, he is by far the most copious of English hymn writers, and is also one of the best He is said to liave written six thousand five hundred hymns, the bulk of which were carefully revised and often corrected by John Many of them are really great religious poetry, amongst the number are the well known 'Jesu, Lover of my Soul,' 'O for a thousand tongues to sing, ' 'Hark the herald angels sing,' 'Love divine, all loves excelling, 'O for a heart to praise my God,' 'O Love divine, how sweet thou art,' 'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild' And of 'Come, O thou traveller unknown,' Watts said, too enthusiastically, that it was worth all the hymns he himself had ever written

The poetical works of the two brothers edited for the Wesleyan Conference, fill thirteen volumes (1868-72). There are Lives of Charles by Jackson (1847-49) and Telford (1886), of Samuel, the elder brother, by Tyerman (1866) of their mother, by Kirk (1869) and Clark (1886) and of the Wesley family, by Stevenson (1876).

George Whitefield (1714-70), born in the Bell Inn, Gloucester, came to Oxford when the Wesleys had laid the foundations of Methodism, and he became conspicuous for zeal. He took deacon's orders in 1736, and in 1738 joined Wesley in Georgia, returning to be admitted to priest's The religious level of the age was low, and Whitefield found amongst his brethren the most active opposition. But when the parish pulpits were denied him he preached in the open air, and thenceforth spent his life in constant travel and incessant preaching, everywhere moving audiences by his irresistible earnestness and eloquence. About 1741 differences on predestination led to his separation as a strict Calvinist from John Wesley as an Arminian. His supporters now built him a large 'Tabernacle' at Moorfields, and his preaching gathered immense audiences. But he founded no distinct sect, many of his adherents following the Countess of Huntingdon (q v ) in Wales, and ultimately helping to form the Calvinistic Methodists The Countess appointed Whitefield her chaplain, and built and endowed many chapels for him He made seven evangel istic visits to America, and spent the rest of his life in preaching tours through England, Scotland (1741), and Wales Hume said he was worth travelling twenty miles to hear. He died at Newbury in New England His writings are upon the whole commonplace, and sincere admirers regretted that he should have injured his fame by publishing sermons, Journals, and

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## Henry Fielding.

Although modern genealogy declines to connect the lineage of Henry Fielding (1707-54) with the Hapsburgs, the passage which Gibbon, in a fragment of his Autobiography, gives to the author of Tom Iones still remains a splendid compliment. Fielding's father, General Edmund Fielding, was the third son of a son of the Earl of Desmond, whose elder brother was second Earl of Denbigh His mother was the daughter of Sir Henry Gould, Knight of Sharpham Park near Glastonbury in Somerset, and a Judge of the King's Bench At Sharpham Park, on the 22nd of April 1707, the future novelist was born. His childhood was spent. at East Stour in Dorsetshire, where other children, three girls (for one of them. Sarah, the novelist, see page 417) and a boy, were added to the family When, in April 1718, Mrs Fielding died, her eldest son was about eleven. His education had been confined to the tuition of a Mr Oliver of Motcombe. whose Falstaffian proportions and pig loving propensities we are asked to recognise in the Parson Trulliber of Joseph Andrews From Mr Oliver, Henry Fielding passed to Eton, probably as an oppidan. Among his schoolfellows were George (afterwards Lord) Lyttelton, Charles Hanbury Williams, and Thomas Winnington According to his first biographer, Arthur Murphy, he left Eton 'uncommonly versed in the Greek authors, and an early master of the Latin classics' After, and perhaps on account of, a youthful love affair with a Lyme Regis heiress, Miss Sarah Andrew, he was despatched to Leyden to study civil law under the 'learned Vitrianus,' and his name is recorded in the books of the university as late as March 1728

By this date his father, never a rich man, had married again, and the allowance of two hundred a year he professed to make his eldest son was not paid Early in 1728 Henry Fielding was in London, a tall youth of one and twenty, with a bandsome face, a magnificent constitution, and an unlimited appetite for those pleasures of the town which (as Gibbon says) are 'within the reach of every man who is regardless of his health, his money, and his company' It was lack of pence which turned young Fielding speedily to stage production Already at Leyden, with that bias towards Cervantes which was to be his lifelong characteristic, he had sketched a play called Don Quixote in England, and it must have been at Leyden that he prepared his first acted comedy, Love in Several Masques This was produced at Drury Lane in February 1728, immediately after Cibber's Provoked Husband It obtained some success, mainly owing to the acting of Anne Oldfield, and perhaps also to the friendly aid of the author's relative, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, to whom it was dedicated. For the next few years Fielding continued to produce farces and plays with careless rapidity, sometimes under his own name, sometimes under a pseudonym. None of

these has survived as a masterpiece In comedy he worked an exhausted vein, the 'wit-traps' of Wycherley and Congreve, without rivalling their brilliancy, though certainly not falling below their indelicacy. His best efforts lay in social sature or mock-heroic, and the most notable examples of these are The Author's Farce (1730) and Tom Thumb (1730)—afterwards revised and annotated as The Tragedy of Tragedies—a burlesque in the genre of Buckingham's Rehearsal containing much clever raillery of contemporary tragedies. He also succeeded with two adaptations of Moliere, Tha



From a Print in the British Museum engraved by S. Basire after W. Honarth

Mock-Doctor (1732) and The Miser (1733), which latter version obtained the approval of Volture But, as Lady Mary said, he himself would have thrown his work into the fire 'if meat could have been got without money, and money without scribbling' He never took the stage seriously Whether he possessed the dramatic faculty or not, his plays are deservedly forgotten, and the 'prolifick Mr Tielding,' as the Prompter called him, made no enduring contribution to dramatic literature.

In the preface to one of the last and hastiest of these performances, *The Universal Gallant*, or, the Different Husbands, produced at Drum Lane in February 1735, he seems to hint at a family However this may be, there is at this point a

manifest interval in his labours is a playwight, which his biographers have occupied with his marriage. His wife was one of three sisters of Salisbury, and lier name was Charlotte Cradock From her husband's description of her in Tom Jones and Amelia, she must have been as amrable as she was beautiful, and she, moreover, brought him £1500 of that pelf which alone preserved him from producing hurried plays. It is also alleged that concurrently he inherited something from his mother, but this is questionable, as in 1735 his mother had long been dead In any case, he migrated for the time to East Stour, where his childhood had been spent. Legend has freely gathered around this retreat upon the country, and he has been described as leading the life of a layish fox-hunting squire, with hounds, liveries, and all the regulation honours But it is demonstrable that in a twelvemonth he was back again in London, managing the little French theatre in the Haymarket, and running there a Lucianic satire on the times called Pasquin. This was a consider able success, and it was followed in 1737 by a similar effort, The Historical Register for the Year 1736 The Historical Register was inferior to Pasquin, but its strokes at Walpole are believed to have aided in precipitating the severe Licensing Act of 1737, which, among other vexatious restrictions, made the consent of the Lord Chamberlain an indispensable preliminary to the production of any play. Its passing was fatal to Fielding's 'scandal shop,' as the Haymarket had come to be popularly called, and it effectually termi nated his efforts to 'ridicule Vice and Imposture' through the medium of the stage, His own admission, in later life, that he left off playwriting when he ought to have begun, may be taken to indicate that he himself fully appreciated the hap hazard and premature character of his achievement in this kind Yet it may be reasonably doubted whether, even with wider experience and larger leisure, he would ever have excelled in pure comedy. His satiric and ironic gifts were better employed in the vocation he eventually adopted.

In 1737 he was in his thirty first year, and on the 1st of November he was admitted a student of the Middle Temple, being still described as of For the next three years, or until he Cast Stour was called to the Bar in June 1740, we know but little of his life. His biographers speak of political tracts, and he certainly worked with James Ralph-the Ralph who 'howls to Cynthia' in the Duncial-upon two volumes of the 'Spectator' essays known as the Champion (1739-40) Then, in November of the latter year, appeared Richardson's Pamela The origin of this book has been sufficiently discussed in speaking of its author, it remains to trace its connection with the work of Fielding, to whose manly, if somewhat coarsegruned, common sense, nourished in the school of Molière and Cervantes, its opportunist morality

seemed particularly nauseous. Probably to amuse himself at first, and also to work off an obscure but long standing grudge against the author of another success of 1740, the Apology of the actor Colley Cibber, Fielding presently set about a burlesque of Pamela, intended to combine the manners of Cibber and Richardson By a happy stroke of the pen, he turned the "Squire B" of Pamela into "Squire Booby," ind, inventing a brother for Richardson's heroine, exhibited him exposed to the solicitations of the 'Squire's aunt by marriage, a dissolute woman of quality scenes resulting from this beginning are the least pleasing of Joseph Andrews But at the end of the second chapter the author introduced Parson Adams, and, quickly warning to his task, soon discarded his original plan-After Chapter x the bool became practically what it professes to be in its full title-namely, The History of the Adventures of Joseph Andrews, and Its Frund Mr Abraham Adams Written in Imitation of the Manner of Cervantes That is to say, it became the first example of a till then unattempted type of English Novel I or not only by its 'Character of perfect Simplicity,' the absent-minded, finger snapping, Æschylus-loving clergyman, did it add n new portrait to the perpetual National Pontrut Gallery of English Literature, but it maugurated a nex method in fiction which its author styled the 'comic Epic-Poem in Prose.' In a lengthy Prefice, which was probably an afterthought of perhaps, to speak more accurately, a premoni tion of something different from his first idea which had gradually dawned upon him during the progress of the volumes, Fielding develops his His aim, he says in effect, was to produce something which should differ from serious romance, not only by its substitution of 'light and ridiculous' incidents for 'grave and solemn' ones, but by its admission among its dramalis personae of characters of inferior rank, and b, its employment of ludicrous and even burlesque diction in place of elevated language These characteristics, partly present in Joseph Andreas, were to receive fuller exemplification in his next novel, Tom Jones (see also above at page 7) Meanwhile, the reception accorded to Joseph

Meanwhile, the reception accorded to Joseph Andrews, although encouraging, was not sufficient to make the author's fortune, or even to supple ment materially the meagre income he derived from his profession. He brought out a face, Miss Lucy in Town, in which he had a colla borator, he projected with the Rei William Young, the reputed original of Parson Adams, a translation of Aristophanes, which got no father than one play, he issued, by subscription, three volumes of Miscellanies, which, among other things, included a youthful comedy, The Wedding Day This Garrick produced in 1743, with Mrs Woffing ton for heroine. But the most important items in the Miscellanies, after deduction of a good deal of occasional verse and prose, were a Lucianic frag

ment entitled 'A Yourney from this World to the Next,' and (occupying the entire third volume) the remarkable exercise in sustained irony known as The History of the Life of the late Mr Jonathan Wild the Great, the ostensible hero of which was a notorious thief-taker who had swung at Tyburn some eighteen years before The avowed object of this book, which, from internal evidence. apparently preceded loseph Andrews in point of composition, is to demonstrate that Greatness unaccompanied by Goodness differs little from rascality, and that the 'true Sublime' in Human Nature consists in the combination of the two This thesis is worked out with a relentless persistency which, to not a few readers, is so rarely relieved by softer touches as to be almost unendurable. But as an intellectual conception and a study in satire, Jonathan Wild must always be regarded as a masterpiece.

After the Miscellanies, Fielding produced no work of any importance until the appearance of *Tom Jones* The story of his life at this date is obscure, but although the 'garrets' and 'spunginghouses' of Lady Louisa Stuart are not improbably the mere evaggerations of an aristocratic pen, there can be little doubt that, as she says, he was 'almost always miserably poor, and seldom in a state of quiet and safety ' His means were uncertain, his splendid constitution was impaired, and he was a martyr to gout. To add to his distresses. and perhaps by reason of them, his beautiful wife died, leaving him plunged in despair 'So vehement was his grief,' says Murphy, 'that his friends began to think him in danger of losing his reason.' This must have been at the close of 1743 In 1744 he prefaced the second edition of his sister Sarah's novel of David Simple, and the year after began a weekly Whig paper, the True Patriot, which was followed in 1747 by another. the Jacobite's Journal, enterprises which earned for him, either rightly or wrongly, as regards the adjective, the stigma of 'pension'd scribbler' In November 1747 he married again, his second wife being his first wife's maid, Mary Daniel She had been devoted to her mistress, she was equally devoted to her husband, to whose children as well as her own slie made an excellent mother year later, by the interest of his old schoolfellow Lyttelton, to whom he was already much indebted (Preface to Tom Jones), Fielding was appointed a Justice of the Peace for Middlesev and Westminster, and took up his abode in Bow Street, Covent Garden A month or two later still, on the 28th of February 1749, was published the famous novel of Tom Jones

The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling, is Fielding's masterpiece. The old tradition that he wrote it as a Bow Street magistrate is exploded, and the 'Thousands of Hours' he spent in its composition had probably been dispersed over most of the interval which had elapsed between the publication of the Miscellanies and the date of its issue.

Some of it had no doubt been penned at the Lyttelton sent of Hagley, some at Prior Park, the home, near Bath, of Ralph Allen, the benevolent Allworths of the book In Tom Jones, Fielding set himself deliberately to perfect the 'comic Epic-Poem in Prose' as he had conceived it during the progress of Joseph Andrews Besides making it three times as long, he paid much closer attention to the evolution of the plot, which still, with some reservations as to hurry at the close, remains a model in its way. In place of a general critical 'Introduction,' he inserted at the beginning of each book one of those delightful 'prolegomenous' Essays, in which, ever and anon, as George Eliot says, 'he seems to bring his arm-chair to the proscenium and chat with us in all the lusty ease of his fine English'that English by which, in the words of another admirer, 'one seems to be carried along, like a swimmer in a strong, clear stream, trusting one's self to every whirl and eddy, with a feeling of safety, of comfort, or delightful ease in the motion of the elastic water' The book, indeed, has no one character which can quite compete with Parson Abraham Adams But it has a dozen which are admirably wrought. Squire Western first, Partridge the barber, the philosopher Square, Thwackum, his rival, Miss Western, Miss Bridget Allworthy, Lady Bellaston, Mrs Honour, the lady's maid—all these are living and moving human beings. It is true that the morality of certain incidents-the scene at Upton. the Bellaston episode which roused the ire of Colonel Newcome—has not passed unchallenged Probably Mr Lowell's contention that these passages -an inconsiderable portion, after all, in a lengthy novel-shock rather than corrupt will eventually obtain, and it is a defence which cannot always be advanced in favour of some of the performances of Fielding's modern descendants Pour qui sait lue, Tom Jones must remain, for experience of life, observation of character, invention, humour, irony, and inexhaustible humanity, one of the finest specimens of the English novel of manners Its author himself never excelled it, nor could he, for, as a French critic observes, it is the summary and abstract of an entire existence

In 1749 Fielding had but five years to live He was still poor, and his income of £300 as a Westminster Justice was some 'of the dirtiest money upon earth? He seems, nevertheless, to have been zealous and efficient in his office, and one at least of his pamphlets, the Enquiry into the Increase of Robbers (1751), is to this day recognised as authoritative by political economists. But the work which most concerns literature is his third novel, Anclia, also published in 1751. In its central character, as in the Sophia Western of Tom Jones, he delineates his beautiful first wife, whose goodness and forbearince were still a cherished recollection Written in the intervals of a wearisome and exact

ing profession, Amelia has little of the leisurely qualities of Tom Jones, nor has it the same fundamental richness of material Moreover, it is pre occupied to an exceptional extent with the social problems, prison discipline and what not, which were duly obtruding themselves on the writer's attention These drawbacks admitted, it has other qualities which have led some to prefer it to the Amelia herself, whom even that earlier book. sturdy Richardsonian, Dr Johnson, declared to be 'the most pleasing heroine of all the romances,' is a delightful type of generous, unselfish woman hood, and many of the subordinate characters-Dr Harrison, Colonel Bath, Mrs Bennet-ire only second, if second, to the Tom Jones gallery Amelia, Fielding's chief efforts of moment were the Covent Garden Journal (1752), another pamphlet, the Proposal for the Poor (1753), and a pamphlet on Elizabeth Canning At the end of June 1754, worn out with the labours of his office, and utterly broken in constitution, he started for Lisbon, like Peterborough and Doddridge before him, in the forloin hope of finding health. He reached his destination on the 14th of August Two months later, on the 8th of October 1754, he died, and was buried in the English cemetery on the Estrella Luzet Britannia gremio non dari Fovere natum is inscribed upon his tomb The story of his tedious and painfully prolonged journey to the Portuguese capital is related in a touching posthumous tract published by Andrew Millar in Feb ruary 1755, together with a fragment of a Comment on the Lssays of Bolingbroke, which Mallet had issued in March of the previous risear. Long after Fielding's death, in 1778, wall produced at Drury Lane a play called The Fathers or, The Goodnatured Man It was printed, and ran for a few nights, but has never been revived

The only trustworthy portrait of I ielding is that prefixed to Murphy's edition of his works (1762) It was drawn from memory by Hogarth, whom he had known, and whom he greatly admired life, as may have been gathered from the above, but few authentic particulars remain Not more than three or four of his letters have been preserved, while modern research, by disposing of much merely picturesque tradition, has appreciably reduced the scanty body of material upon which his first biographers based, their labours - It is non generally admitted that the reckless Boheminnism attributed to his youth was not continued in middle age, though he was at no time of a temper to grow either rich or careful But in spite of ill health and uncertain means, he retained to the end his joy of life, and his hopefulness was as inveterate as his improvidence He was a loving father and a kind husband, he exerted his last energies in philanthropy and benevolence, he expended his last ink in defence of Christranits, and he went to a foreign grave with the fortitude of a hero and the resignation of a philosopher

Hunting Song

The dusky night rides down the sky, And usliers in the morn The hounds all join in glorious cry. The huntsman winds his horn And a hunting we will go

The wife around her husband throws Her arms, and begs his stay, My dear, it rains, and liails, and snows, You will not hunt to day But a hunting we will go

A brushing fox in yonder wood, Secure to find we seek, For why, I carry'd, sound and good, A cartload there last week. And a hunting we will go

Away he goes, he flies the rout, I hear steeds all spur and swatch, Some are thrown in, and some thrown out, And some thrown in the ditch But a hunting we will go

At length his strength to faintness worn, Poor Renard ceases flight, Then hungry, homeward we return, To feast away the night Then a drinking we will go

(From Don Quixele in England Act ii)

This goes to the tune 'There was a jovial Beggar Verse 3 refers to a practice favoured by Sir Roger de Coverley (Specialer No. 116, July 13 1711).

#### Roast Beel.

When mighty roast beef was the Linglishman's food, It ennobled our hearts, and enriched our blood, Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good Oh the roast beef of Old England, And Old England's roast beef!

Then, Britons, from all nice dainties refrain, Which effeminate Italy, France, and Spain, And mighty roast beef shall command on the Main

> Oh the roast beef, &c. Oh the roast beef, &c.

(From Don Quixole in England Acts)

Richard Leveridge took Fielding & first verse, added others, and set the whole to music (Hullah's Song Book, 1665, to xxxxx.)

#### An Interview between Parson Adams and Parson Trulliber

Parson Adams came to the house of Parson Trulliber, whom he found stripped in to his wristcoat, with an apron on, and a pail in his hand, just come from serving his hogs, for Mr Trulliber was a parson on Sundays, but all the other six might more properly be called a farmer He occupied a small piece of land of his own, besides which he rented a considerable deal more. His wife milked his cows, managed his dairy, and followed the markets with butter and eggs The hogs fell chiefly to his care, which he carefully waited on at home, and attended to furs, on which occasion he was liable to many jokes, his own size being, with much ale, rendered little inferior to that of the beasts he sold indeed, one of the largest men you should see, and could have acted the part of Sir John Falstaff without sluffing Add to this, that the rotundity of his belly was con

siderably increased by the shortness of his stature, his shadow ascending very near as far in height when he lay on his back, as when he stood on his legs. His voice was loud and hoarse, and his accents extremely broad, to complete the whole, he had a stateliness in his gait, when he walked, not unlike that of a goose, only he stalked slower.

Mr Trulliber being informed that somebody wanted to speak with him, immediately slipped off his apron, and clothed himself in an old night gown, being the dress in which he always saw his company at home. His wife, who informed him of Mr Adams's arrival, had made a small mistake, for she had told her husband, 'She be lieved here was a man come for some of his hogs'. This supposition made Mr Trulliber hasten with the nimost expedition to attend his guest. He no sooner saw Adams, than, not in the least doubting the cause of his errand to be what his wife had imagined, he told him 'He was come in very good time, that he expected a dealer that very afternoon,' and added, 'they were all pure and fat, and upwards of twenty score apiece'

Adams answered, 'he believed he did not know him' 'Yes, yes,' cried Trulliber, 'I have seen you often at fair why, we have dealt before now, mun, I warrant you, yes, yes,' cries he 'I remember thy face very well, but won't mention a word more till you have seen them, though I have never sold thee a flitch of such bacon as is now in the stye' Upon which, he laid violent hands on Adams, and dragged him into the hogs' stye, which was indeed but two steps from his parlour window. They were no sooner arrived there, than he cried out, 'Do but handle them step in, friend, art which words, opening the gate, he pushed Adams into the pig stye, insisting on it that he should handle them before he would talk one word with him

Adams, whose natural complaisance was beyond any artificial, was obliged to comply before he was suffered to explain himself, and, laying hold of one of their tails, the unruly beast gave such a sudden spring, that he threw poor Adams all along in the mire Trulliber, instead of assisting him to get up, burst into a laughter, and, entering the stye, said to Adams, with some contempt, 'Why, dost not know how to handle u hog?' and was going to lay hold of one himself, but Adams, who thought he had carried his complaisance far enough, was no sooner on his legs, than he escaped out of the reach of the animals, and cried out, 'Nihil habeo cum porces I am a clergyman, sir, and am not come to buy hogs.' Trulliber answered, 'he was sorry for the mistake, but that he must blame his wife 'adding, 'she was a fool, and always committed blunders.' He then desired him to walk in and clean himself, that he would only fasten up the stye, and follow him Adams desired leave to dry his great coat, wig, and hat by the fire, Mrs Trulliber would have which Trulliber granted brought him a basin of water to wash his face, but her husband bid her be quiet like a fool as she was, or she would commit more blunders, and then directed Adams to the pump While Adams was thus employed, Trul liber, conceiving no great respect for the appearance of his guest, fastened the parlour-door, and now con ducted him into the kitchen, telling him he believed a cup of drink would do him no harm, and whispered his wife to draw a little of the worst ale. short silence, Adams said, 'I fancy, sir, you already per

ceive me to be a clergyman '- 'Ay, ay,' cries Trulliber. grinning, 'I perceive you have some cassock I will not venture to caale it a whole one ' Adams answered. it was, indeed, none of the best, but he had the misfor tune to tear it about ten years ago in passing over a stile. Mrs Trulliber, returning with the drink, told her husband 'she funcied the gentleman was a traveller, and that he would be glad to eat a bit.' Trulliber bid her 'hold her impertinent tongue,' and asked her, 'if parsons used to travel without horses, 'adding, 'he supposed the gentle man had none, by his having no boots on '- 'Yes, sir, yes,' says Adams, 'I have a horse, but I have left him behind me. - 'I am glad to hear you have one,' says Trulliber, 'for I assure you I don't love to see clergymen on foot, it is not seemly, nor suiting the dignity of the cloth. Here Trulliber made a long oration on the dignity of the cloth (or rather gown), not much worth relating, till his wife had spread the table, and set a mess of porridge on it for his breakfast. He then said to Adams, 'I don't know, friend, how you came to caale on me however, as you are here, if you think proper to eat a morsel, you may ' Adams accepted the invitation. and the two parsons sat down together, Mrs Trulhber waiting behind her husband's chair, as was, it seems, her custom Trulliber ate heartily, but scarce put any thing in his mouth without finding fault with his wife's All which the poor woman bore patiently cookers Indeed, she was so absolute an admirer of lier husband's greatness and importance, of which she had frequent lints from his own mouth, that she almost carried her adoration to an opiniou of his infallibility. To say the truth, the parson had exercised her more ways than one, and the pious woman had been so well edified by her husband's sermons, that she had resolved to receive the good things of this world together with the bad. She hud indeed been at first a little contentious, but he had long since got the better, partly by her love for this, partly by her fear of that, partly by her religion, partly by the respect he paid himself, and partly by thut which he received from the parish she had, in short, absolutely submitted, and now worshipped her husband, as Sarah did Abraham, calling him not lord, but master Whilst they were at table, her husband gave her a fresh example of his greatness, for as she had just delivered a cup of ale to Adams, he snatched it out of his hand, and crying out, 'I caal'd vurst,' swallowed down the ale denied it, it was referred to the wife, who, though her conscience was on the side of Adams, durst not give it against her husband Upon which he said, 'No, sir, no I should not have been so rude to have taken it from you, if you had caald vurst, but I'd have you know I'm a better man than to suffer the best he in the kingdom to drink before me in my own house, when I caale vurst'

As soon as their breakfast was ended, Adams began in the following manner 'I think, sir, it is high time to inform you of the business of my embassy. I am a traveller, and am passing this way in company with two young people, a lad and a damsel, my parishioners, towards my own cure we stopped at a house of hos pitality in the purish, where they directed me to you, as having the cure.'—'Though I am but a curate,' says Trulliber, 'I believe I am as warm as the vicar himself, or perhaps the rector of the next parish too. I believe I could buy them both '—'Sir,' cries Adams, 'I rejoice thereat. Now, sir, my business is, that we are by

ratious accidents stripped of our money, and are not able to pay our reckoning, being seven shillings. I therefore request you to assist me with the loan of those seven shillings, and also seven shillings more, which, peradventure, I shall return to you, but if not, I am continued you will joy fully embrace such an opportunity of laying up a treasure in a better place than any this world affords?

Suppose a stranger, who entered the chambers of a lawyer, being imagined a elient, when the lawyer was preparing his pulm for the fcc, should pull out a writ Suppose an apotheeary, at the door of a against him chariot containing some great doctor of eminent skill, should, instead of directions to a patient, present him with a potion for himself Suppose a minister should, instead of a good round sum, treat my lord ----, or sir -, or I'sq -, with a good broomstick Suppose a civil companion, or a led captain, should, instead of virtue, and honour, and beauty, and parts, and admira tion, thunder vice and infamy, and ugliness, and folly, and contempt, in his patron's ears. Suppose, when a tradesman first carries in his bill, the man of fishion should pay it, or suppose, if lie did so, the tradesman should abote what he had overcharged on the sup position of waiting. In short,—suppose what you will, you never can nor will suppose anything equal to the astonishment which seized on Trulliber, as soon as Adams had ended his speech. A while he rolled his eyes in silence, sometimes surveying Adams, then his wife, then casting them on the ground, then lifting them to heaven

At last he burst forth in the following accents -'Sir, I believe I know where to lay my little treasure up as well as another I think G-, if I am not so warm as some, I am content, that is a blessing greater than riches, and he to whom that is given need ask no more To be content with a little, is greater than to possess the world, which a man may possess without being so Lay up my treasure! what matters where a man's treasure is, whose heart is in the Scriptures? there is the treasure of a Christian ' At these words the water rah from Adams's eyes, and, catching Trulliber by the hand in a ripture, 'Brother,' says he, 'Heavens bless the accident by which I came to see you, I would have walked many a mile to have communed with you, and believe me, I will shortly pay you a second visit but my friends, I fancy, by this time wonder at my stay, so let me have the money immediately' Trulliber then put on a stern look, and cried out, 'Thou dost not intend to rob me?' At which the wife, bursting into tears, fell on her knees, and roared out, 'O dear sir! for heaven's sake don't rob my master we are but poor people '-' Get up for a fool as thou art, and go about thy business,' said Trulliber 'dost think the man will venture his hie? he is a beggar, and no robber'-'Very true, indeed,' answered Adams 'I wish with all my heart the tithing man was here,' eries Trulhber 'I would have thee pumshed as a vagabond for thy impudence shillings indeed! I won't give thee a farthing believe thou art no more a clergyman than the woman there' (pointing to his wife), 'but if thou art, dost deserve to have thy gown stripped over thy shoulders, for running about the country in such a manner'-'I forgive your suspicions,' says Adams 'but suppose I am not a clergyman, I am nevertheless thy brother, and thou, as a Christian, much more as a clergyman, art obliged to relieve my distress.' 'Dost preach to me?'

replied Trulliber 'dost pretend to instruct me in my duty?'-' Ifacks, a good story,' eries Mrs Trulliber, 'to preach to my master I'- Silence, woman,' cries Trul liber 'I would have thee I not, friend' (addressing himself to Adams), 'I shall not learn my duty from such as thee, I know what charity is, better than to give to angabonds."- Besides, if we were inclined, the prois rate obliges us to give so much charity,' cries the wife. Pugh! Thou art a fool Poor's rate! hold thy nonsense,' answered Trulliber, and then, turning to Adams, he told him, he would give him nothing 'I am sorry,' answered Adams, 'that you do know what charity is, since you practice it no better, I must tell you if you trust to your I nowledge for your justification you will find yourself deceived, though you should add faith to it, without good worl s'-'Fellor,' cries Trulliber, 'dost thou speal against faith in my house? Get out of my doors. I will no longer remain under the same roof with a wretch who speaks wintonly of faith and the Scriptures'-'Name not the Scriptures,' says Adams. 'How! not name the Scriptures! Do you disbeliere the Scriptures?' erics Trulliber 'No, but you do' answered Adams, 'if I may reason from your practice, for their commands are so explicit, and their rewards and punishments so immense, that it is impossible a man should stendfastly behave, without obeying there is no command more express, no duty more frequently enjoined, than charity Whoever, therefo e, is void of charity, I mal c no scruple of pronouncing that he is no Christian '-' I vould not advise thee,' sigs Trulliber, 'to say that I am no Christian I won't take it of you for I believe I am as good a man as thyself, (and, indeed, though he was now rather too corpuler for uthletic exercises, he had, in his voith, been one of the best boxers and cudgel players in the county) His ware, sceing him eleneh his fist, interposed, and hegged him not to fight, but show himself a true Christian, and take the law of him. As nothing could provoke Adams to strike, but an absolute assault on himself or his friend, he smiled at the angry look and gestures of Trulliber and, telling him he was sorry to see such men in orders, departed without further ecremony

(From Joseph Andreus, Book it Chap 14)

# Wild proceeds to the Highest Consummation of Human Greatness

At length the morning came, which Fortune at his birth had resolutely ordained for the consummation of our hero's GREATNESS he had, himself, indeed, modestly declined the public honours she intended him, and had taken a quantity of laudanum, in order to retire quietly off the stage, but we have already observed in the course of our wonderful history, that to struggle against this ludy's decrees is vain and impotent and whether she hath determined you shall be hanged or be a prime minister, it is, in either case, lost labour to resist. Laudanum, therefore, being unable to stop the breath of our hero, which the fruit of hemp-seed, and not the spirit of poppy seed, was to overcome, he was, at the usual hour, attended by the proper gentleman appointed for that purpose, and acquainted that the cart was ready On this occasion he exerted that greatness of courage, which hath been so much celebrated in other heroes, and knowing it was impossible to resist, he gravely de clared, he would attend them He then descended to that room where the fetters of great men are knocked off, in a most solemn and ceremonions manner. Then shaking hands with his friends (to wit, those who were conducting him to the tree), and drinking their healths in a bumper of brands, he ascended the eart, where he was no sooner seated, than he received the acclamations of the multitude, who were highly ravished with his GREATNESS.

The cart now moved slowly on, being preceded by a troop of horse guards bearing javelins in their hands, through streets lined with crowds, all admiring the great behaviour of our hero, who rode on sometimes sighing, sometimes swearing, sometimes singing or whistling, as his humour varied.

When he came to the tree of glory, he was welcomed with an universal short of the people, vilio were there assembled in prodigious numbers, to behold a sight much more rare in populous cities than one would reasonably imagine it should be, viz the proper catastrophe of a great man.

But though envy was, through fear, obliged to join the general voice in applause on this occasion, there were not wanting some who maligned this completion of glory, which was now about to be fulfilled to our hero, and endeavoured to prevent it by knocking him on the head as he stood under the tree, while the ordinary was performing his last office. They therefore began to batter the eart with stones, brick bats, dirt, and all manner of mischievous weapons, some of which errone ously playing on the robes of the ecclesiastic, made him so expeditious in his repetition, that, with wonderful alacrity, he had ended almost in an instant, and conveyed himself into a place of safety in a hackney coach, where he waited the conclusion with the temper of mind described in these verses

Suave mari magno, turbantibus rquora ventis, E terra alterius magnum spectare laborem

We must not, however, omit one circumstance, as it serves to show the most admirable conservation of character in our hero to his last moment, which was, that whilst the ordinary was busy in his ejaculations, Wild, in the midst of the shower of stones, &c., which played upon him, applied his hands to the parsons pocket, and emptied it of his bottle screw, which he carried out of the world in his hand

The ordinary being now descended from the eart, Wild had just opportunity to east his eves around the crowd, and to give them a hearty curse, when immediately the horses moved on, and with universal applicate our hero swang out of this world

Thus fell Jonathan Wild the GREAT, by a death as glorious as his life had been, and which was so truly agreeable to it, that the litter must have been deplor ably maimed and imperfect without the former, a death which hath been alone wanting to complete the characters of several ancient and modern heroes, whose histories would then have been read with much greater pleasure by the wisest in all ages. Indeed, we could almost wish, that whenever Fortune seems wantonly to deviate from her purpose, and leaves her work imperfect m this particular the historian would indulge himself in the licence of poetry and romance, and even do a violence to truth, to oblige his reader with a page, which must be the most delightful in all his history, and which could never fail of producing an instructive moral

Narrow minds may possibly have some reason to be

ashamed of going this way out of the world, if their consciences can fly in their faces, and assure them they have not merited such an honour, but he must be a fool who is ashamed of being hanged, who is not weak enough to be ashamed of having deserved it.

(From Jonathan Wild, Book iv Chap 14)

# Of the Serious in Writing, and the Initial Essays in 'Tom Jones'

Peradventure there may be no parts in this prodigious work which will give the reader less pleasure in the perusing, than those which have given the author the greatest pains in composing. Among these probably may be reckoned those initial essays which we have prefixed to the historical matter contained in every book, and which we have determined to be essentially necessary to this kind of writing, of which we have set ourselves at the head

For this onr determination we do not hold ourselves strictly bound to assign any reason at being abundantly sufficient that we have laid it down as a rule necessary to be observed in all prosai comi-epic writing ever demanded the reasons of that nice unity of time or place which is now established to be so essential to dramatic poetry? What critic hath been ever asked why a play may not contain two days as well as one, or why the audience (provided they travel like electors without any expense) may not be wasted fifty miles as well as five? Hath any commentator well accounted for the limitation which an ancient critic hath set to the drama, which he will have contain neither more nor less than five acts? Or hath anyone living attempted to explain, what the modern judges of our theatres mean by that word low, by which they have happily succeeded in banishing all humour from the stage, and have made the theatre as dull as a drawing room? Upon all these occasions, the world seems to have embraced a maxim of our law, viz., Cuicunque in arte sua perito credendum est for it seems, perhaps, difficult to conceive that anyone should have had enough of impidence, to lay down dogmatical rules in any art or science without the least foundation In such cases, therefore, we are apt to con clude, there are sound and good reasons at the bottom, though we are unfortunately not able to see so far

Now, in reality, the world have paid too great a compliment to critics, and have imagined them men of much greater profundity than they really are. From this complaisance, the critics have been emboldened to assume a dictatorial power, and have so far succeeded, that they are now become the masters, and have the assurance to give laws to those authors, from whose predecessors they originally received them

The critic, rightly considered, is no more than the clerk, whose office it is to transcribe the rules and laws laid down by those great judges, whose vast strength of genius hath placed them in the light of legislators, in the several sciences over which they presided. This office was all which the critics of old aspired to, nor did they ever dare to advance a sentence, without supporting it by the anthority of the judge from whence it was borrowed.

But in process of time, and in ages of ignorance, the clerk began to invade the power and assume the dignity of his master. The laws of writing vere no longer founded on the practice of the author, but on the dictates of the critic. The clerk became the legislator, and those

very peremptorily gave laws, whose business it was, at first, only to transcribe them

Hence arose an obvious, and, perliaps, an unavoidable error For these critics being men of shallow capacities, very easily mistook mere form for substance acted as a judge would, who should adhere to the lifeless letter of law and reject the spirit Little circumstances which were, perhaps, accidental in a great anthor, were, by these critics, considered to constitute his elif merit, and transmitted as essentials to be observed by all his successors To these encroachments, time and ignorance, the two great supporters of imposture, gave authority, and thus, many rules for good writing have been estab lished, which have not the least foundation in truth or nature, and which commonly serve for no other purpose than to curb and restrain genius, in the same manner as it would have restrained the dancing master, had the many excellent treatises on that art laid it down as an essential rule, that every man must dance in chains

To avoid, therefore, all imputation of laying down a rule for posterity, founded only on the anthority of the dixit, for which, to say the truth, we have not the profoundest veneration we shall here waive the privilege above contended for, and proceed to lay before the reader, the reasons which have induced us to intersperse these several digressive essays in the course of this work

And here we shall of necessity be led to open a new vein of knowledge, which, if it hath been discovered, hath not, to our remembrance, been wrought on by any ancient or modern writer. This vein is no other than that of contrast, which runs through all the works of the creation, and may, probably, have a large share in con stituting in us the idea of all beauty, as well natural as artificial, for what demonstrates the beauty and excellence of anything but its reverse? Thus the beauty of day and that of summer, is set off by the horrors of night and winter. And I believe, if it was possible for a man to have seen only the two former, he would have a very imperfect idea of their beauty.

But to avoid too serious an air. Can it be doubted, but that the finest woman in the world would lose all benefit of her charms in the eye of a man who had never seen one of another east? The ladies themselves seem so sensible of this, that they are all industrious to procure foils, nay, they will become foils to themselves, for I have observed (at Bath particularly) that they endeavour to appear as ugly as possible in the morning, in order to set off that beauty which they intend to show you in the evening

Most artists have this secret in practice, though some, perhaps, have not much studied the theory. The jeweller knows that the finest brilliant requires a foil, and the painter, by the contrast of his figures, often acquires great applause.

A great genius among us will illustrate this matter fully. I cannot, indeed, range him under any general head of common artists, as he hath a title to be placed among those

- 'Inventas, qui vitam excolucre per artes.'
- 'Who by invented arts have life improv'd'

I mean here the inventor of that most exquisite entertain ment called the English pantomine

This entertainment consisted of two parts, which the inventor distinguished by the names of the serious and the conic. The serious exhibited a certain number of

heathen gods and heroes, who were certainly the worst and dullest company into which an audience was ever introduced, and (which was a secret known to few) were actually intended so to be, in order to contrast the conic part of the entertainment, and to display the tricks of harlequin to the better advantage.

This was, perhaps, no very civil use of such person ages, but the contrivance was, nevertheless, ingenious enough, and liad its effect. And this will now plainly appear, if instead of serious and comic, we supply the words duller and dullest, for the comic was certainly duller than anything before shown on the stage, and could only be set off by that superlative degree of dul ness, which composed the serious. So intolerably serious, indeed, were these gods and heroes, that harlequin (though the English gentleman of that name is not at all related to the French family, for he is of a mach more serious disposition) was always welcome on the stage, as he relieved the audience from worse company

Judicious writers have always practised this art of contrast, with great success. I have been surprised that Horace should cavil at this art in Homer, but indeed he contradicts himself in the very next line.

- 'Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus, Verum operi longo fas est obripere somnum.'
- 'I grieve if e'er great Homer chance to sleep, Let slumbers on long works have right to creep'

For we are not here to understand, as, perhaps, some have, that an author actually falls asleep while he as writing. It is true that readers are too apt to be so over taken, but if the work was as long as any of Oldmixon, the author himself is too well entertained to be subject to the least drowsiness. He is, as Mr Pope observes,

'Sleepless lumself, to give his renders sleep.'

To say the truth, these soporfic parts are so many scenes of serious artfully interwoven, in order to contrast and set off the rest, and this is the true meaning of a late facetious writer, who told the public, that whenever he was dull, they might be assured there was a design in it.

In this light then, or rather in this darkness, I would have the reader to consider these initial essays. And after this warning, if he shall be of opinion that he can find enough of serious in other parts of this history, he may pass over these, in which we profess to be labour ously dull, and begin the following books at the second chapter (From Tom Jones Book v Chap. 1)

#### Partridge on Courage.

At length Jones, being weary of soliloquy, addressed himself to his companion, and blamed him for his tact turnity, for which the poor man very honestly accounted, from his fear of giving offence. And now, this fear being pretty well removed by the most absolute promises of indemnity, Partridge again took the bridle from his tongue, which perhaps rejoiced no less at regaining is liberty, than a young colt, when the bridle is shipt from his neck, and he is turned loose into the pastures.

As Partridge was inhibited from that topic which would have first suggested itself, he fell upon that which was next uppermost in his mind, namely, the Man of the Hill 'Certainly, sir,' says he, 'that could never he a man, who dresses himself, and lives after such a strange manner, and so unlike other folks Besides, his diet, as the old woman told me, is chiefly upon herbs, which is a fitter food for a horse than a Christian may,

landlord at Upton says, that the neighbours thereabonts have very fearful notions about him. It runs strangely in my head, that it must have been some spirit, who perhaps might be sent to forewarn us, and who knows but all that matter which he told us, of his going to fight, and of his heing taken prisoner, and of the great danger he was in of being hanged, might be intended as a warning to us, considering what we are going about besides, I dreamt of nothing all last night, but of fighting and methough' the blood ran out of my nose as liquor out of a tap. Indeed, sir, infandum, regina, jubes renozare dolarm.

'Thy story, Partindge,' answered Jones, 'is almost as ill applied as thy Latin. Nothing can be more likely to happen than death to men who go into battle. Perhaps we shall both fall in it,—and what then?' 'What then!' replied Partindge. 'Why then there is an end of us, is there not? when I am gone, all is over with me. What matters the cause to me, or who gets the victory, if I am killed? I shall never enjoy any advantage from it. What are all the ringing of bells, and bonfires, to one that is six foot under ground? there will be an end of poor Partindge.' 'And an end of poor Partindge,' cries Jones, 'there must be one time or other. If you love Latin, I will repeat you some fine lines ont of Horace, which would inspire conrage into a coward.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori Mors et fagacem persequitur virum Nec parcit imbellis jnventæ Poplitibus, timidogne tergo"

'I wish you would construe them,' cries Partindge, 'for Horace is a hard author, and I cannot understand as you repeat them.'

'I will repeat you a bad imitation or rather paraphrase of my own, said Jones 'for I am but an indifferent poet

"Who would not die in his dear country's cause! Since, if base fear his distard step withdraws, From death he cannot fly —One common grave Receives, at last, the coward and the brave."

'That's very certain,' cries Partridge. 'Ay, sure, Mors omnibus communis but there is a great difference between dying in one's bed a great many years hence, like a good Christian, with all our friends crying about us, and being shot to-day or to morrow, like a mad dog, or perhaps hacked in twenty pieces with a sword, and that too before we have repented of all our sins. O Lord, have mercy upon us! to be sure the soldiers are a wicled kind of people. I never loved to have any thing to do with them. I could hardly bring myself ever to look npon them as Christians. There is nothing but cursing and swearing among them I wish your honour would repent I heartily wish you would repent, before it is too late, and not think of going among them -Evil communication corrupts good manners That is my principal reason. For, is for that matter, I am no more afraid than another man, not I, as to matter of that, I know all human flesh must die, but yet a man may live many years for all that. Why, I am a middle aged man now, and yet I may live a great number of years. I have read of several who have lived to be above a hundred, and some a great deal above a hundred that I hope, I mean that I promise myself, to live to any such age as that neither -But, if it be only to eighty or ninety, Heaven be praised, that is a great way off yet, and I am not afraid of dying then, no more than another man hut surely to attempt death before a man's time is come, seems to be downright wickedness and presumption. Besides, if it was to do any good indeed, but let the cause be what it will, what mighty matter of good can two people do? and for my part, I understand nothing of it. I never fired off a gun above ten times in my life, and then it was not charged with hullets. And for the sword, I never learned to fence, and know nothing of the matter. And then there are those cannons, which certainly it must be thought the highest presumption to go in the way of, and nobody but a madman—I ask pardon, upon my soul I meant no harm, I beg I may not throw your honour into another passion?

'I am now so well convinced of thy cowardice, that thon couldst not provoke me on any account' 'Your honour,' answered he, 'may call me a coward, or any thing else you please. If loving to sleep in a whole skin makes a man a coward, non immunes ab illis malis sumus. I never read in my grammar, that a man can't be a good man without fighting. Vir bonus est quis? Qui consulta patrum, qui leges juraque servat. Not a word of fighting, and I am sure the scripture is so much against it, that a man shall never persuade nie he is a good Christian, while he sheds Christian blood'

(From Tom Jones, Book xii Chap 3.)

#### Opening of 'The Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon.'

Wednesday, June 26, 1754.—On this day, the most melancholy sun I had ever beheld arose, and found me wake at my house at Fordhook. By the light of this sun I was, in my own opinion, last to behold and take leave of some of those creatures on whom I doted with a mother like fondness, guided by nature and passion, and uncurred and unhardened by all the doctrine of that philosophical school where I had learned to bear pains and to despise death

In this situation, as I could not conquer nature, I submitted entirely to her, and she made as great fool of me as she had ever done of any woman whatsoever under pretence of giving me leave to enjoy, she drew me into suffer the company of my little ones, during eight hours, and I doubt whether in that time I did not undergo more than in all my distemper

At twelve precisely my coach was at the door, which was no sooner told me, than I kissed my children round, and went into it with some little resolution. My wife, who behaved more like a heroine and philosopher, though at the same time the tenderest mother in the world, and my eldest danghter, followed me, some friends went with us, and others here took their leave, and I heard my behaviour applauded, with many murmurs and praises to which I well knew I had no title, as all other such philosophers may, if they have any modesty, confess on the like occasions.

The connection of the Deulighs and the Hapsburgs is discussed by Mr J H Round at pp. 216-49 of his Studies in Peerage and Family History (1901) and his conclusions have been adopted by Burke. It has been suggested (Thomson's Richardson, 1900, p. 38) that the Afology for the Life of Mrs Shannela Andreus (1741) should be added to the works of Fielding Richardson believed Fielding to be the anihor (Corr 1804, iv 286), and there is some internal evidence—notably the fact that, both in Shannela and Josephi Andreus the Mr B. of Pamiela is converted into 'Mr Booby—which supports this belief But hitherto the book has not been claimed for Fielding by Fielding's biographers.

Fieldings 'Works were first published in 1762 in 410 and 810 by Andrew Millar, with an Essay on his Life and Genius by Arthur Murphy In 1821 the novels appeared in Ballaniane's Novelist's Library, with a biographical sketch by Sir Walter Scott In 1882 an édition de luxe in ten volumes was published by Messrs Smith and Elder, with a prefatory study by Mr Leslie Stephen in 1893 Messrs Dent issued an edition in twelve volumes edited by Professor Saintsbury and in 1898 Messes Archibald Constable & Co issued n further edition with a preliminary I say by Mr Edmund Gosse An annotated edition of the Journal of a logage to Lisbon was published by the Chiswick Press in 1872 There are Lives of Fielding by Watson (1807), Lawrence (1855) and in the 'Men of Letters series by the present writer (1883, 1889 and revised American edition, 1902) Among separate articles may be noted Rezue des Deux Mondes (Gustave Planche) 1832, Frater's Majacine (keightley), January and February 1858
1thenaum, 2nd June 1883 Thackerny's English Humourists (1858), pp 266-85 Lang & Letters on Literature (1889) pp 29-42, Trails New Linian (1900) pp. 268-86 A bust of Fielding by Miss Margaret Thomas was unveiled at the Shire Hall, Taunton, 4th September 1883, by James Russell Lowell, whose address on that occasion is reproduced in Demecracy (1887) pp 67-88 Fielding's will was printed in the Athenaum, 1st February 1890. The assignment of Joseph Andrens to Millar for £183, x18. 15 in the Forster Collection at South Lensington, the receipt and agreement for Tom Jones are in the Huth Collection

AUSTIN DOBSON

Sir Charles Hanbury Williams (1709-59) enjoyed great popularity as satirical poet, courtier, and diplomatist during the latter part of the reign Lord Hervey, Lord Chesterfield, of George II Pulteney, and others threw off political squibs and light satires, but Williams eclipsed them all in liveliness and pungency. On the death of his father, Mr Hanbury, he took the name of Williams in respect of an estate in Monmouthshire left to him by a godfither, and in 1733 entered Parliament by Walpole's favour and as his sup Croker says that after lampooning Isa bella, Duchess of Manchester, with her second husband, Mr Hussey, he 'retreated, with too little spirit, from the storm that threatened him into Wales, whence he was afterwards glad to accept missions to the courts of Dresden, Berlin, and Russia' One verse of this truculent satire runs

But careful Heaven reserved her Grace For one of the Milesian race
On stronger parts depending,
Nature, indeed, denies them sense,
But gives them legs and impudence
That beats all understanding

When Pulteney, in 1741, had succeeded in procuring Walpole's defeat and resignation, and was himself clevated to the peerage as Earl of Bath, some of Williams's bitterest verses were levelled at him—In the Statesman the new peer is pilloried

When you touch on his lordship's high birth, Speak Latin as if you were tipsy Say we're all but the sons of the earth, Et genus non fecimus ipsi

Proclaim him as rich as a Jew,
Yet attempt not to reckon his bounties,
You may say he is married, 'tis true,
Yet speak not a word of the countess

Leave a blank here and there in each page,
To enrol the fair deeds of his youth,
When you mention the acts of his age,
Leave a blank for his honour and truth

Say he made a great monarch change hands, He spake—and the minister fell, Say he made a great statesman of Sands— Oh, that he had taught him to spell

In another poem Williams rule at Sandys for Sands), who by Pulteney's procurement was made Chancellor of the Exchequer

How Sands, in sense and person queer, Jumped from a patriot to a peer No mortal yet I now why, How Pultency truel ed the fairest fame For a Right Honourable name To call his viven by

His pasquinades are at least as personal and virulent as the political poetry of the Rolland or the Anti Jacobin. The following is a specimen of Williams's more careful character painting—part of a sketch of General Churchill, in several points suggesting Thackeray's Major Pendennis.

None led through youth a gayer life than he, Cheerful in converse, smart in repartee. But with old age its vices came along, And in narration lie's extremely long, Exact in circumstance, and nice in dates, On every subject he his tale relates If you name one of Marlbro's ten campaigns, He tells you its whole history for your pains, and Blenheim's field becomes by his reciting As long in telling as he was in fighting, His old desire to please is well expressed, His hat's well cocked, his penyig's well dressed, He rolls his stockings still, white gloves he wears, And in the boxes with the beaux appears, His eyes through wankled corners cast their ravs. Still he hows graceful still soft things he cass And, still remembering that he once was toung, He strains his empled I nees and struts along The room he entered smiling, which tespoke Some worn out compliment or threadbare joke, For, not perceiving loss of parts, he vet Grasps at the shade of his departed wit

In 1822 the fugitive poetry of Wilhams was collected and published in three volumes, but some at least of the grossest pieces were probably not written by him

George, Lord Lyttelton (1709-73), was the son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton of Hagley in Worand after distinguishing lumself at cestershire Eton and Oxford, he passed some time in France On his return lie obtained a scat in and Italy Parliament, and opposed the measures of Sir Robert Walpole As secretary to the Prince of Wales, he was able to secure favours for his literary friends, Thomson and Mallet. Pope ad mired his talents and opinions, commemorated him in his verse, and remembered him in his will, and his poetry gained him a place in Johnson's Collection and his Lives of the Poets From 1735 he took a conspicuous part in the House of Commons When Walpole and the Whigs were vanquished, Lyttelton was successively one of the Lords of the Treasury, a Privy Councillor, Chancellor of the

Eychequer, and, finally, a peer. He was a good, Lindl, absert-minded, amkward, and prous man, a friend and patron of poets and literary men. Thomson was his intimate, Fielding ded cated Tom Jones to him, Horace Walpole sneered at him, and Ches erfield and Smollett said unpleasant things about him his manners and mental equipment. An honest politician, he was not a great statesman. He was publishing poetry as earry as 1750 and in 1735 produced the Letters from a Persiar in England to his Friend at Ishahar (Montesquieu's Lettres Persanes, the model, dated from 1721) in which Selim describes and naï els crucises the opera, an indecorous stage play, bear-baining, card-parties, balls and the pastimes, manners, and political factions of England and of London society Some of the letters are no elettes with a purpose. Lyttelton's treatise (1746, on the Conversion of St Paul was written with 'a particular view to the satisfaction' of Thomson the poet. His Dialogues of the Dead (1760) enjoyed much popularity. He also vrote an elaborate History of the Reign of Henry II., to which he brought ample information and a spirit of impartiality and justice, but the work is dry and tedious-'not illuminated' as Gibbon very truly said. 'b, a ra of genius' Among the poems are eclogues on love and jealous,, epistles and addresses to Pope and man, other friends, odes, translations, and a good many real songs of the best date from 1732 and 1733 respectivelyone surveying the symptoms of love in this fashion

Where er she speaks my ranshed ear No other voice but hers can hear, No other wit but hers approve, Tell me, my heart, if this belove,

and returning always to the same query, and the other beginning

The heavy hours are almost past
That part my love and me,
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see.

The 'Advice to a Ladv is too fairly representative of most of his work. Gray praised his 'Yonody' on his wife's death, which remains a truly touching elegy, the Prologue to Thomson's Corrolanus was then accepted as his best poetic effort, and certainly contains felicitous lines and couplets. Before this play could be brought out Thomson was dead. The tragedy was acted for the benefit of the poet's relations and when Quin spoke Lyttelton's prologue many of the audience wept.

#### From the 'Monody

In rain I loo! around
O er all the well known ground,
My Lucy's wonted foots'eps to descry,
Where o't we used to walk,
Where o't in tender tail
We saw the summer sar go down the sky,
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide

Along the valley, can she now be found
In all the wide stretched prospect's ample bound,
No more my moureful eve
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacrea earth where her dear rehes lie.
Swee babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
Were won to trip along these verdant lawns
By your delighted mother's side
Who now your infant steps shall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
To every virtue would have formed your youth,
And strewed with flowers the thorny ways of truth?

O loss beyond repair'
O wretched fa.her, left alone
To weep their dire misfortune and thy own!
How shall thy weakened mind, oppressed with woe,
And drooping o er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe,
Nor she, alas' is gone,

From folly and from vice their helple-s age to save !

#### From Advice to a Lady'

The councils of a friend. Belinda, hear, Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear, Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen. Such truths as v omen seldom learn from men. Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I shew What female vanity might fear to know Some ment's mine to dare to be sincere, But greater your sincenty to bear Hard is the fortune that your sex attends, Women, like princes, find few real friends All who approach them their own ends pursue. Lovers and ministers are seldom true. Hence oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays. And the most trusted guide the most betriys, Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amuzed, When most you tyrannise, you're most abused What is your sex's earliest, latest care, Your heart's supreme ambition '-To be fair For this, the toilet every thought employs, Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys For this, hands, lips, and eyes are put to school, And each matructed feature has its rule And yet how few have learn', when this is given, Not to disgrace the partial boon of Heaven' How few with all their pride of form can move How few are lovely, that are made for love! Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess An elegance of mind, as well as dress Be that your ornament, and know to please By graceful Nature's unaffected ease. Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence, But wisel, rest content with modest sense, For vit, like wine, intoxicates the brain, Too strong for feeble woman to sustain Of those who claim it more than half have none. And half of those who have it are undone. Be still superior to your sex's arts, Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts For you, the plainest is the wisest rule A cunning woman is a knavish fool. Be good yourself, nor think another's shame Can raise vour ment, or adorn your fame. Virtue is amiable, m ld, serene, Without all beauty, and all peace within.

The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form,
Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,
As fiery monsters guard a giant's den
Seek to be good, but aim not to be great,
A woman's noblest station is retreat,
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light

Prologue to the Tragedy of Corlolanus I come not here your candour to implore For scenes whose author is, alas ' no more, He wants no advocate his cause to plead, You will yourselves be patrons of the dead No party his benevolence confined, No seet-alike it flowed to all mankind He loved his friends-forgive this gushing tear Alas! I feel I am no actor here-He loved his friends with such a warmth of heart, So clear of interest, so devoid of art, Such generous friendship, such unshaken zeal, No words can speak it, but our tears may tell O candid truth ! O faith without a stain! O manners gently firm, and nobly plain I O sympathising love of others' bliss-Where will you find another breast like his! Such was the man the poet well you know, Oft has he touched your hearts with tender woe, Oft in this crowded house, with just applause, You heard him teach fair Virtue's purest laws. For his chaste muse employed her heaven taught lyre None but the noblest passions to inspire, Not one immoral, one corrupted thought, One line which, dying, he could wish to blot. O may to night your favourable doom Another laurel add to grace his tomb Whilst he, superior now to praise or blame, Hears not the feeble voice of human fame. I et if to those whom most on eartli he loved. From whom his pious care is now removed. With whom his liberal hand, and bounteous heart, Shared all his little fortune could impart If to those friends your kind regard shall give What they no longer can from his receive, That, that, even now, above von starry pole, May touch with pleasure his immortal soul

To the Castle of Indolence Lyttelton contributed the stanza with the famous portrait of Thomson, whose 'ditties sweet,' however, Lyttelton did not hesitate to alter and curtail in editions of Thomson's works published in 1750 and 1752, but the liberties thus taken with the poet's text disappeared from later editions The friendly and playful pen portrait of a friend runs thus

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems, Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain, On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes, Poured forth his unpremeditated strain. The world forsaking with a calm disdain, Here laughed he careless in his easy seat. Here quaffed encircled with the joyous train, Oft moralising sage his ditty sweet. He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

An edition of Lyttelton's collected works in prose and verse appeared in 1774 and was reissued in 1775 and 1776 and in 1845 Sir R. Phillimore published his Memoirs and Correspondence

John Armstrong (1709?-79), the friend of Thomson, of Mallet, Wilkes, and other public and literary characters of that period, is now only known as the author of an unread didactic poem, the Art of Preserving Health A son of the minister of Castleton, a pastoral parish in Liddesdale, he studied medicine in Edinburgh, and took his M D in 1732 Three years later he was practising in London, and became known by the publication of several fugitive pieces and medical essays A nauseous anonymous poem, the Economy of Love (1736), gave promise of poetical powers, but marred his practice as a In 1744 appeared his Art of Pre serving Health, which was followed by two other poems, Benevolence (1751) and Taste (1753), and n pseudonymous volume of Sketches or Essays (1758) In 1760 lie was appointed physician to the forces in Germany, and on the peace in 1763 he returned to London, where he practised, but with little success, till his death, 7th September Armstrong seems to have been an indolent and splenetic but kind-hearted man - shrewd, caustic, and careful he left £3000, saved out of a small income. His portrait in the Castle of Indolence is in Thomson's happiest manner

With him was sometimes joined in silent walk (Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
One shver still, who quite detested talk
Oft stung by spleen, at once away he broke
To groves of pine and broad o'ershadowing oak,
There, inly thrilled, he wandered all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
Nor ever uttered word, save when first shone
The glittering starof eve—'Thank Heaven, the day indone'

The glittering star of eve—'Thank Heaven, the day is done' Warton prused the Art of Preserving Health for its classical correctness and closeness of style, and its numberless poetical images. In general, however, it is stiff and laboured, with occasional passages of tumid extravagance, and the similes are not infrequently echoes of those of Thomson and other poets. Of these two extracts from the Art of Preserving Health (from the close of the second and third books respectively), the second, the most energetic passage in the whole poem and not least characteristic of its medical author, describes the 'sweating sickness' which appeared in London in September 1485, after the victorious entry of the troops of Henry VII who had a week or two before fought at Bosworth field

# Wrecks and Mutations of Time

What does not fade? The tower that long had stood The crush of thunder and the warring winds, Shook by the slow but sure destrojer Time, Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base, And flinty pyramids and walls of brass Descend The Babylonian spires are sunk, Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones, And tottering empires crush by their own weight. This huge rotundity we tread grows old, And all those worlds that roll around the sun,

The sun himself shall die, and ancient night Again involve the desolate abyss, Till the great Father, through the lifeless gloom, Extend his arm to light another world, And bid new planets roll by other laws.

#### The Sweating Sickness.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
Their ancient rage at Bosworth's purple field,
While, for which tyrant England should receive,
Her legions in incestuous murders mixed
And daily horrors, till the fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profused
Another plague of more gigantic arm
Arose, a monster never known before,
Reared from Cocytus its portentous head,
This rapid fury not, like other pests,
Pursued a gradual course, but in a day
Rished as a storm o'er half the astonished isle,
And strewed with sudden carcasses the land

First through the shoulders, or whatever part Was seized the first, a fervid vapour sprung, With rish combustion thence the quivering spark Shot to the heart, and kindled all within, And soon the surface caught the spreading fires. Through all the yielding pores the melted blood Gushed out in smoky sweats, but not assuaged The torrid heat within, nor aught relieved The stomach's anguish With incessant toil, Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain, They tossed from side to side. In vain the stream Ran full and clear, they burnt, and thirsted still The restless arteries with rapid blood Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly The breath was fetched, and with huge labourings heaved. At last a heavy pain oppressed the head, A wild delirinm came their weeping friends Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs Harassed with toil on toil, the sinking powers Lay prostrate and o'erthrown, a ponderous sleep Wrapt all the senses up they slept and died.

In some a gentle horror crept at first O'er all the limbs the sluices of the skin Withheld their moisture, till by art provoked The sweats o'erflowed, but in a clammy tide, Now free and copious, now restrained and slow, Of tinctures various, as the temperature Had mixed the blood, and rink with fetid streams As if the peut up humonrs by delay Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign Here lay their hopes (though little hope remained), With full effusion of perpetual sweats To drive the venom out. And here the fates Were kind, that long they lingered not in pain For, who survived the sun's diurnal race, Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeemed, Some the sixth hour oppressed, and some the third. Of many thousands, few untainted 'scaped, Of those infected, fewer 'scaped alive, Of those who lived, some felt a second blow, And whom the second spared, a third destroyed. Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun The fierce contagion O'er the mournful land The infected city poured her hurrying swarms Roused by the firmes that fired her seats around, The infected country rushed into the town.

Some sad at home, and in the desert some Abjured the fatal commerce of mankind In vain, where'er they fled, the fates pursued, Others, with hopes more specious, crossed the main. To seek protection in far-distant skies But none they found It seemed the general air, From pole to pole, from Atlas to the east, Was then at enmity with English blood, For but the race of England all were safe In foreign climes, nor did this fury taste The foreign blood which England then contained Where should they fly? The circumambient heaven Involved them still, and every breeze was bane Where find relief? The salutary art Was mute, and, startled at the new disease, In fearful whispers honcless omens gave. To Heaven, with suppliant rites they sent their prayers, Heaven heard them not Of every hope deprived, Fatigued with vain resources, and subdued With woes resistless, and enfeebling fear, Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow Nothing but lamentable sounds were heard, Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death Infectious horror ran from face to face, And pale despair 'Twas all the business then To tend the sick, and in their turns to die In heaps they fell, and oft one bed, they say, The sickening, dying, and the dead contained

Richard Glover (1712-85), a London merchant who sat in Parliament for Weymouth (1761-68), published two elaborate poems in blank verse, Leonidas and the Athenaid-the former on the defence of Thermopyle, and the latter continuing the story of the war between the Greeks and Persians The length of these poems, their want of sustained interest, and lack of genuine poetic quality have led to their being next to unknown in the present day Leonidas (1737) was hailed with acclamations by the Opposition, or Prince of Wales's party, of which Glover was an active member London, or the Progress of Commerce (1739), was a poem written to excite the national spirit against the Spaniards, and in 1742 Glover appeared before the bar of the House of Commons as delegate of the London merchants, complaining of the neglect of their interests. In 1744 he declined to join Mallet in writing a Life of the Duke of Marlborough, though his affairs had become somewhat embarrassed A fortunate speculation in copper enabled him to retrieve his position, and he was returned to Parliament for Weymouth. He continued to maintain mercantile interests, and during his leisure enlarged his poem of Leonidas from nine to twelve books (1770) The Athenaid was published posthumously in 1787 His two tragedies, Boadicea (1753) and Medea (1761), are but indifferent performances In 1726 a naval expedition against the Spanish West Indies had miscarried, and the commander, Admiral Hosier, whose orders prevented him from fighting, is said to have died of a broken heart. The disgrace was not wiped out till 1739, when, on the commencement of the 'War of Jenkins's Ear,'

Admiral Vernon bombarded and took Portobelo on the Colombian coast. On this victory Glover wrote a ballad which had a great vogue, Horace Walpole thought it 'very easy and consequently pretty, but from the ease should never have guessed it Glover's '

#### Address of Leonidas

He alone

Remains unshaken Rising, he displays His godlike presence Dignity and grace Adorn his frame, where manly beauty joins With strength Hereulean On his aspect shine Sublimest virtue and desire of finie, Where justice gives the laurel, in his eye The mextinguishable spark, which fires The souls of patriots; while his brow supports Undrunted valour, and contempt of death. Screne he cast his looks around, and spake 'Why this astonishment on every free, Le men of Sparta? Does the name of death Create this fear and wonder? O my friends! Why do we labour through the arduous paths Which lead to virtue? Fruitless were the toil Above the reach of human feet were placed The distant summit, if the fear of death Could intercept our prisage But a frown Of unavailing terror he assumes To shale the firmness of the mind which knows That, wanting virtue, life is pain and woe, That, wanting liberty, even virtue mourns, And looks around for happiness in vain Then speak, O Sparta! and demand my life, My heart, exulting, answers to thy call, And smiles on glorious fate To live with fame The gods allow to many, but to die With equal lustre is a blessing Jove Among the choicest of his boons reserves, Which but on few his sparing hand bestows Salvation thus to Sparta he proclaimed Joy, wrapt awhile in admiration, paused, Suspending praise, nor praise at last resounds In high acclum to rend the arch of heaven, A reverential murmur breathes applause

#### Admiral Hosier's Ghost.

As near Portobello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
Our triumphint navy rode,
There while Vernon sat all glorious
From the Spaniards' late defent,
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet,

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard,
Then, each heart with fear confounding
A sad troop of ghosts appeared,
All in dreary hummocks shrouded,
Which for winding sheets they were,
And, with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore

On them gleamed the moon's wan lustre, When the shade of Hosier brave His pale bands was seen to muster, Rising from their watery grave O'er the glummering wave he hied him, Where the Burford reared her sail, With three thousand ghosts beside him, And in grouns did Vernon hail.

'Heed, oh heed our fatal story!
I am Hosier's injured ghost,
You who now have purchased glory
At this place where I was lost
Though in Portobello's ruin,
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joys with tears.

'See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stained with weeping,
These were English captains brave.
Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,
Those were once my sailors bold,
Lo' each liangs his drooping forchead,
While his dismal tale is told

'I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright,
Nothing then its wealth defended,
But my orders—not to fight!
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had east them with disdain,
And obeyed my heart's warm motion,
To have quelled the pride of Span!

'For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achieved with six alone
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the seas the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been

'Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemned for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom
To have fallen, my country erying,
"He has played an English part,"
Had been better far than dying
Of a greeved and broken heart

'Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail,
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

'Hence with all my train attending,
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant wee.
Here the Bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And, our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom

'O'er these waves for ever mourning
Shall we roam, deprived of rest,
If, to Britain's shores returning,
You neglect my just request,
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for Eugland—shamed in me'

William Shenstone (1714-63), though author of 'elegies, odes and ballads, humorous sallies and moral pieces,' v anted, as Johnson said, 'comprehen-

sion and variety,' even more did he lack depth, spontaneity, true naturainess. Though ambitious of poetic fame, he spent much of his time and squandered most of his means on landscape - gardening and ornamental agriculture. He essayed to lead a too romantic-idvllic life in an eighteenth century artificial Arcadia, and reared up around him a sort of rural para dise, evercising his dilettante tastes and fancies in laying out and embellishing his grounds, till at length money difficulties and distresses threw a cloud over the fur prospect and darkened the latter days of the poet's life The estate which he thus laboured to adorn

was the Leasones in the parish of Hales Owen, Worcestershire, where he was born, and where, too, he died. He was taught to read at a dame school, and has immortalised his venerable preceptress in his Schoolmistress. In 1732 he was sent to Pembroke College, Oxford, where he re mained four years. In 1745 the paternal estate fell to his own care, and he began from this time, as Johnson characteristically describes it, 'to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters, which he did with such judgment and fancy, as made his little domain the envy of the great and the admiration of the skilful, a place to be visited by travellers and copied by designers' Descriptions of the Leasones were penned by Dodsley, Goldsmith, and 'Jupiter' Carlyle, and Slienstone has a place in the history of landscape-gardening when by no means at its zenith. The property was altogether not worth more than £300 per annum, and Shenstone had devoted so much of his means to out of doors improvements that he was compelled to live in a dilapidited house, not fit, as he acknowledges, to receive 'polite friends'. An unfortunate attachment and disappointed ambition conspired with his passion for landscape gardening to bind him down to solitude and 'Shenstone's Folly,' as the Leasowes was called. He became querulous and dejected, pined at the unequal gifts of fortune, and even contemplated with a gloomy joy the prospect that terrified Swift when he spoke of being 'forced to die in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole' Yet Shenstone must often have experienced very

genuine pleasure in the Arcadian retreat which a century afterwards attracted pilgrims-it is described as 'an exquisite poem' by Hugh Miller in his Tirst Impressions of England, and compared with Abbotsford in its disastrous consequences 'The works of a person that builds,' the owner said, 'begin immediately to decay, while those of him who plants begin directly to improve' But Shenstone sighed for more than inward peace and satisfaction - he died in solitude a votary of the world

His works were collected and published after his death by his friend Dodsley, in three volumes (1764-69)—the first contaming his

poems, the second his prose essays, and the third his letters and other pieces Gray remarks of his correspondence that it is 'about nothing else but the Leasowes, and his writings with two or three neighbouring clergymen who wrote verses too' The essays display ease and grace of style united to judgment and discrimination. They have not the mellow thought and learning of Cowley's essays, but they resemble them In poetry Shenstone tried different styles his elegies, melodious enough in a fashion, barely reach mediocrity, his levities, or pieces of humour, are dull and spiritless highest effort is The Schoolmistress, published in 1742, but said to be 'written at college, 1736,' it was altered and enlarged after its first publica This poem is a descriptive sketch offered as 'in imitation of Spenser' (really with elements of the burlesque, and earlier than Thomson's Castle of Indolence), delightfully quaint, yet true to nature. His Pastoral Ballad, in four parts, took rink as the finest English poem of that order his pathos is apt to become sentimentality, the



WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

From the Portrait by Edward Alcock in the National Portrait
Gallery

simplicity is not seldom artificial, like the poet's garden. Campbell sensibly enough regretted the affected Arcadianism of the pastoral pieces, which undoubtedly present an incongruous mixture of pastoral life and modern manners.

Johnson and Goldsmith both praised the School-mistress, but Walpole unkindly dubbed Shenstone 'the water-gruel bard' His poetry, in spite of its many shortcomings and defects, has resemblances to Goldsmith's, his characteristic use of anapestic verse was imitated by Cowper, and—though the other aspect of him is the more conspicuous—some critics have found in him touches that warrant them in linking him with Thomson as in some degree a heiald of the 'return to nature' One stanza of the Schoolmistress has the special interest of having probably suggested to Gray the thought in his Elegy about the 'mute inglorious Milton'

Yet, nursed with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!
Even now sagacious foresight points to shew
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellour in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bird mily e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er shall die!
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starveling elf! his paper kite may fly

Shenstone was an early favourite of Burns, who in a letter of 1783 names him first amongst his favourites, 'all of the sentimental order,' specially commending the elegies. And Shenstone's influence on Burns is too often clearly traceable.

#### From 'The Schoolmistress'

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected hies,
While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise,
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprize,
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of merit ere it dies,
Such as I oft have chaunced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity

In every village marked with little spire,
Lmbowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we schoolmistress name,
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Awed by the power of this relentless dame,
And ofitimes, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely shent

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did stow,
Whilome a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals mickle woe,
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low,
And as they looked, they found their horror grew,
And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display,
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray,
Lager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermixed, which thence resound,
Do learning's little tenement betray,
Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, for whiter than the driven snow,
I milem right meet of decency does yield
Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trov,
As is the harebell that adorns the field,
And in her hand, for seepter, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear entwined
With dark distrust, and sad repentance filled,
And steadfast late, and sharp affliction joined,
And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A russet kirtle seneed the nipping air,
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own,
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair,
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare,
And, sooth to say, her pupils ranged around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare,
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
Andthink, no doubt, she been the greatest wighton ground.

Albeit ne flattere did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her car,
Goody, good woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear,
Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear,
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honoured eld with these revere,
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame,
Which, ever and anon, impelled by need,
Into her school, begint with clinckens, came,
Such favour did her past deportment claim,
And, if neglect had lavished on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same,
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs, too, she knew, and well of each could speak,
That in her garden sipped the silvert dew,
Where no vain flower disclosed a grudy streak,
But herbs for use and physic, not a few,
Of gray renown, within those borders grew
The tufted basil, pun provoking thyme,
Fresh balm, and marygold of cliearful hue
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete,
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer seat
Sweet melody ' to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foemen did a song entreat,
All for the nonce untuning every string,
Upliung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And passed much time in truly virtuous deed,
And in thore elfins' cars would oft deplore
The times when truth by popish rage did bleed,
And tortuous death was true devotion's meed,
And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed,
And laviny saints in smouldering flames did burn
Ah, dearest Lord, forefend thilk days should e'er return!

In elbow-chair, lile that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defaced,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and hefest hege is placed,
The matron sat, and some with rank she graced
(The source of children's and of courtiers' pride'),
Redres-ed affronts—for vile affronts there passed
And warned them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
To the art the proud, and the submiss to raise,
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittanee small of praise,
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays
Even absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the gidde crowd she sways,
Forewarned, if little bird their prints behold,
Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold

Lo' now with state she utters her command, Estsoons the urchins to their tasks repair, Their bool's of stature small they tale in hand, Which with pellucid horn secured are, To save from singer wet the letters fair. The work so gav that on their back is seen, St George's high achievements does declare, On which thill wight that has y gazing been, Kens the forthcoming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween!

The four extracts which follow are from A Pastoral Ballad (1743)

## Absence

Ye shepherds, so cheerful and gay, Whose flocks never carelessly roum, Should Corydon's happen to stray, Oh call the poor wanderers home Allow me to muse and to sigh, Nor talk of the change that ye find, None once v as so watchful as I, I have left my dear Phillis behind Now I know what it is to have strove With the torture of doubt and desire What it is to admire and to love, And to leave her we love and admire Ah lead forth my flock in the morn, And the damps of each evening repel, Alas! I am frint and forlorn-I have bade my dear Phillis farewell Since Phillis vouchsafed me a look, I never once dreamt of my vine, May I lose both my pipe and my crook, If I knew of a kid that was mine I prized every hour that went by, Beyond all that had pleased me before, But nov they are past, and I sigh, And I grieve that I prized them no more When forced the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gazed as I slowly withdrew,
My path I could hardly discern,
So sweetly she bade me adicu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relie away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine
Thus widely removed from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relie I bear,
And my solace wherever I go

## Hope

My banks they are furnished with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep,
My grottoes are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with slicep
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow,
My fountains, all bordered with moss,
Where the harebells and violets grow

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrals of woodbine is bound,
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweetbriar entwines it around
Not my fields in the prime of the year
More charms than my cattle unfold,
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold

One would think she might like to retire

To the lower I have laboured to rear,
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there
O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the blac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love
To prune the vild branches away

From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves, What strains of wild melody flow! How the nightingales warble their loves, From thickets of roses that blow! And when her bright form shall appear, Each bird shall harmoniously join In a concert so soft and so clear, As—she may not be fond to resign

I have found out a gift for my fair,

I have found where the wood pigeons breed,
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say, 'twis a barbarous deed
For he ne'er could be true, she averred,
Who could rob a poor bird of his young,
And I loved her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue

#### Solicitude /

Why will you my passion reproce?
Why term it a folly to greec?
Ere I shew you the charms of my love
She is fairer than you can believe

With her mien she enamours the brave, With her wit she engages the free, With her modesty pleases the grave, She is every way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays,
I could lay down my life for the swain,
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymplis of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while,
Aay, on him let not Phyllida frown,
But I cannot allow her to smile

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind t
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around,
And his pipe—O my Phyllis, beware
Of a magic there is in the sound

'Tis his with mock passion to glov,
'Tis his in smooth tales to iinfold
How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her boson, he sure, is as cold
How the nightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie,
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs and die'

## Disappointment

Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep
They have nothing to do but to stray,
I have nothing to do but to weep
Let do not my folly reprove,
She was fair, and my passion begun,
She smiled, and I could not but love,
She is faithless, and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inspire,
It banishes wisdom the while,
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorned with a smile

The sweets of a dew sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme
High transports are shewn to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own,
Tate never bestowed such delight,
As I with my Phyllis had known

O ye woods, spread your branches apice,
To your deepest recesses I fly,
I would lude with the beasts of the chase,
I would vanish from every eye.
I et my reed shall resound through the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun,
How she smiled, and I could not but love,
Was faithless, and I am undone!

## Jemmy Dawson A Ballad.

Come listen to my mournful tale, Ye tender hearts and lovers dear, Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh, Nor need you blush to shed a tear

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline,
For thou canst weep at every woe,
And pity every plaint but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant boy, A brighter never trod the plain, And well he loved one charming maid, And dearly was he loved again

One tender maid she loved him dear, Of gentle blood the damsel came And faultless was her beauteous form, And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
I hat led the favoured youth astray,
The day the rebel class appeared,
O had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found,
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave the licenest wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheel,
When Jemmy's sentence reached her car?
For never vet did Alpine snows
So pale or yet so chill appear

With faltering voice she weeping said 'O Dawson, monarch of my heart! Think not thy death shall end our love, For thou and I will never part

'I ct might sweet mercy find a place, And bring relief to Jeminy's woes, O George' without a prayer for thee My orisons should never close.

'The gracious prince that gave him life Would crown a never dying flame, And every tender babe I bore Should learn to hisp the giver's name.

'But though, dear youth, thou shouldst be dragged To youder ignominious tree, Thou shalt not want a faithful friend To share the cruel fate's decree'

O then her mourning couch was called, The sledge moved slowly on before, Though borne in a triumphal car, She had not loved her favourite more.

She followed him, prepared to view
The terrible behests of law,
And the last scene of Jemmy's wors
With calm and steadfast eye she saw

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly loved so long,
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung

And severed was that becuteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly closed,
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love sick head reposed

And ravished was that constant heart, She did to every heart prefer, For though it could its king forget, 'Twas true and loyal still to her

Amid those unrelenting flames
She bore this constant heart to see,
But when 'twas mouldered into dust,
'Yet, yet,' she cried, 'I follow thee.

'My death, my death alone can show The pure, the lasting love I bore Accept, O Heaven! of woes like ours, And let us, let us weep no more'

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retired,
The maid drew back her languid head,
And, sighing forth his name, expired

Though justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due,
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true

Captain James Dawson was one of the eight officers of the Man chester volunteers in the service of the Young Chevalier who were hanged drawn and quartered on Kennington Conimou in 1746. The pathetic story is given in vol xviii of Howells State Trials. A pardon was expected, and in that case Dawson was to have been married the same day. His bride-elect followed him to the scanffold. 'She got near enough, as reported in a letter written at the time, to see the fire kindled which was to consume that licart which she knew was so much devoted to her and all the other dreadful preparations for his fate without being guilty of any of those extravagances which her friends had apprehended. But when all was over, and that she found he was no more she drew her head back into the coach and crying out.' My dear, I follow thee—I follow thee! Sweet Jesus, receive both our souls together, fell on the neck of her companion, and expired while speaking

#### Written at an Inn at Henley

To thee, fur Freedom, I retire Γrom flattery, cards, and dice, and din, Nor art thou found in mansions higher Than the low cot or humble inn

'Tis here with boundless power I reign, And every health which I begin Converts dull port to bright champagne Such freedom crowns it at an inn

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate, I fly from falsehood's specious grin, Freedom I love, and form I hate, And choose my lodgings at au inn.

Here, waiter take my sordid ore,
Which lackeys else might hope to win,
It buys what courts have not in store,
It buys me freedom at nn inn.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dnll round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome nt an inn.

Shenstone's IVorks in Prose and Verse appeared in three volumes in 1764-69, reprinted 1791 Gilfillan's edition of the poems dates from 1854 There is an article on A Forgotten Poet by Mr R H Hutton in the Cornhill for January 1902

William Whitehead (1715-85) succeeded in 1757 to the laureateship vacated by Colley Cibber after it had been refused by Gray. He was the son of a baker in Cambridge, and from Winches ter School obtained a scholarship at Clare Hall From 1745 onwards he spent much of his life as tutor in the family of the Earl of Jersey, cherishing literature and writing for the stage Roman Father and Creusa were indifferent plays The Enthusiast, an Ode, states the case between Variety, a Tale for Married Nature and Society Peoble, is the story of a too devoted couple laureate had no connection with Paul Whitehead. 1710-74, scurrilous saturist and 'kept bard' of the infamous 'Monks of Medmenham Abbey')

## From 'Variety'

Two smiling springs had vaked the flowers That paint the meads, or fringe the bowers-Ye lovers, lend your wondering ears. Who count by months, and not by years-Two smiling springs liad chaplets wove To erown their solitude, and love When, lo! they find, they can't tell how, Their walks are not so pleasant now The seasons sure were changed, the place Had, somehow, got a different face, Some blast had struck the cheerful scene, The lawns, the woods were not so green The purling rill, which murniured by. And once was liquid harmony, Became a sluggish, reedy pool. The days grew hot, the evenings cool The moon, with all the starry reign. Were melancholy's silent train And then the tedrous winter night-They could not read by candle light

Full oft, unknowing why they did,
They called in adventitious aid
A faithful favourite dog—'twas thus
With Tobit and Telemachus—
Amused their steps, and for a while
They viewed his gambols with a smile.
The kitten, too, was comical,
She played so oddly with her tail,
Or in the glass was pleased to find
Another cat, and peeped behind

A courteous neighbour at the door, Was deemed intrusive noise no more For rural visits, now and then, Are right, as men must live with men. Then cousin Jenny, fresh from town,

A new recruit, a dear delight!

Made many a heavy hour go down,

At morn, nt noon, at eye, at night

Sure they could hear her jokes for ever,

She was so sprightly and so clever!

Yet neighbours were not quite the thing—What joy, alas! could converse bring With awkward creatures bred at home—The dog grew dull, or troublesome, The cat had spoiled the kitten's ment, And, with her youth, had lost her spirit And jokes repeated o'er and o'er, Had quite exhausted Jenny's store.

-- 'And then, my dear, I can t alide, This always sauntering side by side 'Lnough,' he eries, 'the reason's plant For causes never mel your brain Our neighbours are like other folks, Skip's playful tricl's, and Jenny's jol es, Arc still delightful, still would please, Were we, my dear, ourselves at case Look round, with an impartial eve, On yonder fields, on yonder sky, The azure cope, the flowers below, With all their wonted colours clow, The rill still murmurs, and the moon Slunes as she did, a softer sun No change has made the seasons fail, No counct brushed a with his tail The seems the same, the same the weather-Heli e, my dear, too much together' Agreed A rich old nucle dies,

With eager liaste to town they flew,
Where all must please, for all was new
Advanced to fishion's wavering head,
They now, where once they followed, led,
Devised new systems of delight,
Abed all day, and up all night,
In different circles reigned supreme,
Wives copied her, and husbands him,
Till so ar inch life ran on,
So separate, so quite ben ten,
That, meeting in a public place,

And added wealth the means supplies

They scarcely knew each other's free
At last they met, by his deare,
A tile a tite across the fire,
Looked in each other's free a while,
With half a tear, and half a smile
The ruddy health, which wont to grace
With manly glow his rural face,
Now scarce retained its faintest streak,
So sallow was his leathern check
She, lank and pale, and hollow eved,
With rouge had striven in vain to linde
What once was beauty, and repair
The rupine of the midnight air

Silence is cloquence, 'tis said
Both wished to speak, both hing the head
At length it burst 'Tis time,' he cries,
'When tired of folly, to be wise
Are you, too, tired?—then checked a groun
She wept consent, and he went on

'True to the bias of our kind,
'Tis happiness we wish to find
In miral scenes retired we sought
In vain the dear, delicious draught,
Though blest with love's indulgent store,
We found we wanted something more
'Twis company, 'twis friends to share
The bliss we languished to declare,
'Twis social converse, change of scene,
To soothe the sullen hour of spleen,
Short absences to wake desire,
And sweet regrets to fan the fire

'We left the lonesome place, and found, In dissipation's giddy round, A thousand novelties to wake The springs of life, and not to break.

As, from the nest not wandering far, In light executions through the air, The feathered tenants of the grove Around in mazy circles move, Sup the cool springs that murmuring flow, Or taste the blossom on the bough, We sported feely with the rest, And still, returning to the net, In easy much we chatter door.

'Behold us now, di solving quite
In the full occur of delight,
In plea ure, every hour employ,
Immersed in all the world calls joy,
Our affluence casing the expense
Of splendour and magnificence,
Our company, the exalted set
Of all that's gay, and all that's great
Nor happy yet' and where's the wonder'
He late, mit d'ar, too i with assument!

The moral of my tale is this Variety " the soul of bliss, But such sauets alone As males our home the more our or n. As from the heart's impolling power The life blood pours its genial store, Though taling each a sarious say, The netive strengs meandering play Through every afters, every vein, All to the heart return again, I com thence resume their new career, But still return and eantre there, So real happine's below Must from the heart sincerely flow, Nor, listening to the siren's song, Must's ray too far, or rest too long All luman pleasures thather tend, Must there begin and there must end, Must there recruit their languad force, And gain fresh vigour from their source

James Harris of Salisbury (1709-80) was a man of rank and fortune he was educated at Wadham, Oxford, sat several years in Parliament, and was successively a Lord of the Admiralis and In 1774 he was made secre Lord of the Treasury tary and comptroller to the queen, and these posts he held till his death in 1780. In 1744 he published three treatises on art, on music and painting, and on happiness, and in 1751 produced his celebrated Hermes, or a Philosopi ical Inquiry concerning The work is an elaborate Universal Grammar attempt to discover the inevitable basis of all grammitical forms from an analysis of the thoughts The method is impossible, and to be conveyed the results false and useless, but Harris's varied learning and ingenuity enabled him to produce a curious and interesting book. He clung to Anstotle in the reign of Locke, and his Philosophical Arrangements (1775) treats modern problems by Aristotelian methods Philological Inquiries (1781), the least tedious of his works, is on style and His son, Lord Malmesbury, literary criticism published in 1801 a complete edition of his works in two quarto volumes

## Thomas Gray

was born at Cornhill in London, 26th December His father, Philip Gray (a money-scrivener, like Milton's father), was a 'respectable citizen,' but a man of harsh and violent disposition was forced to separate from him, and it was to her exertions as partner with her sister in a millinery business that the poet owed the advantages of a learned education, first at Eton and afterwards at Peterhouse, Cambridge The painful domestic circumstances of his youth doubtless helped to develop the melancholy traceable in his poetry At Eton he had made the friendship of Horace Walpole, son of the Prime Minister, and when his college education was completed. Walpole carried him off as companion on a tour through They had been two years and Trance and Italy a half together, exploring the natural beauties, antiquities, and picture-galleries of Florence. Rome, and Naples, when a quarrel took place at Reggio, and the travellers separated, Gray returning to England. Walpole took the blame of this difference on himself, as he was vain and volatile, and not disposed to trust in the better knowledge or fall in with the somewhat fastidious tastes and habits of his associate, and by his repentant efforts the breach was healed within three years Gray went to Cambridge to take his degree in civil law, but without intending to follow up the profession. His father had died, his mother's means were small, and the poet was more intent on learning than on riches He made his home in Cambridge, and amidst its noble libraries and learned society passed the greater part of his remaining life. Heartily hating mathematics, he was ardently devoted to classical learning, belleslettres, architecture, antiquities, heraldry, and natural history (especially botany and entomology), he rejoiced in voyages, travels, and books on geography, and showed good taste in painting, music, and gardening His friend Temple said he 'was perhaps the most learned man in Europe,' and his chief relaxation was sought in pleasant company and in writing letters-letters such as only that age could produce This retired life was varied by occasional residence in London, where he revelled among the treasures of the British Museum, and by frequent excursions to the country on visits to learned and attached friends At Cambridge, Gray was considered an unduly fastidious man, and this and the fact that he had a nervous horror of fire gave occasion to practical jokes being played on him by his fellow-inmates of Peterhouse. One of these-1 false alarm of fire, by which he was induced to climb down from his window to the ground by a rope—so annoyed him that he moved (1756) to Pembroke Hall In 1765 he made a journey into Scotland, and met Beattie at Glamis Castle. Wales too he visited, and Cumberland and Westmorland, for the lakes' sake. His letters describing these excursions are remarkable for their grace. acute observation, and dry scholastic humour, as well as for insight into the picturesque and a joy in mountain scenery till then extremely rare-though John Brown (see page 392) and 'Jupiter' Carlyle still earlier visited the Lakes as 'celebrated.' Mackintosh said Gray 'was the first discoverer of the beauties of nature in England' After these unexciting holidays Gray re-established himself in his college retreat—pored over his favourite authors. compiled tables of chronology or botany, moralised 'on all he felt and all he saw' in correspondence with his friends, and occasionally ventured into the realms of poetry and imagination. He had studied the Greek poets with such devotion and care that their spirit informed all his work.

Gray's first public appearance as a poet was made in 1747, when his Ode to Eton College was published by Dodsley, it had, however, been written in 1742, as also the Ode to Spring In 1751 his Elegy written in a Country Churchyard secured an enthusiastic hearing His Pindaric Odes, written in 1750-57, met with small success, but his name was now so well known that he was offered the laureateship (1757), vicant by the death of Colley This he declined, but in 1768 he Cıbber accepted the more important post of Professor of Modern History, which brought him in about £400 per annum In 1760-61 he devoted himself to early English poetry, later he studied Icelandic and Celtic poetry, which bore fruit in his Eddaic poems, The Fatal Sisters and The Descent of Odin -authentic precursors of Romanticism For some years he had been subject to hereditary gout as well as to depression of spirits, and as his circumstances improved his health declined. While at dinner one day in the college hall he was seized with severe illness, and after six days of suffering he died on the 30th of July 1771 By his own wish he was buried by the side of his mother at Stoke Poges near Windsor, and thus another poetic association was added to that beautiful scene of the Elegi His epitaph on his mother has an interesting touch of his peculiar melancholy 'Dorothy Gray, widow, the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her'

The poetry of Grav is all comprised in a few pages—surprisingly few, yet he was very soon accounted worthy to rank in the first order of poets, to be reverenced as one of the dis majores of English poetry. He still stands in the front rank of the second order. His two great odes, the Progress of Poesy and The Band, published in 1757, are amongst the finest things we have in the so-called Pindaric style, his stanzas, in their varied versification, flow with lyrical ease and perfect harmony. Gray said of his own verse that the 'style he aimed at was extreme conciseness of expression, yet pure, perspicuous, and musical,' and it has been generally agreed that he attained his ambition, especially in lyrical work such as

All his verse is marked by dignity and distinction, by a rarely attained artistic perfection. The Band is perhaps more dramatic and picturesque than the Progress of Poesy, which nevertheless has some of the noct's Some of his most splen most resonant strains did lines, alongside official flatteries that seem ludicrous and commonplace, are in the Cambridge Installation Ode

The Ode to Lton College, the Ode to Adversity,

and the far famed They show the same careful and elaborate finish, but the thought is simpler and more touching ln a letter to Beattie, Gray says 'As to description, I have always thought that it made the most graceful or nament of poetry. but never ought to make the sub ject.' He practised v list he taught, there is constantly some reflectio i arising out of the poet's descriptive passages, some solemn or toucl ing association Byron and others have attached, perhaps, undue value to the *Elegy* as the main prop of Gray's reputation It is doubtless the most frequently

read and repeated of all his works, because, in Johnson's words, it 'abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo' But the lofticst type of poetry can never be very extensively popular A simple ballad air will give pleasure to a larger number than the most triumphant display of musical genius, and poetry which deals with subjects of familiar, everyday occurrence will find more readers than the most inspired flights of imagination, however graced with such recondite allusion and suggestion as can only be enjoyed by persons of kindred taste and culture with the poet Gray himself recognised that the popularity of the Elegy was largely due to the subject, although he ought to have known better than say that 'the public would have received it as well if it had been written in prose.' And even his best poetry did not find universal approval on the vhole, he has been approved by the public rather than by the critics Johnson was tempted into a harsh and unjust criticism of Gray Lirgely because the critic admired no poetry which did not contain some neighty moral truth or some chain of reasoning. And Macaulty, with good reason, said that Johnson's Gray is the worst of his I trees. The universal admiration of Pope was adverse to Gray's accept ance, yet he became increasingly popular Beattie

said at the end of the century that he was the most admired of the poets of the age, Cov per thought inm the only poet since Shakesprare who could fairly be called sublime. Sumburne agrees with Johnson that Collins is greater than Grav did Coleridge, 50 did Mrs Brown But 11 15 mg surely b a temporary aberration of the Zeitgeish by a too protent reaction against earlier overpraise, that recent andiologists such as Mr Henley and Mrs nholly Meynell omit Grav's verses, and either impli citly or explicitly deny lus claim to be a true poet. Mrs Meynell even denounces him as



glib and voluble, securing dapper and even fatuous effects, and says of the Llery that in it 'medicanty said its own true word' Matthew Arnold is the chief exception-a very weighty exception-to the chorus of depreciatory recent critics Mr Arnold (whom Professor Saintsbury has called, not very aptly, 'an industrious, sociable, and moderately cheerful Gray of the nineteenth centure, while Gray was 'an indolent, recluse, more melancholy Arnold of the eighteenth') more truly held that while Gray had almost inevitably retained much of the spirit of an age of prose (unhappile his own age)-something too much of its ratiocina tions, its conceits, and its 'poetic diction'-he yet had the genuine poetic gift, the gift of insight and feeling Collins had a full measure of the same spirit save for Collins, Gra stood alone in his age. Mr Gosse, too, does full justice

to his artistic skill, and praises the 'originality of structure' in his odes, 'the varied music of their balanced strophes, as of majestic antiphonal choruses answering one another in some solemn temple and the extraordinary skill with which the evolution of the theme is observed and restrained'

In Gray's character there were odd inconsistencies He was nice, reserved, and proud-a haughty, retired scholar, yet we find him in his letters full of English idiom and English feeling, with a spice of the gossip, sometimes not over-fastidious in his allusions indolent, yet a severe student-hating Camhridge and its college discipline, yet constantly residing there. He loved intellectual case and luxury, and wished, as in a sort of Mohammedan paradise. to 'lie on a sofa, and read eternal new romances of Mariyaux and Crebillon' All he could say of Thomson's Castle of Indolence when it was first published was that there were some good verses in it. He had studied in the school of the ancient and Italian poets, labouring like an artist to infuse part of their spirit, their melody, and even some of their expressions, into his own English verse, while as a Latin versifier he ranks among the best of his countrymen. In his country tours the poet carried with him a convex mirror for gathering into one spot the forms and tints of the surrounding landscape. His imagination performed a like service in fixing for a moment the materials of Despite his classic taste and models, Gray was among the first to welcome and admire the Celtic or pseudo Celtic strains of Macpherson's Ossian, and he could also delight in the stern superstitions of the Scandinavian nations, in translating from the Norse tongue the Fatal Sisters and the Descent of Odin, he revived the rude energy and abruptness of the ancient ballad minstrels In different circumstances his genius would doubtless have soared higher and taken a wider sweep Mr Arnold explains what is sometimes called his 'sterility' by the fact that he was born a genuine poet into the age of prose, and could never breathe its atmosphere freely the place of Gray and Collins in the movement of the century, see above at page 11

The subdued humour and fancy of Gray are perpetually breaking out in his letters, with brief picturesque touches that mark the poet. In a letter to a friend, then on tour in Scotland, he playfully summed up

# The Advantages of Travel

Do not you think a man may be the wiser—I had almost said the better—for going a hundred or two of miles, and that the mind has more room in it than most people seem to think, if you will but furnish the apartments? I almost envy your last mouth, heing in a very insipid situation myself, and desire you would not fail to send me some furniture for my Gothic apartment, which is very cold at present. It will be the easier task, as you have nothing to do but transcribe your little

red books, if they are not ruhbed ont, for I conclude you have not trusted everything to memory, which is ten times worse than a lead pencil. Half a word fixed upon or near the spot is worth a cart load of recollection. When we trust to the picture that objects draw of them selves on our mind, we deceive ourselves without accurate and particular observation, it is but ill drawn at first, the outlines are soon blurred, the colours every day grow fainter, and at last, when we would produce it to anybody, we are forced to supply its defects with a few strokes of our own imagination.

#### Netley Abbey

My health is much improved by the sea, not that I drank it or bathed in it, as the common people do no, I only walked by it, and looked upon it. The climite is remarkably mild even in October and November, no snow has been seen to lie there for these thirty years past, the myrtles grow in the ground against the houses, and Guernsey lilies bloom in every window, the town clean and well huilt, surrounded by its old stone walls, with their towers and gateways, stands at the point of a peninsula, and opens full south to an arm of the sea, which, having formed two beautiful bays on each hand of it, stretches away in direct view, till it joins the British Channel, it is skirted on either side with gently rising grounds, clothed with thick wood, and directly across its mouth rise the highlands of the Isle of Wight at some distance, but distinctly seen. In the bosom of the woods-concealed from profane eyes-he hid the ruins of Netley Abbey, there may be richer and greater houses of religion, but the abbot is content with his situation See there, at the top of that hanging meadow, under the shade of those old trees that bend into a half circle about it, lie is walking slowly (good man 1), and hidding his beads for the souls of his benefactors, interred in that venerable pile that lies beneath him Beyond it-the meadow still descending -nods a thicket of oaks that mask the building, and have excluded a view too garish and luxuriant for a holy eye, only on either hand they leave an opening to the blue glittering sea. Did you not observe how, as that white sail shot by and was lost, he turned and crossed himself to drive the tempter from him that lind thrown that distraction in his way? I should tell you that the ferry man who rowed me, a lusty young fellow, told me that he would not for all the world pass a night at the abbey-there were such things near it-though there was a power of money hid there! From thence I went to Salisbury, Wilton, and Stonehenge, but of these I say no more, they will be published at the university press

PS—I must not close my letter without giving you one principal event of my history, which was that—in the course of my late tour—I set ont one morning before five o'clock, the moon shining through a dark and misty antiminal air, and got to the sea coast time enough to be at the sun's levee. I saw the clouds and dark vapours open gradually to right and left, rolling over one another in great smoky wreaths, and the tide—as it flowed gently in upon the sands—first whitening, then slightly tinged with gold and blue, and all at once a little line of insufferable hrightness that—before I can write these five words—was grown to half an orb, and now to a whole one, too glorious to be distinctly seen It is very odd it makes no figure on paper, yet I shall

remember it as long as the sun, or at least as long as I endure. I wonder whether anybody ever saw it before? I hardly believe it

### Grasmere

Passed by the little chapel of Wilhorn, out of which the Sunday congregation were then issuing Passed a beek near Dunmailrouse, and entered Westmoreland a second time, now begin to see Helmerag, distinguished from its rugged neighbours, not so much by its height, as by the strange, broken outline of its top, like some gigantic building demolished, and the stones that composed it flung across caeli other in wild confusion beyond it, opens one of the sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate. The bosom of the moun tains spreading here into a broad basin discovers in the midst Grasinere water, its margin is hollowed into small have with hold eminenees, some of them rocks, some of soft turf, that half coneeal and vary the figure of the little like they command. I rom the shore, n low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village with the parish church rising in the midst of it lianging inclosures, corn fields, and mendows green as an emerald with their trees, hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole space from the edge of the Just opposite to you is a large farmhouse, at the bottom of a steep, smooth lawn embosomed in old woods, which climb half way up the mountain's side, and discover above them a broken line of erags, that erown the seene Not a single red tile, no glaring gentleman's house or garden walls, break in upon the repose of this little, unsuspected paradise, but all is pence, rustienty, and happy poverty, in its neatest and most becoming attire

# The Grande Chartreuse

It is a fortnight since we set out hence upon a little excursion to Geneva We took the longest road, which hes through Savoy, on purpose to see a famous monas ters, called the Grande Chartreuse, and land no reason to think our time lost. After living travelled seven days very slow-for we did not change horses, it being impossible for a chaise to go post in these roads—we arrived at a little village among the mountains of Savoy, called Lehelles, from thence we proceeded on horses, who are used to the way, to the mountain of the Char treuse It is six miles to the top, the road runs winding up it, commonly not six feet broad, on one hand is the rock, with woods of pine trees hinging overhead, on the other, a monstrous precipiee, almost perpendicular. at the bottom of which rolls a torrent, that sometimes tumbling among the frigments of stone that have falken from on high, and sometimes precipitating itself down vast descents with a noise like thunder, which is still made greater by the celio from the mountains on each side, concurs to form one of the most solemn, the most romantie, and the most astonishing seenes I ever beliefd Add to this the strange views made by the crags and eliss on the other hand, the cascades that in many places throw themselves from the very summit down into the vale and the river below, and many other particulars impossible to describe, you will conclude we had no occasion to repent our pains. This place St Bruno chose to retire to, and upon its very top founded the aforesaid convent, which is the superior of the whole order When we came there, the two fathers who are commissioned to entertain strangers-for the i

rest must must be spend one to another, nor to any one else -received u very lendly, and set before us a repost of dued fish, eggs, butter, and fruits, all excellent in their I in I, and extremely next. They presed us to spend the night there, and to stay some days with them, but this we could not do, so they led us about their house, y luch is, you must think, like a little city, for there are a hundred fathers, besides three hundred servants, that male their clothes, grand their com, press their wine, and do everything among themselves. The whole is quite orderly and simple no hing of friery but the wonderful decency, and the strarge small n, more than supply the place of it. In the evening we descended by the same way, passing through main clouds that were then forming them elves on the mountain's side (From a Letter to I & II ther)

In the album of the monks he wrote an Aleac ode on the subject, and in a subsequent letter to his friend West he again adverts to this memorible visit. In our little journey up the Grande Chartreuse, I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclimation that there was no restraining. Not a precipice, no a torrent not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain seenes that yould are an atheist into behelf, without the help of other argument. One need not have a very fantastic imagination to see spirits there at noonday. You have Death perpetually before your eyes only so far remo ed as to compose the mind without frightening it."

On turning from these fine fragments of description to Gray's poetry, one is almost moved to say that the difference lies mainly in rhome and measure in imaginative warmth and vivid ness of expression the prose is well night equal to the verse

# Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College

Le distant spires, ye antique towers
That erown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's how shade, Henry'll founders
And we, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey
Whose turf, who e shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His salver winding way

Alt, happy hills, ah, pleasing shade,
Alt, fields beloved in vain?

Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!

I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth [ste],
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
I ull many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace,

Who foremost now delight to cleave With pliant arm thy glassy wate?
The captive linnet which enthral? What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty,
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And nnknown regions dure desery
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possessed,
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively chear of vigour born,
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play,
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to day,
Yet see how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, shew them where in ambush stand,
To scize their prey, the murtherous band,
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pullid I car,
And Shame that sculks behind,
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly graws the secret heart,
And Livy wan, and faded Care,
Grim visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy
The stings of Lalschood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' altered eve,
That moed is the terr it forced to flow,
And keen Remor e with blood defiled
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe

I o, in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen
The painful family of Death
Work hideous than their queen
This ricks the joints, the fires the years,
That every labouring sinesy strain

Fliose in the deeper vitals rage Lo, Poverty, to fill the band, That numbs the soul with icy hand, And slow consuming Age

To each his sufferings—all arc men,
Condemned alike to groan,
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeching for his own
Let, ali I why should they brow their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies
Thought would destroy their paradise
No more, where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise

## The Glories of Cambridge

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Bur is on my ear th' indignant lay,
There sit the sainted sage, the bard dryine,
The few whom genius gave to shine.
Thro' every unborn age and undiscover d clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they,
Yet linther oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy,
To bless the place where on their opening soul
First the genuine ardour stole
'Twas Wilton struck the deep toned shell,
And, as the clioral warblings round him swell,
Meck Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
And nods his hoary head, and histens to the rhyme.

'Ye brown o er arching groves,
That contemplation loves,
Where willow Camus lingers with delight!
Oft at the blush of dawn
I trod your level lawn,
Oft wood the gleam of Cynthia silver bright
In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of I olly,
With Freedom by my side, and soft eved Melancholy?

But hark! the portals sound, and proing forth With solemn steps and slow, High potentates and dames of royal birth And mitred fathers in long order go Great Ldward, with the libes on his brow From hanghty Gallin torn, And sad Chatillon on her bridal morn That wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare, And Anjou's lieroine and the paler to c, The rival of her crown and of her woes, And either Henry there, The inurdered saint, and the majestic lord That broke the key of Rome. (Their team, their little triumplis o'er Their human passions no no more, Save Chanty, that glows beyond the tomb )

All that on Granta's fruitful plum
Rich streams of regal bounty poured
And bade these awful fanes and turre's rise,
To had their Fitzrov's fe tal morning come,
And thus they speal in soft necord
The liquid language of the slies
"What is grandeur, who is power?
Heavier toil, superior pain
What the brig's remard me gran?

The grateful memory of the good Sweet is the breath of vernal shower, The bee's collected treasures sweet, Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet The still small voice of gratitude'

(From Ode for Music on the Installation of the Duke of Grafton as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, 1759)

King Edward III, the Countesses of Pembroke and Clare Queen Margaret of Anjon, and Queen Elizabeth wife of Edward IV king Henry VI and king Henry VIII, were all founders or benefactors of colleges at Cambridge

## From The Progress of Poesy'

Awake, Folian lyre, awake, And give to rapture all thy trembling strings. From Helicon's harmonious springs

A thousand rills their mazy progress take
The laughing flowers that round them blow
Drink life and frigrance as they flow
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Thro' verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign
Now rowling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar

In climes beyond the solar road, Where shaggy forms o'er ice built mountains roam, The muse has broke the twilight gloom,

To cheer the shivering native's dull abode. And oft beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili s boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather cinctured chiefs and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue and generous shame,
The unconquerable mind and Freedom's holy flame.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the mighty mother did univeil
Her awful face—the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled
'This pencil take,' she said, 'whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy,
Of Horrour that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.'

Nor second he, that rode sublime

Upon the seraph wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of the abyss to spy
He passed the flaming bounds of space and time
The living throne, the supplier blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw, but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night
Behold where Dryden's less presumptious car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two consers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloathed, and long resounding
pace

## The Bard-A Pindaric Ode

This ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward I, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the bards that fell into his hands to be put to death 'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!

Confusion on thy banners wait,
Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!'
Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance
'To arms' cried Mortimer, and couched his quivering
lance

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood—
Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air—
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe,
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fital day,
To high born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue, That hushed the stormy main Brave Urien sleeps upon his criggy bed Mountains, ye mourn in vain Modred, whose magic song Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud topped head. Camarron On dreary Arvon's shore they lie, Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale Tar, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail, The famished eagle screams, and passes by Dear lost companions of my tuneful art, Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes, Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart Ye died amidst your dying country's cries-No more I weep They do not sleep On yonder cliffs, a griesly band, I see them sit, they linger yet, Avengers of their native land With me in dreadful harmony they join, And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

'Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace,
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re echo with affright
The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonising King!
Edward IL
She wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs, Queen Isabelle
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,

From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs Edward III The seourge of Heaven 1 What terrors round him wait I Amazement in his van, with Flight combined, And Sorrow's fided form, and Solitude behind

'Mighty Victor, mighty Lord, Low on his funeral couch he lies! No pitying heart, no eye, afford

A tear to grace his obsequies.

the Black Prince

Is the sable warmor fled? Thy son is gone He rests among the dead The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born? Gone to salute the rising morn

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zepliyr blows, While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,

In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,

Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm, Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway, That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey

'Fill high the sparkling bowl, The rich repast prepare

Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast Richard II

Close by the regal chair

Fell Thirst and Famine scowl

A baleful smile upon their baffled guest Heard ye the din of battle bray, the Wars of the Roses

Lance to lance, and horse to horse?

Long years of havoc urge their destined course, And through the kindred squadrons move their way Tower of

Ye Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame, London With many a foul and midnight murther fed, Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame, Henry V

Henry VI And spare the meek usurper's holy head!

Above, below, the rose of snow,

Twined with her blushing foe, we spread

The bristled boar in infant gore Indge of Richard III

Wallows beneath the thorny shade

Now, hrothers, bending o'er the accursed loom, Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate

(Weave we the woof The thread is spnn)

Eleanor of Castile Half of thy heart we consecrate (The web is work. The work is done )" Edward I squeen

Stay, O stay 1 nor thus forlorn

Leave me unblessed, unpitted, here to mourn In you bright track, that fires the western skies, They melt, they vanish from my eyes-

But oh ' what solemn seenes, on Snowdon's height

Descending slow, their glittering skirts unroll?

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight le unborn ages, crowd not on my soul '

No more our long lost Arthur we bewail All hail, ye genuine kings! Britannia's issue, haif!

'Girt with many a baron bold, Sublime their starry fronts they rear And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old In bearded majesty, appear

In the midst a form divine! Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line,

Her lion port, her an e-commanding face, Queen Elizabeth Attempered sweet to virgin grace

What strings symphonious tremble in the air,

What strains of vocal transport round her play 1 Hear from the grave, great Paliessin hear I the Welsh bard They breathe a soul to animate thy clay

Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings, Waves in the eye of Heaven her many coloured wings

The verse adorn again

Fierce War, and faithful Love,

And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dressed In buskined measures move

Shakespeare

Mitton

Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,

With Horrour, tyrant of the throbbing breast.

A voice as of the cherub choir, Gales from blooming Eden bear,

And distant warblings lessen on my ear, Later poets

That lost in long futurity expire.

Tond, impious man, think'st thou you sanguine cloud, Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?

To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,

And warms the nations with redoubled ray

Enough for me with joy I see

The different doom onr Fates assign Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care,

To triumph, and to die, are mine.'

He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height, Deep in the roaming tide he plunged to endless night.

## Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.

The curfey tolls the knell of parting day, The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea, The ploughman homeward plods his weary way, And leaves the world to darkness and to me

Non fides the glimmering landscape on the sight, And all the air a solemn stillness holds, Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight, And drowsy tinklings full the distant folds,

Save that from yonder my mantled tower, The moping owl does to the moon complain Of such as, wandering near her secret bower, Molest her ancient solitary reign

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree s shade, Where heaves the turf in many a monldering heap, Each in his narrow cell for ever laid, The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep

The breezy call of incense breathing morn, The swallow twittering from the straw built shed, The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn, No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn, Or busy housewife plv lier evening care No children run to hsp their sire s return, Or climb his knees the envied kiss to chare.

Oft did the harvest to their siekle yield, Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke How jocund did they drive their team a field ! How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not amhition mock their useful toil, Their homely joys, and destiny obscure Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile The short and simple annals of the poor

The boast of heroldry, the pomp of power And all that beauty, all that wealth e or gave Anast alike the inevitable hour The paths of glory lead but to the grave

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to hese the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the flecting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or I lattery southe the dull cold car of Death?

Perhaps in this reclected spot is faid.

Some heart once pregnant with eclestral fire.

Hands that the rod of empire might have swaved.

Or waked to extray the living live.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll,
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul

Full many a gem, of purest ray screne,
The dark unfulnmed cases of ocean bear
Full many a flower is born to blush unisen,
And waste its sweetness on the decert air

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast The little tyrant of his fields withstood, Some unite inglorious Milton here may rest, Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty a er a similing land
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined,
Torbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mail ind

The struggling pangs of conseious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingentious shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With meense kindled at the Muse's flame

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strue,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray,
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way

Yet even these bones from insult to protect Some frui memorial still erected nigh With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture decked, Implores the passing tribute of a sigh

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prev,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor east one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires,
L'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our aslies live their wonted fires.

I or thee who, mindful of the unhonoured dead, Dost in these lines their artle stale relate, If chance, by lonely Contemplation led, Some I indred spirit shall inquire thy fate-

Hapls some horry headed so am may by "Oft have we seen him at the peop of dawn. Brit hing with hasty steps the dews away, To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

\* There at the foot of vonder nodding beech, That wreather its old fantastic roots so high, This listles length at noontide would be stretch, And pore upon the brook that liabile by

'Hard by you's ood, not smiling as in scorn, Muttering his vays and fancies he would rore, Not drooming, woful, wan, hi c one forlorn, Or one ed with care, or ero sed in hopeles, lose.

One morn I missed him on the customed hill, Along the heath and near his favourite tree, Another came, nor yet beside the rill, Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he,

'The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne,
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath you aged thorn?

## The I gituat

Here rests his head upon the lap of larth
A Youth to I ortune and to I ame unl rown
I air Science frowned not on his humble bath,
And Melancholy marked him for her or m.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven dol a recompence as largely send.
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven (twas all he withed) afficient.

No further sec! his mights to disclose, Or draw his frailties from their dread abode, (There they ahi e in trembling hope repose,) The bosom of his Pather and his God

The first draft of the fifteenth status instead of the name of Hampden, Milton, and Cromwell has those of Cato Tuly and Course. In Gray's first MS, this stance followed the twenty fifth

Him have we seen the greenwood side along
While oer the heath we hied our labour done
Oft as the woodlark paped her farewell song
While wisful eyes pursue the setting sun.
In early editions this fine stangen preceded the epitaph
'There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
lly hands unseen are showers of violets found.
The redbreast loves to build and warile there
And little footsteps lightly print the ground
Another verse in Mason's manuscript of the poem runs
'Hard's how the sarred colon, that breathes around

'Hark! how the sacred colm, that breathes around, Buds every fierce lumultuous passion cease In still small accents who pering from the ground A grateful extrest of eternal peace

# The Alliance of Education and Government

As sickly plants betray a niggard earth, Whose barren bosom starves her generous birth, Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains. Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins. And, as in climes where Winter holds his reign, The soil, though fertile, will not teem in vain,

Forbids her germs to swell, her shades to rise, Nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish slies.

So draw mankind in vain the vital airs, Unformed, unfriended by those I indly cares That health and vigour to the soul impart, Spread the young thought, and warm the opening heart,

So fond instruction on the growing powers
Of nature idly lavishes her stores,
If equal justice, with unclouded face,
Smile not indulgent on the rising race,
And scatter with a free, though frugal hand,
Light golden showers of plenty o'er the land,
But tyranny has fixed her empire there,
To check their tender hopes with chilling fear,
And blast the blooming promise of the year

This spacious animated scene survey. From where the rolling orb that gives the day. His sable sons vith nearer course surrounds. To either pole, and life's remotest bounds, How rude soe or the exterior form we find. Howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind. Alike to all the kind impartial Heaven The sparks of truth and happiness has given With sense to feel, with memory to retain, They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain. Their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws, The event presages, and explores the cause, The soft returns of gratitude they I now, By fraud clude, by force repel the foe, While mutual wishes mutual woes endear, The social smile, the sympathetic tear

Say, then, through ages by what fate confined, To different climes seem different souls assigned? Here measured lays and philosophie ease Fix and improve the polished arts of peace There industry and gain their vigils I cep, Command the winds, and tame the unwilling deep Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail, There languid pleasure sighs in every gale Oft o er the trembling nations from afar Has Seythia breathed the hving cloud of war, And, where the deluge burst, with sweeps sway, Their arms, their kings, their gods were folled away As oft have issued, host impelling host, The blue eved myriads from the Baltie coast, The prostrate south to the destroyer yields Her boasted titles, and her golden fields, With grim delight the broad of winter view A brighter day, and heavens of azure hue, Scent the new fragrance of the breatlang rose, And quaff the pendent untage as it grows. Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod, Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod, While Furopean freedom still vithstands The encroreling tide that drowns her lessening lands, And sees far off with an indignant groun, Her native plains and empires once her own? Can opener skies and suns of fiercer flame O erpower the fire that animates our frame, As lamps, that shed at eye a checriul ray, I ade and expire beneath the eve of day? Need we the influence of the northern star To string our nerves and steel our learts to war? An I where the face of nature laughs around Must sickening virtue fly the fainted ground? Unimally though ' what sensors can control,

What fancied zone can circumscribe the soul
Who, conscious of the source from whence she springs,
By reason's light, on resolution's wings,
Spite of her frail companion, daintless goes
O or Libya's deserts and through Zembla's snows?
She bids each slumbering energy awake,
Another touch, another temper talle,
Suspends the inferior laws that rule our clay,
The stubborn elements confess her sway,
Their little wants, their low desires, refine,
And raise the mortal to a height daying

Not but the human fabric from the birth Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth As various tracts enforce a various toil. The manners speak the idiom of their soil An iron race the mountain cliffs maintain, Foes to the centler genius of the plain. For where unwearied sinews must be found. With side long plough to quell the flinty ground, To turn the torrent's swift-descending flood. To brave the savage rushing from the vood, What wonder, if to patient valour truned, They guard with spirit what by strength they gained. And while their rocky ramparts round they see, The rough abode of want and liberty, (As lawless force from confidence will grow) Insult the plenty of the vales below? What wonder, in the sultry clinics that spread, Where Nile, redundant o'er his summer bed. From his broad bosom life and verdure flings, And broods o'er Lgypt with his watery wings, If with adventurous oar and ready sail, The dusky people drive before the gale, Or on frail floats to neighbouring cities ride, That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide?

Mason pre erved as 'much too beautiful to be lost a couplet intended to have been included in this fragment or unfinished poem

When love could teach a monarch to be wise And gospel light first dawned from Bullen's eyes,

The earlier Lives of Gray and editions of his works by Mason and by Mitford were supersected by Mr Gosses study in the Men of Letters series (1882) and his edition of the worls in proper and verse including three hundred and forty nine letters (4 vol. 1874). See also Matthew Ariolds introduction to the slection in Words English Facts, vol. iii. An elaborate edition of Cray's letters was prepared by Mr D. C. Tovey (vols. 1 and 11 1900-1904).

#### William Collins.

accounted by most modern critics the only great English lyrist of the eighteenth century, was the son of a well-to do hatter at Chichester, and there he was born on the Christmas of 1721 He received a liberal education, first in the prebendal school of Chichester, then as a scholar on the foundation of Winchester College and afterwards at Queen's College and Magdalen College in Oxford, where he was distinguished for 'his genius and indolence' but took his degree of BA in November 1743 Joseph Warton and Gilbert White of Selborne were fellow-students and friends. He left college abruptly, and afterwards visited an uncle, at that time with his regiment in Flanders. On his return to England, Collins thought of enterm, the Church but he soon abandoned this design and applied himself to literature. While at college he published his Persian Ecloques (1742), afterwards republished with the title of Oriental I cloques, and next year lus Epistle to Sir Il omas Hanmer on his Ldition of Shakspeare Collins, is Johnson remarks, 'hid many projects in his head. He planned several trigedies, and issued Proposals for a History of the Regreat of Learning, a work which he never accomplished. He was full of high hopes and magnificent schemes, but wanted steaminess of Hirough Johnson lie purpose and application obtained an advince from a bookseller for a projected translation of Aristotle's Poetics 1746 he published his Odes, which were purchised by Millir the bookseller, but fuled to attract attention. The poet in disgust burnt the unsold copies, sank under the disappointment, and became still more indolent and dissipited promise of his youth, his ardour and ambition, melted away under this bineful and depressing influence. Once again, however, he strung his live Thomson died in 1748 Collins—who lived some time at Richmond knew and loved him, and seems to have been hus sletched by Thomson m 1 stanz 1 of the Castle of Indolence

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
I here was a man of special grave remark.
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
P'ensive, not sad, in thought involved, not darl
i'en thousand glorious 53 stems would be build,
Ten thousand great ideas filled his mind.
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind

When Thomson died Collins quitted Richmond, and commemorated his brother poet in a touching ode. Among his friends was also Home, the author of *Douglas*, to whom he addressed an ode, found unfinished after his death, on the *Super stitions of the Highlands*. It was communicated by Carlyle of Inverest to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and printed in their Transactions in 1788, not without alterations and additions by Carlyle and Henry Mackenzie. Collins loved to dwell on these dim and visionary objects, and the compliment he pays to Tasso might almost be applied to himself.

Prevailing poet, whose undoubting mind Beheved the magic wonders which he sung

In the midst of the poet's difficulties and distresses, his uncle died (1749) and left him about £2000, 'a sum,' says Johnson, 'which Collins could scarcely think exhaustible, and which he did not hive to exhaust'. Fe had sunk into a state of nervous prostration, all hope or power of exertion had fled. Johnson met him one day, carrying with him as he travelled an English Testament 'I have but one book,' said Collins, 'but it is the best.' A voyage to France failed to dissipate his melancholy, and for a time he was the inmate of a madhouse. In his later days he was tended by his sister in Chichester. He used, when at

liberty, to wander day and might among the aisles and cloisters of Chichester Cathedral, accompanying the music with sobs and moans. After passing six years in this condition, he died in utter obscurity on 12th June 1759. Two odes written in his later years, on the Music of the Greatan Theatre and the Bell of Aragon, have been lost

Lor long the Oriental Lelogues vere the most esteemed of Collins's works, he himself thought otherwise, and the vorld soon came to be of his opinion. Southey remarked that, though utterly neglected on their first appearance, the Odes of Collins in one generation and without any idea titions aid, were acknowledged to be the best of their land in the language 'Silently and imper cep ably they had risen by their own buogance, and their power was felt by every reader who had any true poetic feeling? This true estimate is fulls established, though there is in Collins some lark of human interest and of action. The Felogues we free from the occasional obscurit, and rumo coess of the Odes, though they too are rather tame, and, with the exception of the second, rather pointless and defective in story. Collins, like Gray holds a middle position between the school of Pope and the school of Wordsworth. In his maturer vork he is almost completely free from the so called 'poetic diction' of the eighteenth century lie has not the passionate feeling for nature of later poets, but his feeling is at least real and not con vention if In respect of natural poetic gifts, John son, in spite of prejudices, recognised in Collins something lacking in Gray, whom it was usual to set beside Collins or even rank as his superor Coloridge and Mrs Browning place him above Mr Swinburne vehicinently denounces all Gras linking of the two contemporaries together, as a lyric poet, Grav is not worthy to unloose Collins's shoe-latchet. Collins had, and Grav liad not, the gift of lyric song, a purity of music and clarity not found from Marvell to Blake. 'The muse gave birth to Collins she did but give slea to Gray' Collins could put more music into a note than could all the rest of his generation into But his ringe was all the labours of their lives He had not Goldsmith's power of com pelling liuman emotion, and his choice of subjects and his subtler modes of treatment, debar him from the popularity of the author of the Lho His most highly finished ode is that To E-ci.ing, which is unsurpressed for explied tone and exqui site diction The ode on The Passions has ments of a different order, but shows genius of even wider scope. The allegorical character of this ode and its companion pieces, To Liberty, To Mercy, and To Pity, removes them from direct human The Ode to Liberty first after Milton sympathy 'blows the clarion of republican faith' No poet made more use of metaphors and personification, Pity is presented with 'eyes of dewy light,' and Danger is described with the distinctness of sculpture

Danger, whose limbs of giant mould What mortal eye can fixed behold? Who stalks his round, an hideous form, Howling amidst the midnight storm, Or throws him on the ridgy steep Of some loose hanging rock to sleep

That Collins was capable of simplicity and pathos is shown by his two most popular poems, On the Death of the Poet Thomson, and the ode quoted below beginning 'How sleep the brave'

The scene of the following eclogue, the second of the series, is the desert at midday

## Hassan or the Camel-driver

In silent horror, o'er the boundless waste,
The driver Hassan with his camels past,
One cruse of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contained a scanty store,
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorcling sand
The sultry sun had gained the middle sky,
And not a tree and not an herb was nigh,
The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roared the winds, and dreary was the view '
With desperate sorrow wild, the affrighted man
Thrice sighed, thrice struck his breast, and thus began
'Sad was the hour, and luck less was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way I

'Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst or pinching hunger that I find'
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign,
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?

'Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share'
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crowned fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest or verdant vales bestow,
Here rocks alone and tasteless sands are found,
And funt and sickly winds for ever howl around.
Sad was the hour, and linckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

· 'Curst be the gold and silver which persuade Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade 1 The hily peace outshines the silver store, And life is dearer than the golden ore, Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown, Ao every distant mart and wealthy town Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea, And are we only yet repaid by thee? Ah why was ruin so attractive made, Or why fond man so easily betrayed? Why heed we not, whilst mad we haste along, The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song? Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side, The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride, Why think we these less pleasing to behold Than dreary descrts, if they lead to gold? Sad was the hour and luckless was the day When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !

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'O cease, my fears! All frantie as I go,
When thought creates unnumbered scenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet!
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet,
And fearful oft, when Day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
By hunger roused he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train,
Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

'At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If anght of rest I find, upon my sleep,
Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a birning wound
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
From lust of wealth and dread of death secure I
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find,
Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

'O hapless youth ! for she thy love hath won, The tender Zara, will be most undone. Big swelled my heart, and owned the powerful maid, When fast she dropped her tears, as thus she said "Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain, Whom Zara's breaking heart implored in vain! Yet as thou go'st, may every blast arise Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs I Safe o'er the wild no perils mayst thou see, No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me." O let me safely to the fair return, Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn, O let me teach my heart to lose its fears, Recalled by Wisdom's voice and Zara's tears' He said, and called on Heaven to bless the day When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way

#### Ode written in 1745

How sleep the brave who sink to rest, By all their country's wishes blest! When Spring, with dewy fingers cold, Returns to deck their hallowed mould, She there shall dress a sweeter sod, Than Fancy's feet have ever trod

By fairy hands their knell is rung, By forms unseen their dirge is sung, Their Honour comes, a pilgrim gray, To bless the turf that wraps their clay, And Freedom shall a while repair, To dwell, a weeping hermit, there

### Ode to Evening

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales,

O nymph reserved, while now the bright haired sun
Sits in von western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed

Now air is hushed, save where the weak eyed but, With short shrill shrick, flits by on leathern ving, Or where the beetle winds His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path, Against the pilgrim borne in licedless hum Now teach me, maid composed, To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale, May not unseemly with its stillness suit, As, mit ing slow, I hail Thy genial loved return !

For when the folding star arising shows His paly circlet, at his warning lamp The fragrant hours, and claes Who slept in flowers the day,

And many a nymph who wreather her brows with sedge And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still, The pensive pleasures sweet Prepare thy shadowy car

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake Cheers the lone heath, or some time hallowed pile, Or upland fallows grav Reflect its last cool gleam

But when chill blustering winds, or driving run, Forbid my villing feet, be mine the hut First from the mountain's side Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamiets brown, and dim discovered spires, And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all Thy dewy fingers draw The gradual dusky veil

While Spring shall pour his shower, as oft he wont, And bathe thy breathing tresses, meckest Eve I While Summer loves to sport Beneath thy lingering light

While sallow Autumn fills thy Up with leaves, Or Winter yelling through the troublous air, Affrights thy shrinking/train, And rudely rends thy folies,

So long, sure found beneath the sylvan slied, Shall Paney, Priendship, Science, rose hipped Health, Thy gentlest influence own, And hymn thy favourite name!

The Passions, an Ode for Music.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young, While yet in early Greece she sung, The Passions oft, to hear her shell, Thronged around her magic cell, Exulting, trembling, raging, fa riting, Possessed beyond the muse's printing, By turns they felt the glowing mind Disturbed, delighted, ruser, refined, Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired, Filled with fury, rapt, inspired, From the supporting myrtles round, They snatched her instruments of sound, And as they oft had heard apart Sweet lessons of her forceful art,

1 ach (for madness ruled the hour) Would prove his own expressive power

Lirt I car his hand, its shill to try, Amid the chords, bewildered Inid, And back recoiled, he knew not why, Lach at the sound himself had made

Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire In lightnings owned his secret stirgs, In one rule clash he struck the live. And swept with hurned hand the strings.

With voful measures win Desprir, Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled, A solemn, strange, and mingled air, Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thon, O Hope, with eves so fair, What i as thy delightful measure? Still it whispered promised pleasure, And bade the lovely scenes at distance hall! Still a ould her to cli the strun prolong, And from the rock, the woods, the vale, She called on Teho still through all the song, And where her svectest theme she chose, I soft respon the noice was heard at every close, And Hope enclianted emiled, and waved her golden has

And longer had she snng, but with a frown

Revenge impatient rose. He thren his blood stained sword in thunder dow, And, with a withering look, The var denouncing trumpet tool, And blew a blast so load and dread, Were no or prophetic sounds so full of woe, and ever and anon he beat The doubling dram with furious heat, And though sometimes, each dream pause between, Dejected Pity at his side Her soul subduing voice applied, Let still lie kept his wild unaltered mich,

While each strained ball of sight seemed barsting from

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed. Sad proof of thy distressful state, Of different themes the veering song was mixed, And now it courted Love, now raving called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired, Pale Melancholy sat retired And from 1 er wild sequestered sext, In notes by distance made more sweet, Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul, And dashing soft from rocks around, Bubbling runnels joined the sound; Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole Or o er some haunted stream with fond delay, Round a holy calm diffrang, Love of peace and lonely musing, In hollow murmurs died away

But O ! how altered was its sprighther tone, When Cheerfulness, a numph of healthiest hue, Her bow across her shoulder flung, Her bushins gemmed with morning-den, Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung, The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known,

The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satvrs and sylvan boys were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green,
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addrest,
But soon he saw the brish, awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the fes al sounding shades,
To some unvearied ministrel dancing
While, as his flying fingers hissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,

Shool thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music 1 sphere-descended maid. Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid, Why, Goddess, why, to us denied, Lav st thou thy ancient lyre aside? As in that loved Athenian bower, You learned an all-commanding power, Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared, Can well recall what then it heard. Where is thy native simple heart. Devo e to virtue, fancy, art? Arise, as in that elder time, Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime ! Thy wonders in that godlike age Fill thy recording sister's page, Tis said, and I believe the tale, Thy humblest reed could more prevail, Had more of strength, diviner rage, Than all which charms this laggard age, E en all at once together found, Cecilia's mingled world of sound O bid our vain endeavours cease, Revive the just designs of Greece, Return in all thy simple state, Confirm the tales her sons relate !

# Dirge in Cymbeline sung by Guiderius and Arviragus

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb

Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earlies' bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring

No wailing ghost shall dare appear To ver with shrieks this quiet grove, But shepherd lads assemble here, And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen, No goblins lead their nightly crew. The female favs shall hannt the green, And dress thy grave with pearly dew,

The red breas of, at evening hours,
Shall lindly lend his little aid,
With hoary most, and gathered flower
To deck the ground where thou art hid

When howling winds, and beating rain, In tempests shake the sylvan cell, Or midst the chase, on every plain, The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed,
Beloved till life can charm no more,
And mourned till Pity's self be dead

Ode on the Death of Mr Thomson.
[The scene is on the Tharies, near Richmond.]
In vonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave,
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its poe's sylvan grave.

In you deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade

The mails and youths shall linger here, And while its sounds at distance swell Shall sadly seem in I ity's ear To hear the woodlaud pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest.

And oft, as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view von v hitening spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep

But thou, who own at that earthy bed,
Ah what will every dirge avail,
Or tears, which love and pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail?

Yet Lives there one whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year

But thou, form stream, whose sullen tide No sedge crowned sisters now attend, Now waft me from the green hill's side, Whose cold turf hides the buried friend

And see, the fairt valleys fade,
Dun night has veiled the solemn view
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek nature's child, again adien!

The genual meads assigned to bless
Thy life, shall mourn the early doom,
Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress,
With simple hands, thy rural tomb

Long, long the store and poin ed clay Shall melt the musing Briton's eves 'O vales and wild wood ' shall he say, 'In vonder grave your Druid hes!'

In the Ode or the Popular Superstitions of the Heghlai ds, according to Mr Lowell 'the vibole Romanuc School is foreshado ved,' while Mr

Gosse has said that it contains passages which are 'unrivalled for rich melancholy fullness' between Milton and Keats. But it deals only very lightly, and in about half of its thirteen stanzas, with specific superstitions, about half are compliment to Home and praise of Scotland generally. One stanza puts the will-o'-the-wisp at the service of the kelpie, two stanzas are devoted to the melancholy fate of the swain who becomes the victim, and the distress of his becaused widow and children. Then follow these stanzas.

Unbounded is thy range, with varied slill Thy muse may, lil e those feathery tribes which spring From their rude rocks, extend her slirting wing Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle, I o that hoar pile, v hich still its ruin shows In whose small vaults a pigmy folk is found, Whose bones the delver vith his spade upthrows, And culls them, wondering, from the hallowed ground! Or thither, a here, beneath the showery west, The mighty kings of three fair realms are hid. Once for, perhaps, together now they rest, No slaves revere them, and no wars invide I et frequent now, at midnight solemn hour, The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold, And forth the monarchs stalk with sovereign power, In pageant robes, and wreathed vith sliceny gold, And on their twilight tombs acrial council hold

But, oh, o'er all, forget not Kilda's race, On a hose bleal rocks, a high brave the wasting tides, I air nature's daughter, virtue, yet abides Go' just, as they, their blamcless manners trace l Then to my car transmit some gentle song, Or those whose lives are yet sincere and plain, Their bounded walks the rugged eliffs along, And all their prospect but the wintry main. With sparing temperance, at the needful time, They drain the seented spring, or, hunger prest. Along the Atlantic rock, undreading chmb, And of its eggs despoil the solan's nest Thus, blest in primal innocence, they live Sufficed, and happy with that frugal fare Which tasteful toil and hourly danger give. Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and bare. Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there I See the memoir of Collins by Dyce in his edition of the Works (1-7) and that prefixed by W. Moy Thomas to the Aldine edition (1659 new ed. 1892).

Mark Akenside (1721-70), author of The Pleasures of Imagination, was the son of a respectable butcher at New castle upon-Tyne, and in boyhood the fall of one of his father's cleavers on his foot rendered him lame for life. At the New castle schools he showed precocity and promise, and was already writing verse. The Society of Dissenters advanced a sum to educate him for the ministry, but after a session of theology at Edinburgh he changed his views, and, returning the money, entered himself as a student of medicine. His (far from brilliant) Hymn to Science was apparently written about this time. He took his degree of M D at Leyden in 1744, and in the same year he had

issued anonymously his Pleasures of Imagination The price demanded for the copyright was £120. and Pope advised Dodsley not to make a niggardly offer, 'for this is no every day writer'. The success of the work justified poet, critic, and publisherthough Gray dissented and Warburton condemned. The same year, after having in a poetical epistle attacked Pulteney under the name of Cuno. Akenside commenced physician at Northampton, but did not succeed He then (1746) engaged to contribute to Dodsley's Museum, began to practise in London as a physician, and published several At Edinburgh and at Leyden he medical treatises had formed an intimacy with a young Englishman of fortune, Jeremiah Dyson, which ripened into an enthusiastic friendship, and Mr Dyson-afterwards Clerk of the House of Commons and a Lord of the Treasury—was free handed enough to allow his poet-friend £300 a year After writing a few Oais and attempting a reconstruction of his great poem, Akenside made no further efforts in literature, save a few occasional poems and some medical works In 1757 appeared the expanded and altered form of the First Book of what was now called, by way of distinction, The Pleasures of the Imagination, of the Second Book in 1765, and a fragment of an intended Fourth Book was published after his He became distinguished as a physician, his society was courted for his taste, knowledge, and eloquence, but his solemn sententiousness of manner, his romantic ideas of liberty, and his unbounded admiration of the ancients exposed him occasionally to ridicule. The physician in Peregrine Pickle, who gives a feast in the manner of the ancients, was universally understood to be a caricature of Akenside. He irritated the Whigby becoming a Tory after he was appointed queen's physician, and as doctor to one of the London hospitals obtained an unpleasant repute for carelessness towards poor patients later days Akenside reverted with delight to his native landscape on the banks of the Tyne. In his fragment of a Fourth Book of his Imagination, written in the last year of his life, there is one striking passage

O ye dales Of Tyne, and ye most ancient woodlands, where Oft, as the giant flood obliquely strides, And his banks open and his lawns extend, Stops short the pleased traveller to view, Presiding o'er the scene, some rustic tower Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands O ye Northumbrian shades which overlook The rocky pavement and the mossy falls Of solitary Wensbeek's limpid stream, How gladly I recall your well known seats Beloved of old, and that delightful time When all alone, for many a summer's day, I wandered through your calm recesses, led In silence by some powerful hand unseen-Nor will I e'er forget you, nor shall e'er The graver tasks of manhood, or the advice Of vulgar wisdom, move me to disclaim

Those studies which possessed me in the dawn Of life, and fixed the colour of my mind For every future year—whence even now From sleep I rescue the clear hours of morn, And, while the world around lies overwhelmed In idle darkness, am alive to thoughts Of hononrable fame, of truth divine Or moral, and of minds to virtue won By the sweet magic of harmonious verse.

The Pleasures of Imagination is a didactic poem in three books of blank verse. Grav censured the mixture in it of philosophy-from Hutcheson and Shaftesbury, Plato, Lucretius, and even the papers by Addison in the Spectator were also laid under contribution by the imaginer. The pleasures his poem professes to treat 'proceed,' he says, 'either from natural objects, as from a flourishing grove, a clear and murmuring fountain, a calm sea by moonlight, or from works of art, such as a noble edifice, a musical tune, a statue, a picture, a poem? But in reality Akenside dealt chiefly with abstract subjects, and rarely succeeded in grafting upon them human or poetic interest. The work is an uninspired but dignified and graceful melange of reflection and illus ration, reason and imagination, deism, optimism, and commonplace eighteenth-century philosophising There is too much exposition, too much rhetoric, and, on the other hand, sometimes too much ornament. The constant admiration of virtue and lofty ideals, though probably sincere, is not stimulating. And many long passages are less alluring than sections of an abridged handbook of psychology and æsthetics

Suffice it to have said
Where'er the power of ridicule displays
Her quaint eyed visage, some incongruous form,
Some stubborn dissonance of things combined,
Strikes on the quick observer—whether Pomp
Or Praise or Beanty mix their partial claim
Where sordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,
Where foul Deformity are wont to dwell.

But his highest flights have variety and energy For him, familiarity with physical science enhanced the charms of nature. Unlike Campbell, who repudiated these 'cold material laws,' he viewed the rainbow with new pleasure after he had studied the Newtonian theory of light and colours

Nor ever yet
The melting rainbow's vernal tinctured hies
To me have shown so pleasing, as when first
The hand of Science pointed out the path
In which the sunbeams gleaming from the west
Fall on the watery cloud, whose darksome veil
Involves the orient.

The diffuse and florid descriptions of the *Imagination* are the natural outcome of Akenside's youthful exuberance. He was afterwards conscious of the defects of his poem, and saw that there was too much leaf for the fruit, but in cutting off these luxurances he sacrificed some of the finest

blossoms Postenty has been kinder to his fame by disregarding the later version. Akenside's blank verse is free and well modulated.

## Aspirations

Sav, why was man so eminently raised Amid the vast creation, why ordained Through life and death to dart his piercing eye, With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame, But that the Omnipotent might send him forth In sight of mortal and immortal powers, As on a boundless theatre, to run The great career of justice, to exalt His generous aim to all diviner deeds, To chase each partial purpose from his breast



WARK AKENSIDE
From an Engraving after a Portrait by Arthur Pond.

And through the mists of passion and of sense, And through the tossing tide of chance and pain, To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice Of Truth and Virtue, np the steep ascent Of Nature, calls him to his high reward, The applanding smile of Heaven? Else wherefore burns In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope, That breathes from day to day sublimer things, And mocks possession? wherefore darks the mind With such resistless ardour to embrace Majestic forms, impatient to be free, Spurning the gross control of wilful might, Prond of the strong contention of her toils, Proud to be daring? who but rather turns To Heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view. Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame? Who that, from Alpine heights, his labouring eye Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave Through mountains, plains, through empires black with And continents of sand, will turn his gaze To mark the windings of a scanty rill That murmurs at his feet? The high born soul

Disdains to rest her heaven aspiring wing Beneath its native quarry Tired of carth And this diurnal scene, she springs nloft Through fields of air, pursues the flying storm, Rides on the vollied lightning through the heavens, Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast, Sweeps the long tract of day Then high she soars The blue profound, and, hovering round the sun, Beholds him pouring the redundant streum Of light, beholds his unrelenting sway Bend the reluctant planets to absolve The fated rounds of Time I hence for effused, She darts her swiftness up the long career Of devious comets, through its burning signs Exulting measures the perennial wheel Of Nature, and looks back on all the stars, Whose blended light, as with a milky zone, Invests the orient Now, amazed she views The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold, Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode, And fields of radiance, whose unfiding light Has travelled the profound six thousand years, Nor yet arrived in sight of mortal things Even on the barriers of the world, untired She meditates the eternal depth below, Till half recoiling, down the headlong steep She plunges, soon o'erwhelmed and swallowed up In that immense of being There her hopes Rest at the fated goal For from the birth Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said, That not in humble nor in brief delight, Not in the fading echoes of Renown, Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery lap, The soul should find enjoyment but from these Turning disdrinful to an equal good, Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view, Till every bound at length should disappear, And infinite perfection close the scene.

# , True Beauty

Thus doth beauty dwell There most conspicuous, even in outward shape Where dawns the high expression of a mind By steps conducting our enraptured search To that eternal origin, whose power, Through all the unbounded symmetry of things, Like rys effulging from the parent sun, This endless mixture of her charms diffused Mind, mind alone-bear witness, earth and heaven!-The living fountains in itself contains Of beauteous and sublime here hand in hand Sit paramount the Graces, here enthroned, Celestial Venus, with divinest airs, Invites the soul to never-fading joy Look, then, abroad through nature, to the range Of planets, suns, and administrate spheres, Wheeling unshaken through the void immense, And speak, O man ' does this capacious scene With half that kindling majesty dilate Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsur's fate, Amid the crowd of patriots, and his arm Aloft extending, like eternal Jove, When guilt brings down the thunder, called aloud On Tully's name, and shook his erimson steel, And bade the father of his country, hail'

For lo? the tyrint prostrate on the dust, And Rome again is free! Is aught so fair. In all the dewy landscapes of the spring, In the bright eye of Hesper, or the morn, In Nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair. As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush. Of him who strives with fortune to be just? The graceful tear that streams from others' woes, Or the mild majesty of private life, Where Peace, with ever blooming olive, crowns. The gate, where Honour's liberal hands effuse. Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings. Of Innocence and Love protect the scene?

# (Book n th 473-512)

#### The Sense for Beauty

This, nor gems nor stores of gold, Nor purple state, nor enliure can bestow, But God alone, when first his active hand Imprints the secret bias of the soul. He, mighty Parent! wise and just in all, Free as the vital breeze or light of heaven, Reveals the charms of nature Ask the swain Who journeys homeward from a summer day's Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils and due repose, he losters to behold The sunshine gleaning, as through amber clouds, O'er all the western sky, full soon, I ween, His rude expression and untutored airs, Beyond the power of language, will unfold The form of beauty smiling at his heart.

O blest of heaven' whom not the languad songs Of luxury, the siren ' not the bribes Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils Of pageant honour, can seduce to leave Those ever blooming sweets, which from the store Of nature fair Imagination culls What though not all To charm the enlivened soul Of mortal offspring can attain the heights Of envied life, though only few possess Patrician treasures or imperial state, Yet Nature's care, to all her children just, With richer treasures and an ampler state, Endows at large whatever happy man Will deign to use them His the city's pomp, The rural honours his Whate er adorns The princely dome, the column and the arch, The breathing marble and the sculptured gold, Beyond the proud possessor s narrow claim, His tuneful breast enjoys. From him the spring Distils her dews, and from the silken gem Its lucid leaves unfolds for him the hand Of nutumn tinges every fertile branch With blooming gold and blushes like the morn. Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings, And still new beauties meet his lonely walk, And loves unfelt attract him Not a breeze Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes The setting sun's effulgence, not n strun From all the tenants of the warbling slinde Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake Fresh pleasure, unreproved Nor thence partakes Fresh pleasure only for the attentive mind, By this harmonious action on her powers, Becomes herself harmonious wont so oft In ontward things to meditate the charm

Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home To find a kindred order, to exert Within herself this elegance of love. This fair inspired delight + her tempered powers Refine at length, and every passion wears A chaster, milder, more attractive mien But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze On nature s form, where, negligent of all These lesser graces, she assumes the port Of that eternal majesty that weighed The world's foundations if to these the mind Exalts her daring eve, then mightier far Will be the change, and nobler Would the forms Of servile custom cramp her generous power. Would sorded policies, the barbarous growth Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear? Lo t she appeals to nature, to the winds and rolling waves, the sun's unweared course. The elements and seasons all deelare For what the eternal Maker has ordained The powers of man we feel within ourselves His energy divine he tells the heart, He meant, he made us to behold and love What he beholds and loves, the general orb Of life and being, to be great like him, Beneficent and active. Thus the men Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself Hold converse, grow familiar, day by day, With his conceptions, act upon his plan, And form to his, the relish of their souls.

(From the close of Book iii.)

# Inscription for a Statue of Chaucer at Woodstock.

Such was old Chaucer such the placed mien Of him who first with harmony informed The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt For many a cheerful day These ancient walls Have often heard him, while his legends blithe He sang, of love, or knighthood, or the wiles Of homely life, through each estate and age, The fashions and the follies of the world With eunning hand portraying Though perchance From Blenheim's towers, O stranger, thou art come Glowing with Churchill's trophies, yet in vain Dost thou applaud them, if thy breast be cold To him, this other hero who in times Dark and untaught, began with charming verse To tame the rudeness of his native land

In the ode On leaving Holland, after a farewell to the 'sober seat' of the Muse at Leyden, to the fogs and 'grave pacific air' of Holland, 'where never mountain zephyr blew,' are these blither verses on England—a veritable return to nature in the concrete

O my loved England, when with thee
Shall I sit down, to part no more?
Far from this pale, discolour'd sea,
That sleeps upon the reedy shore
When shall I plough thy azure tide?
When on the hills the flocks admire,
Like mountain snows, till down their side
I trace the village and the spered spire,
While bowers and copses green the golden slope divide?

Ye nymphs who guard the pathless grove,
Ye blue-eyed sisters of the streams,
With whom I wont at morn to rove,
With whom at noon I talk'd in dreams,
Oh! take me to your haunts again,
The rocky spring, the greenwood glade,
To guide my lonely footsteps deign,
To prompt my slumbers in the murmuring shade,
And soothe my vacant ear vith many an airy strain.

And thou, my faithful harp, no longer mourn
Thy drooping master's inauspicious hand
Now brighter skies and fresher gales return,
Now fairer maids thy melody demand
Daughters of Albion, listen to my lyre!
O Phœbus, guardian of the Aonian choir,
Why sounds not mine harmonious as thy own,
When all the virgin deities above
With Venus and with Juuo move
In concert round the Olympian father's throne?

The last verse unfortunately ends in bathos, and the answer of Phœbus is not even suggested. In another ode of a grateful convalescent this strikes a sympathetic chord

How gladly, 'mid the dews of dawn,
My weary lungs thy healing gale,
The balmy west or the fresh north, inhale!
How gladly, while my musing footsteps rove
Round the cool orehard or the sunny lawn,
Awaked I stop, and look to find
What shrub perfumes the pleasant wind,

Or what wild songster charms the Dryads of the grove 1

The standard edition of Alensides portical works is that of Dyce (1834), with a Life prefixed and there is another by Gilfilan (1857)

James Grainger (c. 1721-66) was probably born at Duns in Berwickshire, the son of a ruined Jacobite gentleman of Cumberland, who had had to take a bertli in the excise. He studied medicine in Edinburgh, was an army surgeon (1745-48), made the tour of Europe, and after 1753 estab lished himself in practice in London, but liad to support himself largely by his pen. His poem of Solitude appeared in 1755 and was praised by Johnson, who considered the opening 'very noble.' Grainger wrote several other pieces, translated Tibullus, and was a critic in the Monthly Review In 1759 he went to St Christopher in the West Indies, married a lady of fortune, and commenced practising as a physician. his residence there he wrote his poem of the Sugar cane (1764), which Shenstone thought capable of being rendered a good poem, and the arguments in which Southey said were 'ludicrously flat and formal' Some passages are certainly ridiculous enough 'he very poetically,' says Campbell 'dignifies the poor negroes with the name of "sv rins," while the line 'Now Muse, let's sing of rits' is a stock example of bathos The mongoose had not yet been introduced into the West Indies, and so escaped the attentions of the Muse. Grainger died in St Christopher

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Richard Graves (mission, posse miter and friend of Shenstone was the as of hicard Gener of Mickeyon anumers suited as Irabrile College Oxford and became terror of Olive ton near Bull. Of his s occupier regules mil other works, the best kn ain are his tru slator or Marcus Ameliar and his Scotte commers, Tel. Merical Quero 11772, satisfact the fleteral i and funtions of cortin Methodist Black

## David Hume.

the second son of Joseph Home (as the name was formerly spelled), laird of Ninewells, near Duns in Berwickshire, was born in Edinburgh, 26th April After attending the University of Edinburgh, he was put to the study of law, but, as he tells us himself, he was reading Cicero and Virgil when he should have been poring over Voet A post in a mercantile house in and Vinnius Bristol he found equally uncongenial, and, removing to France, be passed three years, at Rheims and La Flèche, in literary study and retirement, reading omnivorously English, Latin, French, and Italian, and living with the utmost frugality on the small allowance made him by his family He returned to London in 1737 to publish his first philosophical work, the Treatise on Human Nature, which appeared in January 1739, but, as he himself said, 'fell dead-born from the press' A third part appeared in 1740, and in 1741-42 he produced two volumes of Essays, Moral and Philosophical-some of them remarkable for research, originality, and elegance of style. 1745, after an unsuccessful candidature for the chair of moral philosophy in Edinburgh University, he undertook the charge of the Marquis of Annandale, a young nobleman who when not actually insane was morbidly excitable, and in this undignified and depressing employment the philosopher continued about a twelvemonth was more fortunate in 1746-47 as secretary to General St Clair in the expedition against L'Orient, and afterwards in the military embassy to the courts of Vienna and Turin Hume enjoyed congenial and refined society recast the first part of bis Treatise on Human Nature, which was published in London in 1748 as Philosophical Essays concerning Human Understanding, and contained the famous 'Essay on Miracles' In 1751 he produced his Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals (the third volume of the original Treatise), which he considered as incomparably his best work. His Dialogues coucerning Natural Religion he was persuaded meanwhile to withhold, they were not published till after his death In 1752, having removed to Edinburgh, he published there his *Political Discourses*, the only work of his which was at first successful -it even made an epoch in political literature, as containing many of the principles afterwards developed by Adam Smith Having failed to obtain the chair of logic at Glasgow vacated by Smith, he now took the office of librarian to the Faculty of Advocates, and used the opportunities it gave him for historical writing. In 1754 appeared the first volume of his History of Great Britain, containing the Reigns of James I and Charles I It was assailed by the Whigs with unusual bitterness, and Hume was so disappointed, partly from the attacks on him, and partly because of

war, he said he would have settled in France and changed his name. A second volume, continuing the history to the Revolution, was published, with more success, in 1756, a third and fourth, containing the History of England under the House of Tudor, appeared in 1759, and the last two, in 1762, completed the work, with a narrative of the centuries between Julius Cresar's landing and the battle of Bosworth The book became highly popular erelong, edition followed edition, and, by universal consent, Hume was placed at the head of English historians In 1763 he accompanied the Earl of Hertford on his embassy to Paris, where he was received with marked distinction by the wits and fine ladies In 1766 he returned to Scotland, but was induced next year



Dirito itolita

From an Engraving by Martin after the Portrait by Allan Ramsay

to accept the situation of Under-Secretary of State, which be held for two years, remaining in London till the autumn of 1769 With a revenue of £1000 a year-which he considered opulence-the historian retired to his native city, where he continued to reside in his house in St David Street, in intimate and cheerful intercourse with his literary friends, till his death, on the 25th of August 1776 In his temperament were curiously combined the ambition of the author and the calmness of the philosopher, the theoretical audacity of the revolutionary thinker and the easy good humour of the man His kindliness, his wit, his literary of the world fame, and his social standing made him an interesting and welcome companion even to those who were hostile to the scepticism which pervades his writings, philosophical and theological

from the attacks on him, and partly because of the slow sale of the work, that, but for the French to the world, is a development of Locke's

empiricism, and by very acute argument seeks to subvert the self-subsistence of mind or the soul as Berkeley had subverted the substantiality of Ideas are but weakened copies of impressions of the senses, mind is but a succession of ideas, and there is no necessary connection between cause and effect. Hume profoundly influenced European thought The Scottish sceptical philosopher wakened Kant (also of Scottish descent) 'from his dogmatic slumber,' and by Kant's own confession gave a new direction to his researches in speculative philosophy, Hume may be said to have moved the man that moved the universe of modern thought. Kant said that since metaphysic first took shape there had been no more pregnant contribution to it than Hume's 'skepsis' Hume was probably the keenest and most original thinker of his time his revolutionary and destructive speculations provoked a complete reconstruction of philosophy by Kant on one hand and the Scottish school on the other not Bacon, marks the change from the old to the new, and in our own time Green treated him as the most perfect exponent of empiricism ethical system was utilitarian, based mainly on unselfish sympathy, and provided Smith with the basis of his moral theory The famous argument against the credibility of miracles, which for long provoked much keener controversy than any part of his philosophical system, turned on the doctrine that miracles are incapable of proof because they rest on testimony, since no testimony can be so strong and convincing as our own experience of the uniformity of nature

The History of Hume is not a work of authority, but it is an admirably clear and well-written narrative, and fully entitled to supersede Rapin and Carte (see page 244), whose materials and collections he largely relied on He was constantly eliminating Scotticisms and otherwise subjecting it to revision in point of style, but was content to take his authorities at second hand. It has been said that up to 1750 no great historical work had appeared in any modern language, the most valuable books prior to that date being rather contemporary memoirs, biographical sketches, and the materials for history rather than history itself the temper for dealing with long periods of the past, and informed by a sense of the social progress and development of the interrelation of events, did not yet exist. To annalists and chroniclers the wide outlook, the synthetic vision, are unknown The spirit of real scientific research was yet unborn, and if it had been born, the materials to work on were not yet accessible. Manuscripts began to be edited by the antiquaries in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the great historic collections of Rymer, Leibnitz, and Muratori all date from the early eighteenth century. In France the historic spirit first awoke, and French influence told directly on Scotland Hume and Robertson were both directly influenced by the contemporary French historical methods (Voltaire's Life of Louis XIV appeared in 1751, Hume's first volume in 1754), and the earlier writers of this school, though gifted with the power of dealing with large masses of facts and wide surveys, and with the graces of style, are not yet scientific historians. They are read for pleasure, but not as authorities or for purposes of research.

The striking parts of his subject are related by Hume with picturesqueness, and it is seldom indeed that he fails so ludicrously as in the scene of the slrughter of Comyn, where he makes kirk patrick ask the hesitating Bruce, 'And is that a matter to be left to conjecture?' In his disserta tions on the state of parties and the tendency of particular events, he shows a philosophical tone and method hitherto unknown in English history He was too indifferent to sympathise hearth with any political party, and too sceptical on matters of religion to appreciate the full force of religious principles in directing the course of public events. An enemy to all turbulence and 'enthusinsm,' he naturally leaned to the side of settled government, even when it was united to arbitrary power, and though he could 'shed a generous tear for the fite of Charles I and the Earl of Strafford,' the struggles of his poor countrymen for conscience sake against the tyranny of the Stuarts excited in him no other feelings than those of ridicule or He could even forget Raleigh's ments contempt and evaggerate his faults to shelter the sordid injustice of a weak and contemptible sovereign No latred of oppression burns through his pages. The epicurean repose of the philosopher was not disturbed by visions of liberty or ardent aspira tions for the improvement of mankind 'He had early in life, said Sir James Mackintosh, 'conceived an antipathy to the Calvinistic divines, and his temperament led him at all times to regard with disgust and derision that religious enthusiasm or bigotry with which the spirit of English freedom was, in his opinion, inseparably associated. He defended the paradox that the history of the English constitution justified the despotic and absolute system of the Stuarts. Irritation at English prejudices against Scot land and Scotsmen made him become, during the progress of the History, more patriotically Scotch and Tors, more pronouncedly anti English and anti-Whig, and in altering he debated what he conceived to be concessions to 'villainous Whiggism' But Tory though he was, he wished success to the American revolution

Love of effect betrayed him into inconsistencies, exaggeration, and inaccuracies. Thus in speaking of the end of Charles I, he says that 'the height of all iniquity and fanatical extravagance yet remained—the public trial and execution of the sovereign' Yet three pages further on we find 'The pomp, the dignity, the ceremony of this transaction, corresponded to the greatest conception that is

suggested in the annals of humankind, the delegates of a great people sitting in judgment upon their supreme magistrate, and trving him for his misgovernment and breach of trust.' He in one part admits, and in another denies, that Charles was insincere in dealing with his opponents illustrate his theory of the sudden elevation of Cromwell into importance, he states that about the meeting of Parliament in 1640 the name of Oliver is not to be found oftener than twice upon any committee, whereas the journals of the House of Commons show that, before the time specified, Cromwell vas on forty-five committees, and twelve special messages to the Lords. Hundreds of such errors were pointed out, no doubt Hume was careless as to facts But in judging of the History as a contribution to literature we must look at its clear and admirable narrative, the dignity of its style, the sagacity with which the views of conflicting sects and parties are estimated and developed, the large admissions which the author makes to his opponents, and the high importance he everywhere assigns to the interests of learning and literature. The critical keenness of his mind is admirably shown in the oft-quoted remark that 'an English Whig v ho asserts the reality of the Popish Plot, an Irish Catholic who denies the Massacre in 1641, and a Scotch Jacobite who maintains the innocence of Queen Mary must be considered as men beyond the reach of argument or reason, and must be left to their prejudices' Hume and Robertson both surpassed their French masters in not making their works on the past a vehicle for covertly attacking contemporary movements virtue of his History, Hume ranks with Robertson and Gibbon in the English historical triumvirate, in which Gibbon said he himself 'never presumed to take a place.' Schlegel and Gifford ranled Hume above Gibbon. Dr Johnson was hostile, and, like Jeffrey, criticised Hume's style as not English but French, Macaulay has criticised his attitude with sufficient asperity But it may safely be said that Hume was the first to give literary charm to the study of English history

#### The Middle Ages-Progress of Freedom

Those who cast their eye on the general revolutions of society will find that, as almost all improvements of the human mind had reached nearly to their state of perfection about the age of Augustus, there was a sensible decline from that point or period, and men thenceforth gradually relapsed into ignorance and bar barism. The unlimited extent of the Roman empire, and the consequent despotism of its monarchs, extin guished all emulation, debased the generous spirits of men, and depressed the noble flame by which all the refined arts must be cherished and enlivened. military government which soon succeeded, rendered even the lives and properties of men insecure and precarrous, and proved destructive to those vulgar and more necessary arts of agriculture manufactures, and commerce, and in the end, to the military art and genins itself, by which alone the immense fabric of the empire could be supported. The irruption of the barbarous nations which soon followed overwhelmed all himman knowledge, which was already far in its decline, and men sunk every age deeper into ignorance, stippidity, and superstition, till the light of ancient science and history had very nearly suffered a total extinction in all the Enropean nations.

But there is a point of depression as well as of exaltation, from which human affairs naturally return in a contrary direction, and beyond which they seldom pass, either in their advancement or decline The period in which the people of Christendom were the lowest sunk in ignorance, and consequently in disorders of every kind, may justly be fixed at the eleventh century, about the age of William the Conqueror, and from that era the sun of science, beginning to reascend, threw ont many gleams of light, which preceded the full morning when letters were revived in the fifteenth century The Danes and other northern people who had so long infested all the coasts, and even the inland parts of Europe, by their depredations, having now learned the arts of tillage and agriculture, found a certain subsistence at home, and were no longer tempted to desert their industry in order to seek a precamons livelihood by rapine and by the plunder of their neighbours. The fendal governments also, among the more southern nations, were reduced to a kind of system and though that strange species of civil polity was ill fitted to insure either liberty or tranquillity, it was preferable to the universal license and disorder which had everywhere preceded it But there was no event which tended farther to the improvement of the age than one which has no been much remarked, the accidental finding of a copy of Justinian's pandects, about the year 1130, in the town of Amalfi in Italy

It may appear strange that the progress of the arts, which seems, among the Greeks and Romans, to have daily increased the number of slaves, should in later times have proved so general a source of liberty, but this difference in the events proceeded from a great difference in the circumstances which attended those institutions. The ancient barons, ohliged to maintain themselves continually in a military posture, and little emulous of eloquence or splendour, employed not their villeins as domestic servants, much less as manufac thrers, but composed their retinue of freemen, whose military spirit rendered the chieftain formidable to his neighbours, and who were ready to attend him in every warlike enterprise. The villeins were entirely occu pied in the cultivation of their master's land, and paid their rents either in corn or cattle, and other produce of the farm, or in servile offices, which they performed about the baron's family, and upon the farms which he retained in his own possession. In proportion as agriculture improved and money increased, it was found that these services, though extremely hurdensome to the villein, vere of little advantage to the master, and that the produce of a large estate could be much more con veniently disposed of by the pensants themselves who raised it, than by the landlord or his bailiff who were formerly accustomed to receive it. A commutation was therefore made of rents for services, and of money rents for those in kind, and as men, in a subsequent age, discovered that farms were better cultivated where the farmer enjoyed a security in his possession, the practice

of granting leases to the peasant began to prevail, which entirely broke the bonds of servitude, already much relaxed from the former practices After this manner villenage went gradually into disuse throughout the more civilised parts of Europe the interest of the master as well as that of the slave concurred in this The latest laws which we find in England alteration for enforcing or regulating this species of servitude were enacted in the reign of Henry VII And though the ancient statutes on this head remain unrepealed by parliament, it appears that, before the end of Elizabeth, the distinction of villein and freeman was totally though insensibly abolished, and that no person remained in the state to whom the former laws could be applied

Thus personal freedom became almost general in Europe, an advantage which paved the way for the increase of political or civil liberty, and which, even where it was not attended with this salitary effect, served to give the members of the community some of the most considerable advantages of it. The constitution of the Linglish government ever since the invasion of this island by the Saxons may boast of this pre eminence, that in no age the will of the monarch was ever entirely absolute and uncontrolled, but in other respects the halance of power has extremely shifted among the several orders of the state (From the History, Chap xxiii)

# State of Parties at the Reformation in England

The friends of the Reformation asserted that nothing eould be more absurd than to conceal, in an unknown tongue, the word of God itself, and thus to counteract the will of Heaven, which, for the purpose of universal salvation, had published that salutary doctrine to all nations, that if this practice were not very absurd, the artifice at least was very gross, and proved a conscious ness that the glosses and traditions of the elergy stood in direct opposition to the original text dietated by Supreme intelligence, that it was now necessary for the people, so long abused by interested pretensions, to see with their own eyes, and to examine whether the claims of the ecclesiastics were founded on that charter which was on all hands acknowledged to be derived from Heaven, and that, as a spirit of research and curiosity was happily revived, and men were now obliged to make a choice among the contending doctrines of different sects, the proper materials for decision, and, above all, the Holy Scriptures, should be set before them, and the revealed will of God, which the change of language had somewhat obscured, be again by their means revealed to

The favourers of the ancient religion maintained, on the other hand, that the pretence of making the people see with their own eyes was a mere cheat, and was itself a very gross artifice, by which the new preachers hoped to obtain the guidance of them, and to seduce them from those pastors whom the laws of ancient establishments, whom Heaven itself, had appointed for their spiritual direction, that the people were, by their ignorance, their stupidity, their necessary avocations, totally unqualified to choose their own principles, and it was a mockery to set materials before them of which they could not possibly make any proper use, that even in the affairs of common life, and in their temporal concerns, which lay more within the compass of human reason, the laws had in a great measure deprived them of the right of private judgment, and had, happily for their own and the public interest, regulated their con duet and behaviour, that theological questions were placed far beyond the sphere of vulgar comprehension. and ecclesiastics themselves, though assisted by all the advantages of education, erudition, and an assiduous study of the science, could not be fully assured of a just decision, except by the promise made them in Scripture, that God would be ever present with Ilis church, and that the gates of hell should not prevail against her. that the gross errors adopted by the wisest heathens prove how unfit men were to grope their own way through this profound darkness, nor would the Scuptures, if trusted to every man's judgment, be able to remedy, on the contrary, they would much augment those fatal illusions, that Sacred Writ itself was involved in so much obscurity, gave rise to so many difficulties, contained so many appearing contradictions, that it was the most dangerous weapon that could be intrusted into the hands of the ignorant and giddy mal titude, that the poetical style in which a great part of it was composed, at the same time that it occasioned uncertainty in the sense by its multiplied tropes and figures, was sufficient to kindle the zeal of fanaticism, and thereby throw civil society into the most furious combustion, that a thousand sects must arise, which would pretend, each of them, to derive its teneis from the Scriptures, and would be able, by specious argu ments, to seduce silly women and ignorant mechanics into a belief of the most monstrous principles, and that if ever this disorder, dangerous to the magistrate himself, received a remedy, it must be from the facit acquiescence of the people in some new authority, and it was evidently better, without further contest or inquiry, to adhere peaceably to ancient, and therefore the more secure, establishments (From the History, Chap. xxx.)

# Character of Queen Elizabeth.

The council being assembled, sent the keeper, admiral, and secretary to know her [the queen's] will with regard to her successor She answered with a faint voice that as she had held a regal sceptre, she desired no other than a Cecil requesting her to explain herself royal successor more particularly, she subjoined that she would have a king to succeed her; and who should that be but her nearest kinsman, the king of Scots? Being then advised by the archbishop of Canterbury to fix her thoughts upon God, she replied that she did so, nor did her mind in the least wander from Him Her voice soon after left her, her senses fulled, she fell into a lethargic slamber  $^{\prime\prime}$ which continued some hours, and she expired gently, without further struggle or convulsion (March 24, 1603), in the seventieth year of her age, and forty fifth of her

So dark a cloud overcast the evening of that day, which had shone out with a mighty lustre in the eyes of all Europe! There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calming of enemies and the adulation of friends than Queen Elizabeth, and yet there is scarcely any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unain mous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices, and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and what is more, of religious

(though suggested or influenced by Voltaire's Essai sur les Mauis) Cotter Morison affirmed that Robertson had a wider and more synthetic conception of history than either Hume or Gibbon Buckle, too, declares that what he effected with his materials was wonderful, though, as has been pointed out, his view of the Middle Ages is inevitably marked by eighteenth century prejudices and limitations The errors in Charles V and in the America have been abundantly commented on (as by Southey and Prescott), but, as Stirling-Maxwell said, his inaccuracies are more due to his lack of materials than to lack of diligence. He holds a place of his own in the history of historywriting If the 'pomp and strut' which Cowper imputes to Robertson be sometimes apparent in the orderly succession of well-balanced and flowing periods, it must be acknowledged that there is also much real dignity and power Moreover, in the development of English history he holds an honoured place. His Charles V was the earliest successful attempt in the language to treat any part of the history of Europe on broad historic lines, while his treatment of Queen Mary marks him out as the first Scotsman to write the history of his country with literary grace and liberality of

#### Character of Mary Queen of Scots

To all the charms of beauty, and the utmost elegance of external form, she added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. affable, insinnating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and of writing with equal case and dignity however, and violent in all her attachments, because her heart was warm and unsuspicious Impatient of contradiction, because slie had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a Queen No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation, which, in that perfidions court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government Not insensible of flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure with which almost every woman beholds the inflnence we love, not with the talents that we admire, she was an agrecable woman, rather than an illustrious Queen. The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of dis cretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes To say that she was always unfortunate, will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befel her, we must likewise add, that she was often imprudent Her passion for Darnley was rash, youthful, and excessive, and though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme, was the natural effect of her ill requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality, yet neither these, nor Bothwell's artful address and important services, can justify her attachment to that nobleman Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion, nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed upon it, with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw n veil over this part of her character which it cannot approve, and may, perhaps, prompt some to impute some of her netions to her situation, more than to her dispositions, and to lament the unhappiness of the former, rather than excuse the perversences of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those trugical distresses which funcy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration, and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her fruities, we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears, as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the Queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance, and elegance of shape, of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the fashion of that age, she fre quently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours Her eyes were a dark grey her complexion was exqui sitely fine, and her liands and nrms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and colour Her stnture was of an height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace Her taste for music was just, and slie both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill Towards the end of her life, long confinement, and the coldness of the houses in which she had been imprisoned, brought on a rheuma tism, which often deprived her of the use of her limbs No man, says Brantome, ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without NOTTOR

#### Martin Luther

While appearances of danger daily increased, and the tempest which had been so long a gathering was ready to break forth in all its violence against the Protestant church, Luther was saved, by a sersonable death, from feeling or beholding its destructive rage. Having gone, though in a declining state of health, and during a ngorons season, to his native city of Eysleben, in order to compose, by his authority, a dissension among the counts of Mansfield, he was seized with a violent inflam mation in his stomach, which in a few days put an end to his life, in the sixty third year of his age. As he was raised up by Providence to be the author of one of the greatest and most interesting revolutions recorded in history, there is not any person perhaps whose character has been drawn with such opposite colonrs In his own age, one party, struck with horror and inflamed with rage, when they saw with what a during hand he overturned every thing which they held to be sacred, or valued as beneficial, imputed to him not only all the defects and vices of a man, but the qualities of a dremon The other, warmed with the admiration and gratitude which they thought he merited as the restorer of light and liberty to the Christian church, ascribed to him perfections above the condition of humanity, and viewed nll his actions with a veneration bordering on that which should be paid only to those who are guided by the immediate inspiration of Heaven It is his own conduct, not the undistinguishing censure or the exaggerated praise of his contemporaries, that ought to regulate the opinions of the present age concerning him. Zeal for what he regarded as truth, undaunted intrepidity to maintain his own system, abilities, both natural and acquired, to defend his principles, and unwearied industry in propagating them,

# William Robertson

was born 19th September 1721 at Borthwick in Midlothian, son of the then minister of Borth wick, who was afterwards called to Old Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh The son was also educated for the Church, and in 1743 was appointed minister of the small parish of Gladsmuir in Haddingtonshire, whence he removed in 1758 to He had dis-Lady Yester's parish in Edinburgh tinguished himself in the General Assembly and in a 'Select Society' which had Adam Smith, David Hume, Adam Fergusson, and Lord Kames amongst its members, but it was not till 1759 that he became known as a historian In that year he published his History of Scotland during the Reigns of Queen Mary and of King James VI till his Accession to the Crown of England (begun in 1753), for the copyright of which he received £600 No first work was ever more successful. The author was congratulated by Hume, Burke, Gibbon, Horace Walpole, Chesterfield, and the most conspicuous of his contemporaries-though Dr Johnson did not join in the chorus He was appointed chaplain of Stirling Castle and one of His Majesty's chaplains in ordinary for Scotland, and he was successively made minister of Old Greyfriars, Principal of the University of Edin burgh, and historiographer for Scotland lated by such success, and undeterred by the dissuasions of Hume, in 1769 he produced his History of the Reign of Charles V in three volumes quarto, for which he received from the booksellers the princely sum of £4500. It was equally well received with his former work, made his fame European, and ranked Voltaire and Catherine II of Russia amongst his admirers In 1777 he published his History of America, which (just at the time of the war) was at least as popular as the earlier works, but, because of the war, was left unfinished His Historical Disquisition about ancient India (1791) is a slight work, to which he had been led by Major Rennell's Memoirs of a Map of Hindostan (1783) For many years Dr Robertson was leader of the moderate party in the Church of Scotland, exhibiting in the General Assembly an extraordinary readiness and eloquence. He died on the 11th of June 1793, in the seventy-second year of his age.

The History of Scotland has all the interest of a memoir of Mary Queen of Scots Though Robertson is not among the number of her indiscriminate admirers and apologists, he labours—rather with the writer's art to produce a romantic narrative than with the historian's zeal to establish truth—to awaken the sympathies of the reader strongly in her behalf Walpole and Hume thought him partial to Mary, Tytler charged him with unfairness to her As histories all Robertson's works have been superseded, in his day the materials available were comparatively slender, and the modern conception of the scope of history had not

vet dawned He philosophised on defective data with all the complicency, dignity, and elegance of the eighteenth century But as literature his histories are still excellent reading. His English style surprised his southern contemporanes, and Horace Walpole, in a letter to the author, ex presses the feeling with his usual point and wracity Before I read your History, I should probably have been glad to dictate to you, and (I will venture to say it-it satirises nobody but myself) should have thought I did honour to an obscure Scotch clergyman by directing his studies by my supenor lights and abilities How you have saved me, sr, from making a ridiculous figure, by making so great a one yourself! But could I suspect that a man I believe much younger, and whose dialect l scarce understood, and who came to me with all the diffidence and modesty of a very middling author, and who I was told had passed his life m a small living near Edinburgh—could I then suspect that he had not only written what all the world now allows the best modern history, but that he had written it in the purest English, and with as much seeming knowledge of men and courts as if he had passed all his life in important embassies? This condescending eulogy was perhaps a little out of place. Hume had already proved by his Essays, his Inquiry, his Political Discourses, and the first two volumes of his History that an Edin burgh-bred man could write English to some purpose, and the intimate of Hume and Adam Smith had not lived heretofore amongst boors

Robertson has few salient points and no careless beauties, his style is clear but formal and monotonous, somewhat laboured and Latinised, and without idiomatic vigour or variety. Yet it was of him that Johnson quoted the tutor's advice, 'Read over your compositions, and wherever von meet with a passage which you think is particularly fine stril e it out.' His pompous manner at times becomes ridiculous, as when he apologises for the introduction of Rizzio, whose 'low birth and in digent condition placed him in a station in which he ought naturally to have remained unknown to posterity,' but whose fortune and sufferings oblige 'lustory to descend from its dignity and to record his adventures' When he sums up the character of a sovereign, or traces the progress of society and the influence of laws and government, we recognise the mind and language of a master in The artificial graces of historical composition his style are also largely displayed in scenes of tenderness and pathos, or in picturesque description, as in his story of the beauty and sufferings of Mary, or the account of Columbus's first glimpscs of the New World His History of the Reign of Charles I' is undoubtedly his masterpiece. The prefixed 'View of the State of Society in Europe from the subversion of the Roman Empire to the beginning of the Sixteenth Century, impressed Hallam and amazed Carlyle by its sagaciousness and broad generalisation, and in virtue of it

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are virtues which shine so conspicuously in every part of his behaviour, that even his enemies must allow him to have possessed them in an eminent degree. To these may be added, with equal justice, such purity and even austerity of manners, as became one who assumed the character of a Keformer, such sanctity of life as suited the doctrine which he delivered, and such perfect disinterestedness as affords no slight presumption of Superior to all selfish considerations, a stranger to the elegancies of life, and despising its pleasures, he left the honours and emoluments of the church to his disciples, remaining satisfied himself in his original state of professor in the university, and pastor of the town of Wittemberg, with the moderate appointments annexed to these offices dinary qualities were allayed with no inconsiderable



PRINCIPAL ROBERTSON
From an Engraving by Dixon after the Portrait by Reynolds.

mixture of human frailty and human passions however, were of such a nature, that they cannot be imputed to milevolence or corruption of heart, but seem to have taken their rise from the same source with many of his virtues His mind, forcible and vehement in all its operations, roused by great objects, or agitated by violent passions, broke out, on many occasions, with an impetuosity which astonishes men of feebler spirits, or such as are placed in a more tranquil situation By carrying some praise worthy dispositions to excess, he bordered sometimes on what was culpable, and was often betrayed into actions which exposed him to censure. His confidence that his own opinions were well founded, approached to arrogance, his courage in asserting them, to rashness, this firmness in adhering to them, to obstinacy, and his zeal in confuting his adversuries, to rage and scurrility Accustomed himself to consider every thing as subordinate to truth, he ex pected the same deference for it from other men, and, without making any allowances for their timidity or prejudices, he poured forth against such as disappointed him in this particular, a torrent of invective mingled with contempt Regardless of any distinction of rank or character when his doctrimes were attacked, he chas tised all his adversaries indiscriminately, with the same rough hand, neither the royal dignity of Henry VIII nor the eminent learning and abilities of Erasmus, screened them from the same gross abuse with which he treated Tetzel or Eccus

But these indecencies of which Luther was guilty, must not be imputed wholly to the violence of his temper They ought to be charged in part on the man ners of the age Among a rude people, unacquainted with those maxims, which by putting continual restraint on the passions of individuals, have polished society and rendered it agreeable, disputes of every kind were managed with heat, and strong emotions were uttered in their natural language, without reserve or delicacy At the same time, the works of learned men were all composed in Latin, and they were not only authorized, by the example of eminent writers in that language, to use their antagonists with the most illiberal scurnlity, but, in a dead tongue, indecencies of every kind appear less shocking than in a living language, whose idioms and phrases seem gross, because they are familiar

In passing judgment upon the characters of men, we ought to try them by the principles and maxims of their own age, not by those of another For, although vutue and vice are at all times the same, manners and customs Some parts of Luther's behaviour, vary continually which to us appear most culpable, gave no disgust to his contemporaries. It was even by some of those qualities, which we are now apt to blame that he was fitted for accomplishing the great work which he under To rouse mankind, when sunk in ignorance or superstition, and to encounter the rage of bigotr, armed with power, required the utmost vehemence of zeal, as A gentle call would well as a temper during to excess neither have reached, nor have excited those to whom it must have been addressed A spirit more amiable, but less vigorous than Luther's, would have shrunk back from the dangers which he brived and surmounted

(From the History of Charles 1)

#### Discovery of America.

Next morning, being Friday the third day of August, in the year one thousand four hundred and ninety two, Columbus set sail, a little before sun rise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to Heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected Steered directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there [Aug 13] without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion But, in a voyage of such expectation and importance, every circumstance was the object of attention

Upon the first of October they were, according to the admiral's reckoning, seven hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Canaries, but lest his men should be intimidated by the prodigious length of the navigation, he gave out that they had proceeded only five hundred and eighty four leagues, and, fortunately for Columbus, neither his own pilot, nor those of the other ships, had skill sufficient to correct this error, and discover the deceit. They had now been above three weeks at sea, they had proceeded far beyond what former navigators had attempted or deemed possible, all their prognostics of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds

and other circumstances, had proved fallacious, the appearances of land, with which their own credulity or the artifice of their commander had from time to time flattered and amused them, had been altogether illusive, and their prospect of success seemed now to be as distant as ever These reflections occurred often to men who had no other object or occupation than to reason and discourse concerning the intention and circumstances of their expedition. They made impression, at first, upon the ignorant and timid, and, extending by degrees, to such as were better informed or more resolnte, the contagion spread at length from ship to From secret whispers or marmurings, they proceeded to open cabals and public complaints. They taxed their sovereign with inconsiderate credulity, in paying such regard to the vain promises and rash con jectures of an indigent foreigner, as to hazard the lives of so many of her own subjects in prosecuting a chimerical scheme. They affirmed that they had fully performed their duty, by venturing so far in an uuknown and hopeless course, and could incur no blame for refusing to follow, any longer, a desperate adventurer to certain destruction

Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He had observed, with great uneasiness, the fatal opera tion of ignorance and of fear in producing disaffection among his crew, and saw that it was now ready to barst out into open mutiny He retained, however, perfect presence of mind He affected to seem ignorant of their machinatious Notwithstanding the agitation and solici tude of his own mind, he appeared with a cheerful countenance, like a man satisfied with the progress he had made, and confident of success Sometimes he employed all the arts of insinuation to soothe his men. Sometimes he endeavoured to work upon their ambition or avarice, by magnificent descriptions of the fame and wealth which they were about to acquire. On other occasions, he assumed a tone of authority, and threatened them with vengeance from their sovereign, if, by their dastardly behaviour, they should defeat this noble effort to promote the glory of God, and to exalt the Spanish name above that of every other nation Even with seditions sailors, the words of a man whom they had been accustomed to reverence, were weighty and persuasive, and not only restrained them from those violent excesses which they meditated, but prevailed with them to accompany their admiral for some time longer

As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the southwest Colambus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided, in several of their discoveries, by the motion of birds, altered his course from the duc west towards that quarter whither they pointed their flight. Bat, after holding on for several days in this new direction, without any better success than formerly, having seen no object, during thirty days, hut the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen, their fears revived with additional force, impatience, rage, and despair, appeared in every countenance. All sense of subordi nation was lost the officers, who had hitherto con curred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men, thes assembled tumultnously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostu lations, and required him instantly to tack about and to return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which having been tried so often had lost their effect, and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men, in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him, and obey his command for three days longer, and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them intreasonable. Nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising, that lie deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea fowl, but of such land birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the Pinta observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved sailors aboard the Nigna took up the branch of a tree with red berries, perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance, the air was more mild and warm, and, during night, the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the eleventh of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch, lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes, all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had been so long the object of their wishes

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Guttierez, a page of the Queen's wardrobe. Gattierez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight the joyful sound of land ! land ! was heard from the Pinta, which kept always ahead of the other ships But, having beca so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and line patience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned [Oct 12], all doabts and fears were dispelled From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdaat fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country The crew of the Pinta instantly began the Te Deum, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy and transports of eongratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self condemnation mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well concerted plan, and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man, whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagaeity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned They rowed towards the island with their and armed colours displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the speciacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and ges tures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view Columbus was the first European who set foot in the New World which he had discovered He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. men followed, and kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formulaties which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind, in their new discoveries

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed, in silent admiration, upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the waters with wings, and nitered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, ac companied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror, that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children from the Sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them Every herb, and shrub, and tree, was different from those which flourished in Europe. soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hur, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses around their heads They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth Their complexion was of a dusky copper colonr, their features singular, rather than disagreeable, their aspect gentle and timid Though not tall, they were well shaped and active Their faces, and several parts of their body, were fantastically painted with glaring colours They were shy at first through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transports of joy received from them hawks bells, glass beads, or other baubles, in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yam, the only commodity of value that they could produce. Towards evening, Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called cances, and though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity. Thus, in the first interview between the inhabitants of the old and new worlds, every thing was conducted amicably, and to their mutual satisfaction. The former, enlightened and ambitious, formed already vast ideas with respect to the advantages which they might denve from the regions that began to open to their view. The latter, simple and undiscerning, had no foresight to the calamities and desolation which were approaching their country.

#### Chivalry

The feudal state was a state of almost perpetual war, rapine, and anarchy, during which the weak and un armed were exposed to insults or injuries. The power of the sovereign was too limited to prevent these wrongs, and the administration of justice too feeble to redress The most effectual protection against violence and oppression, was often found to be that which the valour and generosity of private persons afforded. The same spirit of enterprise which had prompted so many gentlemen to take arms in defence of the oppressed pilgrims in Palestine, incited others to declare themselves the patrons and avengers of injured innocence at home. When the final reduction of the Holy Land under the dominion of infidels put an end to these foreign expedi tions, the latter was the only employment left for the activity and courage of adventurers . To check the insolence of overgrown oppressors, to rescue the helpless from captivity, to protect, or to avenge women, orphans, and ecclesiastics, who could not bear arms in their own defence, to redress wrongs, and to remove grievances, were deemed acts of the highest prowess and ment. Valour, humanity, courtesy, justice, honour, were the characteristic qualities of chivalry To these were added religion, which mingled itself with every passion and institution during the middle ages, and by infusing a large proportion of enthusiastic zeal, gave them such forec, as carried them to romantie excess. Men were trained to knighthood by a long previous discipline, they were admitted into the order by solemnites no less devout than pompons, every person of noble birth courted that honour it was deemed a distinction superior to royalty, and monarchs were proud to receive it from the hands of private gentlemen

This singular institution, in which valour, gallantry, and religion were so strangely blended, was wonderfully adapted to the taste and genius of martial nobles, and its effects were soon visible in their manners. War was carried on with less ferocity, when humanity came to be deemed the ornament of knighthood no less than courage More gentle and polished manners were introduced, when courtesy was recommended as the most amiable of knightly virtues. Violence and oppres sion decreased, when it was reckoned mentorious to check and to pnnish them A scrupnlous adherence to truth, with the most religious attention to fulfil every engagement, became the distinguishing characteristic of a gentleman, because chivalry was regarded as the school of honour, and inculcated the most delicate sensibility with respect to those points. admiration of these qualities, together with the high distinctions and prerogatives conferred on knighthood in every part of Europe, inspired persons of noble birth on some occasions with a species of military fana ticism, and led them to extravagant enterprises. But they deeply imprinted on their minds the principles of generosity and honour. These were strengthened by every thing that can affect the senses or touch the heart. The wild exploits of those romantic knights who sallied forth in quest of adventures are well known, and have been treated with proper ridicule. The political and permanent effects of the spirit of chivalry have been less observed Perhaps, the humanity which ae companies all the operations of war, the refinements of gallantry, and the point of bonour, the three chief circumstances which distinguish modern from ancient manuers, may be ascribed in a great measure to this institution, which has appeared whimsical to superficial observers, but by its effects has proved of great benefit to mankind The sentiments which chivalry inspired, had a wonderful influence on manners and conduct during the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries They were so deeply rooted, that they con tinned to operate after the vigour and reputation of the institution itself began to decline.

#### Francis I. and Charles V

During twenty-eight years of that time, an avowed rivalship subsisted between him and the Emperor, which involved not only their own dominions, but the greater part of Europe, in wars, which were prosecuted with more violent animosity, and drawn out to a greater length, than had been known in any former period. Many circumstances contributed to this Their ani mosity was founded in opposition of interest, heightened by personal emulation, and exasperated not only by mutual injuries, but by reciprocal insults. At the same time, whatever advantage one seemed to possess to wards guining the ascendant, was wonderfully balanced by some favourable circumstance peculiar to the other The Emperor's dominions were of great extent, the French King's lay more compact, Francis governed lns kingdom with absolute power, that of Charles was limited, but he supplied the want of authority by address the troops of the former were more impetuous and enterprising, those of the latter better disciplined, and more patient of fatigue. The talents and abilities of the two Monarchs were as different as the advantages which they possessed, and contributed no less to prolong the contest between them Francis took his resolutions suddenly, prosecuted them at first with warmth, and pushed them into execution with a most adventurous courage, but being destitute of the perseverance neces sary to surmount difficulties, he often abandoned his designs, or relaxed the vigour of pursuit, from impatienee, and sometimes from levity. Charles deliberated long, and determined with coolness, but having once fixed his plan, he adhered to it with inflexible obstinacy, and neither danger nor discouragement could turn him aside from the execution of it. The success of their enterprises was as different as their characters, and was uniformly influenced by them Francis, by his impetuous activity, often disconcerted the Emperor's best laid schemes; Charles, by a more calm but steady prosecution of his designs, cheeked the rapidity of his rival's career, and buffled or repulsed his most vigorous efforts. The former, at the opening of a war or of a campaign, broke in upon his enemy with the violence of a torrent, and carried all before him, the latter, warting until he saw the force of his rival begin to abate, recovered in the end not only all that he had lost, but made new acquisitions. Few of the French Monarch's attempts towards conquest, whatever promising aspect they might wear at first, were conducted to an happy issue, many of the Emperor's enterprises, even after they appeared desperate and impracticable, terminated in the most prosperous manner. Francis was dazzled with the splendour of an undertaking, Charles was allured by the prospect of its turning to his advantage.

Robertson's historical works appeared in more than twenty collective editions or reprints, including those of 1800-2 and of 1865 and were translated into French and German. There are Lives of him by Dugald Stewart (1801) and Bishop Gleig (1812) as well as by his grand nephew Brougham in his Men of Letters and there is much interesting matter about him in 'Jupiter Carlyle's Auto-biography and Cockburn's Memorials

### Minor Historians.

Abel Boyer (1667-1729), a Protestant refugee from Languedoc, wrote histories of William III and of Queen Anne, a Life of Sir William Temple, and other historical and miscellaneous works filling nearly four folio pages in the British Museum catalogue. It was he who founded the Political State of Great Britain, a monthly magazine that ran to thirty-eight volumes (1711-29), he earned the hatred of Swift by his whiggery, and secured a place in the Duncial Archibald Bower (1686-1766), born near Dundee and bred at Douay and Rome, became a Jesuit and a professor in Italy, but broke his yows and became a Protestant, and having again become a Jesuit and again left the Roman communion, was not unnaturally charged with duplicity and worse by controversialists on both sides was one of the contributors to the huge Universal History, projected by the booksellers, of which the ancient part (1736-44) filled seven volumes folio, the modern part (1759-65) sixteen folios His History of the Popes (5 vols 1748-61) is illproportioned and far from authoritative. Another contributor to the Universal History was Dr John campbell of Glenlyon (1708-75), who wrote also a Life of Prince Eugene, the Lives of the Admirals, a political survey of Great Britain, a novel, and other works Equally industrious was william Guille (1708-70), son of an Episcopalian minister at Brechia, who compiled histories of England and of Scotland, a general history of the world, and a geographical, historical, and commercial A very important collaborator on geography the Universal History was the otherwise notori ous George Psalmanazar, 'the Formosan,' born presumably in Languedoc about 1680, who, after a vagabond life in Germany and the Low Countries, came to London in 1703 and gave himself out for a native of Formosa, issued a partly com piled, partly concocted, history of the island, and translated the Church Catechism into what he pretended was the regular and sonorous Formosan

After a spell of tutoring, fan painting, &c, he finally settled do in to honest and credit-3b's linekwork till his death in 1763. Another of the company of collaborators was George Sate (1697-1776), Oriental scholar, born in Kent and bred to the law Besides lielping with the Universal History, he was author of the General Dictionary, but is best known by his unri alled translation of the Koran, with notes and introduction (1734, new ed 1882-86) Cranger (1723-76), out of whose name has been coined the term for a collectors' fad, was born at Shaftesbury, and died vicar of Shiplake, Oxfordshire. He published a Biographical History of England (1769, 5th ed 1824), and insisted much 'on the utility of a collection of engraved portruits? His advice led to extraordinary zeal in collecting portraits, and 'grangerised copies' of books of biography, history, topography, &c. were 'embellished' with engravings gathered from all quarters william Triler (1711-92) of Woodhouselee, an Edmburgh Writer to the Signet, combitted Robertson's views on Queen Mary in lus Irquiry into the Evidence against Mary It was a son of this Tytler (1747-Queen of Scots 1813), another lawyer, raised to the Bench as Lord Woodhouselee, who compiled a general history of the world, and his grandson was author of the well known History of Scotland Robert Henry (1718-90) was an Edinburgh minister who produced a history of England 'on a new plan' (6 sols 1771-93), including sections on the constitution, learning, commerce, and social aspects of the period Robert Watson (1730?-81), Principal of St Silvators College at St Andrews, prepared a history of Philip II of Spain that was long a standard work. Citiert Stunet (1742-86), son of an Edinburgh professor, became notorious as an unscrupulous reviewer, and a rote a history of the Reformation in Scotland, and a history of Scotland from the Reformation to the death of Queen Mary, well written but not trustworthy William Russell (1741-93), a Selkirk farmer's son. made a name for himself in London as author of a history of America, and of an unfinished but mentarious listery of modern Europe (1779-84)

Thomas Reld (1710-96), the principal light of the Scottish school of philosophy, was born at the manse of Struchan in Kincardineshire, studied at Marischal College, Aberdeen, and became minister of New Machar, Aberdeenshire. In 1752 he was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy in Kings College, Aberdeen, a post Le quitted in 1763 for the chair of moral philosophy in Glasgos. His Inquiry into the Human Mirel, published in 1764, was an attack on the fileal theory, of Berkeley, and on the sceptical conclusions which Hume deduced from it. The airlor had the candour to submit it to Hume before publication, and Hume, with his usual complacency and good nature, acknowledged its

In 1785 Reid published his Estats on the Intellectual Powers of Man, and in 1788 those on The ideal theory which he the Active Powers combated taught that 'nothing is perceived but what is in the mind which percenes it, that we really do not perceive things that are external, but only certain images and pictures of them imprinted upon the mind, which are called impressions and ideas' This doctrine Reid had him self believed, till, finding it led to alarmingly negative consequences in Hume's hands, he was startled as Kant also was, and asked himself the question 'What evidence have I for this doctrine, that all the objects of my knowledge are ideas in my own mind?" He set about an inquiry, but could find no evidence for the principle, he says, excepting the authority of philosophers He took refuge in the verdict of what he called, rither unfortunately, common sense. For it was not to the summary conclusions of ordinary unreasoned consciousness that he appealed, but to the common reason of mankind as constituted by a series of fundamental judgments expressed in the very struc ture of human language and intuitively recognised by the mind as true. His successor at the head of the Scottish school, Dugald Stewart, said of Reid, that it was by the logical rigour of his method of investigating metaphysical subjectsimperfectly understood even by the disciples of Locke-still more than by the importance of his particular conclusions, that he stood conspicuously distinguished among those who had litherto prosecuted analytically the study of man

Hamilton shared Stewart's high opinion of Reid, and product the standard edition of his works (1846-53, completed by Manch 1863) which became known in France through Royer Collindard Cousin, and were translated into French by Jouffroy There is a monograph on Reid by Professor Campbell Fraser (1898).

Alexander Gerard (1728-95), horn at the manse of Chapel of Garroch in Aberdeenshite, who from 1750 was professor in Marischal or in King's College, Aberdeen, deserves a place little as having influenced many subsequent writers on aesthetics, taste, and criticism at home and abroad. In 1759 he published an essay to which the Philosophical Society of Edinburgh had given a prize, its main contention being that taste consists chiefly in the improvement of those principles which are commonly called the powers of imagination, including the sense of novelty, heauty, sublimity, imitation, harmony, ridicule, virtue, and giving scope to the principle of association, further followed out by Alison

Lord Kames, Henry Home (1696-1782), was the son of George Home of Kames in Berwickshire, was called to the Bar in 1723, in 1752 was rused to the Bench, assuming the title of Lord Kames and in 1763 he was made one of the Lords of Justiciary. In 1728 he published Remarkalle Decisions of the Court of Session. In his Liange on the Principles of Morality and Natural Religion (1751), he combated those theories of human

nature which deduce all actions from some single principle, and attempted to establish several principles of action He maintained philosophical necessity in support of morality and religion, and, like so many others, was directly or indirectly writing against Hume-yet he narrowly escaped a citation before the Edinburgh Presbyter, on account of this book. In 1762 appeared his most notable work, The Elements of Criticism, in three volumes, which, discarding all arbitrary rules of literary criticism derived from authority, sought for rules in the fundamental principles of human nature itself Dugald Stewart held this to be the first systematic attempt to investigate the metaphysical principles of the fine arts, and declared that it had, 'in spite of numerous defects both in point of taste and philosophy, infinite merits' Its style was heavy and crabbed, Dr Johnson pooh-poohed it, and it was superseded by Campbell's book. When near eighty years of age Kames published Sketches of the History of Man (2 vols 4to, 1774), containing many curious disquisitions on society In Loose Hints on Education (1781) he anticipates some doctrines which have since been popular, and he was a copious writer on law and constitutional As an amateur agriculturist and improver of land, he was moved to produce The Gentleman Farmer (1777), which he described as 'an attempt to improve agriculture by subjecting it to the test of rational principles?

Walter Goodall (1706?-66), a Banffshire man, educated at King's College, Aberdeen, became assistant librarian to the advocates at Edinburgh under Ruddiman and Hume, and published in 1754 an Examination of the Letters said to have been written by Mary Queen of Scots, which has the distinction of starting one of the most lively and inveterate of Scottish historical controversies It embodies the first systematic attempt to prove the spuriousness of the famous Casket Letters, and it was so far successful as to show that the published French versions were not originals but merely translations An imperfect scholar and a truculent controversialist, Goodall was yet a man of some ability and acuteness, although Mr Skelton was guilty of ridiculous extravagance in comparing his work with that of Scaliger and His edition of the chronicles of Fordun and Walter Bower, published in 1759, was a great improvement on that of Hearne.

Robert Lowth (1710-87), born at Winchester, was educated there and at New College, Oxford, where in 1741 he became Professor of Poetry Appointed successively Archdeacon of Winchester, rector of East Woodhay, prebendary of Durham, and rector of Sedgefield, he was in 1766 called to fill the see first of St Davids and then of Oxford, and in 1777 that of London. He published a long and widely famous treatise, De Sacra Poesi Hebraorum (1753), a Life of William of Wykeham, and a new translation of Isaiah A Fellow

of the Royal Society from 1765 on, he was one of the first to treat the Bible poetry as literature.

The Earl of Chatham, William 'the elder' (1708-78), was the younger son of Robert Pitt of Boconnoc in Cornwall Educated at Eton and Trinity College, Oxford, he obtained a cornetcy in the Blues, and in 1735 entered Parliament for the family borough Old Sarum His talents for debate were soon conspicuous, and erelong, as leader of the young 'Patriot' Whigs, he joined in the opposition to Walpole. In 1756 Pitt was made Secretary of State, a position which, next year, under the nominal leadership of the Duke of Newcastle, became virtually that of Premier, and henceforward his life is part of the history of Britain His war policy was characterised by unusual vigour, sagacity, and success French armies were beaten everywhere by Britain and her allies-in India, in Africa, in Canada, on the Rhine-and British fleets drove the few French ships they did not capture or destroy from almost every sea Driven from office after the accession of George III, Pitt again became a Minister in 1766 in the Duke of Grafton's Cabinet, but in 1768 he resigned to hold office no more He spoke strongly against the arbitrary and harsh policy towards the American colonies, and warmly urged an amicable settlement of the differences But when it was proposed to make peace on any terms, ill though he was, Chatham came down to the House of Lords (2nd April 1778), and by a powerful address secured a majority against the motion hausted by speaking, on rising again to reply to a question, he fell back into the arms of his friends, and died in the following month His imposing appearance and his magnificent voice added greatly to the attractions of his oratory, his haughtiness irritated even his friends he made a memorable reply to the elder Horatio Walpole (brother of Sir Robert), who had taunted him for his youth, a reply quoted on the authority of Dr Johnson, who then reported the parhamentary debates for the Gentleman's Magazine The substance of the speech may be Chatham's, the form is obviously in large measure Johnson's But the speech is too famous a fragment in literature to be omitted, though the contrast to Chatham's own style, as illustrated in the next extract, is marked enough

### Reply to the Charge of being Young

Sir—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining, but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have

1 \*\* \* rar wi how improvemen \*nit vice appears to from I all on the pus ions have subsided. The wretch who wer having ean the consequences of a thousand error example will to blunder, and whose age has and which observes to stoppdity, is surely the object cultinonal prence or contempt and deserves not that ha gray hars should secure him from insult m to sir, is he to be abhorred who, as he has advanced in the has receded from virtue and become more wicked and less temp at on who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy and spends the remains of his If in the run of his country But youth, sir, is not my this crime. I have been accused of acting a theatrical A theatrical part may either imply some peculiari to of gettire or a distinuiation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another

In the first case sir the charge is too trifling to be co fitted and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be do pixed. I am at liberty, like every other man, to the my own language and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not by myself under any restruint, nor very solicitously coor his diction or his mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience. But if any man shall, by charging m, with theatrical behaviour, imply that I is 'er any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him in

eduminator and a villain, nor shall any protection halter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall on ich an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those form with which wealth and dignity intrench them clies, nor shall anything but age restiain my resent net age which niways brings one privilege, that of bir, insolent and supercibous, without punishment Lar with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of epimon that if I had neted a borrowed part, I should have would their ecusure, the heat that effended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of inv country which neither hope nor f. r had influence me to suppress. I will not sit uneon e ned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon Initia rolders. I will exert my endeasours, at wirteser ha ard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the the f to ju nee, whoever may protect him in his villamy, and uncover may partake of his plunder

### Against Employing Indians in the War with the American Colonies

I crare' my lords I will not, join in congrituation in makertine and disgrace. This, my lords, is a peril " It cinendons rioment it is not n time for adula ting the smoothness of flatters cannot save us in this rage far lawful erise. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if pos t ite, arrived the delugion and darkness which envelop 1, and di pary, in its fell darger and genuine colours, te a much is brought to our door Can ministers il presine to expect in part in their infiliation? Circ parament be to devit to their dignits and duty a to not their enjoint to measures thus objuded frel of a them resource, my lord which a manual that he founding empire to scorn . I contemp a Bot so entry and England might rood or seen men I'm It thrust t is a total. He profession be at first de ce for refletta when he now acknowledge

as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every mulitary store, have their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by your inveterate enemy and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dig nity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad No man more highly esteems and is in part known honours the English troops than I do, I know their virtues and their valour, I know they can achieve any thing but impossibilities, and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst but we know that in three eampaigns we have done nothing and suffered much You may swell every expense, recumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot, your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent-doubly so, indeed, from this increenary aid on which you tely, for it irritates, to an incumble resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my nrms Never, never, never! But, mi lords, who is the man that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dured to authorise and associate to our arms the tomahank and scalping knife of the savage, to call into civilised alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods, to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against cut brethren? My lords, these enormities ery aloud for redress and punishment But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality, 'for it is perfectly allowable,' says I and Suffolk, 'to use all the means which God and nature have put into our liands. I nin astonished, I am shocked, to have such principles confessed, to hear them wowed in this house or in this country. My lords, I did not intend to enerotch so much on your attention, but I cannot refrest my indignation-I feel myself impelled to speak Mi lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such homble barbarity! That God and nature have put into our hands! What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not, but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacrus of the Indian scalping knife! to the cannibal savage, fortuing, mur dering, devouring drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of motality every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to sindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bi heps to interpose the unsulfied sanctity of their lawn upon the judges to Interpo e the purity of their emine to este us from this pollution I call upon the honour of you lord lups to reverence the dign ty of your ance in and to maintain your own I call upon the spint and humanity of my country to vindicate the national

I invoke the Genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty and establish the religion of Britain against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than Popish cruelties and inquestional practices are endured among us To send forth the mercile s cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom? your Protestant brethren! to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible hell hounds of war! Spain can no longer boast pre eminence in barbanty She armed herself with blood hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico, we, more ruthless, loose these dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More par ticularly I call upon the holv prelates of our religion to do away this iniquity, let them perform a lustration, to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin. My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more, but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles

At his last tragic appearance in the House of Lords, emaciated and swathed to the knees in flannel, Chatham on rising lamented that his bodily infirmities had so long and at so important a crisis prevented his attendance on the duties of Parliament. He declared that he had made an effort almost beyond the powers of his constitution to come down to the House on this day, perhaps the last time he should ever be able to enter its walls, to express the indignation lie felt at the idea which he understood was gone forth of yielding up the sovereighty of America.

'My lords,' continued he, 'I rejoice that the grave has not closed upon me, that I am still alive to lift np my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and noble monarchy Pressed down as I am by the load of infirmity, I am little able to assist my country in this most perilous conjuncture, but, my lords, while I have sense and memory, I never will consent to tarnish the lustre of this nation by an ignomimous surrender of its rights and fairest possessions a people so lately the terror of the world, now fall prostrate before the house of Bourbon? It is impossible! In God's name, if it is absolutely necessary to declare either for peace or war, and if peace canuot be preserved with honour, why is not war commenced without hesitation? I am not, I confess, well informed of the resources of this kingdom, but I trust it has still sufficient to maintain its just rights, though I know them not. Any state, my lords, is better than despair Let us at least make one effort, and if we must fall, let us fall like men '

Chatham's Life by F Thacleray appeared in 1827 (2 vols) and his Correspondence in 1838-48 (4 vols.). Wore attractive and accessible are Macaulay s two brilliant essays and the monograph by W D Green (1901)

William Melmoth (1710-99), the son of William Melmoth the elder (1666-1743), a lawyer who wrote a book on A Religious Life, is chiefly known as author of an exceptionally graceful and accurate translation of Pliny's Letters Under the name of 'Sir Thomas Fitzosborne,' Melmoth also published a volume of Letters on Several Subjects, remarkable for elegance of style (1742, and often reprinted, best edition 1805) He also translated Cicero's Letters and the treatises De Oratoribus, De Amicutia, and De Senectute His style, though sometimes feeble from excess of polish and ornament, is generally correct, perspicuous, and musical

Jacob Bryant (1715-1804) engaged the attention of the learned world throughout a long life by his erudition, inventive fancy, and love of paradox. His most celebrated works are  $A \wedge w$ System or Analysis of Ancient My thology (1774-76), Observations on the Plain of Troj (1795), and a Dissertation concerning the War of Troy (1796). The object of Bryant was to show that the expedition of the Greeks as described by Homer is fabulous, and that no such city as Troy existed A host of adversaries rose up against him, and his theory never obtained any considerable support-though comparatively modern attempts were made to resolve Homeric incidents and persons into solar mythology Bryant also wrote theological treatises, papers on classical subjects, books against Tom Paine, on the Land of Goshen, and the gypsies Though this able and amiable man doubted and denied concerning Homer, he was so confident a believer in Chatterton's fabrications that he took up his pen to prove the authenticity of the Rowley poems

John Brown (1715-66), son of the curate of Rothbury, became minor canon of Carlisle and chaplain to the Bishop, and held livings near Colchester and in Newcastle. He was popular in his own day as author of Essays on the Characteristics of the Earl of Shaftesbury (1751), and of an Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times (1757), written when there was general dissatisfaction with public men and measures, which by its caustic severity and animated appeals excited much attention.

The mestimable Estimate of Brown Rose like a paper kite, and charmed the town

But Pitt was called to the helm, things looked brighter, and down came the paper Estimate

For measures planned and executed well, Shifted the wind that raised it, and it fell

Brown wrote also on *The Union of Poetry and Music* and *The Progress of Poetry*, and had early in life shown his command of verse by a poem on *Honour* (1743) and by an *Essay on Satire*, addressed to Warburton, and prefixed by Warburton to his edition of Pope. From this *Essay* comes the famous line, 'And coxcombs vanquish Berkeley with a grin,' as also the couplet

Dauntless pursues the path Spinoza trod, To man a coward and a brave to God,

quoted imperfectly from memory by Burns ('the daring path Spinoza trod') in an autobiographical letter In almost every department of literature this versatile and indefatigable writer ventured with tolerable success His two tragedies, Barbarossa and Athelstane (1754 and 1756), were brought out by Garrick, and he himself was prused by Wordsworth as one of the first in leading the way to a worthy admiration of the scenery of the English Lakes This was in 1753, Gray, usually ranked amongst the earliest explorers of our romantic districts, did not visit the Lake country Some suggestions of Brown's on a school tıll 1769 system for Russia were submitted to the Empress Catharine, who straightway summoned him to St Petersburg, paying his expenses beforehand his health was broken, his friends and his doctor protested, and in his disgust at the collapse of his scheme Brown committed suicide. He had long been known to be verging on insanity

# The Vale of Keswick.

In my way to the north from Hagley, I pussed through Dovedale, and, to say the truth, was disappointed in it. When I came to Buxton, I visited another or two of their romantic scenes, but these are inferior to Dovedale. They are all but poor miniatures of Keswick, which exceeds them more in grandeur than you can imagine, and more, if possible, in beauty than in grandeur

Instead of the narrow slip of valley which is seen at Dovedale, you have at Keswick a vast amphithertre, in circumference about twenty miles Instead of a meagre rivulet, a noble living lake, ten miles round, of an oblong form, adorned with a variety of wooded islands The rocks indeed of Dovedale are finely wild, pointed, and irregular, but the hills are both little and unani mated, and the margin of the brook is poorly edged with weeds, morass, and brushwood But at Keswick, you will, on one side of the lake, see a rich and beau tiful landscape of cultivated fields, rising to the eye in fine inequalities, with noble groves of oak happily dis persed and climbing the adjacent hills, shade above slinde, in the most various and picturesque forms. On the opposite shore, you will find rocks and cliffs of stupendous height, hanging broken over the lake in horrible grandeur, some of them a thousand feet high, the woods climbing up their steep and shaggy sides, where mortal foot never yet approached dreadful heights the eagles build their nests a variety of waterfalls are seen pouring from their summits, and tumbling in vast sheets from rock to rock in rude and terrible magnificence, while, on all sides of this immense amphitheatre, the lofty mountains rise round, piercing the clonds in shapes as spiry and fantastic as the very rocks of Dovedale To this I must add the frequent and bold projection of the cliffs into the lake, forming noble bays and promontories, in other parts, they finely retire from it, and often open in abrupt chasms or clefts, through which at hand you see rich and uncultivated vales, and beyond these, at various distance, mountain rising over mountain, among which

new prospects present themselves in mist, till the eye is lost in an agreeable perplexity

'Where active fancy travels beyond sense, And pictures things unseen'

Were I to analyse the two places into their constituent principles, I should tell you that the full perfection of Keswick consists of three circumstances-beauty, horror, and immensity united—the second of which alone is Of beauty it hath little, nature found in Dovedale having left it almost a desert, neither its small extent, nor the diminutive and lifeless form of the hills, admit magnificence But to give you a complete idea of these three perfections, as they are joined in Keswick, would require the united powers of Claude, Salvator, and The first should throw his delicate sunshine over the cultivated vales, the scattered cots, the groves, the lake, and wooded islands, the second should dash out the horror of the rugged cliffs, the steeps, the hanging woods, and foaming waterfalls, while the grand pencil of Poussin should crown the whole with the majesty of the impending mountains

So much for what I would call the permanent beauties of this astonishing scene Were I not afraid of being tiresome, I could now dwell as long on its varying or accidental beauties I would sail round the lake, anchor in every bay, and land you on every promontory and I would point out the perpetual change of prospect the woods, rocks, cliffs, and mountains, by turns vanishing or rising into view now gaining on the sight, hanging over our heads in their full dimensions, beautifully dreadful and now, by a change of situation, assuming new romantic shapes, retiring and lessening on the eve, and insensibly losing themselves in an anne I would remark the construst of light and shade, produced by the morning and evening sun, the one gilding the western, the other the eastern, side of this immense amphitheatre, while the vast shidow projected by the mountains, buries the opposite part in a deep and purple gloom, which the eye can hardly penetrate. The natural variety of colouring which the several objects produce is no less wonderful and pleasing the ruling tints in the valley being those of azure, green, and gold, yet ever various, arising from an intermixture of the lake, the woods, the grass, and com fields, these are finely contristed by the gray rocks and cliffs, and the whole heightened by the yellow streams of light, the purple hues and misty azure of the mountains Sometimes a serene air and clear sky disclose the tops of the highest hills, at other times, you see the clouds involving their summits, resting on their sides, or descending to their base, and rolling among the valleys, as in a vast furnace When the winds are high, they roar among the cliffs and caverns like peals of thunder, then, too, the clouds are seen in vast bodies sweeping along the hills in gloomy greatness, while the lake joins the tunink, and tosses like a sea. But in calm weather, the whole scene becomes new, the lake is a perfect mirror, and the landscape in all its beauty, islands, fields, woods, rocks, and moun tains are seen inverted and floating on its surface. By still moonlight (at which time the distant water falls are heard in all their variety of sound), a walk among these enchanting dales opens such scenes of delicate beauty, repose, and solemnity, as exceed all (From a Letter ) description

Robert Paltock (1697-1767), of Clement's Inn, attorney, was author of the famous story Peter Wilkins His authorship was long unknown, but in 1835, at a sale by auction of books and manuscripts which had belonged to Dodsley the publisher, the original agreement for the copyright of the work was found. The tale was dedicated to the same Countess of Northumberland to whom Percy inscribed his Reliques, and Goldsmith the first printed copy of his Edwin and Angelina. Dates of different editions are 1750, 1751, 1783, 1784, 1816, 1839, 1884. To the countess Paltock had been indebted for 'a late instance of benignity,' and it was after the pattern of her virtues that he drew the mind of his heroine Youwarkee. Little more is known of Paltock except that he was married, and left two sons and two daughters, that he was buried at Ryme Intrinsica near Sherborne, Dorset, and that he was perhaps the author of another work-a dull one-Memoirs of the Life of Parnese, a Spanish Lady Translated from the Spanish MS by R P Gent (1751) The title of Paltock's masterpiece may serve for an index to its nature and incidents The Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins, a Cornish Man 'relating particularly, his Shipwreck near the South Pole, his wonderful Passage thro' a subterraneous Cavern into a kind of new World, his there meeting with a Gawry, or flying woman, whose Life he preserv'd, and afterwards married her, his extraordinary Conveyance to the Country of Glumms and Gawrys, or Men and Women that fly Likewise a Description of this strange Country, with the Law, Customs, and Manners of its Inhabitants, and the Author's remarkable Transactions among them Taken from his own Mouth, in his Passage to England from off Cape Horn in America, in the Ship Hector With an Introduction, giving an Account of the surprising Manner of his coming on board that Vessel, and his Death on his landing at Plymouth in the year 1739 By R S, a Passenger in the Hector' The name of the hero and the germinal idea would seem to have been suggested by Bishop Wilkins's Discovery of a New World (see Vol. I p 685), in which there are speculations on the possibility of a man being able to fly by help of wings For the rest, Paltock modelled his story on Robinson Crusoe, making his hero a shipwrecked voyager cast upon a solitary shore, of which he was for a time the sole inhabitant, the same virtues of fortitude, resignation, and patient ingenuity are assigned to both Peter is more devout even than Robinson Paltock's romance might be described as the first of the long series of what the Germans call Robinsonades, to which The Swiss Family Robinson belongs The literal, minute, matter of fact style of Defoe is copied with success, but save in his description of the flying herome, Paltock is greatly inferior. At least half of the tale is utterly tedious, when Wilkins describes the flying nation, their family alliances, laws, customs, and mechanic arts, romance disappears, and we see only a poor imitation of the manner of Swift. The name of the country, Nosmnbdsgrsutt, was doubtless chosen as being entirely unpronounceable, and glumm and gawry, man and woman, have little to recommend them. Wilkins makes a grotto in a grassy plain by the side of a lake, surrounded by a woody amphitheatre, behind which rises a towering rock. Here with fruits and fish he subsists pleasantly during the sum-One evening at the approach of winter he hears strange voices, and sallying forth, finds a beautiful woman near his door, Youwarkee. With other youths and maidens of the flying nation on the other side of the great rock, she had been merrily flying about, when, falling among the branches of a tree, her graundee, or flying apparatus, became useless, and she sank to the ground stunned and senseless Leigh Hunt in The Scer asks his readers to think of 'a lovely woman, set in front of an ethereal shell, and wafted about like a Venus This is perhaps the best general idea that can be given of Peter Wilkins's bride.' Southey said he got the idea of the lovely Glendoveers in his Curse of Kehama from Paltock's romance—and accordingly not from Hindu or any other mythology

#### Peter Wilkins and his Flying Bride

I passed the summer-though I had never yet seen the sun's body-very much to my satisfaction, partly in the work I have been describing-for I had taken two more of the beast fish, and had a great quantity of oil from them-partly in building me a chimney in my ante chamber, of mud and earth burnt on my own hearth into a sort of brick, in making a window at one end of the above said chamber, to let in what little light would come through the trees, when I did not choose to open my door, in moulding an earthen lamp for my oil, and, finally, in providing and laying in stores, fresh and salt-for I had now cured and dried many more fish-against winter These, I say, were my summer employments at home, intermixed with many agrecable excursions. But now the winter coming on, and the days growing very short, or indeed, there being no day, properly speaking, but a kind of twilight, I kept mostly in my habitation

An indifferent person would now be apt to ask, what would this man desire more than he had? To this I answer, that I was contented while my condition was such as I have been describing, but a little while after the darkness or twilight came on, I frequently heard voices again, sometimes a few only at a time, as it seemed, and then again in great numbers.

In the height of my distress I had recourse to prayer, with no small benefit, begging that if it pleased not the Almighty Power to remove the object of my fears, at least to resolve my donbts about them, and to render them rather helpful than hurtful to me. I herenpon, as I always did on such occasions, found myself much more placid and easy, and began to hope the best, till I had almost persuaded myself that I was out of danger, and then laying myself down, I rested very sweetly till I was awakened by the impulse of the following dream

Methought I was in Cornwall, at my wife's aunt's, and inquiring after her and my children, the old gentlewoman informed me both my wife and children had been dead some time, and that my wife, before her departure, desired her—that is, her aunt—immediately upon my arrival to tell me she was only gone to the lake, where I should be sure to see her, and be happy with her ever after—I then, as I fancied, ran to the lake to find her—In my passage she stopped me, erying 'Whither so fast, Peter? I am your wife, your Patty' Methought I did not know her, she was so altered, hut observing her voice, and looking more wistfully at her, she appeared to me as the most beautiful creature I ever beheld—I then went to seize her in my arms, but the hurry of my spirits awakened me.

I then heard a sort of shrick, and a rustle near the door of my apartment, all which together seemed very terrible. But I, having before determined to see what and who it was, resolutely opened my door and leaped out. I saw nobody, all was quite silent, and nothing that I could perceive but my own fears a moving went then softly to the corner of the building, and there, looking down by the glimmer of my lamp, which stood in the window, I saw something in human shape lying at my feet I gave the word 'Who is there?' Still no one answered My heart was ready to force a way through my side I was for a while fixed to the earth like a statue At length recovering, I stepped in, fetched my lamp, and returning, saw the very beautiful face my Patty appeared under in my dream, and not considering that it was only a dream, I verily thought I had my Patty before me, but she seemed to be stone Upon viewing her other parts, for I had never yet removed my eyes from her face, I found she had a sort of brown chaplet, like lace, round her head, under and about which her hair was tucked up and twined, and she seemed to me to be clothed in a thin hair coloured silk garment, which, upon trying to ruse her, I found to be quite warm, and therefore hoped there was life in the body it contained. I then took her into my arms, and treading a step backwards with her, I put out my lamp, however, having her in my arms, I conveyed her through the doorway, in the dark, into my grotto

I thought I saw her eyes stir a little. I then set the lamp further off, for fear of offending them if she should look up, and warming the last glass I had reserved of my Madeira, I carried it to her, but she never stirred I now supposed the fall had absolutely killed her, and was prodigiously grieved, when laying my hand on her breast, I perceived the fountain of life had some motion. This give me infinite pleasure, so, not despairing, I dipped my finger in the wine, and moistened her hips with it two or three times, and I imagined they opened a little. Upon this I bethought me, and taking a tea-spoon, I gently poured a few drops of the wine by that means into her mouth. Finding she swallowed it, I poured in another spoonful, and another, till I brought her to herself so well as to be able to sit up

I then spoke to her, and asked divers questions, as if she had really been Patty, and understood me, in return of which, she uttered a language I had no idea of, though, in the most musical tone, and with the sweetest accent I ever heard. It grieved me I could not understand her. However, thinking she might like

to be upon her feet, I went to lift her off the bed, when she felt to my touch in the oddest manner imaginable, for while in one respect it was as though she had been cased in whalebone, it was at the same time as soft and warm as if she had been naked

You may imagine we stared heartily at each other, and I doubted not but she wondered as much as I by what means we came so hear each other. I offered her everything in my grotto which I thought might please her, some of which she gratefully received, as appeared by her looks and behaviour. But she avoided my lamp, and always placed her back toward it. I observing that, and ascribing it to her modesty in my company, let her have her will, and took care to set it in such a position myself as seemed agreeable to her, though it deprived me of a prospect I very much admired.

After we had sat a good while, now and then, I may say, chattering to one another, she got up and took a turn or two about the room. When I saw her in that attitude, her grace and motion perfectly charmed me, and her shape was incomparable.

I treated her for some time with all the respect imaginable, and never suffered her to do the least part of my work. It was very inconvenient to both of us only to know each other's meaning by signs, but I could not be otherwise than pleased to see that she endeavoured all in her power to learn to talk like me. Indeed I was not behindlight with her in that respect, striving all I could to imitate her. What I all the while wondered at was, she never showed the least disquet at her confinement, for I kept my door shut at first, through fear of losing her, thinking she would have taken an opportunity to run away from me, for little did I then think she could fly

After my new love had been with me a fortnight, finding my water run low, I was greatly troubled at the thought of quitting her any time to go for more, and having hinted it to lier, with seeming uneasiness, she could not for a while fathom my meaning, but when she saw me much confused, she came at length, by the many signs I made, to imagine it was my concern for her which made me so, whereupon she expressively enough signified I might be easy, for she did not fear anything happening to her in my absence. On this, as well as I could declare my meaning, I entreated her not to go away before my return. As soon as she under stood what I signified to her by actions, she sat down with her arms across, leaning her head against the wall, to assure me she would not stir.

I took my boat, net, and water cask as usual, desirous of bringing her home a fresh fish-dinner, and succeeded so well as to catch enough for several good meals and to spare. What remained I salted, and found she liked that better than the fresh, after a few days' saling As my salt grew very low, though I had been as spanng of it as possible, I now resolved to try making some, and the next summer I effected it

Thus we spent the remainder of the winter together, till the days began to be light enough for me to wilk abroad a little in the middle of them, for I was now under no apprehensions of her leaving me, as she had before this time had so many opportunities of doing so, but never once attempted it I did not even then know that the covering she wore was not the work of art but the work of nature, for I really took it for silk, though it must be premised, that I had never seen it

by any other light than of my lamp Indeed, the modesty of her carriage, and sweetness of her behaviour to me, had struck into me a dread of offending her

When the weather cleared up a little, by the lengthening of daylight, I took courage one afternoon to invite her to walk with me to the lake, but she sweetly excused herself from it, whilst there was such a fright ful glare of light as slic said, but, looking ont at the door, told me if I would not go out of the wood, she. would accompany me, so we agreed to take a turn only I first went myself over the stile of the door, and thinking it rather too high for her, I took her in my arms, and lifted her over But even when I had her in this manner, I knew not what to make of her clothing, it sat so true and close, but seeing her by a steadier and truer light in the grove, though a heavy gloomy one, than my lamp had afforded, I begged she would let me know of what silk or other composition her garment was made. She smiled, and asked me if mine was not the same under my jacket. 'No, lady,' says I, 'I have nothing but my skin under my clothes' 'Why, what do you mean?' replies slie, somewhat tartly, 'but, indeed, I was afraid something was the matter, by that nasty covering you wear, that you might not be seen Are you not a glumm?' (a man) 'Yes,' says I, 'fair creature.' (Here, though you may conceive she spoke part English, part her own tongue, and I the same, as we best understood each other, yet I shall give you our discourse, word for word, in plain English ) 'Then,' says she, 'I am afraid you must have been a very bad man, and have been erashee, which I should be very sorry to hear' I told her I believed we were none of us so good as we might be, but I hoped my faults had not at most exceeded other men's, but I had suffered abundance of hardships in my time, and that at last Providence having settled me in this spot, from whence I had no prospect of ever departing, it was none of the least of its mercies to bring to my knowledge and company the most exquisite piece of all his works in her, which I should acknowledge as long

'Sir,' says she, 'pray, answer me first how you came here?' 'Madam,' replied I, 'will you please to take a walk to the verge of the wood, and I will shew you the very passage?' 'Sir,' says she, 'I perfectly know the range of the rocks all round, and by the least description, without going to see them, can tell from which you descended ' 'In truth,' said I, 'most charming lady, I descended from no rock at all nor would I, for a thou sand worlds, attempt what could not he accomplished but by my destruction' 'Sir,' says she in some anger, 'it is false, and you impose upon me.' 'I declare to you,' says I, 'madam, what I tell you is strictly true, I never was near the summit of any of the surrounding rocks, or anything like it. But as you are not far from the verge of the wood, be so good as to step a little further, and I will shew you my entrance in lither' 'Well,' says she, 'now this odious duzzle of light is lessened, I do not care if I do go with you'

When we came far enough to see the hridge, 'There, madam,' says I, 'there is my entrance, where the sea pours into this lake from yonder cavern.' We arrived at the lake, and going to my wet dock, 'Now, madam,' says I, 'pray satisfy yourself whether I spake true or no' She looked at my boat, but could not yet frame a proper notion of it. Says I 'Madam, in this very boat I sailed

from the main ocean through that cavern into this lake, and shall at last think myself the happiest of all men if you continue with me, love me, and credit me, and I promise you I will never deceive you, but think my life happily spent in your service? I found she was hardly content yet to believe what I told her of my bout to be true, until I stepped into it, and pushing from the shore, took my oars in my hand, and sailed along the lake by her as she walked on the sbore. At last she seemed so well reconciled to me and my boat that she desired I would take her in. I immediately did so, and we sailed a good way, and as we returned to my dock, I described to her how I procured the water we drank, and brought it to shore in that vessel

'Well,' says she, 'I have sailed, as you call it, many a mile in my lifetime, but never in such a thing as this I own it will serve very well where one has a great many things to carry from place to place, but to be labouring thus at in oar, when one intends pleasure in sailing, is, in iny mind, a most ridiculous piece of slavery'

'Why, pray, madam, how would you have me sail? for getting into the boat only will not carry us this way or that, without using some force.' 'But,' says she, 'pray, where did you get this boat, as you call it?' 'O madam,' says I, 'that is too long and fatal a story to begin upon now, this boat was made many thousand miles from hence, among a people coal black, a quite different sort from us, and when I first had it, I little thought of seeing this country, but I will make a faithful relation of all to you when we come home'

As we talked, and walked by the lake, she made a little run before me, and sprang into it Perceiving this, I cried out, whereupon she merrily called on me to follow her The light was then so dim as prevented my having more than a confused sight of her when slie jumped in, and looking carnestly after her, I could discern nothing more than a small boat on the water, which slimmed along at so great a rate that I almost lost sight of it presently, but running along the shore, for fear of losing her, I met her gravely walking to meet me, and then had entirely lost sight of the boat upon the lake 'This,' says she, accosting me with a smile, 'is my way of sailing, which, I perceive, by the fright you were in, you are altogether unaequainted with, and as you tell me you came from so many thousand miles off, it is possible you may be made differently from me, hut surely we are the part of the creation which has had most care bestowed upon it, and I suspect from all your discourse, to which I have been very attentive, it is possible you may no more be able to fly than to sail as I do ' 'No, charming creature,' says I, 'that I cannot, I will assure you' She then, stepping to the edge of the lake, for the advantage of a descent before her. sprang np into the air, and away she went, further than my eyes could follow her

I was quite astonished So, says I, then all is over, all a delusion which I have so long been in, a mere phantom I better had it been for me never to have seen ber, than thus to lose her again! I had hut very little time for reflection, for in about ten minutes after she had left me in this mixture of grief and amazement, she alighted just by me on her fect

Her return, as she plainly saw, filled me with a trans port not to be concealed, and which, as she afterwards told me, was very agreeable to her , Indeed, I was some moments in such an agitation of mind, from these



unparalleled meidents, that I was like one thunder struck, but coming presently to my self, and clasping her in my nrms, with as much love and passion as I was eapable of expressing, 'Are you returned again, kind angel,' said I, to bless a wretch who can only be happy in adoring you? Can it be that you, who have so many advantages over me, should quit all the pleasures that nature has formed you for, and all your friends and relation to take an asylum in my arms? But I here male you a tender of all I mn able to bestow, my love and constancy 'Come, come,' says slic, 'no more raptures, I find you are a worther man than I thought I had reason to take you for, and I beg your pardon for my distrust while I was ignorant of your imperfections, but now, I verily believe all you have said is true, and I promise you, as you have seemed so much to delight In me, I will never quit vou till death or other as fatal accident shall part us But we will now, if you choo e, to home, for I know you have been some time nnersy in this gloom, though agreeable to me 1 or, giving niv eves the pleasure of looking eagerly on you, it concerls my blushes from your sight?

In this manner, exchanging mutual cuderrments and soft speeches, hand in hand, we arrived at the grotto

Louwarkee's discomfort at the glate of light is explained by the fact that in the regions of the flying people it was always twilight. Crashee means shi in the language of the flying regions where criminals were punished by having their wings shi and so made useless for flight.

Henry Brooke (1703?-83), born at Rantavan in County Cavan, the son of a wealthy clergin in, went (1724) from Trunts College, Dublin, to study law in London, and there became the chosen friend of Pope and Lyttelton From the heart of this brilliant literary society he was recalled to Ireland by a dving aunt, who left him guardian of her child, a girl of twelve, whom he sent to school, and two years afterwards, to the consterna tion of his friends, secretly married His child wife brought him three children before she was eighteen, but of the large family of twents two only one survived the fither Brooke's first notable work, the poem Universal Beauty (1735), 'n sort of Bridgewater Trentise in rhyme,' was said to lince been revised by Pope, and is supposed to have supplied the foundation for Erismus Darwin's Botanic Garden In 1739 he published his play, Gustavus Vasa, full of the noblest senti ments and the most inconceivable characters, the acting of which was prohibited at Drury Lane on political grounds, Sir Robert Walpole suspecting lumself to be the prototype of a very unamable character in the play Dr Johnson wrote an ironical vindication of the licensers of the stage, but on its publication in book form the play was bought in large numbers, and it was afterwards produced in Dublin as The Patriot translated part of Tasso, projected a series of old Irish tales and an Irish history, wrote an Irish historic fragment in a style closely resembling that afterwards adopted by Ossian Macpherson, and having finally returned to Ireland, was given a post as barrack master of Mullingar by Lord Chesterfield, largely in consideration of his Farmer's Letters to the Protestants of Ireland The I art of Liser, a tragedy, was produced both at Dublin and in London, from this play fand not, as Kingsley said, from Cristavius) came the line not too correctly quoted by Boswell as 'Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free,' purched by Johnson in 'Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.' Near the close of the first art of Liser, Queen Elizabeth says

I shall henceforth seek For other lights to truth, for righteous monarchs, Justly to judge, with their own eyes of ould see, To rule o'er freemen, should themselves be free

Philanthropy and igricultural experiments compelled Brooke to sell his property, and he scaled m Kildare (1763) Here he wrote the best re membered of all his books—the only one, indeed, not utterly dead-The Fool of Quality, or the History of the Last of Mercland (5 vols 1766-70 His first political pumphlets had been strongly anti Citholic, later he wrote pleas for the fairer treatment of the Catholics and the relaxation of the penal laws. In 1774 he issued a poor notes. Juliet Green ille, or the History of the Human Several years before his death, when Heartliving at Dublin he sank into a condition of His devoted daughter increasing mental debility Charlotte (died 1703), who had seen the decay of her fathers intellect in the last part of the Forl of Quality, was herself an authoress, and published m 1789 The Reliques of Irish Peetry

The I vol of Quality so commended itself to John Wesley that anidst his multitudinous labours he found time to prepare an abridged edition of it (1780), and in 1859 Charles Kingsley, who was no Methodist, published a complete edition with an enthusiastic preface and sketch of Brookes life. Of the story he has recorded this opinion

In it we have the whole man the education of an ideal nobleman la an ideal merchant prince has giren him room for all his speculations on theology, political economy, the relations of sex and family and the train ing, moral and physical, of a Christian gentleman, and to them plot and probability are too often sacrificed. Its pathos is, perhaps, of too healthy and simple a kind to be considered very touching by a public whose taste has been palled by the 'asthetic brandy and carenne Vevertheless overmuch striving of I reneli novels The cause for pathos is the defect of the book is patent. The plot is extraorgant of its failure as well as ill woven and broken, besides, by epi odes, as extravagunt as itself. The morality is Quixotic, and practically impossible. The scrinonising, whether theological or social, is equally clumsy and olitrusive By that time also one may hope the earnest reader will have begun to guess at the cruses which have made this book forgotten for a while, and perhaps to find them not in its defects but in its excellences, in its deep and grand ethics, in its broad and genial humanity, in the divine value which it attaches to the relations of hashand and wife, father and child, and to the utter absence both of that sentimentalism and that superstition which have been alternately debauching of late years the minds of the young. And if he shall have arrived at this discovery, he will be able possibly to regard at least with patience those who are rash enough to affirm that they have learnt from this book more which is pure, sacred, and eternal, than from any which has been published since Spenser's Fairy Queen.

Few will give the book this high praise, but if it is odd, it is a remarkable book. Some of its digressions are as surprising, if not quite as amusing, as Sterne's, the heroic fist battles are described with the zest of Borrow, the venerable man who 'drops the tear of generosity' on the smallest provocation, like Mackenzie's 'Man of Feeling,' nevertheless cheers and regales the afflicted and the destitute with a brimming cup (or several cups) of good ale and a hearty meal, as Borrow might have done, and many of the scattered thoughts are sagacious and suggestive as Meredith's Again one is reminded of Borrow's highly muscular Christianity when we find that, with the author's entire approbation, the philanthropical protector, Mr Fenton, 'had already provided his favourite with a dancing-master, the most approved for skill in his profession, as also with a noted fencing-master, who further taught him the noble science of the cudgel and quarter-He was now on the search for the most distinguished champion of the Bear-garden, in order to accomplish our hero in the mysteries of bruising, of wrestling, and of tripping' There is many a Borrovian touch in the dialogues, and the good man takes a very lenient view of all the mischievous tricks played off by his protégés on a cruel and pedantic schoolmaster the story are many stories—the earlier adventures of the minor characters, classical and historical stories dramatically retold, and moral apologues or allegories At the end of many of the chapters Brooke provides a curious kind of Greek chorus Without warning, the reader finds himself listening to an animated debate between 'Author' and 'Friend,' many of the most interesting things coming in as defence by 'Author' against the criticisms of 'Friend,' who is a sort of Advocatus The humour is genuine if sometimes Diaboli a little obvious, and the satire trenchant and The style frequently combines simplicity, vigour, and point in singular degree. The prose extracts are all from the Fool of Quality

### From 'Universal Beauty'

Emergent from the deep view nature's face,
And o'er the surface deepest wisdom trace,
The verdinous beanties charm our cherished eyes—
But who'll unfold the root from whence they rise?
Infinity within the sprouting bower!
Next to ænigma in Almighty power,
Who only could infinitude confine,
And dwell immense within the minim shrine,
The eternal species in an instant mould,
And endless worlds in seeming utoms hold

Plant within plant, and seed enfolding seed,
For ever—to end never—still proceed,
In forms complete, essentially retain
The future semen, alimental grain,
And these again, the tree, the trunk, the root,
The plant, the leaf, the blossom, and the fruit,
Again the fruit and flower the seed enclose,
Again the seed perpetuated grows,
And beauty to perennial ages flows.

### The Fool's Outset in Life

With his lady, he again retreated to the country, where, in less than a year, she made him the exulting father of a fine boy, whom he called Richard speedily became the sole centre of all his mother's solicitudes and affections. And though within the space of the two succeeding years she was delivered of a second boy, yet, as his infant aspect was less promising and more uninformed than his brother's, she sent him forth to be nursed by the robust wife of a neighbouring farmer, where, for the space of upwards of four years, he was honoured with no token from father or mother, save some casual messages to know from time to time if the child was in health. This boy was called Henry, after his uncle by the futher's side. The earl had lately sent to London to make inquiry after his brother, but could learn no manner of tidings concerning him Mean while, the education of the two children was extremely contrasted Richard, who was already entitled my little lord, was not permitted to breathe the rudeness of the On his slightest indisposition, the whole house was in alarms, his passions had full scope in all their Infant irregularities, his genius was put into a hotbed, by the warmth of applauses given to every flight of his opening fancy, and the whole family conspired, from the highest to the lowest, to the ruin of promising talents and a benevolent heart. Young Harry, on the other hand, had every member as well as feature exposed to all weathers, would run about, mother naked, for near an hour, in a frosty morning, was neither physicked into delicacy, nor flattered into pride, scarce felt the convenience, and much less understood the vanity of clothing, and was daily occupied in playing and wrest ling with the pigs and two mongrel spaniels on the common, or in kissing, scratching, or boxing with the children of the village. When Harry hud passed his fifth year, his father, on u festival day, humbly proposed to send for him to his nurse, in order to observe how the boy might turn out, and my lady, in u fit of good humour, assented Nurse, accordingly, decked him out in his holiday petticoats, and walked with our hero to the great house, as they called it. A hrilliant concourse of the neighbouring gentry were met in a vast parlour, that appeared to be executed after the model of West-These were the principal characters. minster Hall The rest could not be said to be of uny character at all. The cloth had been lutely removed, and a host of glasses and decanters glowed on the tuble, when in comes young Harry, escorted by his nurse. All the eyes of the company were instantly drawn upon him, but he advanced, with a vacant and unobserving physiognomy, and thought no higher of the assembly than as of so many peasants at a country wake.

Dicky, my dear, says my lady, go and welcome your brother, whereat Dick went up, took Harry by the hand, and kissed him with much affection. Harry, thereupon, having eyed his brother-I don't know you, end he, bluntly, but at the same time held up his little mouth to kiss him again. Dick, says my lady, put your laced hat upon Harry, that we may see how it becomes him which he immediately did, but Harry, feeling an unusual on cumbrance on his head, took off the hat, and, ha ing for some time looked contemptionsly at it, he cast it from him with a sudden and agale jert, as he used to cast flat stones to make duels and drales in the null pond The hat took the glasses and decenters in full eareer, smash go the gla ses, abroad pour the a me on circling laces, Dresden aprons, silvered sill's, and rich brocade, female screams filled the parlour, the rout is equal to the uproar, and it was long ere most of them could be composed to their place. In the meanwhile Harry took no land of interest in their outcries or distre so but spying a large Spanish pointer, that just then came from under the table he spring at him hie lightning, seized him by the collar, and vaulted on his back well The dog, wholly disconcerted by inconcervable agility so unrecustomed a burden experted and plun oil about in a violent manner but Harry was a better horse man than to be so easily disnounted whereon the dog grew outrageous, and, rushing into a group of little misses and masters, the children of the visi anis, he over threw them like nine pins, thence proceedings ith e malrapidity between the legs of Mrs Dowdy, a very fat and clderly Indy, she instantly fell bael with a vaolent shriel, and, in her fall, unfortunately overthrew I rank the fox hunter, who overthrew Andrew the angler, who over threw Bob the bean who closed the catastrophe hero, meantime, was happily dismounted by the intercepting petticonts, and fairly laid without damage, in the fallen Indy's Inp. I rom thence he arose at his leisure, and strolled about the room with as unconcerned an aspect as if nothing had happened amiss, and as though he had neither art nor part in this frightful discomfiture. When matters were once more, in some measure, set to rights-My heavens' exclained my lady. I shall faint! The box is positively in idiot, he has no apprehension or conception of places or things. Come hither, sirrali, she cried, with an angra tone, but, instead of complying, Harry cast on her a look of resentment, and sidled over toward his nurse. Diely, my dear, said my lady, go and pretend to heat like faster mother, that we may try if the child has any kind Here her ladyship, by ill fortune, vas as much unadvised as her favourite was unhappy in the execution of her orders, for while Diek struck at the nurse with a counterfeited passion, Harry instantly reddened, and gave his brother such a sudden push in the face, that his nose and mouth gushed out with blood. Diel set up the roar, my lady screamed ont, and, rising and running at Harry with all imaginable fury, she eaught him up as a falcon would truss a robin, turned over his pettieoats, and chastised him with all the violence of whileh her delicacy was capable. Our hero, however, neither uttered ery nor dropped a tear, but, being set down, he turned round on the company an eye of indignation, then eried -Come away, mammy, and issued from the assembly Harry had scarce made his exit when his mother ex elaimed after him-A3, 13, take him away, nurse I take him away, the little wretch, and never let me see his free more 1

I shall not detain my reader with a tedious detail of the many and differing opinions that the remaining

company expressed with regard to our hero, let it suffice to objects, that this penerally spreed that, though the los del not appear to be er forced be raise with a simple facility of the anin al rationale, he might rever theles, be rendered capable, in time, of many recessor very honourable and lucrative employment. Mr Meetly alone, though so pen le ar i complying a c'her times, now presumed to dis ent from the sense of the compen-I rather hold and he that this infant is the promise of the greate tophilo opher and hero that our age is likely to produce. By a format his respect to these superficial distinctions which fo him has inadequated substituted as expressions of human prestages limaporores hand the philosopher and by the quickness of his feelings for injured innocence, and he beloner in defining the e to the militar heart is ettached, Le approves hars he at once the hero and the man

### The Gentleman

Friend This, I presume must be some very respectable personner of the extraordinary for a title of yours, voice, a thin a few lines, you tyle I in three or four times to your 'most venerable of all titles, the title of a genterman'.

duterer. Sir, I would not hold three words of economic with any open who did not deserte the appealates of pentleman by many degrees before than this run dozen

Irrent Wh, then, do was write or speak not see

acknowledged impropriety?

Inther I think for moself, but I speak for the percet I may think as I please, for I understand me own thoughts, but, would I be nulers ost ulen I speak to o her allo, I mis speak with the people. I me topeak in comm in terms, according to their common orgental neceptation. There is no term in our language more common than that of gentleman and, whenever i is heard, all agree in the general plea of a man some war elevated above the vulgar. But, perhaps no two lung are precisely agreed respecting the qualities they thak requisite for constituting this character. When we have the epithets of a fine pentleman, a pretti ger leman much of a gentleman, pen leman like, something of a gentleman, nothing of a gentleman,' and so forth all these different appellations must intend a peculiary annexed to the ideas of those who express them thee, a no two of them, as I said, may agree in the constinct qualities of the character they have formed in their oun mind. There have been ladies who deemed a beg vig a tasselled wristcoat, new fashioned snuff box, and sword knot, very capital ingredients in the composition of-a gentleman A certain easy impudence acquired by low people, by being easually conversant in high life, has passed a man through many companies for-a gentleman-In the country a laced but and long whip make-a gentleman. With heralds, evers esquire is indisputably -1 gentleman And the highwayman, in his manner of tal ing your purse, may, however, be allowed to have much-of the gentleman

Friend As you say, my friend, our ideas of this matter are very various and adverse perhaps, they are also undetermined, and I question if any man has formed to himself a conception of this character with sufficient precision. Pray—was there any such character among the philosophers?

Author Plato, among the philosophers, was 'the most of a man of fashion ' and therefore allowed at

the court of Syracuse to be-the most of a gentleman But, senously, I apprehend that this character is pretty much upon the modern In all ancient or dead languages we have no term any way adequate wherehy we may express it. In the habits, manners, and characters of old Sparta and old Rome, we find an antipathy to all the elements of modern gentility. Among those rude and unpolished people, you read of philosophers, of orator, patriots, heroes, and demigods, hat you never hear of any character so elegant as that of-a pretty When those nations, however, became gentleman refined into what their ancestors would have called corruption, when luxury introduced, and fashion gave a sanction to certain sciences, which cynics would have branded with the ill mannered appellations of debauchery, drunkenness, gambling, cheating, lying, &c., the practitioners assumed the new title of gentlemen, till such gentlemen became as plenteous as stars in the milky way, and lost distinction merely by the confluence of their lustre. Wherefore, as the said qualities were found to be of ready acquisition, and of easy descent to the popu lace from their betters, ambition judged it necessary to add further marks and criterions for severing the general herd from the nobler species-of gentlemen Accordingly, if the commonalty were observed to have a propensity to religion, their superiors affected a disdain of such vulgar prejudices, and a freedom that cast off the restraints of morality, and a courage that spurned at the fear of God, were accounted the distinguishing characteristics of-a gentleman If the populace, as in China, were industrious and ingenious, the grandees, by the length of their nails and the cramping of their limbs, gave evidence that true dignity was above labour or utility, and that to be born to no end was the prerogative of—a gentleman. If the common sort by their conduct declare a respect for the institutions of civil society and good government, their betters despise such pusillani mous conformity, and the magistrates pay becoming regard to the distinction, and allow of the superior liberties and privileges of-a gentleman. If the lower set show a sense of common honesty and common order, those who would figure in the world think it incumbent to demonstrate that complaisance to inferiors, common manners, common equity, or any thing common, is quite beneath the attention or sphere of-a gentleman. Now, as underlings are ever ambitions of imitating and usurp ing the manners of their superiors, and as this state of mortality is incident to perpetual change and revolution, it may happen, that when the populace, by encroaching on the province of gentility, have arrived to their ne plus ultra of insolence, debauchers, irreligion, &c., the gentry, in order to be again distinguished, may assume the station that their inferiors liad forsaken, and, how ever ridiculous the supposition may appear at present, humanity, equity, utility, complaisance and piety, may in time come to be the distinguishing characteristics of -a gentleman

Friend From what yon have said, it appears that the most general idea which people have formed of a gentleman is that of a person of fortune, above the vulgar, and embellished by manners that are fashionable in high life. In this case, fortune and fashion are the two constituent tagredients in the composition of modern gentlemen, for, whatever the fashion may be, whether moral or immoral, for or against reason, right or wrong, it is equally the duty of a gentleman to conform.

Author And yet I apprehend that true gentility is altogether independent of fortune or fashion, of time, customs, or opinions of any kind. The very same qualities that constituted a gentleman in the first age of the world, are permanently, invariably, and indispensably necessary to the constitution of the same character to the end of time

#### The Lawyer

It is greatly to be lamented that the learned in our laws are not as immortal as the suits for which they are retained It were therefore to be wished that an act of parliament might be especially passed for that purpose, a matter no way impracticable, considering the great interest those gentlemen have in the House. In truth, it seems highly expedient that an infinity of years should be assigned to each student of the belles lettres of our laws, to enable them to read over that infinity of volumes which have already been published, to say nothing of the infinity that are yet to come, which will be held equally necessary for understanding the profession, of critically distinguishing and oratorically expatiating on law against law, case against case, authority against authority, precedent against precedent, statute against statute, and argument against reason. In matters of no greater moment than life and death, juries, as at the beginning, are still permitted to enter directly on the hearing and decision, but in matters so sacred as that of property, our courts are extremely cautious of too early an error in judgment. In order, therefore, to sift and boalt them to the very bran, they are delivered over to the lawyers, who are equally the affirmers and disputers, the pleaders and impleaders, representers and misrepresenters, explainers and confounders of our laws, our lawyers, therefore, maintain their right of being paid for their ingenuity in putting and holding all properties in debate. Debated properties consequently become the properties of the lawyers, as long as answers can be given to bills, or replies to answers, or rejoinders to replies, or rebutters to rejoinders, as long as the battledores can strike and bandy, and till the shuttlecock falls of itself to the ground. Soberly and seriously speaking, English property, when once debated, is merely a carcase of contention, upon which interposing lawyers fall as customary prize and prey during the combat of the claimants. While any flesh remains on a bone, it continues a bone of contention but so soon as the learned practitioners have picked it quite clean, the battle is over, and all again is peace and settled neighbonrhood

It is worthy of much pleasantry and shaking of sides to observe that, in intricate, knotty, and extremely per plexing cases, where the sages of the gown and coif are so puzzled as not to know what to make of the matter, they then bequeath it to the arbitration and award of two or three plain men, or, by record, to the judgment of twelve simple honest fellows, who, casting aside all regard to the form of writs and declarations, to the lapse of monosyllables, verbal mistakes and misnomers, enter at once upon the pith and marrow of the business, and in three hours determine, according to equity and truth. what had been suspending in the dubious scales of ratiocination, quotation, altercation, and pecuniary consideration, for three and twenty years Neither do I see any period to the progress of this evil, the avenue still opens, and leads on to Inrther mischiefs, for the distinctions in law are, like the Newtonian particles of

matter, divisible ad infinitum. They have been dividing and subdividing for some centuries past, and the subdivisions are as likely to be subdividing for ever, insomuch that law, thus divisible, debateable, and delayable, is become a greater greevance than all that it was intended to redress. I lately asked a pleasant pentleman of the eoif if he thought it possible for a poor man to obtain a decree, in matter of property, against a rich man. He smiled, and answered according to scripture, that 'with man it was impossible, but that all things were possible to God'. I suppose he meant that the decrees of the courts of Westminster were hereafter to be reversed.

Edward Moore (1712-57), author of Lables for the Temale Sex, was a native of Abingdon in Berkshire, son of a Dissenting minister He was for some years a linen draper, but living fuled in business, adopted literature as a profession He wrote several plays, of which The Foundling (1748) and Gil Blas (1751) were not successes whereas The Gamester (1753) was translated into I rench, Dutch, and German, and is still some-The prologue and some of the times performed best parts of it were by Garrick, who placed in it Moore, under the name of Adam Fitz idam, edited a series of essays called The 11 orld (1753-56), for which he lumself wrote only some sixty out of two hundred and ten numbers, the rest being by patrons and was such as Lyttelton, Chesterfield, Sorme Jenyns, and Horace Walpole poem, The Irial of Selim the Persian, is largely flattery of Lyttelton The Lables of Moore rank next to those of Gay, but are inferior to them both in choice of subject and in poetical merit, they are rather didactic. The three last are by Henry Brooke. Goldsmith thought that justice had not been done to Moore as a poet 'It was upon his Fables he founded his reputation, but they are by no means his best production? Ilis (prosc) tragedy of the Gamester, even apart from Garrick's additions, is a much better bit of work, and some of his verses-such as the following-are finished with greater care.

## The Happy Marriage.

How blest has my time been, what joys have I known, Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jesse my own! So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain, That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain

Through walks grown with woodbines, as often we stray, Around us our boys and girls frolie and play. How pleasing their sport is 1. The wanton ones see, And borrow their looks from my Jesse and me

To try her sweet temper sometimes am I seen, In revels all day with the nymphs on the green Though painful my absence, my doubts slie beguiles, And meets me at night with complaisance and smiles

What though on her cheek the rose loses its hue, Her wit and good humour bloom all the year through, Time still as he flies brings increase to her truth, And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth Ye shepherds so gay, y ho make love to enmare And cheat with false your the too credulous fair, In search of true pleasure, how yamly you roam! Fo hold it for life, you must find it at home.

As a jett d'esprit, the following is sprightly enough, and not without some basis in truth

### A Hymn to Poverty

O Poverty I thou source of human art, Thou great inspirer of the poet's song! In value Apollo dictates, and the Nine Attend in win unless thy mighty land Direct the tuneful live Without the aid The canvas breather no longer Music's charms, Unmfluenced by thee forget to please Thou fix at the organ sound by thee the fixte Breathes harmony—the timeful viol owns The powerful tench. The warling voice is three Thou gay st to Nicolini every grace, And every chirm to Frinch's ong la thee the lawver pleads. The soldiers arm Hiy power the gown man feels, Is nerved by thee And un ed by three unfolds heaven's mystic truths. Hail, Power omnipotent! Me uninvoked Thou deign'st to visit, for (alas ') unfit To bear thy awful presence O retire! At distance let me view thee lest too nigh I sink beneath the terrors of thy face I

It is a currous fact that Moore died while the last number of the collected edition of his periodical the *Horld*, which described the fatal but imaginary illness of the author, was passing through the press.

Isane Bickerstaffe, play writer, was born in Ireland about 1735, and at cleven became page to I ord Chesterheld, the I ord-Lieutenant. He was afterwards an officer of inarines, but was dismised the service, and in 1772 had to flee the country on a capital charge. Nothing is certainly known regarding his after life, but he is supposed to have died on the Continent in or soon after 1812. Of his numerous pieces, produced between 1766 and 1771, the best known is The Ma d of the Mill He constantly works into his plays all manner of proverbial savings, familiar scraps from the poets, and tags of every kind. In Tie Sultan we have

Let men say whate er they will, Woman, woman rules them still

'We all love a pretty girl-under the rose' is a song in Love in a lillage -There is no known connection between this play wright, odd though the seems, and the nom de-guerre of Isaac Bicker staffe' used by Swift in his attacks on Partiage the bookseller and quack concoctor of prophecy Swift took the name, he said, nlmnnncs (1707–9) from a locksmith's sign in Longacre, and with Swift's assent Steele adopted the pseudonym for the eponymous hero of his Tatler, started in 1709 while the paniphlet war was still being waged. It is of course quite natural to suppose that in any Dublin family of the name of Bickerstaffe the Taller's Christian name might have been given to a boy born a few years after Steele's death

# Laurence Sterne,

a clergyman of most unclerical disposition, followed in his profession the most notable recent members of his family, though not his father, who was a captain in the army. The Sternes were a family of good antiquity, who bore as crest the bird celebrated by their son, the starling, and Sterne's great grandfather Richard, a strong Cavalier, was first Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, then

Bishop of Carlisle, and Archbishop of York from 1664 till his death in 1683 His sons obtained establishments as squires and ecclesiastics the district, and the third son married an heiress, Mary Jaques of Elvington near York. This pair had a large family, of which Roger was the second He married Agnes, the daughter or step-daughter of a sutler named Nuttle (NB -'He was in debt to him,' says the graceless offspring of this union), and Laurence, their eldest son, was born at Clonmel in Ireland on the 24th of November 1713. The Peace of Utrecht (1713) for a time deprived

Captain Sterne of his occupation, but he was soon put on the establishment again, and the family 'followed the drum' in divers parts of England and Ireland for years, many children being born but few surviving, till at last (1731) Captain Roger died in Jamaica of the effects of fever following upon a duel-wound Sterne had been sent to school at at Gibraltar Halifax in Yorkshire, and though his father's means were always small, and perished with him, his cousin, Sterne of Elvington, and his uncle, Jaques Sterne, who became a powerful pluralist in the archdiocese of York, behaved to the boy with a kindness which was either more amiably given or more amiably taken than in the similar case of Swift. He was admitted to Jesus College (where his relationship to the Archbishop procured him a scholarship) in July 1733, and took his

degrees—B A. (1736) and M A (1740)—at the usual time, though he does not seem to have resided, as was still not uncommon, for the whole seven years. He was ordained deacon in the same year in which he took his degree, and priest in 1738, being immediately appointed by his uncle to the benefice of Sutton-in the-Forest, a few miles from York. Hardly the slightest fact or anecdote exists in reference to his Cambridge sojourn, except that he there made the acquaintance (an agreeable if

not wholly profitable one) of the future 'Eugenius' -John Hall, who had not yet taken the additional name of Stevenson -a member of the same college and a distant connection of the Sternes Before he obtained his living he had begun to court, and on Easter Monday 1741 he married, Elizabeth Lumley, who had very good blood, a small fortune, and family ınfluence sufficient to procure her husband the additional living of Stillington His uncle, whose favour he retained till much later, was able also to give him divers prebendal and other appointments in or connected with the chapter of York. No single one of



LAURENCE STERNE.
From an Engraving by Fisher after Reynolds.

these endowments was of much value, but, taken together, their income must have been comfortable. It might have been supposed that a man of such intense literary idiosyncrasy as Sterne would have soon turned to writing in the vacant hours of which he must have had so many For the 'duty' which he says (and doubtless truly) he did was, in the first half of the eighteenth century, of the least exhausting or absorbing kind. But no one of the very few and by no means certain fragments that we have of his is early (putting a sermon or two out of the question), and his own brief account, which there is no reason to question, is that 'he spent near twenty years' doing the said duty, with 'books, painting, fiddling, and shooting' for his amusements It is pretty certain that we may add 'flirting,' but even of this we have no

certain record till close upon the year 1760, when he 'broke out ten thousand strong' with Tristram Hardly the slightest information is available as to the reasons which made a man of nearly fifty thus suddenly become an author, lle tells us that he and one of the first rink wanted money to repair some losses by unfuely farming experiments, we know that for some time he had had access, in the library of Hall Stevenson at Skelton ('Crizv') Custle, to a large collection of out of the way books, especially French of the sixteenth century, and we know further that the success of Richardson, Liekhnig, and Smollett had for some little time past estab lished the novel in something like the old place of the drama, as in appeal to public fixour it once fishionable and protitable.

The first two volumes of the book were published simultaneously in York and London on New Years Day 1760, their extraordinary outsimility (partly genuine, partly artificial) took the town at once, and Sterne, who had gone up to see after the publication, was 'housed' by society in a mainer which a was probably as welcome to him as either fime > or profit. The pompous and orthodox Warburton grie him (with some not superfluous criticons) a present of money, Lord I deenbridge have him yet another Yorkshire hang-Coswold, everybody asked him to dinner. He was encouraged to print some sermons of a tolerably serious I ind, and when summer came he returned to Yorkshire determined to repeat his success at the opening of the next year. With rather unusual luck he did so sold the third and fourth volumes for nearly £400 to Dodsley, and had another season of glory in I on don as a bachelor. In the third winter, 1701-62, he published the third pair rather earlier (in December), and, obtaining leave of absence from his dutics, took his wife and daughter Lydia to France. Here they spent the rest of the winter and the spring in Paris, and nearly two vears in the south at Toulouse and elsewhere. Mrs. and Miss Sterne, indeed, remained in France for several years, but Sterne came back in the middle of 1764, and got a fourth pair of volumes ready for January 1765, when he repeated his old enjoyment of success in London, besides drawing sub scriptions for a fresh batch of sermons, more in In October of this year he went abroad again, extending his journey to Rome and even Naples, and meeting his family in France, but still not bringing them home with him. In the latter part of 1766 and the early part of 1767 he once more followed his old order of writing, publishing, and going up to London to enjoy the success of an instalment of Iristiam-in this case one volume only, the ninth and last. And he then carried on his once admired, now slightly ridiculous, philandering with 'Eliza,' the 'Bramine'-in other words, Mrs Draper, the 'grass widow' of an Indian functionary By this time Sterne's health-which in early manhood had been, he says, very good, but |

about the time of his first successed had broken so is to give more than pretext for his journers to the South-was very scriously impaired. His wife and daughter spent the vinter with him at Youl, and he then made alone, his usua publiching and merry maling expedition to London with the Sentemental fournes in Tristran's place. It was published on 28th Lebruary 1768, and Steme alm distribution or teth Mich als Bond Street Jodgnigs, without any relation, freed, or person of his own degree to look after him. His dead body is said to have been roubed, hich is not it all improbable, and his grave in the burnel (round of 5 George's at Padd raton, to little been violated by body snatchers, theh is not at all impossible. This vife vito was left in bad circumstances dal no survive him many veris his dischier married a Frenchman named Medalle, published her friner's letters via extra ordinary want of decene or vant of even and is said to have its red for this by being guillo med under the French Revolution. Quite recertis de trils have been published re pecung her corders at school, which show that she must have had ro a little of the mischesous wit of her fisher. Ich vers much can be said for Stemes moral clar refer except that he does not seem to have been at all ill natured, that he had none of the urder hand tricks which have rather too of en ortinguished men of letters and for which his great contemporaries l'ope und l'oture are special? infimitus that he was most sincerch and war selfishly fond of his dischiter, and that, though anything but a good husband in some var he seems to have done his utmost to supply his wife liberally, in her independent winderings out to means which were certainly far from abundant How for his exorbitant philanderings transgressed the orbit of admitted morality as well as that of propriety in the general sense charity may for bear from deciding in the lucky absence of posttive evidence. But unluckily these phil inderings though they are free from the callons brutality which simirches the love making of the Restora tion, are made almost more distasteful to moderns by the sickly sentimentality and the sniggering prurience which pervade both his published and his private writings.

These writings themselves, however are very remarkable things, and may even be called great, though they are by no means faultless. Among their faults, that ugh one which has just been glanced at needs no further mention and admits of no defence, but some others of their characteristics present an interesting though difficult mixture of the attractive and the irritating Inform the two main works (the Sermons and the few minor pieces need little notice, and the interest of the Letters, though great, is wholly biographical) are, as has been said, novels, but novels of a very peculiar kind. The consecutive narrative interest of Tristram Shamily is almost nil. The

book purports to give an account of the hero's life and opinions, but as a matter of fact he rarely appears at all in propria persona, though his birth and the events directly preceding and succeeding it are dealt with at great length three principal actors of this comedy are Walter Shandy, Tristram's father, a whimsical humourist and eccentric philosopher of the type which, rightly or wrongly, was already accepted all over Europe as specially English, his wife, a lady as matter-of-fact as her husband is eccentric, and his brother Toby, a veteran of Marlborough's wars, a gentleman to his finger-ends, amiable almost to the angelic, and guileless to a point which is sometimes rather dangerously near the imbecile. Round these gather or disperse, in groupings now vivid, now shadowy, the servants of the Shandy household Dr Slop, a Papist practitioner, Corporal Trim, one of the greatest of the whole company, Uncle Toby's body-servant, admirer, and shrewder analogue, and Mrs Wadman, a will widow with designs on Toby But though certain portions, or at least episodes of the action which the whole company of performers may be easily supposed to work out, do actually make their appearance, they are very rarely of much substantive importance, and generally mere becasions for endless digression and rigmarolehumorous, sentimental, pathetic, purely nonsensical, as the thing may strike the writer's fancy and as he conceives it likely to satisfy or merely to ruse the reader's appetite.

The Sentimental Journey, on the other hand, though the general characteristics of its method are much the same, consists of rather more uniform beads strung much more closely on a thread which, though shorter, is far more continuous and of stouter texture. Much of it certainly is an embellished and fancifully coloured narrative of Sterne's actual experiences in his two foreign tourneys, it can hardly be said that any of the actual incidents is impossible or even highly improbable in itself, and the central figure, subject and object at once, is not merely a pretty obvious portrait of Sterne partly as he was, partly as he would have liked to be, but also one of the most authentic and carefully worked out personages of the world of fiction The solidity, light as it seems, of the frame of the book is best proved by the scores and hundreds of subsequent books which have been modelled upon it, with a success varying only with the extent of the writer's talent

In both books, however, and especially in *Tristram*, the very last thing that the author has wished, or has been contented to do, is to follow any single and simple scheme. A constant flicker of variety, not a steady glow of illustration, is what he aims at, and no means are too odd too apparently childish, too merely mechanical for him In the original editions of *Tristram Shandi* one page, instead of being printed, is marbled like

the end-papers of a bound book, and another is simply blacked all over. Blanks of various dimensions abound, asterisks and points are constant dashes come at almost every line. Immediately above this mere machinery come the contortions and oddities of the style itself, a very admirable and, when the author chooses, a very pure style at its best, but constantly fretted by breaks and aposiopeses—now conversational, now grandiloquent, now positively vulgar, lapsing now into regular dialogue with the supposed reader, now into soliloquy, in short, into anything that may sufficiently twist and vary the thread of humdrum narration or exposition.

As a yet further means of securing variety and attraction, Sterne resorted to a practice which for some time escaped notice to a large extent, but which, when it was fully exposed many years after his death by the investigations of a Manchester physician, Dr Ferrier, became for a time, and has not altogether ceased to be, the occasion of rather unintelligent censure. Lither because, in the long interval between his youth and the publication of his first book, he had so packed his mind with reading that relief was natural, or from the scarcely less natural diffidence which a late writing author might feel in his power to interest 'out of his own head, ' or (most probable of all) from a certain impishiness which took delight in passing oft other people's property as his own, Sterne, while by no means stingy of actual quotation and reference, sometimes real, sometimes imaginary, was exceedingly free in borrowing from other writers without any acknowledgment. His chief creditor was Rabelais-a case in which there could be no disguise. But he was also largely indebted to Burton's Anatomy, a treasure which, after being well appreciated for nearly the whole of the seven teenth century, had become one of those neglected by the eighteenth. And he also conveyed from a host of obscurer writers of different times-authors of French fatrasic, like the Moyen de Parvenir, Latin canonists and schoolmen, miscellanists of all kinds from whom something odd could be obtained. Although there may have been unnecessary mystification in his manner of executing these conveyances, it is in his case, as in some if not most others, only those ignorant enough not to suspect or recognise the borrowing who will be ill judging enough to use harsh language about it As has been often and most justly said, a writer of Sterne's genius simply cannot steal—because he cannot help making the stolen things his own in the process He does not kidnap, he adopts, and, in adopting, endows what is adopted with his own position and wealth

Certain limitations, however, are of necessity imposed on a mosaic of this kind first of all a certain artificiality, and secondly, the exclusion of at least some sources of the touches of nature by which the author succeeds in enlivening the artificial. Sterne could hardly be—he certainly

never is-sublime, he is never passion ite he is never profound. Pathos and humour are the two great springs upon which he works real, but the first is to modern tistes perhaps of a more dubious kind than the last can be purely pathetic-of that there is no doubt, but his pathos constantly passes into the singular variety of emotion called 'sentiment' or-generally in the country which invented it, and sometimes in England while it was popular-'sensibility' may best be described as a cultivated pathos, extremely self-conscious, and working itself up and out according to an elaborate and rather conventional set of rules. It has much to do with the artificial gallantry and bravado of the 'beroic' plays and romances of the previous century, from which, indeed, it was an almost direct offshoot. It had been practised in France for nearly a hundred years before Sterne's time, but he himself was by fir its greatest artist, and his popularity in I rance itself was almost as great as in Ingland, while his direct influence there was almost greater France there was also growing up, with Rousseau as its prophet, a new kind of sentiment crossed and heightened with the new nature worship. Of this last, though contemporaries in England like Griv display it, we find scarcely a trace in Sterne whose donkeys and sturlings are brought into direct relation with human sentiment, while the scenes which serve as backgrounds for all the figures are backgrounds and decorations merely therefore his sentiment always, and even his pathos. where he transcends sentiment sometimes, smells too much of the limp. To no one perhaps does a celebrated caution of Professor Bain's better apply -that both with the embrace and the lachrymal flow the occasion should be adequate and the actuality rare? It is a question whether even the world famous deathbed of Le Fèvre does not now require something of distinct effort and preparation in order fully to enjoy it. The great companion scene of the dead donkey is given up even by some who hold to Le Fevre, and Maria of Moulins (the 'young 'ooman as kept a goat') can at best hold a place between Only the starling passage perhaps can completely pass muster, and Sterne has by no means improved it by crossing the t's and dotting the t's sentimentally in the subsequent application to the human captive

His humour is safer for those who can appreciate humour—not perhaps a very large class. Some foreign crities, not to the manner born, have even gone so far as to see in Sterne the humourist par excellence, the typical example or exponent of this specially. English product. This is of course a mistake, though not an inexcusable one. We have at least half a dozen humourists, from Chaucer to Carlyle, who are greater examples of the quality But Sterne is undoubtedly the chief of no small province in the great kingdom of Humour. What has been said above of his general will apply

capitally here to his particular meris and draw backs. His humour is usually a little, and often extremely, artificial, and he is distinguished from most of the greater humourists (not perhaps from Carlyle, who owed him more than is always recognised) by being unable to let his humorous stroles produce their effect without meddling. He seems to watch himself in the performance of the trick, to introduce fresh twists and touches in the very doing of it. In other words, he is intensely, nervously, feverishly self-conscious, he cannot were his mask or his mother steadily, but is always shifting the one to peep from behind it, and fiddling with the other to nick it set more becomingly and show its colours better

Hence it is possible for Sterne to be, to some moods, a rither teasing writer, but in these moods it is best simply to by him do in. Other things being equal, and the reider well disposed, there is no fear of his fuling to give satisfaction by the restless glancing play of his intellect, while the contristed introduction of feeling supplies again furth a cert in allowance) i nor disagrecable sct-of and escapcinent Nor, for those who want some what more of the psychological interest in hera ture are the shadowings forth of Toby and Tim and the rest in Tristi im, of Sterne himself in the Journey, negligible things. The gentleman in the black silk smills' is for thoughts that are not He is, however, no an ear soon extrausted writer to understand by specimens, nor is he in all respects easy to select from. In one sease no doubt be is 'made up of extracts'. But these extracts are by no means always so separable as they look they constantly require the knowledge of a not always continuous context, and, in the more humorous passages especially, there is always the danger of slipping into one of Stemes puddles of dirty water, which do not allow themselves to be filled up or blocked out without risk to the corprehension of the whole. More especially is the the case in Pristram Standy, where the inciders attending the author hero's birth, and the eccen tricities and misfortunes of Dr Slop, and my unde Toby's wound, and the siege of Namur where it was inflicted, and the fancy sieces in little with which lie and Corporal Trun beguiled their half pay, and the far more formed the stege laid by Widow Wadman to my uncle Toby himself and the first sketch of the Sentimental Journey supposed to be made by Tristram and occupying an entire volume-not to mention such pure extra vagances as the curse of Ernulphus, and the humours of Yorick and Eugenius and the chapter, and the story of Diego, and a dozen other things -have a genuine metaphysical connection for all their apparent desultoriness and deviation. Sentimental Journey, much shorter, is also still and the successive more closely connected tableaux have a real periodic bond like that of an elaborate sentence. Thus it is rather Sterne's manner as a writer, than the complete nature of his writing, that can be judged from specimens. Those, however, which follow have been carefully selected with a view to obtain as much diversity as possible, and they will therefore all the better illustrate the singular unity of character which underlies this apparent diversity. The only characteristics of importance which remain unillustrated are those which it is in the circumstances impossible to illustrate.

# Trim and Toby Planning the Fortifications

When a man gives himself up to the government of a ruling passion, in other words, when his Hobbi Horse grows head strong,——farewell cool reason and fair discretion.

My uncle Toby's wound was near well, and as soon as the surgeon recovered his surprise, and could get leave to say as much-he told him 'twas just beginning to incarnate, and that if no fresh exfoliation happened, which there was no sign of,-it would be dried up in five or six weeks. The sound of as many Olympiads, twelve hours before, vould have conveyed an idea of shorter duration to my nucle Toby's mind The succession of his ideas was now rapid, he broiled with impatience to put his design in execution, ---- and so, without con sulting further with any soul living,-which, by the bye, I think is right when you are predetermined to take no one soul's advice, -he privately ordered Trini, his man, to pack up a bundle of lint and dressings, and lire a chariot and four, to be at the door exactly by twelve o clock that day, when he knew my father would be So, leaving a bank note upon the apon 'Change table, for the surgeon's care of him, and a letter of thanks for his brothers,-he packed up his maps, his bools of fortification, his instruments, &c., and, by the help of a crutch on one side, and Trim on the other, my nucle Toby embarked for Shandy Hall.

The reason, or rather the rise, of this sudden emigration was as follows -

The table in my nucle Tolms room, and at which, the night before this change happened, he was sitting, with his maps, &c, about him,—being somewhat of the smallest, for that infinity of great and small instruments of knowledge which usually lay crowded upon it,—he had the accident, in reaching over for his tobacco box, to throw do vin his compasses, and, in stooping to take the compasses up with his sleeve he threw down his case of instruments and snuffers,—and as the dice tool a run against him, in his endeavouring to catch the snuffers in falling,—he thrust Monsieur Blondel off the table, and Count de Pagin o top of him

It was to no purpose for a man, lame as my uncle Toby was, to think of redressing these evils by himself he rung his bell for his man Trim! Irim, quoth my uncle Toby, pri thee see what confusion I have here been making—I must have some better contrivance,—Trim.—Can'st not thou take my rule, and measure the length and breadth of this table, and then go and bespeak me one as big again? Yes, an' please your Honour, replied Trim, making a bow,—but I hope your Honour will be soon well enough to get down to your country seat, where,—as your Honour takes so much pleasure in fortification,—we could manage this matter to a T

I must here inform you that this servant of my uncle

Toly s, who went by the name of Trim, had been a corporal in my uncle's own company ——his real name was James Butler,—but having got the nick name of Trim in the regiment, my uncle Toby, unless when he happened to be very angry with him, would never call him by any other name.

The poor fellow had been disabled for the service by a wound on his left knee by a musket bullet, at the battle of Landen, which was two years before the affair of \ample amurand as the fellow was well beloved in the regiment, and a handy fellow into the bargain, my nucle Toby took him for his servant, and of an excellent use was he, attending my uncle Toby in the camp and in his quarters, as a valet, groom, burber, cook, sempsier, and nurse, and, indeed, from first to last, waited upon him and served him with great fidelity and affection

My uncle Toby loved the man in return, and what attached him more to him still was the similitude of their knowledge. For Corporal Trim (for so, for the future, I shall call him), by four years' occasional attention to his masters discourse upon fortified towns, and the advantages of prying and peeping continually into his Master's plans, &c, exclusive and besides what he gained HOBPL HORSICALLY as a body servant (non Holby horsical fer se), had become no mean proficient in the science and was thought, by the cook and chamber maid, to know as much of the nature of strongholds as my nucle Toby himself

I have but one more stroke to give to finish Corporal Tram's character,—and it is the only dark line in it The fellow loved to advise,-or rather to hear himself talk, his carriage, however, was so perfectly respectful twas easy to keep him silent when you had him so,, but set his tongue a going,-you had no hold of him, he was voluble, -the eternal interlardings of your Honour, with the respectfulness of Corporal Trim's manner, in terceding so strongly in behalf of his elecution-that, though you might have been incommoded,-you could not well be angry. My uncle Toby was seldom either the one or the other with him, -or, at least, this fault in Trim broke no squares with 'cm My uncle Toby, as I said, loved the man, ---- and, besides, as he ever looked upon a faithful servant as an humble friend-he could not bear to stop his mouth ---- Such was Corporal

If I durst presume, continued Trim, to give your Honour my advice, and speak my opinion in this Thou art welcome, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, ---- speak, -- speak what thou thinkest upon the subject, man, without fear Why, then, replied Trim, not hanging his ears, and scratching his head, like a country lout, but stroking his hair back from his forehead. and standing erect as before his division quoth Trim, advancing his left, which was his lame leg, a little forwards,-and pointing with his right hand open towards a map of Dunkirk, which was pinned against the hangings,-I think, quoth Corporal Trim, with humble submission to your Honour's better judgment, that these ravelins, bastions, curtains, and horn works, make but a poor, contemptible, fiddle faddle piece of work of it here upon paper, compared to what your Honour and I could make of it were we in the country by ourselves, and had but a rood, or a rood and a half of ground to do what we pleased with As summer is coming on, con tinued Trim, your Honour might sit out of doors, and

[Call it ichnography, quoth give me the nography of the town or citadel your Honour was my uncle] pleased to sit down before, -ind I will be shot by your Honour upon the glacis of it, if I do not fortify it to I dare say thou would'st, Trim, your Honour's mind For if your Honour, continued the quoth my uncle Corporal, could but mark me the polygon, with its exact That I could do very well, quoth my lines and angles I would begin with the fosse, and if your Honour could tell me the proper depth and breadth I can to a hair's breadth, Trim, replied my uncle would throw out the earth upon this hand towards the town for the scarp, -and on that hand towards the campaign for the counter scarp Very right, Trim, And when I had sloped them quoth my uncle Toby to your mind, -an' please your Honour, I would face the glacis, as the finest fortifications are done in Flanders, with sods,—and as your Honour knows they should be, -and I would make the walls and parapets with sods The best engineers call them gazons, Trim, said my uncle Toby Whether they are gazons or sods, is not much matter, replied Trim, your Honour knows they are ten times beyond a facing either of brick or I know they are, Trim, in some respects,quoth my uncle Toby, nodding his head, --- for a cannon ball enters into the gazon right onwards, without bringing any rubbish down with it, which might fill the fosse (as was the case at St Nicholas's Gate) and facilitate the passage over it

Tour Honour understands these matters, replied Corporal Trim, better than any officer in his Majesty's service—but would your Honour please to let the be speaking of the table alone, and let us but go into the country, I would work, under your Honour's directions, like a horse, and make fortifications for you something like a tansy, with all their batteries, saps, ditches, and pulsadoes, that it should be worth all the world's riding twenty miles to go and see it

My uncle Toby blushed as red as scarlet, as Trim went on, --- but it was not a blush of guilt, of modesty, or of anger, ---- it was a blush of joy, ---- he was fired with Corporal Trim's project and descrip Trim! said my uncle Toby, thon hast said We might begin the campaign, continued I'mm, on the very day that his Majesty and the Allies take the field, and demolish 'em, town for town, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, say no Your Honour, continued Trim, might sit in your arm chair (pointing to it) this fine weather, giving me your orders, and I would Say no more, Trim, quoth my uncle Foby Besides, your Honour would get not only pleasure and good pastime, but good nir, and good exercise, and good health, and your Honour's wound would be well in a month Thou hast said enough, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby (putting his hand into his breeches pocket)-I like thy project mightily

And, if your Hononr pleases, I'll this moment go and buy a pioneer's spade to take down with us, and I'll bespeak a shovel and a pick axe, and a couple of Say no more, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, leap mg up upon one leg, quite overcome with rapture,—and thrusting a guinea into Trim's hand Trim, said my uncle Toby, say no more;—but go down, Trim, this moment, my lad, and bring up my supper this instant

Trim ran down and brought up his master's supper,—to no purpose,——frim's plan of operation ran so much

in my uncle Toby's head, he could not taste it
Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, get me to bed ——'twas
all one Corporal Trim's description had so fired
his imagination—my uncle Toby could not shut his eyes.

The more he considered it, the more bewitching the scene appeared to him,—so that, two full hours before daylight, he had come to a final determination, and had concerted the whole plan of his and Corporal Trim's decampment

My uncle Toby had a neat little country house of his own, in the village where my father's estate lay at Shandy, which had been left him by an old uncle, with a small estate of about one hundred pounds a year Behind this house, and contiguous to it, was a kitchen garden of about half an acre, --- and at the bottom of the garden, and cut off from it by a tall yen hedge, was a bowling green containing just about as much ground as Corporal Trim wished for ---- so that as Tim uttered the words, 'A rood and a half of ground to do what they would with '-this identical bowling-green instantly presented itself, and became curiously painted, all at once, upon the retina of my uncle Toby's fancy,which was the physical cruse of making him change colour, or, at least, of heightening his blush to that immoderate degree I spoke of

Never did lover post down to a beloved mistress with more heat and expectation than my uncle Toby did to enjoy this self same thing in private I say private

for it was sheltered from the house, as I told you, by a thill yew hedge, and was covered on the other three sides from mortal sight, by rough holly, and thick set flowering shrubs—so that the idea of not being seen did not a little contribute to the idea of pleasure preconceived in my uncle Toby's mind—Vain thought' however thick it was planted about,—or private soever it might seem,—to think, dear uncle Toby, of enjoying a thing which took up a whole rood and a half of ground,—and not have it known.

How my uncle Toby and Corporal Trim managed this matter,—with the history of their campaigns, which were no way burren of events,—may make no uninterest ing under plot in the epitasis and working up of this druma. At present the scene must drop,—and change for the parlour fire-side (From Tristram Shandy, il 5).

# Mr Shandy on his Son's Death.

And a chapter it shall have, and a devil of a one too,—so look to yourselves.

'Tis either Plato, or Pluturch, or Seneca, or Lenophon, or Epictetus, or Theophrastus, or Lucian,—or some one, perhaps, of later date, either Cardan or Budæas, or Petrurch, or Stella,—or, possibly, it may be some divine or father of the church, St Austin, or St Cyprian, or Barnard—who affirms that it is an irresistible and natural pussion to weep for the loss of our friends or children,—and Seneca (I'm positive) tells us somewhere that such griefs evacuate themselves best by that particular channel and, accordingly, we find that David wept for his con Absalom, Adrian for his Antinous, Niobe for her children, and that Apollodorus and Crito both shed tears for Socrates before his death

My father managed his affliction otherwise, and indeed differently from most men, either ancient or modern, for he neither wept it away, as the Hebrens and the Romans,—nor slept it off, as the Laplanders,—nor

hard it a ticles is not desired it on he Germana — for did for the relation it, it recomes in montes, nor object to he had to be

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Will your World propose me leave to a person a try between the action to 2.

When Fury a chere of his dear energy or Falma, it first he as I in to his letter the lettered to the cone of nature, and modulated his over the interior. In Talla "than dar hier" my child "the till the still, his rate of, my Talla "than Full of "Terland his ray Talla "than I have my Talla I have my the host manner excellent things my his said upon the occur on the mone excellent things my his said upon the occur on the host lappy, how jordal it is not not not the mone of the host lappy, how jordal it is not not not the host lappy.

My father was a proof of his elequence as Marcus Tulhus Cierro could be, for his life, and, for audit I ! am construct of to the contary, at pro-mit who he in the reson is the infect, his strength -and fi westerns too -- Hi street, h, for he was I nade element and his mealth for how his his adopted it and, ploy tell an orea on in he is call but permit homete freeh trients, e = 3 cth rarder the a with, one here to mediation the comments to the topolic riforung-la la lall himmed - Aller ag theh tied up my fithers to noise, and a reforman which in e form noting pool goes, were petty eyed som time in lead, the minfortune was the best of the two for it stance, where the plea are of the harangue was as 17. and the pan of the most time but a from as faler gioned balt in link and come, ten in was as ne't ago n off as if it had peace befallen him.

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My fisher he leads on a little time as an helimited on a decreton new leading that in home in a strategy to the first on his own rise. He a strategy on all help can be taked of in his part extra decreton in his part extra decreton to the action term to the result of the lead of the first of the leading to the leading that a decreton term to the leading to the leading that a decreton term to the leading to the leading that a decreton term to the leading that the leading th

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this?—'Twas no year of our Lord, replied my father That's impossible, cried my uncle Tohy Simpleton I said my father,—'twas forty years before Christ was born

My uncle Toby had but two things for it, either to suppose his brother to be the Wandering Jew,—or that his misfortunes had disordered his bruin — 'May the Lord God of heaven and earth protect him and restore him,' said my uncle Toby, praying silently for my father, and with tears in his eyes.—

My father placed the tears to n proper necount, and went on with his hirangue with great spirit

'There is not such great odds, brother Toby, betwist good and evil, as the world imagines' (This way of setting off, by the bye, was not likely to cure my unele Toby's suspicions)—'Labour, sorrow, grief, sickness, want, and woe, are the sauces of life' Much good may it do them,—said my unele Toby to himself—

'My son is dead 1'-so much the better, -'tis n shame,

in such a tempest, to have but one nnehor

'But he is gone for ever from us' be it so—He is got from under the hands of his barber before he was bald,—he is but risen from a feast before he was surfeited,—from a banquet before he hand got drunken

'The Threenns wept when a child was born,'
(And we were very near it, quoth my ninele Toby)
'and feasted and made merry when a man went out of
the world, and with reason—Death opens the gate of
fame, and shuts the gate of Envy after it,—it unlooses
the chain of the captive,—and puts the bondsman's task
into another man's hands.

'Shew me the man, who knows what life is, who dreads it,—and I'll show thee a prisoner who dreads his liberty'—

Is it not better, my dear brother Toby—(for mark—our appetites are but diseases)—is it not better not to hunger at all, than to eat?—not to thirst, than to take physic to cure it?

Is it not better to be freed from cares and agues,—from love and melancholy,—and the other hot and cold fits of life, than, like n galled traveller who comes weary to lis inn, to be bound to begin his journey nfresh?

There is no terror, brother Toby, in its looks but what it horrows from grouns and convulsions-and the blowing of noses and the wiping away of tears with the bottoms of curtains in a dying man's room -Strip it of these, -What is it? 'Tis better in battle than in bed, said my uncle Toby -Take away its hearses, its mites, and its mourning, its plumes, escutcheons, and other Better in battle? con mechanic aids-What is it? tinued my father, smiling, for he had absolutely forgot my brother Bobby—it is terrible no way—for consider, brother Toby, - when we are-death is not, -- and when death is—we are not --- My uncle Toby Ind down his pipe, to consider the proposition, my father's eloquence was too rapid to stay for any man, -away it went-and hurried my uncle Toby's ideas along with

For this reason, continued my father, 'tis worthy to recollect how little alteration, in great men, the approaches of death have made—Vespasian died in a jest upon his close stool—Galba with a sentence,—Septimus Severus in a despatch,—Tiberius in dissimulation,—and Cæsar Augustus in a compliment I hope 'twas a sincere one,—quoth my uncle Toby—

'I was to his wife, -said my father

(From Tristram Shandy, v 7)

# The Kitchen Sorrowing

— My young master in London is dead! said Obadiali

A green satin night gown of my mother's, which had been twice seoured, was the first idea which Obadiah's exclamation brought into Susannah's head — Well might Locke write a chapter upon the imperfections of words — Then, quoth Susannah, we must all go mid mourning — But note a second time—the word mourning, not withstanding Susannah made use of it herelffailed also of doing its office, it excited not one single idea, tinged either with grey or black,—all was green.—The green satin night gown hung there still —

—Oh! 'twill be the death of my poor mistress, end Susannah —My mother's whole wardrobe followed.—What a procession! her red damask,—her orange tawny,—her white and yellow lute strings,—her brown taffeta,—her bone laced caps, her bed gowns, and comfortable under petticoats—Not a rag was left behind.—'No —she will never lock up again!' said Susannah.

We had a fat foolish scullion,—my father, I think, kept her for her simplicity,—she had been all autumn stringgling with n dropsy——He is dead! said Obadiah,—he is certainly dead! So am not I, said the foolish scullion

Here is sad news, Trim! cried Susannah, wiping her eyes as Trim stepped into the kitchen,—master Bobby is dead and buried—the funeral was an interpolation of Susannah s—we shall have all to go into morning, said Susannah

I hope not, said Trim You hope not! ened Sissa nah, earnestly —— I he mourning ran not in Trim's head, whatever it did in Susannah's. I hope,—said Trim, explaining lumself, I hope in God the news is not true. I heard the letter read with my own ears, an swered Obadiah, and we shall have a terrible piece of work of it in stubbing the Ox moor Oh he's dead, said Susannah As sure, said the scullion, as I'm alive.

I lament for him from my heart and my soul, said Trim, fetching a sigh—Poor creature'—poor boy' poor gentleman'

---Ile was alive last Whitsuntide' said the coach Whitsuutide l-nlas t cried Trim, extending his nght arm, and falling instantly into the same attitude In which he read the sermon,-what is Whitsuntide, Jonathan (for that was the coachman's name), or Shrovetide, or any tide or time past, to this! Are we not here now, continued the Corporal (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability), - and are we not-(drop ping his hat on the ground) gone! In a moment!-Twas infinitely striking-Susannah burst into a flood of tears.—We are not stocks and stones.—Jonathan, Obadiah, the cook maid, all melted -The foolish fat scullion herself, who was scouring a fish kettle upon her knees, was roused with it -The whole kitchen crowded about the Corporal

Now, as I perceive plainly that the preservation of our constitution in church and state, and, possibly, the preservation of the whole world,—or, what is the same thing, the distribution and balance of its property and power, may in time to come depend greatly upon the right understanding of this stroke of the Corporal's eloquence,—I do demand your attention—your Worships and Reverences, for any ten pages together, take

them where you will in any other part of the work, shall sleep for it at your ease.

I said, 'We are not stocks and stones'—'tis very well. I should have added, nor are we angels,—I wish we were,—but men clothed with bodies, and governed by our imaginations—and what a junketing piece of work of it there is betwirt these and our seven senses, especially some of them, for my own part, I own it, I am ashamed to confess. Let it suffice to affirm that, of all the senses, the eye (for I absolutely deny the touch, tho' most of your Barbati, I know, are for it) has the quickest commerce with the soul,—gives a smarter stroke, and leaves something more inexpressible upon the fancy than words can either convey—or sometimes get rid of

—I've gone a little about,—no matter, 'tis for health,—let us only carry it lack in our mind, to the mortality of Trim's hat—'Are we not here now,—and gone in a moment?'—There was nothing in the sentence,—'twas one of your self evident truths we have the advantage of hearing every day, and if Trim had not trusted more to his hat than his head, he had made nothing at all of it.

— 'Are we not here now,' continued the Corporal, and are we not'—dropping his hat plump upon the ground,—and pausing before he pronounced the word—'gone' in a moment?' The descent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of elay had been kneaded into the crown of it. Nothing could have expressed the sentiment of mortality, of which it was the type and forerunner, like it,—his hand seemed to vanish from under it,—it fell dead,—the Corporals eye fixed upon it as upon a corpse,—and Susannah burst into a flood of tears.

Now,—ten thousand, and ten thousand times ten thousand (for matter and motion are infinite) are the ways by which a hat may be dropped upon the ground without any effect.—Had he flung it, or thrown it, or east it, or skimmed it, or equirted it, or let it slip or fall in any possible direction under Heaven,—or in the best direction that could be given to it—had he dropped it like a goose,—like a puppy,—like an ass,—or in doing it, or even after he had done it, had he looked like a fool,—like a ninny,—like a nincompoop,—it had failed, and the effect upon the heart had been lost

To who govern this mighty world and its mighty concerns with the engines of eloquence,—who heat it, and cool it, and melt it, and mollify it,—and then harden it again to your purpose,———

Ye who wind and turn the passions with this great windlass, and having done it, lead the owners of them whither ye think meet

Ye, lastly, who drive—, and why not? Ye also who are driven like turkers to market, with a stick and a red clout,—meditate—meditate, I beseech you, upon Trim's liat.

(From Triutam Skandy v. 7)

#### The Starling

Tugenius knowing that I was as little subject to be overburthened with money as thought, had driwn me aside to interrogate me how much I had taken care for? Upon telling him the exact sum Fugenius shook his head and said it would not do so pulled out his purse in order to empty it into mine. I we enough m conscence, Fugenius, said I. Indeed Yorck, you have not replied Eu, enius, I know France and Itals better than you. But you don't consider I ugenius, said I, refusing his offer that before I have been three days in

Paris, I shall take care to say or do something or other for which I shall get clapped up into the Bastile, and that I shall live there a couple of months entirely at the King of France's expense. I beg pirdou, said Eugenius, drily, really, I had forgot that resource.

Now the event I had treated gaily came seriously to my door

Is it folly, or nonchalance, or philosophy, or pertinacity,—or what is it in me, that after all, when La Fleur had gone down stairs, and I was quite alone, I could not bring down my mind to think of it otherwise than I had then spoken of it to Eugenius?

—And as for the Bastile—the terror is in the word — Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastile is but another word for a tower,—and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of — Mercy on the gouty 1 for they are in it twice a year — But with nine livres a day, and pen and ink and paper and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within,—at least for a month or six weeks, at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion (I forget what) to step into the court yard, as I settled this account, and remember I walked down stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning—Beshrew the sombre pencil said I, vauntingly—for I envi not its power, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened, reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them—'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition—the Bastile is not an evil to be despised—But strip it of its towers—fill up the foss—unburricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrint of a distemper—and not of a man, which holds you in it—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained 'it could not get out '—I lool'd up and down the passage, and, seeing neither man, woman nor child, I went out without further attention

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over, and looking up, I saw it was a starling liung in a little cage.—'I can't get ou'—I can't get out,' said the starling

I stood looking at the bird and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same Ismen tation of its captivity,—'I can t get out, said the starling—God help thee! said I,—but I'll let thee out, cost what it will so I turned about the cage to get the door it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces—I took both hands to it

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and, thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient,—I fear, poor creature said I I cannot set thee at liberty—"No said the starling "I can't get out—I can't get out."

I sow I never had any affections more tender's awak ened nor do I remember an inciden in my life where the dissipated spirit, to which my reason had been a hubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were we' so true in tune to nature were they

chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile, and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery, said I, still thou art a bitter draught 1 and, though thousands m all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account -'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing miself to Liberty, whom all, in public or in private, worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, nor chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron ,-with thee, to smile upon him as he eats his erust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose Court thou art exiled -Gracious Heaven 1 cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, grunt me but health, thou great Bestoner of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion,-and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good unto thy Divine Providence, upon those heads which are aching for them !

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room I sat down close by my table, and, leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of eon finement I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination

I was going to begin with the nullions of my fellow creatures born to no inheritance but slavery—but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me,

—I took a single captive, and, having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grited door to take his picture

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of siekness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish, in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood,—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time,—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice!—His children!—

But here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed a little calender of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there—he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and, with a rusty nail, he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down,—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle—He gave a deep sigh.—I saw the iron enter into his soul!—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

(From A Sentimental Journey)

There is an edition of Sterne's works by the present writer (with the letters and sermons, 6 vols 1894) of Tristram Shandy by Messrs Henley and Whibley (1894) and of Tristram Shand) and the Sentimental Journey to Macmillan Elibrary of English Classics (1900) For the biography consult Ferriars Illustrations of Sterne (1812), Percy Fitzgerald's Life of Sterne (new ed. 1896), H D Traill's monograph in the English Men of Letters Series (1882),

the French Life by Paul Stapfer (1881), Scherer's Essay (trans. 1291), and Mr Sidney Lee's article in the Dictionary of National Biography It ought, perhaps, to be said that this last adds very largely, from sources mostly unpublished and sometimes access like with great difficulty, to our previous information. The particular, however, though sometimes interesting, are to no single instance of great importance, and in a good many cases probably represent merely the gossip to which, unluckily, Sterne seems to have given more than sufficient handles. But on the whole they may be said materially to confirm and enliven, without many way altering, the portrait of the author of Tristram Shandy that we derive from his own books and his long known letters.

#### GEORGE SAINTSBURY

James Townley (1714-78) was author of High Life below Stairs, a burlesque on the ex travagance and affectation of servants in aping the manners of their masters, ultimately detected by the master in disguise. The play was said actually to have had some effect in correcting this abuse, at all events it provoked organised and violent protest from all the liveried servants in the gallen when it was produced in the Edinburgh theatre. Townley, son of a wealthy London merchant and brother of Sir Charles Townley, Garter King of Arms, was born at Barking and bred at St John's, Cambridge From 1760 he was head master of Merchant Taylors' School, and latterly he also held clerical preferments Other two farces of his were But it was said that from one of them came much of a piece produced by Garrick and Colman, and that many of the best things by Garrick, Townley's intimate, benefited greatly by Townley's suggestion and revision

John Hawkesworth (c. 1715-73), born in London, in 1744 succeeded Dr Johnson on the Gentleman's Magazine, and in 1752 started, with Johnson and others, The Adventurer, half of whose 140 numbers were from Hawkesworth's pen, and show a not wholly unsuccessful imitation of the Johnsonian manner Hawkesworth, who became LLD, published a volume of fairy tales (1761), edited Swift, and prepared the account of Captain Cook's first voyage, which formed vols it and it of Hawkesworth's Voyages (3 vols 1773)

Charles Johnstone (c. 1719-1800) amused the town in 1760-65 by the clever contemporary saure of his Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea Born of Annandale ancestry in County Limerick, Johnstone studied at Dublin, and was debarred by deafness from success as a lawyer He went to India in 1782, was a proprietor of one of the Bengal newspapers, and died at Calcutta. Several other novels from his pen are now even more completely forgotten than Chrysal Johnson-to whom the manuscript was shown by the bookseller—advised the publication of Chrysal, whose author, Sir Walter Scott after wards said, might safely be ranked as a prose Juvenal The adventures are related somewhat in the style of Le Sage and of Smollett, but the saturical portraits are overcharged, the author exaggerated the vices of his age and of its public men, and his book was not altogether unjustly called the best scandalous chronicle of the day

Horace Walpole (formally HORATIO), fourth Earl of Orford, was born 24th September 1717 (0 s) in London, the third son of Sir Robert Walpole. At Eton and at King's College, Cambridge, he had Gray the poet as a friend, and while still at the university was appointed by his father to sinecures worth £1200 a year He and Gray set out together on the grand tour, but after two years quarrelled and parted at Reggio, where Walpole fell ill Returning to England (1741), he took his seat for Callington in Cornwall, but although he interested himself in cases like the Byng trial of 1757, his function in politics was that of the chronicling spectator rather than the energetic actor He exchanged his Cornish seat in 1754 for the family borough of Castle Rising, and this in 1757 for that of King's Lynn In 1745 his father died, leaving him with ample means, and he continued to live the life of collector and connoisseur, dabbling lightly in familiar verse and jeux d'esprit, trifling with history and art criticism, and corresponding voluminously In 1747 he purchased, near Twickenham, the cottage which he gradually elaborated into the well known 'Gothic Castle' and 'curiosity shop' of Strawberry Hill This transformation, authorship, visits to Paris (1765, 1767, 1775, where he came to know Madame du Deffand), the establishment of a private press (1757), and correspondence with Sir Horace Mann and others constituted the occupations of his life. His acquaintance with the two Misses Berry, his 'twin wives,' dated from 1788, he died in London 2nd March 1797, and was buried at Houghton, the Norfolk seat of his family In 1791, by the death of his eldest brother's son. he had become fourth Earl of Orford, he was never His essays in Moore's World exhibit a deft hand, and he had gifts as a verse writer such squibs as the Letter from Xo Ho to his friend Lien Chi at Pekin (1757), in which he follows Montesquieu and Lyttelton and anticipates Goldsmith, he is at his best. His Castle of Otranto (1764), professedly a translation from the MS of an Italian cleric, was, with its medieval and supernatural machinery, a forerunner of the romantic movement. Lauded by Sir Walter Scott and denounced by Hazlitt, this romance had undoubtedly the honour, such as it is, of leading up to the 'School of Terror,' to Clara Reeve and Mrs Radcliffe, to Beckford and Monk Lewis and Maturin. Walpole's tragedy of The Mysterious Mother (1768), pronounced 'of the highest order' by Byron, is 'strong' but gruesome. Other works often quoted are the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors (1758, best ed 1806), Ingitive Pieces in Verse and Prose (1758), Anecdotes of Painting in England (1761-71, a standard work for more than a century), a Catalogue of Engra-ers (1763), Historic Doubts on Richard III (1768) an Essai on Moderi Gardening (1785), Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of George II (1822), Memoirs of the Reign of George III (1845, good ed by G F Russell Barker 1892), &c He also printed at the Stranberra Hill Press the Odes of Gray (1757), Grammont's Afenoires (1772), Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury (1764), Lucan's Pharsalia, with Bentley's notes (1760), &c Walpole's literary reputation rests chiefly upon his published letters, which, nearly 2700 in number, rival in interest those of his friend Griv, and deal in the most vivacious way with party politics, foreign affairs, literature, art, and personal gossip His criticisms, frequently caustic, at times merely capricious, often show real literary insight.

### Strawberry Hill

You perceive by my date [1747] that I am got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little plaything house that I got out of Mrs Chenevin's shop [the place was snb let to him by Mrs Chenevix, a toy woman], and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in chamelled meadows, with filigree hedges—

A small Euphrates through the piece is roll d, And little finches wave their wings of gold

Two delightful roads, that you would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises, barges as solemn as Barons of the Exchequer inove under my window, Richmond Hill and Ham Walks bound my prospects, but, thank God' the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry Dowagers, as plenty as flounders, inhabit all around, and Pope's gliost is just now skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight

### The Scottish Rebellion.

A 00 15, 1745.

I told you in my last what disturbance there had been about the new regiments, the affair of rank was again disputed on the report till ten at night, and carried by a majority of twenty three. The king had been per suaded to appear for it, though Lord Grunville made it a party point against Mr Pelham. Winnington did not speak. I was not there, for I could not vote for it, and yielded not to give any hindrance to a public measure (or at least what was called so) just now. The Prince acted openly, and influenced his people against it, but it only served to let Mr Pelham see, what, like every thing else, he did not know, how strong he is. The king will scarce speak to him, and he cannot yet get Pitt into place.

The Rebels are come into England for two days we believed them near Lancaster, but the Ministry now own that they don't know if they have passed Carlisle Some think they will besiege that town, which has an old wall, and all the militia in it of Comberland and Westmoreland, but as they can pass by it, I don't see why they should take it, for they are not strong enough to leave garrisons Several desert them as they advance south, and altogether, good men and bad, nobody believes them ten thousand. By their marching west ward to avoid Wade, it is evident that they are not strong enough to fight him. They may vet retire back into their mountains, but if once they get to Lancaster, their retreat is cut off, for Wade will not stir from Newcastle till he has embarked them deep into England, and then he will be behind them. He has sent General Handasyde from Berwick with two regiments to take possession of Edinburgh. The Rebels are certainly in a very desperate situation they dared not meet Wade and if they had writed for him, their troops would have

descried. Unless they meet with great risings in their favour in Laucashire, I don't see what they can hope, except from a continuation of our neglect indeed, has nobly exerted itself for them They were suffered to murch the whole length of Scotland, and take possession of the capital, without a man appearing Then two thousand men sailed to them, against them to run from them Till the flight of Cope's army, Wade was not sent Two roads still lay into England, and till they had chosen that which Wade had not taken, no army was thought of being sent to secure the other Non Ligonier, with seven old regiments, and six of the new, is ordered to Lancashire before this first division of the army could get to Coventry, they are forced to order it to lialt, for fear the enemy should be up with it before it was all assembled It is uncertain if the Rebels will march to the north of Wales, to Bristol, or towards If to the latter, Ligonier must fight them if to either of the other, which I hope, the two armies may join and drive them into a corner, where they must all perish. They cannot subsist in Wales but by being supplied by the papists in Ireland The best is, that we are in no fear from France, there is no preparation for invasions in any of their ports Lord Clanearty, a Scotchman [not so, he was Irish] of great parts, but mad and drunken, and whose family forfeited £90,000 a year for king James, is made vice admiral at Brest The Duke of Bedford goes in his little round person with his regiment, he now takes to the land, and says he is tired of being n pen and ink man Lord Gower insisted too upon going with his regiment, but is laid up with the gout

With the Rebels in England, you may imagine we have no private news, nor think of foreign. From this account you may judge that our cause is far from des

perate, though disagreeable

The Prince [Frederick, Prince of Wales], while the Princess lies in, has taken to give dinners, to which he asks two of the ladies of the bed chamber, two of the maids of honour, &c. by turns, and five or six others. He sits at the head of the table, drinks and harngues to all this medley till nine at night, and the other day, after the affair of the regiments, drank Mr Fox's health in a bumper, with three luzzas, for opposing Mr Pelham

'Si qua fata aspera rumpas, Tu Marcellus eris!'

You put me in pun for my'eagle, and in more for the Chutes, whose real is very herore, but very ill placed I long to hear that all my Chutes and eagles are safe out of the Pope's hands! Pray, wish the Suareses joy of all their espousals. Does the Princess pray abundantly for her friend the Pretender? Is she extremely abattue with her devotion, and does she fast till she has got a violent appetite for supper? And then, does she cat so long, that old Sarrasin is quite impatient to go to cards again? Good night! I intend you shall still be Resident from king George.

P.S.—I forgot to tell you that the other day I con claded the Ministry I new the danger was all over, for the Duke of Newcastle ventured to have the Pretender's deslivation barn' at the Royal Exchange

The Cipies were an English family of Walpole's acquaintance at Proces. The eagle was the antique found near the Baths of Concala at Rome in 1742 and purchased in 1745 by Walpole 18, 195 the agreey of Chute. It formed part of his collection at 5 awterry Hill.

For these two days we have been expecting news of a Wade marched last Saturday from Newcastle, and must have got up with the Rebels if they stayed for him, though the roads are exceedingly bail and great quantities of snow have fallen. But last night there was some notice of a body of Rebels being advanced to We were put into great spirits by an heroic letter from the Mayor of Carlisle, who had fired on the Rebels and made them retire, he concluded with saying, 'And so I think the town of Carlisle has done his Najesty more service than the great city of Edinburgh, or than all Scotland together' But this hero, who was grown the whole fashion for four and twenty hours, had chosen to stop all other letters. The King spoke of him at his levee with great encomiums, Lord Stair said 'Yes, su, Mr Paterson has behaved very bravely ' The Dake of Bedford interrupted him-'My Lord, his name is not Paterson, that is a Scotch name, his name is Pattinson." But alack! the next day the Rebels returned, having placed the women and children of the country in waggons in front of their army, and forcing the peasants to fix the scaling ladders. The great Mr Pattinson, or Paterson (for now his name may be which one pleases), instantly surrendered the town, and agreed to pay two thousand pounds to save it from pillinge. Aug 1, 1746.

I am this moment come from the conclusion of the greatest and most melancholy seene I ever yet saw! you will easily guess it was the trials of the rebel Lords As it was the most interesting sight, it was the most solema and fine a coronation is a puppet show, and all the splendour of it, idle, but this sight at once feasted ones eyes and engaged all one's passions. It began last Monday, three parts of Westminster hall were inclosed with galleries, and hung with scarlet, and the whole ceremony was conducted with the most awful solemany and deceney, except in the one point of leaving the prisoners at the bar, amidst the idle euriosity of some crowd, and even with the witnesses who had swom against them, while the Lords adjourned to their own No part of the Royal Family was house to consult there, which was a proper regard to the unhappy men, One hundred and who were become their victims thirty nine Lords were present, and made a noble sight on their benches frequent and full! The Chancellor was Lord High Steward, but though a most comely person age with a fine volce, his behaviour was mean, curiously searching for occasion to bow to the Minister that is no peer, and consequently applying to the other Ministers, in a manner, for their order, and not even ready at the ceremonial. To the prisoners he was pecvish, and instead of keeping up to the humane dignity of the law of England, whose character it is to point out favour to the eriminal, he crossed them, and almost scolded at any I had armed myself offer they made towards defence with all the resolution I could, with the thought of their crimes and of the danger past, and was assisted by the sight of the Marquis of Lothian in weepers for his son who fell at Culloden-but the first appearance of the prisoners shocked me! their behaviour melted me! I ord Kilmarnock and Lord Cromartic are both part forty, but look younger Lord Kilmarnock is tall and slender, with an extreme fine person his behaviour most just mixture between dignity and submission if in anything to be reprehended, a little affected, and his

hair too exactly dressed for a man in his situation, but when I say this, it is not to find fault with him, but to shew how little fault there was to be found Lord Cromartie is an indifferent figure, appeared much dejected, and rather sullen he dropped a few tears the first day, and swooned as soon as he got back to his cell For Lord Balmerino, he is the most natural brave old fellow I ever saw the highest intrepidity, even to in difference At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man, in the intervals of form, with carelessness and humour Hc pressed extremely to have his wife, his pretty Peggy, with him in the Tower Lady Cromartie only sees her husband through the grate, not choosing to be shut up with him, as she thinks she can serve him better by her intercession without When they were to be brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go-old Bal merino cried, 'Come, come, put it with me.' At the bar, he plays with his fingers upon the axe, while he talks to the gentleman gaoler, and one day, somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade and held it like a fan between their faces During the trial, a little boy was near him, but not tall enough to see, he made room for the child and placed him near himself

When the peers were going to vote, Lord Fole, with drew, as too well a wisher, Lord Moray, as nephew of Lord Balmenno-and Lord Stair, as, I believe, uncle to his great grandfather Lord Windsor, very affectedly, said, 'I am sorry I must say, guilty upon my honour' Lord Stamford would not answer to the name of Henry, having been christened *Harry*—what a great way of thinking on such an occasion! I was diverted too with old Norsa, an old Jew that kept a tavern Mv brother, as Auditor of the Exchequer, has a gallery along one whole side of the court. I said, 'I really feel for the prisoners!' Old Issachar replied, 'Feel for them! pray, if they had succeeded, what would have become of all us?' When my Lady Townshend heard her husband vote, she said, 'I always knew my lord was guilts, but I never thought he would own it upon his honour' Lord Balmerino said, that one of his reasons for pleading not guilty, was, that so many ladies might not be disappointed of their show said, 'They call me Jacobite, I am no more a Jacobite than any that tried me but if the Great Mogul had set up his standard, I should have followed it, for I could not starve '

# London Earthquakes and London Gossip

Mar 11, 1750.

Portents and produgies are grown so frequent, That they have lost their name.

-DRYDEN 5 All for Love

My text as not literally true, but as far as earthquakes go towards lowering the price of wonderful commodities, to be sure we are overstocked. We have had a second, much more violent than the first, and you must not be surprised if by next post you hear of a burning moun tain sprung up in Smithfield. In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last (exactly a month since the first shock) the earth had a shivering fit between one and two, but so slight, that if no more had followed, I don't believe it would have been noticed. I had been awake, and had scarce dozed again—on a sudden I felt my bolster lift up my head, I thought somebody was getting from under my bed, but soon

found it was a strong earthquake, that lasted near half a minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. I rung my bell, my servant came in, frightened out of his senses in an instant we heard all the windows in the neighbourhood flung up I got up and found people running into the street, but saw no mischief done there has been some, two old houses flung down, several chimneys, and much china ware. The bells rung in several houses Admiral Knowles, who has lived long in Jamaica, and felt seven there, says this was more violent than any of them Francesco prefers it to the dreadful one at Leghorn The wise say, that if we have not rain soon, we shall certainly have more. Several people are going out of town, for it has nowhere reached above ten miles from London they say they are not frightened, but that it is such fine weather, 'Lord! one



HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD From Portrait by Nathaniel Hone in National Portrait Gallery

can t help going into the country! A parson, who came into White's the morning of earthquake the first, and heard bets laid on whether it was an earthquake or the blowing up of powder mills, went away exceedingly scan dalised, and said 'I protest they are such an impious set of people, that I believe if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet show against Judgment.'

The Middlesex election is carried against the Court the Prince, in a green frock (and I won't swear but in a Scotch plaid waistcoat), sat under the park wall in his cliair, and hallooed the voters on to Brentford. The Jacobites are so transported, that they are opening subscriptions for all boroughs that shall be vacant.

### The Round of London Life.

Dec. 29 1763.

We are a very absurd nation (though the French are so good at present as to think us a very wise one, only because they themselves are now a very weak one), but

then that absurdity depends upon the almanac. Posterity, who will know nothing of our intervals, will conclude that this age was a succession of events I could tell them that we know as well when an event, as when Easter, will happen Do but recollect these last ten The beginning of October, one is certain that everyhody will be at Newmarket, and the Duke of Cumberland will lose, and Shafto win, two or three After that, while people are prethousand pounds paring to come to town for the winter, the Ministry is suddenly changed, and all the world comes to learn how it happened, a fortnight sooner than they intended, and fully persuaded that the new arrangement cannot last a month. The Parliament opens everybody is bribed, and the new establishment is perceived to be composed of adamant. November passes, with two or three self murders, and a new play Christmas arrives, everybody goes out of town, and a not happens in one of the The Parliament meets again warmly opposed, and some citizen makes his fortune by a subscription The Opposition languishes balls and assemblies begin some master and miss begin to get together, are talked of, and give occasion to forty more matches being invented, an unexpected debate starts up at the end of the session, that makes more noise than anything that was designed to make a noise, and subsides again in a new peerage or two Ranelagh opens and Vauxhall, one produces scandal, and t'other a drunken quarrel People separate, some to Tunbridge, and some to all the horse races in England, and so the year comes again to October

### From 'The Castle of Otranto'

The marquis was not surprised at the silence that reigned in the princess's apartment. Concluding her, as he had been advertised, in her oratory, he passed on The door was a jar, the evening gloomy and overcast Pushing open the door gently, he saw a person kneeling before the altar As he approached nearer, it seemed not a woman, but one in a long woollen weed, whose back was towards him. The person seemed absorbed The marquis was about to return, when the figure, rising, stood some moments fixed in meditation, without regarding him. The marquis, expecting the holy person to come forth, and meaning to excuse his uncivil interruption, said, Reverend father, I sought the Lady Hippolita.-Hippolita! replied a hollow voice, camest thou to this castle to seek Hippolita? and then the figure turning slowly round, discovered to Frederic the fleshless jaws and empty sockets of a skeleton, wrapt in a hermit's cowl.—Angels of grace protect me1 cried Frederic, recoiling -Deserve their protection 1 said the spectre - Trederic, falling on his knees, adjured the phantom to take pity on him -Dost thou not remember me? said the apparition Remember the wood of Joppa! -Art thou that holy hermit? cried Frederic, trembling Can I do aught for thy eternal peace?-Wast thou delivered from bondage, said the spectre, to pursue carnal delights? Hast thou forgotten the buried sabre, and the behest of Heaven engraven on it?-I have not, I have not, said Frederic but say, blest spirit, what is thy errand to me? v hat remains to be done?-To forget Matilda 1 said the apparition, and vanished

Frederic's blood froze in his veins For some minutes be remained motionless. Then, falling prostrate on his face before the altar, he besought the intercession of every saint for pardon. A flood of tears succeeded to this transport, and the image of the beauteous Matilda rushing, in spite of him, on his thoughts, he lay on the ground in a conflict of penitence and passion. Ere he could recover from this agony of his spirits, the Princess Hippolita, with a taper in her hand, entered the oratory alone. Seeing a man, without motion, on the floor, she gave a sliriek, concluding him dead. Her fright brought Frederie to himself Rising suddenly, his face bedewed with tears, he would have rushed from her presence, but Hippolita, stopping him, conjured him, in the most plaintive accents, to explain the cause of his disorder, and by what strange chance she had found him there in that posture -Ah ' virtuous princess ' said the marquis, penetrated with grief-and stopped.- For the love of heaven, my lord, said Hippolita, disclose the cause of this transport! What mean these doleful sounds, this alarming exclamation on my name? What woes has Heaven still in store for the wretched Hippolita?-Iet silent '-By every pitying angel, I adjure thee, noble prince, continued she, falling at his feet, to disclose the purport of what lies at thy heart-I see thon feelest for me, thou feelest the sharp pangs that thou inflictestspeak, for pity 1-does ought thou knowest concern my child?-I cannot speak, cried Frederic, hursting from her-Oh 1 Matilda!

Walpole's Works were edited by Mary Berry (5 vols. 1778). Peter Cunningham's is the best edition of the Letters (9 vols. 1857-59) but a new edition by Mrs Paget Toynbee was m progres in 1902. See also Memoirs of Horace Walfole edited by Elix Warburton (1851) and the Life by Mr Austin Dobon (and ed. 1893). Macaulay's Essay is brilliant but unsympathetic. Sainte-Beuve's essays on Madame du Dessand (Canteries, vols. L'and in) give an interesting account of Walpole's relations with the Pannas salons. Some Unpublished Letters were edited by Sir Spencer Walpole in 1902.

Alexander Carlyle (1722-1805) was born at Cummertrees manse near Annan, whence in 1724 his father was called to Prestonpans Educated at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Leyden, he was minister of Inveresk from 1748 till his death a divinity student when he volunteered for the defence of Edinburgh against Prince Charlie (the defence the authorities did not attempt), and he saw the flight of the defeated royal troops from his father's manse garden The friend of Hume, Adam Smith, Smollett, John Home, &c., he was present in the theatre when Home's Douglas was first performed, and he belonged emphatically to the Broad Church party in the Scotland of the eighteenth century With Robertson the historian he led the Moderates in the Church of Scotland, he was Moderator of the General Assembly, and was made Dean of the Chapel Royal in 1789, His imposing presence earned him the name of 'Jupiter' Carlyle, 'he was,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'the grandest demigod I ever saw' His very interesting Autobiography was first edited in 1860 by John Hill Burton

## Prestonpans.

I directed the maid to awake me the moment the battle began, and fell into a profound sleep in an instant I had no need to be awaked, though the maid was punctual, for I heard the first cannon that was fired, and started to my clothes, which, as I neither buckled

nor gartered, were on in a moment, and immediately went to my father's, not a hundred yards off All the strangers were gone, and my father had been up before daylight, and had resorted to the steeple. While I was conversing with my mother, he returned to the house, and assured me of what I had guessed before, that we were completely defeated. I ran into the garden, where there was a mount in the south east corner, from which one could see the fields almost to the verge of that part where the battle vas fought. Even at that time, which could hardly be more than ten or fifteen minutes after firing the first cannon, the whole prospect was filled with runaways, and High Many had their coats turned landers pursuing them as prisoners, but were still trying to reach the town in hopes of escaping The pursuing Highlanders, when they could not overtake, fired at them, and I saw two fall in the glebe. By and by a Highland officer whom I knew to be Lord Elcho passed with his trun, and had an air of savage ferocity that disgusted and alarmed He inquired fiercely of me where a public house was to be found, I answered him very meekly, not doubting but that, if I had displeased him with my tone, his reply would have been with a pistol bullet

The crowd of wounded and dying now approached with all their followers, but their groans and agonies were nothing compared with the howlings, and cries, and lamentations of the women, which suppressed manhood and created despondency. Not long after the Duke of Perth appeared with his train, who asked me, in a very different tone, the way to Collector Cheap's, to which house he had ordered our wounded officers. Knowing the family were from home, I answered the questions of victorious elemency with more assurance of personal safety, than I had done to unappeased fury. I directed him the way to the house, which was hard by that where I had slept.

The rebel army had before day marched in three divisions, one of which vent straight down the waggonway to attack our cannon, the other two crossed the Morass near Seaton House, one of which marched north towards Port Scaton, where the field is broadest. to attack our rear, but over marched themselves, and fell in with a few companies that were guarding the baggage in a small enclosure near Cockenzie, and took the whole. The main body marched west through the plains, and just at the hreak of day attacked our army After firing once, they run on with their broadswords, and onr people fled. The dragoons attempted to charge, nnder Colonel Whitney, who was wounded, but wheeled immediately, and rode off through the defile between Preston and Bankton, to Dolphingston, half a mile off. Colonel Gardiner, with his division, attempted to charge, but was only followed by eleven men, as he had foretold, Cornet Kerr being one He continued fighting, and had received several wounds, and was at last brought down by the stroke of a broadsword over the head. He was carried to the minister's house at Tranent, where he lived till next forenoon His own house, which was nearer, was made an hospital for the Highlanders, no person of our army being carried there but the Master of Torphichen, who was so badly wounded that he could be sent to no greater distance. Some of the dragoons fled as far as Edinburgh, and one stood all day at the Castle gate, as General Gnest would not allow him to be taken in A considerable body of dragoons met at Dolplingston immediately after the rout, little more than half a mile from the field, where Cope joined them, and where it was said Lord Drummore offered to conduct them back, with assurance of victory when the Highlanders were busy with the booty. But they could not be prevailed on by his eloquence no more than by the youthful ardour of Earls Home and London. After a short halt, they marched over Talside Hill to Lauder. Sir Peter Halket, a captain in Lee's regiment, acted a distinguished part on this occasion, for after the rout he kept his company together and getting behind a ditch in Tranent Meadow, he kept firing away on the rebels till they were glad to let him surrender on terms.

In the meantime my father became very nneasy lest I should be ill treated by the rebels, as they would discover that I had been a Volunteer in Edinburgh, he therefore ordered the horses to be saddled, and telling me that the sea was out, and that we could escape hy the shore without being seen, we mounted, taking a short leave of my mother and the young ones, and took the way he had pointed out. We escaped without interruption till we came to Port seton harbour, a mile off, where we were obliged to turn up on the land, when my father observing a small party of High landers, who were pursuing two or three carts with baggage that were attempting to escape, and coming up with the foremost driver, who would not stop when called to, they shot him on the spot. This daunted my father, who turned immediately, and took the way we came We were back again soon after, when, taking off my hoots and putting on shoes, I had the appearance of a person who had not been abroad. I then proposed to go to Collector Cheap's house, where I understood there were twenty three wounded officers, to offer my assistance to the surgeons, Cunningham and Trotter, the first of whom I knew. They were surgeons of the dragoons, and had surrendered that they might attend the officers When I went in, I told Cunningham (afterwards the most emment surgeon in Dublin) that I had come to offer them my services, as, though no surgeon, I had better hands than a common servant. They were obliged to me, but the only service I could do to them was to try to find one of their medicine chests among the baggage, as they could do nothing for want of instruments I readily undertook this task, provided they would furnish me with a guard This they hoped they could do, and knocking at the door of an inner room, a Highland officer appeared, whom they called Captain Stewart. He was good looking, grave, and of polished manners. He answered that he would soon find a proper conductor for me, and despatched a servant with a message. In the meantime I observed a very handsome young officer lying in an easy chair in a frint, and seemingly dying. They led me to a chest of drawers, where there lay a piece of his skull, about two fingers' breadth and an inch and a half long I said, 'This gentleman must die.' 'No,' said Cunning ham, 'the brain is not affected, nor any vital part he has youth and a fine constitution on his side, and could I but get my instruments, there would be no fear of him ' This man was Captain Blake. Captain Stewart's messenger arrived with a fine, hrisk, little, well dressed Highlander, armed cap a pie with pistols, and dirk, and broadsword Captain Stewart gave him his orders, and we set off immediately

Never did any young man more perfectly display the boastful temper of a raw soldier, new to conflict and victory, than this Highland warrior. He said he had that morning been armour bearer to the Duke of Perth, whose valour was as conspicuous as his cleinency. that now there was no doubt of their final success, as the Almighty had blessed them with this almost blood less victory on their part, that IIc had made the sun to shine upon them uninterruptedly since their first setting out, that no hrawling woman had cursed, nor even a dog had harked at them, that not a cloud had interposed between them and the blessings of Heaven, and that this happy morning---- Here he was interrupted in his harangue by observing in the street a coaple of grooms leading four fine blood horses drew a pistol from his belt, and darted at the foremost 'Who are you, sir? and where are you going? and whom are you seeking?' It was answered with an uncovered head and a dastardly tone, 'I am Sir John Cope's coachman, and I am secking my master' 'You'll not find him here, sir, but you and your man and your horses are my prisoners. Go directly to the Collector's house, and put up your horses in the stable, and wait till I return from a piece of public service. Do this directly, as you regard your lives.' They in stantly obeyed. A few paces further on he met an officer's servant with two handsome goldings and a large and full clothes bag Similar questions and answers were made, and we found them all in the place to which they were ordered, on our return

It was not long before we arrived at Cockenzie, where, under the protection of my guard, I had an opportunity of seeing this victorious army. In general they were of low stature and dirty, and of a contemptible appearance The officers with whom I mixed were gentleman like, and very civil to me, as I was on an errand of humanity I was conducted to Lochcil, who was polished and gentle, and who ordered a soldier to make all the inquiry he could about the medicine chests of the dragoons After an hour's search, we returned without finding any of them, nor were they ever afterwards recovered view I had of the rebel army confirmed me in the pre possession that nothing but the weakest and most un accountable bad conduct on our part could have possibly given them the victory God forbid that Britain should ever again be in danger of being overrun by such a despicable enemy, for, at the best, the Highlanders were at that time hat a raw militia, who were not cowards.

On our return from looking for the medicine chests, we saw walking on the sea shore, at the east end of Prestonpans, all the officers who were taken prisoners. I then saw human nature in its most abject form, for almost every aspect bore in it shame, and dejection, and despair. They were deeply mortified with what had happened, and timidly anxious about the future, for they were doubtful whether they were to be treated as prisoners of war or as rebels. I ventured to speak to one of them who was nearest me, a Major Severn, for Major Bowles, my acquaintance, was much wounded, and at the Collector's He answered some questions I pnt to him with civility, and I told him what errand I had been on, and with what himanity I had seen the wounded officers treated, and ventured to assert that the prisoners would be well used. The confidence with which I spoke seemed to raise his spirits, which I com

pleted by saying that nothing could have been expected but what had happened, when the foot were so shamefully deserted by the dragoons.

#### Garrick and Golf

Garrick was so friendly to John Home that he gave a dinner to his friends and companions at his house at Hampton, which lie did but seldom. He had told us to bring golf clubs and balls that we might play at that game on Molesly Hurst We accordingly set out in good time, six of us in a landau. As we passed through Kensington, the Coldstream regiment were changing guard, and, on seeing our clubs, they gave us three cheers in honour of a diversion peculiar to Scotland, so much does the remembrance of one's native country dilate the heart, when one has been some time alsent. The same sentiment made us open our purses, and give our countrymen wherewithal to driak the 'Land o' Cakes.' Garrick met us by the way, so impatient he seemed to be for his company There were John Home, and Robertson, and Wedderhurn, and Robert and James Adam, and Colonel David Wedderhurn, who was killed when commander of the army in Bombay, in the verr [1773]. He was held by his companions to be in every respect as clever and able a man as his elder brother the Chancelor, with a much more gay, popular, and social

Immediately after we arrived, we crossed the over to the golfing ground, which was very good None of the company could play but John Home and myself, and Parson Black from Aberdeen, who, being chaplain to a regiment during some of the Duke of Cumberland's campaigns, had been pointed out to his Royal Highness as a proper person to teach him the game of chess the Duke was such an apt scholar that he never lost a game after the first day, and he recompensed Black for harm? bent lum so cruelly, by procuring for him the living of Hampton, which is a good one. We returned and dired Mrs Garrick, the only lady, now grown sumptuously fat, though still very lively, being a woman of ancommon good sense, and now mistress of English, was in all She did not seem at respects most agreeable company all to recognise me, which was no wonder, at the end of twelve years, having thrown away my bag wig and sword, and appearing in my own grisly hairs, and m parson's clothes, nor was I likely to remind her of her former state.

Garrick had huilt a handsome temple, with a statue of Shakespeare in it, in his lower garden, on the banks of the Thames, which was separated from the upper one by a high road, under which there was an archway which united the two gardens. Garrick, in compliment to Home, had ordered the wine to be carried to this temple, where we were to drink it ninder the shade of the copy of that statue to which Home had addressed his pathetic verses on the rejection of his play The poet and the actor were equally gay, and well pleased with each other, on this occasion, with much respect on the one hard, and a total oblivion of animosity on the other, for vanif is a passion that is easy to be entreated, and unites freely with all the best affections. Having observed 2 green mount in the garden, opposite the archway, I said to our landlord, that while the servants were preparing the collation in the temple I would surprise him with a stroke at the golf, as I should drive a ball through his archway into the Thames once in three strokes. I had

measured the distance with my eye in walking about the garden, and accordingly, at the second strole, made the ball alight in the mouth of the giteway, and roll down the green slope into the river. This was so dexterous that he was quite snrprised, and begged the club of me by which such a feat had been performed. We passed a very agreeable afternoon, and it is hard to say which were happier, the landlord and landlady, or the guests.

The visit to London was paid in 1758. Returning from Leyden in 1746, Carlyle had seen on the packet boat, disguised in boy's clothes, the Viennese dancing girl whom Garrick married in 1749

Sarah Fielding (1710-68), a sister of the great Henry Fielding (see page 339), also attained eminence in her generation as a novelist best known work was her first—David Simple, published in 1744, of which, in a preface to the second edition, Henry Fielding said that 'some of her touches might have done honour to the pencil of the immortal Shakespeare,' and Richardson quoted to her the opinion of a judge who gave her credit for a more perfect knowledge of the human heart than her great brother-an opinion that was probably unusual even then, and is now without a Other novels of Miss Fielding were supporter The Governess and The Countess of Dellayn She also translated from the Greek

Mrs Elizabeth Carter (1717-1806), the daughter of a Kentish clergyman, published in 1758 All the Works of Epictetus now Extant, translated from the Greek, and the work was received with high favour by the critics of the time. This learned lady, familiar to the readers of Boswell's Johnson, had previously (1739) trans lated, anonymously, Crousar's Examination of Pope's Essay on Man, and Algarotti's Newton's Philosophy Explained She had also published a small collection of poems written by herself before her twentieth year, and was a frequent correspondent of the Gentleman's Magazine Hence her early acquaintance with Johnson, who commemorated her talents and virtues in pithy sayings as well as in a Greek and a Latin epigram Her Poems on Several Oceasions (1762) contained only two from the former volume She knew Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Italian, Spanish, German, Portuguese, and Arabic, studied astronomy, ancient geography and history, played on the spinet and the German flute, sewed beautifully, and made admirable puddings Her attamments were by no means superficial Johnson said of a distinguished scholar, by way of compliment, that he understood Greek better than any one he had ever known except Elizabeth Carter Her Memoirs (by her nephew, 1808) and several collections of her letters to Mrs Montagu and others maintained her repute for learning and sense. The friend of Burke, Reynolds, Richardson, Horace Walpole, Bishop Butler, Beattie, and Hannah More, she lived to read and admire Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel Of her poems, the best known is an Ode to Wisdom, enshrined by

Richardson in his *Clarissa*. It is in rather stilted style, and opens with these stanzas

The solitary bird of night
Through the thick shades now wings his flight,
And quits his time shook tower,
Where, sheltered from the blaze of day,
In philosophic gloom he lay
Beneath his vyy bower

With joy I hear the solemn sound
Which midnight echoes waft around,
And sighing gales repeat
Favourite of Pallas! I attend,
And, futhful to thy summons, bend
At wisdom's awful seat.

Charlotte Lennox (1720-1804) was the daughter of Colonel Ramsay, Lieutenant Governor of New York, came to England in 1735, and after the death of her father failed as an actress, married, and took to literature. Her novel The Female Quizote (1752) has for heroine a young lady who has half-crazed herself by reading the romances of Scudéry, and it was praised by Fielding as well as by Johnson Mrs Lennox also published a feeble critical work, Shakspear Illustrated, and translated from the French Brumoy's Greek Theatre, The Life of Sully, The Memons of Madame de Maintenon, and some other Her first novel, Harriot Stuart (1751), works was celebrated by Johnson and a party of ladies and gentlemen in the Devil Tavern, where a sumptuous supper, including a prodigious applepie, was provided, and Jolinson invested the authoress with a crown of laurel Her novel Henrietta was dramatised by her as The Sister, plagransed from by Burgoyne, and translated both into German and French She wrote other novels, poems, a 'dramatic pastoral,' and a comedy based on Chapman's Lastward Hoe (see Vol I p 378) The following is a conversation in the Female Quixote

You had the boldness, said she, to talk to me of love, and you well know that persons of my sex and quality are not permitted to listen to such discourses, and if for that offence I banished you my presence, I did no more than decency required of me, and which I would yet do, were I mistress of my own actions

But is it possible, consin, said Glanville, that you can be angry with any one for loving you? Is that a crime of so high a nature as to merit an eternal banishment from your presence?

Without telling you, said Arabella, blushing, whether I am angry at being loved, it is sufficient, you know, that I will not pardon the man who shall have the presumption to tell me he loves me.

But, madam, interrupted Glanville, if the person who tells you he loves you, be of a rank not beneath you, I conceive you are not at all injured by the favourable sentiments he feels for you, and though you are not dis posed to make any returns to his passion, yet you are certainly obliged to him for his good opinion

Since love is not voluntary, replied Arabella, I am not obliged to any person for loving me, for, questionless, if he could help it, he would.

If it is not a voluntary fivour, interrupted Glansille, it is not a voluntary offence, and if you do not think yourself obliged by one, neither are you at lib ity to be offended with the other

The question, said Arabella is not whether I on lit to be offended at being lovel, but whether it is not an offence to be told I am so

If there is nothing commit in the present itself mindrin, resinned Glinville certainly there can be no crime in declaring it

However specious your argument may appear, interrupted Arabelli, I am per unded it is an impactoral to erine to tell a lady you love her, and thou h. I had nothing cle to plead, yet the authority of custom is sufficient to prove it

Custom, Lady Bella, and Ganville, unling is wholk on my side, for the ladies are as far from hem, displeased at the addresses of their lover, that their chiefest care is to man them, and their greatest triumph to hear them talk of their passion. (5), making I hope you will allow that argument has no force.

I do not I now, miswered Arabella what sait of I dies they are who allow anch unbecoming liberties, I at I am ocition that Status Piris in Cleba Mandane, and all the illustrious heromes of antiquity whom i is a pleas to resemble, would never adout of the decoirse.

Ah i for Heaven's also cousin, interrupted Glanville, endeavouring to stiffe a lan h, do no exister yours it to be governed by such antiquated maxims? The verillia quite different to what it vis in those days and the ladies in this age would as soon follow the fashious of the Greek and Roman ladies, as immic their manners and, I believe, they would become one as well as the other

I am sure, replied Arabella the voild is not rine of virtuous now than it was in their days and there is good reason to behave it is not much wiser, and I do not see why the manners of this age nic to be preferred to those is of former ones, unless they are wiser and be ter, how ever, I cannot be persuaded that things are as virtually, but that when I am a little better acquainted with the world, I shall find as many persons who resemble Oroon dates, Artaxerxes, and the illustrious lover of Clein as those who are like Teribase, Artaxes and the presuming and insolent Glanville.

By the epithets you give me madam said Glanville, I find you have placed me in very laid company but pray, madam, if the illustrious lover of Cleha had never discovered his passion, how would the world have come to the knowledge of it?

He did not discover his passion, sir, resumed Arabella, till by the services he did the noble Clehus and his meomparable daughter, he could plead some title to their esteem he several times preserved the life of that renowned froman, delivered the beautiful Cleha when she was a captive, and, in fine, conferred so many obligations upon them, and all their friends, that he might well expect to be pardoned by the divine Cleha for daring to love her. Nevertheless, she used him very harshly when he first declared his passion, and bauished him also from her presence, and it was a long time before she could prevail upon herself to compassionate his sufferings.

The marquis, coming in, interrupted Arabella, upon which she took occasion to retire, leaving Glanville more captivated with her than ever

He found her usage of him was grounded upon

examples the thought it her duty to follow, and congran her motions of life appeared, let they were supported with a much will and dedicates, that he could not help admining her. This has been the cold to of her hance we shall too monumeral to difficulties in his way before health he able to obtain her

However, as he was really parentally in his wid-her, he resolved to accordinated the Mysima has possible, to her type and endeasure to prinches that her leftered in a creative to her. In therefore, and an of great distance and respect near meet and inflictions, and the intentions of let lather in lating, at lather in quart the intentions of let lather in lating, at lather in quart the intentions of let lather in lating, at lather in the letter the intentions of letter lather in lating in line is the extra character than a scale let in the standard the inertial has a lating to the displacement of health and the intention of lating the lating that it is intentioned by an homy has offered any enough that offere a upon which her own lapper was much to possible.

Liizabetli Montagu /1720-1800 1019 x prominent place in the literary society of the The displier of a seaths reclaim equire. Mr Robin on the marred the world prindson of the Larl of Sindaulic and Inth Sim and ther her hisbands death made her lease the that re are of persons of born sizes distract I d to raph tise and them. Summer referres to this circle will be found in Pierus feran in the life of light a and in the work of Huntab Mr. Montagu became the Mre & and it was to her teresan Delima ef London and tho c of fr nds tho natated her mash to titing conver at on for the n nal pas me of onplaying that Mr Benjanon Stillings et ear was famo a blue morated a nellings instead of the black silks of the land playing assembles servente the application of the term to learned ares The 'bler stocking circle included 'Irs Think Mrs Chapone Hannah More and Lanny Forest and a long series of famous men from Dr Jera Mrs Morage and on to William Wilherferer authoress of a famous Paray on the Hint of and Car us of Statist 1, confinal - the tre but but I reich Dru ita Perts, all sone har orki ne He Misrepresentations of M de Verere 19 This essay had great success at home and abread, was prused by Reynolds, Lyttelton and Confer condemned by Johnson and Boswell, and is row interesting as showing the low state of portical and Shakespeare in criticism at the time it say A memoir, with letters, of Mrs Mon.220 was published in 1873 by Dr Doran under the title of A Lady of the Last Cent my

Hester Chapone (1727-1801), daughter of Thomas Mulso, a Northamptonshire squire, wrote a romance before she was ten, studied Frerch, Italian, Latin, and music, contributed to Johnson-Rambler, and became the intimate friend of Richardson the novelist. Her married life lasted only a few months, her husband, an attorney, daing in 1761. In 1772 she wrote her best known book or rather a collection of essays, called Lettas eather Improvement of the Africal and in 1775 her Miscellaries. An edition of her works, with a Life,

appeared in 1807, and extended to six volumes. The following from the *Improvement* is rather characteristic —

When I speak of the best company, I do not mean in the common acceptation of the word—persons of high rank and fortune—but rather the most worths and sensible. It is however very important to a young woman to be introduced into life on a respectable looting, and to converse with those whose manners and style of life may polish her behaviour, refine her sentiments, and give her consequence in the eye of the world. Your equals in rank are most proper for intimacy, but to be sometimes amongst your superiors is every way desirable and advantageous, unless it should inspire you with pride, or with the foolish desire of emulating their grandeur and expense.

Above all things avoid intimacy with those of low birth and education! nor think it a mark of humility to delight in such society, for it much oftener proceeds from the meanest kind of pride, that of being the head of the empany, and seeing your companisms subservient to you. The servile flattery and submission which usually recommend such people and make amends for their ignorance and want of conversation, will infallibly corrupt your heart and make all company insight from whom you cannot expect the saine homage. Your manners and faculties, instead of improving must be continually lowered to suit you to your companions, and, believe me, you will find it no easy matter to raise them again to a level with those of polite and well informed people.

The greatest lindness and civility to inferiors is perfectly consistent with proper caution on this head. Treat them always with affability, and talk to them of their own affairs, with an iffectionate interest, but never make them familiar, nor admit them as associates in your diversions, but, above all never trust them with your secrets, which is putting yourself entirely in their power, and subjecting yourself to the most shameful slavery.

Catherine Macaulay (1731-91) was an ardent politician of outspokenly republican senti ments-'the hen brood of faction,' according to Walpole. The daughter of John Sanbridge, a Kentish proprietor, she married a 'Scotch doctor Macaulay in 1760, and in 1778, after twelve years of widowhood, a brother of the famous quack doctor Graham, also a Scotsman Her chief work was a History of England from the Accession of James I to the Elevation of the House of Hanover (8 vols 1763-83) Though a worl of no authority, it has well written passages, and was highly thought of by Mirabeau and Madanie Roland. calls Mrs Macaulay 'the ablest writer of the new Radical school, and Horace Walpole and Gray even put her History above Hume's To ridicule Mrs Macaulay's republicanism, Johnson one day proposed that her footman, 'a very sensible, civil, well behaved fellow citizen,' should be allowed to sit down to dinner vith the party, and in a still less complimentary vein, said it was better she should redden her own cheeks than blacken other people's Before her death she had visited George Washington in America, written against Burke's denunciation of the French Revolution. criticised Hobbes and produced a treatise on morals and letters on education. What Mrs Macaulay had in common with her illustrious namesake, and what she had not, will be gathered from the following paragraphs from her account of the Revolution, on

### The Bishops committed to the Tower

There cannot be a stronger mark of that deep rooted prejudice which the doctrines of passive obedience had fixed in the minds of James and his party, and the entire dependence they had in the sincerity of its professors, than the boldness of a step which must naturally excite the resentment of a people who had shewn such ample te timonies of a blind devotion to the interests and power of the church Jeffries, who had hitherto been the fore most in all the violent councils of this and the preceding reign, remonstrated against the measure as impolitic and dangerous, and the anxiety and attention with which the public waited the issue of this business struck a terror in the minds of the most determined of the king's servants Directions were given that the reverend fathers should be carried by water, in order to prevent the emotions which a sight of their humiliations in a passage through the city might occasion, but this caution was needless, for the inflamed populace rushed in innumerable crowds to the river to wait for their arrival the banks were covered on both sides, and the rooms, and even the roofs of all the adjoining houses, were filled with eager spectators a shout of acclamation, which resounded from one end of the town to the other, was set up by the multitude when the bishops were discovered at a distance immediately followed by a deluge of tears, fervent prayers were offered up to heaven for their deliverance, as they approached the ground was streved with the protestant bodies of pions devotees, whilst others, yet more inflamed with zeal, ran up to the clim into the water to receive their blessing The contagion caught even the soldiers, who threw themselves on their knees to their prisoners, nor could Daniel in the lion's den excite more terror and compassion in the breasts of the devout Jews, than a lodgment in the Tower for a few weeks excited in the minds of a people who had beheld often with the eye of indifference those cruel executions which sully the page of history during the last reign and in the beginning of the present, and who but a few months before had beheld without any extraordinary emotion the rigorous sconng ing of Samuel Johnson, an honest but zealous divinc of the church of England, who had been given up by his brethren to the resentment of the court, which had been drawn on him for a publication entitled 'An humble and hearty address to all the English protestants in the arms, in which they are intreated not to make them selves the tools of the papists, to enslave their country and subvert their religion' Such are the effects of imagination over the human heart, that rancour and sympathy, indifference and passion, take their alternate rise from the mere phantoms of the brain, without being in any measure rationally regulated by the nature of circumstances or the complexion of facts. The behaviour of the bishops was equally calculated to correspond with their public professions, and at the same time to enflame the sympathy of the multitude. They distributed to all around them their blessings without reserve, they augmented the general favour by the most lowly submissive deportment, they exhorted the people to fear

God, honour the king, and to maintain their loyalty, and no sooner had they entered the precinets of the Tower, than they hurried to chapel, in order to return thanks for those afflictions which licaven in defence of its holy cause had thought them worthy to endure

The triumph of the church over prerogative, the idol to which they had taught the multitude to bow, was yet more splended on the day of their trial, than in their passage to the Iower. I went, nine peers, the far greater number of which were of the high tory faction, and had been highly instrumental in exalting the power of the crown and fixing James on the throne, with a great number of commoners and divines of inferior rank, attended the bishops to Westminster hall, and the populace who assembled in expectation of the event was more numerous than had ever been seen on any occasion.

Clara Reeve (1729-1807), born at Ipswich, the daughter of the rector of Freston, translated Barclay's Argents (1772), and wrote The Champton of Virtue, a Gothic Story (1777), renamed The Old English Baron, which was avowedly an imitation of Walpole's Castle of Otranto The Old Luglish Baron used constantly to be printed along with the Castle of Otranto, and in virtue of her chef d'auvri, Miss Reeve has an assured place in the history of the romantic movement in our literature. she was Mrs Radcliffe's literary godmother. It may even be said that in the management of the supernatural machinery so as to produce mysters and weird effect, she surpassed her prototype, but she had neither Walpolc's pointed style nor his grace Scott thought her weak in imagination, and criticised her style as sometimes tame and tiresome. But the book has gone through more than a dozen editions, and was three times re printed between 1883 and 1888. Miss Recve wrote four other novels, all forgotten, and The Progress of Romance (1785), a sort of history of fiction

David Lewis (1683?-1760), a Welshman born, seems to have been an usher in Westminster School. He wrote a blank-verse tragedy on Philip of Macedon (1727), but is best known for a collection of Miscellaneous Per vis by Several Hands (1726), which contains ould this Grongar Hill, Pope's With Spark, and or, there of songs and poems, some of the best of this, are attributed to himself, such as the foliable creprinted in Percy's Reliques

Away' let nought to love disple he lu
My Winifreda, move your care,
Let nought delay the heavenly blessii
Nor squeamish pride nor gloomy fe

What though no grants of royal donors,
With pompous titles grace our blood,
We'll shine in more substantial honours
And, to be noble, we'll be good

Our name while virtue thus we tender, Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke, And all the great ones, they shall wonder How they respect such little folk What though from fortune's lavish bounty No mighty treasures we possess? We'll find within our pittance plenty, And be content without excess

Still shall each I ind returning season Sufficient for our wishes give, I or we will live a life of reason, And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age, in love excelling.
We'll hand in hand to either tread,
Sweet similing peace shall crown our dwelling.
And babes, sweet similing babes, our bed

How should I love the pre'ty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung!
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue!

And when with envy Time transported, Shall think to rob us of our joys, You'll in your girls again be courted, And I'll go young in my boys

James Herrick (1720-69) was a distinguished classical scholar. Born at Reading, and educated there and at Trinity College, Oxford, he gaired a fellowship, and tool holy orders, but was unable to do duty from delicate health. Merrick wine some hymns, and, with no great success, attempted a version of the Psalms. Better known is

# The Chameleon.

Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talling spark,
With eves that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post,
Yet round the world the blade has been,
To see whatever could be seen
Returning from his finished tour,
Grown ten times perfer than before,
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travelled fool your mouth will stop
'Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
I've seen—and sure I ought to know'—
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision

Two travellers of such a cest,
As o'er Arabra's wilds they pased,
And on their way in friendly chat,
Now talked of this, and then of that,
Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter
Of the Chameleon's form and nature.
'A stranger animal,' cries one,
'Sure never lived beneath the sun
A lizard's body lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
Its tooth with triple claw disjoined,
And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace ' and then its hue—
Whoever saw so fine a blue?'

'Hold there,' the other quick replies,
''Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open month it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray,
Stretched at its ease, the beast I viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food.'

'I've seen it, sir, as well as you, And must again affirm it blue, At leisure I the beast surveyed Extended in the cooling shade.'

"Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye."
'Green' 'crics the other in a fury
'Why, sir, d've think I've lost my eyes?
'Twere no great loss,' the friend replie,
'For if they always serve you thus,
You'll find 'em but of little use'

So high at last the contest ro e,
From words they almost came to blows
When luckily came by a third,
Fo him the question they referred,
And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue

'Sirs,' eries the umpire 'cease your pother,
The creature's neither one nor t'other
I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o'er by candlelight
I marked it well, 'twas black as jet—
You stare—but, sirs, I've got it yet,
And can produce it '—' Pray, sir, do,
I'll lay my life the thing is blue'

'And I ll be sworn, that when you've seen
The reptile, von il pronounce him green'
'Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,'
Replies the man, 'I'll turn him out
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I ll cat him'

He said, and full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo!— twas white
Both stared, the man looked wondrous wise—
'My children' the Chameleon cries
(Then first the creature found a tongue),
'You all are right, and all are wrong
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your everight to his own'

Francis Fawkes (1721-77) translated Anacreon, Sappho, Bion, Moschus, Museus, and Theocritus, and wrote pleasing original verses Born at Warmsworth near Doncaster, and educated at Birry and Jesus Colleges, Cambridge, he was view of Orpington and rector of Hayes in Kent. He enjoyed the friendship of Johnson and Warton, Johnson acknowledged that 'Frank Fawkes had done the Odes of Anacreon very finely,' but, however classic in his tastes and studies, Fawkes relished a cup of English ale, as is shown by his pruise of

#### The Brown Jug

Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale (In which I will drink to sweet Nam of the vale) Was once. Foly I illpot, a thir ty old soul As one drink a bottle or fathomed a bowl. In Isou ingrabout twas his projecto excel And among jolly topers he hore off the bell

It chanced as in dog-days he set a his case. In his flower woven arbour, as gay as you please, With a friend and a pipe puting sorrows away, And with hones old stongo was toaking his clay,

His breath-doors of life on a sudden were thut, And he died full as ling as a Dorchester butt

His body when long in the ground it lind Imm. And time into clay had resolved it again, A potter found out in its covert so snug, And with part of fat Toby he formed this brown jug, Now sacred to friendship, and mitth, and mild ale, So here's to my lovely sweet Naii of the vale!

John Gambold (1711-71), bred at Oxford, came under Wesley's influence, and in 1742 resigned his living at Stanton Harcourt in Oxfordshire to become a preacher, and ultimately a bishop, among the Moravian Brethren. He wrote religious and theological works, hymns, and poems Erskine of Linhathen re-edited his works (1823), and an edition of his Poetical Words appeared in 1816. His principal poem was a dramatic piece (written 1740), in which he described himself in the character of Chaidius, a Roman soldier

### The Mystery of Life

So many years I we seen the sun,
And called these eves and hands my own,
A thousand little acts I we done,
And childhood have and manhood known
O what is life! and this dull round
To trend, why was a spirit bound?

So many airy draughts and lines,
And warm excursions of the mind,
Have filled my soul with great designs,
While practice grovelled for behind
O what is thought 1 and where withdraw
The glories which my fancy saw?

So many tender joys and a oes
Have on my quivering soul had power,
Plain life with heightening passions role,
The hoist or burden of their hour
O what is all we feel! why fled
Those pains and pleasures o'er my head?

So many human souls divine,
So at one interview displayed,
Some oft and freely mixed with nunc.
In lasting bonds my heart have laid
O what is friendship! why imprese!
On my weak, wretched, dving breas?

So many wondrous gleams of light,
And gentle aidours from above,
Have made me sit, like scraph bright
Some moments on a throne of love
O what is virtue! who had I,
Who am so low a ta to so high?

Fre long when sovereign wildern will,
My soul an unknown path shall tread,
And's runcely leave who strangely fill's
This frame, and waft nie to the dead
O what is death? Its life's I is shore,
Where vinities are vain no more,
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
And life is all retouche I again.
Where in their I right result of all nie.
Though's victors friend lays grief, and yes

James Hammond (1710-42), son of a Huntingdonshire squire, was educated at Westminster, became one of the friends of Frederick Prince of Wales, but did not shine in Parliament as member for Truro. According to the story, he fell deep in love with Miss Dishwood, a friend of Lady Bute, whose ineverable rejection of his suit inspired his once admired love elegies, condemned by Johnson though praised by Thomson and Chesterfield, they are obvious unitations of Fibullus—smooth, tame, and frigid. In the following elegy Hammond imagines himself married to his Delia, and retired to the country.

Let others borst their heaps of shining gold,
And view their fields, with waving plenty crowned,
Whom neighbouring foes in constant terror hold,
And trumpets break their slumbers, never sound

While calinly poor, I trifle life nwny,
Fnjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
But, cheaply blest, I'll seorn each vain desire

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
And plant my oreliard with its master's hand,
Aor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my sheaves along the sunny land

If Inte at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I II bring the wanderer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtless dam

What joy to hear the tempest how! in vain,
And clasp a featful mistress to my breast!
Or, fulled to shumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, sink at last to rest!

Or, if the sun in finning Leo ride,
By slindy rivers indolently stray,
And with my Delia walking side by side,
Ilear how they murmur as they glide myny!

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop and gaze on Delia as I go!
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know!

Thus pleased at heart, and not with fance s dream,
In silent happiness I rest unknown,
Content with what I am, not what I seem,
I have for Delia and myself alone.

Ah, foolish man, who thus of her possessed,
Could float and wander with ambition's wind,
And if his outward trappings spoke him blest,
Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind!

With her I scorn the idle breath of praise, Nor trust to happiness that's not our own, The smile of fortune might suspicion raise, But here I know that I nm loved alone

Hers be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am blest,
The fivourite subject of her gentle reign,
By love nlone distinguished from the rest.

For her I II yoke my oxen to the plough,
In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock,
I or her a goat herd climb the mountains brow,
And sleep extended on the naled rock

All, what avails to press the stately bed,
And far from her 'midst tasteless grandeur weep,
By marble fountmins by the pensive head,
And, while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep?

Beauty and worth in her alide contend,

To charm the fance and to fix the rund,
In her, my wife, my mistiess, and my friend,
I taste the joys of sense and reason joined

On her I ll gnze, when others' loves are o er,
And dying press her with my clay cold hand—
Thou weep'st already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand

Oh, when I die, inv latest moments spare,
Nor let thy grief with sharper tornients kill,
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair—
Though I am dead, my soul shall love thee still

Oh, quit the room, oh, quit the deathful bed, Or thou wilt die, so tender is the heart Oh leave me, Delia, ere thou see me dead, These weeping friends will do the mounful part

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the core in melancholy state,
Through all the village spread the tender tear
While pitving maids our wondrous love relate.

Richard West (1716-42), the friend of Gray and Walpole, was the only son of the Lord Clinacellor of Ireland and a grandson of Bishop Burnet. Bred at Eton and Christ Church Oxford, he wrote a number of fugitive poems and a lost druma. All his known poems are given in the Rev D C Tovey's Gray and his Friends (1890), where may letters are printed for the first time, in addition to those in the Walpole and the Grat correspondence. The following is 'imitated' from Tibullus (iii 5), the text differing in sundry minor points from the earlier form given by Tove)

#### Ad Amicos

Yes, happy youths on Camus sedgy side, You feel each joy that friendship can divide, Each realm of science and of art explore, And with the ancient blend the modern lore. Studious alone to learn whate'er mny tend To ruse the genius, or the heart to mend. Now pleased along the closstered walk you rove, And truce the verdnut innies of the grove, Where social oft, and oft alone, ve choose To catch the zephyr, and to court the muse Meantime at me-while all devoid of art These lines give back the image of my heart-At me the power that comes or soon or late, Or aims, or seems to aim, the dart of fate, From you remote, incthinks alone I stand, Like some sad exile in a desert land Around no friends their lement care to join In mutual warmth, and mix their heart with mine. Or real puns, or those which fancy ruse, For ever blot the sunshine of my days,

To sickness still, and still to grief a prey, Health turns from me her rosy face away

Inst Heaven! what sin ere life begins to bloom, Devotes my head untimely to the tomb? Did e er this hand against a brother's life Drug the dire bowl, or point the murderous knife? Did e er this tongue the slanderer's tale proclaim, Or madly violate my Maker's name? Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe, Or know a thought but all the world might know? As yet just started from the lists of time, My growing years have scarcely told their prime, Useless as yet through life I've idly run, No pleasures tasted, and few duties done. Ah, who, cre autumn's mellowing suns appear, Would pluck the promise of the vernal year, Or ere the grapes their purple hue betray, Tear the crude cluster from the mourning spray? Stern power of fate, whose ebon sceptre rules The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools, Forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart, A victim yet unworthy of thy dart, Ah, stay till age shall blast my withering face, Shake in my head, and falter in my pace, Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow, And to the dead my willing shade shall go

How weak is man to reason's judging eye! Born in this moment, in the next we die, Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire, Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire. In vain our plans of happiness we raise, Pain is our lot, and patience is our praise, Wealth, lineage, honours, conquest, or a throne, Are what the wise would fear to call their own. Health is at best a vain precurious thing, And fair-faced youth is ever on the wing . Tis like the stream beside whose watery bed Some blooming plant exalts his flowery head. Nursed by the wave the spreading branches rise. Shade all the ground, and flourish to the skies, The waves the while beneath in secret flow. And undermine the hollow bank below, Wide and more wide the waters urge their way, Bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey, Too late the plant bewarls his foolish pride, And sinks untimely in the whelming tide

But why repine? Does life deserve my sigh, Few will lament my loss v hene'er I die. For those the wretches I despise or hate, I neither envy nor regard their fate. For me, whene'er all conquering death shall spread His wings around my unrepining head, I care not, though this face be seen no more, The world will pass as cheerful as before, Bright as before the day star will appear, The fields as verdant, and the skies as clear Nor storms nor comets will my doom declare, Nor signs on earth, nor portents in the air, Unknown and silent will depart my breath, Nor nature e'er take notice of my death Yet some there are-ere spent my vital days-Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise. Loved in my life, lamented in my end, Their praise would crown me as their precepts mend To them may these fond lines my name endear, Not from the Poet, but the Friend sincere.

Sir Gilbert Elliot (1722-77), author of Amynta, which Sir Walter Scott called 'the beautiful pastoral song,' was third baronet of Minto, and brother of Jean Elliot. Sir Gilbert was educated at Edinburgh and Leyden for the Scottish Bar, he was twenty years in Parliament as member successively for the counties of Selkirk and Royburgh, and was distinguished as a speaker He was in 1756 made a Lord of the Admiralty, in 1767 Keeper of the Signet in Scotland, and in 1770 Treasurer of the Navy He died at Marseilles, whither he had gone for the recovery of his health, in 1777 He was the intimate friend of Home, author of Douglas, and David Hume, but disliked the sceptical tendency of Hume's philosophy, and it was he who kept Hume from publishing the Dialogues during his own lifetime.

#### Amynta

My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove,
For amhition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
Oh, what had my youth with amhition to do?
Why left I Amynta? Why brole I my vow?
Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove, And bid the wide ocean secure me from love! O fool! to imagine that aught could subdue A love so well founded, a passion so true! Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine, Poor shepherd, Amynta can never be thine Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain, The moments neglected return not again

Christopher Smart, an unfortunate man of genius, was born 11th April 1722 at Shipbourne near Tunbridge, whither his father had migrated from Durham as steward to Viscount Vane. Through the influence of this nobleman, Christopher procured from the Duchess of Cleveland an allowance of £40 per annum He was admitted to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, in 1739, and elected a Fellow in 1745 At college Smart was remarkable for folly and extravagance, and his distinguished contemporary Gray prophesied truly that the result of his conduct would be a jail or bedlam In 1747 he wrote a comedy called a Trip to Cambridge, or the Grateful Fair, which was acted in Pembroke College Hall No remains of this play have been found, excepting a few songs and a mock-heroic soliloguy containing this

Thus when a barber and a collier fight,
The barber beats the luckless collier white,
The dusty collier heaves his ponderous sack,
And, hig with vengeance, beats the barber black
In comes the brick-dust man, with grime o'erspread,
And beats the collier and the barber red,
Black, red, and white, in various clouds are tossed,
And in the dust they raise the combatants are lost

Having written several pieces for periodicals published by Newbery, Smart became acquainted

with the bookseller's family, and married his stepdaughter, Anna Maria Carnan, in 1753. He now removed to London and endeavoured to subsist by his pen. The notorious 'Sir' John Hill-whose wars with the Royal Society, with Fielding, Garrick, and others, are well known, an apothecary, hackwriter, and scurrilous pamplileteer who closed his life by becoming a quick doctor-having insidiously attacked Smart, the latter replied by a spirited satire entitled The Hilliad Among his various tasks were metrical translations of the Fables of Phredrus and of the Psalms and the parables, with a prose translation of Horace. In 1756 he was one of the conductors of a monthly periodical called The Universal Visiter, and to assist him, Johnson -who sincerely sympathised, as Boswell records, with Smart's unhappy mental crises—contributed In 1763, as previously in 1751, a few essays the poor poet was confined in a madhouse 'He has partly as much exercise,' said Johnson, 'as he used to have, for he digs in the garden deed, before his confinement, he used for exercise to walk to the ale-house, but he was carried back I did not think he ought to be shut up His infirmities were not novious to society insisted on people praying with him-also falling upon his knees and saying his prayers in the street, or in any other unusual place, and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen, and I have no passion for it.' During his confinement, it is said, writing materials were denied him, and Smart used to inscribe his poetical thoughts with charcoal on the walls of Bethlehem Hospital, or with a key on the wainscot Obviously he could not have written down in this way the eighty-four six line stanzas of the Song to David, composed during his saner intervals, the bulk of it presumably composed and carried in the memory Smart was afterwards released from his confinement, but debt and ill-fortune still pursued him committed to the King's Bench prison for debt, and died there, after a short illness, 21st May 1771

The Song to David is every way one of the most remarkable things in English poetry, and not merely, as it might in virtue of its origin and history be called, a 'curiosity of literature' Even if it be not, as D G Rossetti said, 'the only great accomplished poem of the last [i e. the eighteenth] century,' and though we do not quite agree with Mr Gosse in calling it 'a portent of beauty and originality,' it is an amazing burst of devout imagination, in some passages attaining unmistakable splendour of thought and expression, marked by rich imagery, memorable phrasing, and majestic rhy thms Professor Palgrave and Mr Stopford Brooke are equally warm in commendation of the poem Browning praised it in his Parleyings, and says it 'stations Smart on either hand with Milton and with Keats' There are evident traces in it of want of mental balance, but it is amazing to know that though it was printed by Smart in 1763 it was omitted from his collected poems in 1791 as 'exhibiting [only?] too melancholy proof of the estrangement of Smart's mind' Anderson and Chalmers in their collections give large extracts from Smart, but could not find a copy of the Song to quote from It was reprinted in 1819 and 1827, and the whole of it was given in the first edition of this work (1843). It has since then been repeatedly printed, a recent editor being Mr Tutin (1898).

## Song to David

O thon, that sit'st upon a throne,
With harp of high, majestic tone,
To praise the King of kings
And voice of heaven ascending swell,
Which, while its deeper notes excel,
Clear as a clarion rings

To bless each valley, grove, and coast,
And clinrm the cherules to the post
Of gratitude in throngs,
To keep the days on Zion's Mount,
And send the year to his account,
With dances and with songs

O servant of God's holiest charge,
The minister of praise at large,
Which thou may'st now receive,
From thy blest mansion hail and hear,
Trom topmost eminence appear
To this the wreath I weave.

Great, valuant, pious, good, and clean, Sublime, contemplative, serene, Strong, constant, pleasant, wise! Bright effluence of exceeding grace, Best man! the swiftness and the race, The peril and the prize!

Great—from the lustre of his crown,
From Samuel's horn, and God's renown,
Which is the people's voice,
For all the host, from rear to vnn,
Applauded and embraced the man—
The man of God's own choice

Valiant—the word, and up he rose,
The fight—he triumphed o'er the foes
Whom God's just laws abhor,
And, armed in gallant faith, he took
Against the boaster, from the brook,
The weapons of the war

Prous—magnificent and grand,
'Twas he the famous temple planned,
(The seraph in his soul)
Foremost to give the Lord his dues,
Foremost to bless the welcome news,
And foremost to condole.

Good—from Jehudah's genuine vein,
From God's best nature, good in grain,
His aspect and his heart
To pity, to forgive, to save,
Witness En gedi's conscious cave,
And Shimei's blunted dart

Clean—if perpetual prayer be pure,
And love, which could itself inure
To fasting and to fear—
Clean in his gestures, hands, and feet,
To smite the lyre, the dance complete,
To play the sword and spear

Sublime—invention ever young,
Of vast conception, towering tongue,
To God the eternal theme,
Notes from you exaltations caught,
Unrivalled royalty of thought,
O er meaner strains supreme.

Contemplative—on God to fix

His musings, and above the six

The Sabbath day he hlest,

'Twas then his thoughts self-conquest pruned,

And heavenly melancholy tuned,

To bless and bear the rest

Serene—to sow the seeds of peace,
Remembering when he watched the fleece
How sweeth Kidron purled—
To further knowledge, silence vice,
And plant perpetual paradise,
When God had calmed the world.

Strong—in the Lord, who could defy Satan, and all his powers that lie In sempiternal night, And hell, and horror, and despair Were as the lion and the bear To his undaunted might

Constant—in love to God, the Truth, Age, manhood, infancy, and youth—
To Jonathan his friend
Constant hevond the verge of death,
And /iba and Mephibosheth
His endless frime attend.

Pleasant—and various as the year, Man, soul, and angel vithout peer, Priest, champion, sage, and boy, In armour or in ephod elad, His pomp, his piety was glad, Majestie was his joy

Wise—in recovery from his fall,
Whence rose his eminence o'er all,
Of all the most reviled,
The light of Israel in his ways,
Wise are his precepts, prayer, and praise,
And counsel to his child

His muse, hright angel of his verse, Gives balm for all the thorns that pierce, For all the pangs that rage, Blest light, still gaining on the gloom, The more than Michal of his bloom The Abishag of his age.

He sang of God—the mighty source
Of all things—the stupendous force
On which all strength depends,
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period power, and enterprise
Commences, reigns, and ends

Angels—their ministry and meed,
Which to and fro with blessings speed,
Or with their citterns wait,
Where Michael, with his millions, bows,
Where dwells the scraph and his spouse,
The cherub and her mate

Of man—the semblance and effect
Of God and love—the saint elect
For infinite applause—
To rule the land, and briny broad,
To be laborious in his laud,
And heroes in his cause.

The world—the clustering spheres he made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade,
Dale, champing, grove, and hill,
The multitudinous abyss,
Where secreey remains in bliss,
And wisdom hides her skill.

Trees, plants, and flowers—of virtuous root,
Gem yielding blossom, vielding fruit,
Choice gums and precious balm,
Bless ye the nosegry in the vale,
And with the sweetness of the gale
Enrich the thankful psalm

Of fowl-e'en every beak and wing Which cheer the winter, hail the spring, That hive in peace, or prey, They that make music, or that mock, The quail, the brave domestic cock, The raven, swan, and jay

Of fishes—every size and shape,
Which nature frames of light escape,
Devouring man to shun
The shells are in the wealthy deep,
The shoals upon the surface leap,
And love the glaneing sun

Of beasts—the beaver plods his task,
While the sleek tigers roll and bask,
Nor yet the shades aronse,
Her cave the mining concy scoops,
Where o'er the mead the mountain stoops,
The kids exult and browse

Of gems—their virtue and their price, Which, hid in earth from man's device, Their darts of lustre sheath, The jasper of the master's stamp, The topiz blazing like a lamp, Among the mines beneath.

Blest was the tenderness he felt,
When to his graceful harp he knelt,
And did for audience call
When Satan with his hand he quelled,
And in screne suspense he held
The frantie throes of Saul

His furious foes no more maligned As he such melody divined, And sense and soul detained, Now striking strong, now southing soft, He sent the godly sounds aloft, Or in delight refrained. When up to heaven his thoughts he piled, I rom fervent hips fair Michal smiled,
As blush to blush she stood.
And chose herself the queen, and gave
Her utinost from her heart—" so brave,
And plays his hymns so good."

The pillars of the Lord are seven,
Which stand from earth to topmort heaven,
His wisdom drev the plan,
His Word accomplished the design
I rom brightest gem to deepest mine
I rom Christ enthroned to man

O David, scholar of the I ord.
Such is thy science, whence revard,
And infinite degree.
O strength, O sweetness, Jasting ripe.
God sharp thy symbol, and thy type
The hon and the bee.

There is but One who he er rebelled, But One by passion unimpelled
By pleasures unenticed
He from himself his semblance sent,
Grand object of his own content,
And saw the God in Christ

'Tell them, I Am,' Jehovah said
To Moses—while earth heard in dread,
And, snutten to the heart,
At once above—beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replied—'O Lord, Thou Art.'

Sweet is the dew that falls betimes And drops upon the leafy limes. Sweet Hermon's fragrant air. Sweet is the hily soliter bell.

And sweet the wakeful tapers smell. That watch for early priver.

Sweet the young nurse with love intense,
Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence
Sweet when the lost arrive
Sweet the musician's ordour beats
While his vague mind s in quest of speets,
The choicest flowers to have

Sweeter in all the strains of love The language of thy turtle dove Paired to thy swelling chord, Sweeter with every grace endued The glory of thy gratitude Respired unto the Lord

Strong is the horse upon his speed,
Strong in pursuit the ripid glede,
Which makes nt once his game
Strong the tall ostrich on the ground
Strong thro' the turbulent profound
Shoots yiphias to his aum

Strong is the hon—like a coal
His eyeball—like a bastion's mole
His chest against the foes
Strong, the gier-eagle on his sail
Strong against tide th' enormous whale
Emerges as he goes.

But stronger still, in earth and air, And in the sca, the man of prayer, And for beneath the tide, And in the sent to faith as igned, Where asl is have, where seek is find, Where knock is open wide

Clorious the sun in iniderreer, Clorious th' as embled fires appear, Glorious the comet strain Glorious the triumpet and alarm, Glorious th' almighty stretched-out arm, Glorious th' enraptured main

Glorious the northern lights astream, Glorious the son, when God's the there, Glorious the thurders roor Glorious, hosanna from the den, Glorious the entholic amen, Glorious the manyr's gore

Glorious—more glorious—is the crown Of hun that brought salvation down,

He merkness call d the Son,
Thor that stapen lous truth believed,
And no vithe matchies decis achieved
Determined dand, and done.

William Wason (1724-97, the friend and literary executor of Gray, long survived the association which did him so much honour but he had appeared early as a poet. Born at Hull, the un of a clergyman he took his BA from St John's College, Cambridge, in 1745, and was elected 2 Fellow of Pembroke through the influence of Grav, who had been attracted to him by his Maix ? (1747), a lament for Pope in imitation of Lieda To his poem Isis (1748) an attack on the Jacobi is of Oxford, Thomas Warton replied in his In orfa of Isis In 1753 appeared his trageds of Elfric 'written,' as Southey said 'on an artificial model, and in a gorgeous diction, because he thought Shakespeare had precluded all hope of excellen e Vincon's model 725 in any other form of drama the Greek drains and he introduced into his par the classic accompaniment of the chorus A second drama, Caractacus (1759), is of a higher cast than Elfrida sumpler in language, and of more sus tained dignity in scenes situations and character Mason also wrote odes on Inaependence, Memory, Melancholy, and the Fall of Tyranny in which his sonorous diction swells into extravigance and bombast. His longest poetical vorl is his Fri lish Garden, a descriptive poem in four books of blank verse (1772-82) He also indited odes '0 the naval officers of Great Britain, to the Honour able William Pitt, and in commemorition of the Revolution of 1688 Under the name of Malcolm Macgregor, he published in quite another vein An Heroic Epistle to Sir William Clambers, Kright (1773), in which the taste for Chinese pagodas and Eastern bowers is cleverly ridiculed. Gray left him a legacy of £500, together with his books and manuscripts, and Mason in 1775 published his friend's poems with a memoir. In that memoir

he made a greater and more important innovation than he had done in his dramas, instead of presenting the continuous narrative in which the biographer alone is heard, he incorporated the poet's journals and letters in chronological order, thus making the subject of the memoir in some degree his own biographer. This plan was afterwards adopted by Bosv ell in his Life of Johnson Mason became vicar of Aston in Yorkshire in 1754 and Canon of York in 1762. When politics ran high he took an active part on the side of the Whigs, but retained the respect of all parties poetry is lamentably lacking in simplicity, yet at times his rich diction has a fine effect. In his English Garden, though it is verbose and languid as a whole, there are some fine things quoted as 'superlative' from one of the odes

While through the west, where sinks the crimson day, Meek twilight slowly sails, and waves her banoers gray

## Apostrophe to England.

In thy fair domain, Les, my loved Albion' many a glade is found, The liaont of wood-gods only, where if Art E'er dared to tread, twas with unsandalled foot, Printless, as if the place were holy ground And there are scenes where, though she whilom trod, Led by the worst of guides fell Tyranny, And ruthless superstition, we now trace Her footsteps with delight, and pleased revere What once had roused our hatred Put to Time. Not her, the praise is due. Ins gradual touch Has mouldered into beauty many a tower Which, when it frowned with all its battlements, Was only terrible and many a fanc Monastic, which, when decked with all its spires, Served bot to feed some pampered abbot's pride, And two the unlettered vulgar

(From The English Garaen)

#### Snowdon

Mona on Snowdon calls Hear, thoo king of mountains, hear, Hark, she speaks from all her strings Hark, her loudest echo riogs, King of mountains, bend thioe car Send thy spirits, send them soon, Now, when midnight and the moon Meet upon thy front of snow See, their gold and ebon rod, Where the sober sisters nod And greet in whispers sage and slow Snowdon, mark tis magic s hoor Now the muttered spell hath power, Power to rend thy ribs of rock, And burst thy base with thunder's shock But to thee no ruder spell Shall Mona u.e, than those that dwell In music's secret cells and he Steeped in the stream of harmony Sno vilon has heard the strain Hark, amid the wondering grove Other harpings answer clear Other voices meet our ear Piotons flutter, shadows move,

Busy murmurs hum around
Rustling vestments brush the ground,
Round and round, and round they go,
Throogh the twilight, throogh the shade,
Mount the oak's majestic head
And gild the tufted misletoe.
Cease we glittering race of light,
Close your wings, and check your flight,
Here, arranged in order due,
Spread your robes of saffron hue,
For lo' with more than mortal fire,
Mighty Mador smites the lyre
Hark, he sweeps the master strings'
(From Caractaeus)

# Epitaph on his Wife

Take, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear
Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave
To I ristol's fount I bore with trembling care.
Her faded form, she bowed to taste the wave,
And died! Does youth, does beauty, read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine,
Even from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move,
And if so fair, from vanity as free
As firm in friendship and as fond in love

Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die—
Twas e'en to thee—yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God

The last four lines which form a worthy climax to the whole, were added by Gray

George Campbell (1719-96), minister in Aberdeen and Princip il of Marischal College, was a theologian and critic of vigorous intellect and various learning. His Dissertation on Miracles. (1762), written in reply to Hume, vas at the time greatly admired as a masterly piece of reasoning, and his Philosophy of Rhetoric, published in 1776 was praised (unreasonably) as perhaps the best book of the kind since Aristotle but may yet be studied as an acute and well written statement of contemporary critical opinion. Other works were a Translation of the Four Gospels, some sermons, and a series of Lectures on Ecclesiastical History Hume admitted the ingenuity of Campbell's reply to his thesis on the impossibility of proving a miracle Hume's contention was that no testimony for any kind of miracle can ever amount to a probability. much less to a proof. Miracles can only be proved by testimony, and no testimony can be so strong as our own experience of the uniformity of nature Campbell argued that testimony has a natural and original influence on belief, antecedent to expenence and insisted that the earliest assent which is given to testimony by children, and which is previous to all experience is in fact the most un-The improbability of an event may be outweighed by slight direct evidence. His answer was divided into two parts that miracles are capable of proof from testimony religious miracles not less than o hers, and that the miracles on

which the belief of Christianity is founded are sufficiently attested. The following paragraph is characteristic.

I do not hesitate to affirm that our religion has been indebted to the attempts, though not to the intenti ns, They have tried its trength, of its bitterest encinies indeed, and, by trying, they have displayed its strength, and that in so clear a light, as we could never have hoped, without such a trial, to have viewed it in them, therefore, write, let them argue, and when arguments ful, even let them eavil against religion as much as they please. I should be heartily sorry that ever in this island, the asylum of liberty, where the spirit of Christianity is better understood-however defective the inhabitants are in the observance of its precepts—than in any other part of the Christian world, I should, I say, be sorry that in this island so great a dieservice were done to religion as to check its adversaries in any other way than by returning a candid answer to their objections. I must at the same time acknowledge, that I am both ashamed and grieved when I ob erve any friends of religion betray so great a diffidence in the goodnes of their cause—for to this diffidence alone can it be imputed -15 to sliew nn inclination for recurring to more forelble The assaults of infidels, I may venture to prophesy, will never overturn our religion prove not more hurtful to the Christian system, if it be allowed to compare small things with the greate t, than the boisterous winds are said to prove to the sturds They slinke it impetuously for a time, and loudly threaten its subversion, whilst in effect they only some to make it strike its roots the deeper, and stand the finner ever after

Richard Hund (1720-1808), called the Beauty of Holiness' on account of his comcliness and picty, was born at Congreve in Staffordshire, and became a Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in 1742 In 1750 he became a Whitchall preacher, in 1774 Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, and in 1781 of Woicester Among his many works, theological and other, were a Commentary on Horace's 1rs Poetica (1749), Dissertations or Poetry (1755-57), Dialogues on Sincerty (1759), lus most popular book, Letters on Chivalry and Romance (1762), which revived interest in an unfashionable subject, and promoted the tendency towards romanticism in literary taste, Dialogues on Foreign Travel (1764), and An Introduction to the Prophecies (1772) He was long a very conspicuous and 'representative' author, Gibbon knew 'few writers more deserving of the great though prostituted name of the critic,' but he is now rarely cited and more rarely read. A collected edition of his works appeared in eight volumes in 1811, there is a memoir by Kilvert (1860)

Richard Price (1723-91), a Nonconformist dume, published in 1758 A Review of the Principal Questions and Difficulties in Morals, which attracted attention as 'an attempt to revive the intellectual theory of moral obligation, which seemed to have fallen under the attacks of Butler, Hutcheson, and Hume, even before Smith' The son of a minister at Tynton in Glamorgan, Price

it seventeen went to a Dissenting academ, in I ondon, became a preacher at Newington Green ind Hirliney, and established a reputation by but Remero and a worl on the Importance of Chris In 1769 he was made DD by tiamty (1765) Glasjon, and published his Treatise on Rear sionary Payments, the celebrated Northampton Mortality Tables, and other books on finance and political economy. In 1771 appeared his Appeal or the National Debt, in 1776 his Olser alters or Civil Liberty and the War with America, which brought him an invitation from Congress to assist in regulating its finances. He tool an active part in the political questions of the dr, at the time of the I reach Revolution. He was a republican in principle, and was attacked by Burke in his Refer tions or the Revolution In his great ethical treatise, Price, after Cudworth, supports the doc trine that moral distinctions being perceived by reason, or the understanding, are equally ramor ible with all other kinds of truth. Actions are in themselves right or wrong right and vrong are simple ideas incapable of analysis, and are given us by the intintive power of the reason There is a Life of Price b or understanding Morgan (1815) The following extract from the chapter in the Owier at eas on English police towards America, published while the var was in progress, shows how hearty were some of the sup porters the colonists found in the home di 18105 of the Empire, as Price already called the British donunious

Our governor, ever since I can remember, have been jenious that the Colonies, some time or o her, would throw off their dependence. The jealous was not founded on any of their acts or declarations. Ther have always, while at peace with us, disclaimed are such design and they have continued to disclaim it since they have been at war with us. I have re 27 indeed, to believe that independency it, even at the moment, generally dreaded among them as a calmute to which they are in danger of being driven, in order to woul a greater - The jealousy I have menumel vas, however, natural, and betrayed a secret opinio that the subjection in which they were held was more than we could expect them always to endure. In such circumstances, all possible care should have been taken to give them no reason for discontent and to preserve them in subjection, by keeping in that line of conduct to which custom had reconciled them, or at least never deviating from it, except with great caution and particularly, by avoiding all direct attacks on their Had we done this, the property and legislations different interests of so many states scattered over a vast continent, joined to our own prudence and modera tion, would have enabled us to maintain them in dependence for ages to come.—But instead of this how have we acted?—It is in truth too evident that our whole conduct, instead of being directed by that sound policy and foresight which in such circum stances were absolutely necessary, has been nothing (to say the best of it) but a series of the blindest ngour followed by retractation, of violence followed by con cession, of mistake, weakness and inconsistency

A recital of a few facts within everybody's recollection will fully prove this.

In the 6th of George the Second, an act was passed for imposing certain duties on all foreign spirits, molasses and sugars imported into the plantations In this act, the duties imposed are said to be given and granted by the Parliament to the King, and this is the first American act in which these words have been used But notwithstanding this, as the act had the appearance of being only a regulation of trade, the colonies submitted to it, and a small direct revenue was drawn by it from them --- In the 4th of the present reign, many alterations were made in this act, with the declared purpose of making provision for raising a revenue in America. This alarmed the Colonies, and produced discontents and remonstrances, which might have convinced our rulers this vas tender ground, on which it became them to tread very gently -- There is, however, no reason to doubt but in time they would have sunk into a quiet sub mission to this revenue act, as being at worst only the exercise of a power which then they seem not to have thought much of contesting, I mean, the power of taxing them externally -But before they had time to cool, a worse provocation was given them, and This being an attempt the Stamp-Act was passed to tax them internally, and a direct attack on their property, by a power which would not suffer itself to be questioned, which eased itself by lording them, and to which it was impossible to fix any bounds, they were thrown at once, from one end of the continent to the other, into resistance and rage --- Govern ment, dreading the consequences, gave way, and the Parliament (upon a change of ministry) repealed the Stamp Act, without requiring from them any recognition of its anthority, or doing any more to preserve its dignity, than asserting by the declaratory law, that it was possessed of full power and authority to make laws to bind them in all cases whatever --- Upon this peace was restored, and, had no further nttempts of the same kind been made, they would undoubtedly have suffered us (as the people of Ireland have done) to enjoy quietly our declaratory law They would have recovered their former habits of subjection, and our connection with them might have continued an increasing source of our wealth and glory -But the spirit of despotism and marice, always blind and restless, soon broke forth again. The scheme for drawing a revenue from America, by parliamentary taxation, was resumed, and in a little more than a year after the repeal of the Stamp Act, when all was peace, a third act was passed, imposing duties payable in America on ten, paper, glass, painters colours, &c -- This, as might have been expected, revived all the former heats, and the Limpire was a second time threatened vith the most dangerous commotions. --- Government receded again, and the Parliament (under another change of ministra) repealed all the obnoxious duties except that upon tea. This exception was made in order to main ain a shew of dignity. But it was in reality, sacrificing safety to pride and leaving a spinter in the wound to produce a gangrene - For some time, however, this relaxation answered its intended purpose. Our commercial intercourse with the Colonies was again recovered, and they avoided nothing but that tea which we had excepted in our repeal. In this state would things have remained, and even tea would perhaps in time have been graduall, admitted, had not the evil genius of Britain stepped forth once more to embroil the Impire.

The East India Company having fallen under diffi culties, partly in consequence of the loss of the Anierican market for tea, a scheme was formed for assisting them by an attempt to recover that market. With this view an act was passed to enable them to export their ten to America free of all duties here, and subject only to 3d per pound duty, payable in By this expedient they were enabled to offer it at a low price, and it was expected the con sequence would prove that the Colonies would be tempted by it, a precedent gained for taxing them, and at the same time the company relieved were, therefore, fitted out, and large cargoes sent The snare was too gross to escape the notice of the They saw it, and spurned at it refused to admit the tea, and at Boston some persons in disguise buried it in the sea .-- Had our governors in this case satisfied themselves with requiring a compensation from the province for the damage done, there is no doubt but it would have been granted Or had they proceeded no further in the infliction of punishment than stopping up the port and destroying the trade of Boston till compensation was made, the province might possibly liave submitted, and a sufficient saving would have been grined for the honour of the But having hitherto proceeded without wisdom, they observed now no bounds in their resentment the Boston port bill was added a bill which destroyed the chartered government of the province, a bill which withdrew from the jurisdiction of the province persons who in particular cases should commit inorder, and the Quebee bill. At the same time a strong body of troops was stationed at Boston to enforce obedience to these bills

All who knew any thing of the temper of the Colonies can that the effect of this sudden accumulation of vengeance, would probably be not intimiditing but exasperating them, and driving them into a general revolt. But our ministers had different apprehensions. They believed that the malecontents in the Coloni of Massachusetts were a small party headed by a few factious men, that the majority of the people would tall the side of government, as soon as they saw a force among them capable of supporting them, that at worst the Colonies in general would never make a common cause with this province, and that the issue would prove in a few months order, tranquillity and suhmission—Every one of these apprehensions was falsified by the events that followed

When the bills I have mentioned came to be carried into execution, the whole Province was thrown into confusion. Their courts of justice were shut up and all government was dissolved. The commander in chief found at necessary to fortify himself in Loron, and the other Colomes immediately resolved to make a common cause with this Coloms.

Disappointed by these consequences our ministers took fright. Once more they made an effort to retreat but indeed the most ungracious one that can well be imagined. A proposal was sent to the Color is called Conciliators, and the substance of which was that if any of them would raise such some as should be

his imaginations and reflections, attentive, penetrating, and subtle in what relates to his fellow creatures, firm and ardent in his purposes, devoted to friendship or to enmity, jealous of his independence and his honour. which he will not relinquish for safety or for profit, under all his corruptions or improvements, he retains his natural sensibility, if not his force, and his commerce is a blessing or a curse, according to the direction his mind has received. But under the extremes of heat or of cold, the active range of the human soul appears to be limited, and men arc of inferior importance, either as friends or as encines. In the one extreme, they are dull and slow, moderate in their desires, regular and pacific in their manner of life, in the other, they are feverish in their passions, weak in their judgments, and addicted by temperament to animal pleasure. In both, the heart is mercenary, and makes important concessions for childish bribes in both, the spirit is prepared for servitude, in the one, it is subdued by fear of the future, in the other, it is not roused even by its sense of the present

(From the Essay on Carel Society )

David Garrick (1717-79), the greatest of all English actors, was also author of some dramatic pieces. He was a native of Hereford, though his family belonged to Lichfield, where he got most of his schooling, for a few months only he was a pupil of Samuel Johnson at Edial, and with him he came to London in 1737 to push his He entered himself a student of Lin coln's Inn, but receiving a legacy of £1000 from an uncle who had been in the wine-trade in Lisbon, he commenced business, in partnership with an elder brother, as wine-merchant of London and Lichfield A passion for the stage led him into a new life. In 1741 he appeared at Ipswich in Southerne's Oroonoko, in the same year his success as Richard III in London was immense. His merits quickly raised him to the head of his profession, the traditional formality disappeared before the perfect naturalness of the new actor, great alike in tragedy, comedy, and farce. As the manager of Drury Lane Theatre for a long course of years (1747-76), he bunished from the stage-or reconstructed -many plays of vulgar and immoral type, and his personal character, though marked by vanity and other foibles, gave a dignity and respectability to the profession of an actor author he was more lively and various than imposing or original. He wrote some epigrams, and even ventured on an ode or two, his forty dramatic pieces many of them adaptations, are of no great importance, indeed, but some of his many prologues and epilogues, to other people's plays as well as his own, are admirable. 'A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind' comes from Garrick's last prologue, and not from Shakespeare, though it is doubtless based on 'A touch of nature makes the whole world kin' in its usual acceptation, the credit of Garrick's line is often given to Byron who quotes it in English Bards with 'one' changed to 'us' 'The

Devil's sooner raised than laid' is from Garrick's prologue to the School for Scandal His best-known ode is that 'upon dedicating a Building and erecting a Statue to Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon,' his best song that called 'Peggy,' and addressed to Peg Woffington, and his most famous prologue that spoken by him on occasion of his last performance in 1776, when he played the part of Don Felix in Mrs Centlivre's play, A Wonder (see above at page 96)

# An Occasional Prologue

A Veteran see! whose last act on the stage Intreats your smiles for sickness and for age, Their cause I plead, plead it in heart and mind, A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind!



DAVID GARRICK
From the Portrait by R. E. Pine in the National Portrait Gallery

Might we but hope your zeal would not be less When I am gone, to patronize distress, That hope obtain'd the wish'd for end secures, To soothe their cares, who oft have lighten'd yours

Shall the great heroes of celestial line, Who drank full bowls of Greek and Roman wine, Cæsar and Brutus, Agamemnon, Hector, Nay, Jove lumself, who here has quaff'd his nectar ! Shall they, who govern d fortune, eringe and court her, Thirst in their age, and call in vain for porter? Like Belisarius, tax the pitying street, With 'date obolium,' to all they meet? Shan't I who oft have drench d my hands in gore, Stabb'd many, porson'd some beheaded more, Who numbers slew in battle on this plain, Shan't I, the slaver, try to feed the slain? Brother to all, with equal love I view The men who slew me, and the men I slew I must, I will, this happy project seize, That those too old and weak may live with ease.

Char I on mean, sir, they prove the object a trifle.

Sery Why, you pert jade, do you play on my words?

I say Sir Luke is——

Char Nobody

Sery Nobody! how the deuce do you make that out? He is neither a person attainted nor outlawed, may in any of his majesty's courts sue or be sued, appear by attorney or in propriâ persona, can acquire, buy, procure, purchase, possess, and inherit, not only per sonalities, such as goods and chattels, but even realities, as all lands, tenements, and hereditaments, whatsoever and wheresoever

Char Bnt, sir-

Sery Nay further, child, he may sell, give, bestow, bequeath, devise, demise, lease, or to farm let, ditto lands, to any person whomsoever—and——

Char Without doubt, sir, but there are, notwith standing, in this town a great number of nobodies, not described by Lord Coke.

Sir Lune Limp (who has entered and joined in the conversation, reads a card presented b; a servant) 'Sir Gregory Goose desires the honour of Sir Luke Limp's company to dine. An answer is desired' Gadso' a little unlucky, I have been engaged for these three weeks.

Sery What I find Sir Gregory is returned for the corporation of Fleecem.

Sir Luke Is he so? Oh, oh! that alters the case. George, give my compliments to Sir Gregory, and I'll certainly come and dine there. Order Joe to run to Alderman Inkles in Threadneedle Street, sorry can t wait upon him, but confined to bed two days with the new influenza.

[Exit Servant

Char You make light, Sir Linke, of these sort of engagements.

Sir Lule What can a man do? These fellows—when one has the misfortune to meet them—take scandalous advantage when will you do me the honour, pray, Sir Luke, to take a hit of mutton with me? Do you name the day? They are as bad as a beggar who attacks your coach at the mounting of a hill, there is no getting rid of them without a penny to one, and a promise to t'other

Sery True, and then for such a time too—three weeks!

I wonder they expect folks to remember. It is like a retainer in Michaelmas term for the summer assizes.

Str Luke Not but upon these occasions no man in England is more punctual than——

[Enter Servant with letter

From whom?

Serv Earl of Brentford. The servant waits for an answer

Str Luke Answer! By your leave, Mr Serjeant and Charlotte. [Reads] 'Taste for music—Mons. Duport—fail—dinner upon table at five' Gadso! I hope Str Gregory's servant an't gone.

Sera Immediately upon receiving the answer

Sir Luke Run after him as fast as you can—tell him quite in despair—recollect an engagement that can't in nature be missed, and return in an instant. [Exit Servaul

Char You see, sir, the I night must give way for my

Str Lule No, faith, it is not that, my dear Charlotte, you saw that was quite an extempore business. No, hang it, no, it is not for the title, but, to tell you the truth, Brentford has more wit than any man in the world it is that makes me fond of his house.

Char By the choice of his company he gives an unanswerable instance of that

Sir Luke You are right, my dear girl But now to give you a proof of his wit, you know Brentford's finances are a little out of repair, which procures him some visits that he would very gladly excuse.

Sery What need he fear? His person is sacred, for by the tenth of William and Mary—

Sir Luke He knows that well enough, but for all that-

Sery Indeed, by a late act of his own house—which does them infinite honour—his goods or chattels may

Sir Luke Seized upon when they can find them, hut he lives in ready furnished lodgings, and lires his coach by the month

Sery Nay, if the sheriff return 'non inventus.'

Sir Luke A plague o' your law, you make me lose sight of my story. One morning a Welsh coachinaler came with his bill to my lord, whose name was unluckily Lloyd. My lord had the man up. You are called, I think, Mr Lloyd? At your lordships service, my lord. What, Lloyd with an L. It was with an L, indeed, my lord. Because in your part of the world I have heard that Lloyd and Flloyd were synonymous, the very same names. Very often indeed, my lord. But you always spell yours with an L? Always. That, Mr Lloyd, is a little unlucky, for you must know I am now paying my dehts alphabetically, and in four or five years you might have come in with an F, but I am afraid I can give you no hopes for your L. Ha, ha, ha!

Servant (entering) There was no overtaking the servant

Sir Luke That is unlucky tell my lord I il attend him. I'll call on Sir Gregory myself [Exit Servant Ser] Why, you won't leave us, Sir Luke?

Sir Luke Pardon, dear Serjeant and Charlotte, have a thousand things to do for half a million of people, post tively, promised to procure a husband for Lady Cicely Sulky, and match a coach horse for Brigadier Whip, after that, must run into the city to borrow a thousand for young At all at Almack's, send a Cheshire cheese by the stage to Sir Timothy Tankard in Suffolk, and get at the Heralds' Office a coat of arms to clap on the coach of Billy Bengal, a nabob newly arrived, so you see I have not a moment to lose.

Sery True, true.

Sir Luke At your toilet to morrow you may——
[Servant, entering abruptly, runs against Sir Luke]
Can't you see where you are running, you rascal?

Serv Sir, his grace the Duke of-

Sir Luke Grace! Where is he? Where-

Serv In his coach at the door If you an't better engaged, would be glad of your company to go into the city, and take a dinner at Dolly's

Sir Luke In his own coach, did you say?

Serv Yes, sir

Sir Luke With the coronets-or-

Serv I believe so

Sir Luke There's no resisting of that Bid Joe run to Sir Gregory Goose's.

Serv He is already gone to Alderman Inkle's

Sir Luke Then do you step to the knight—liey!—no—you must go to my lord's—hold, hold, no—I have it—step first to Sir Greg's, then pop in at Lord Brentford's just as the company are going to dinner

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Serv What shall I say to Sir Gregory?
Sir Luke Anything—what I told you before

Serv And what to my lord?

Str Ltike What !—Why, tell him that my uncle from Epsom—no—that won't do, for he knows I don't care a farthing for him—hey! Why, tell him—hold, I have it Tell him that as I was going into my chair to obey his commands, I was arrested by a couple of bailiffs, forced into a hackney coach, and carried into the Pied Bull in the Borough, I beg ten thousand pardons for making his grace wait, but his grace knows my misfor——

[Exeunt Sir Luke and Servant

Char Well, sir, what d'ye think of the proofs? I flatter myself I have pretty well established my case

Sery Why, hussy, you have hit upon points, but then they are but trifling flaws, they don't vitiate the title, that stands unimpeached.

There are Lives of Foote by William Cool e and by John Bee, prefixed to editions of his works (1805 and 1830) Forster s Litays and most of the books dealing with the stage in his time discuss Foote.

Christopher Anstey (1724–1805) was author of the New Bath Guide, a light satirical and humorous poem, which set an example often since followed with success Smollett, in his Humphry Clinker, published five years later, might be almost said to have given us part of the New Bath Guide in prose. Many of the characters and situations are exactly the same as those of Anstey The poem is pitched mainly in conversational tone, and is easy, sportive, and entertaining, its swinging rhythms and varying rhymes seem hardly less modern than the Ingoldsby Legends, of which the modern reader is instinctively reminded The fashionable Fribbles of the day, the chat, scandal, and amusements, and the cant of some sectarians, are depicted with force and liveliness, if not without a touch of Anstey was son of the Rev Anstey, rector of Brinkley in Cambridgeshire, who possessed a landed property the poet afterwards inherited He was educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge, and in both places he distinguished himself as a classical scholar graduated BA in 1746, but in consequence of his refusal to deliver certain declamations, Anstey quarrelled with the heads of the university, and was denied the master's degree. In the epilogue to the New Bath Guide he alludes to this circumstance

Granta, sweet Granta, where studious of ease, Seven years did I sleep, and then lost my degrees.

In 1756 he married the sister of his friend John Calvert of Albury Hall, in Hertfordshire, through whose influence he was returned to Parliament for the borough of Hertford. He was a frequent resident in Bath, and a favourite in the fashionable and literary coteries of the place. In 1766 was published his famous jett d'esprit, a letter in a variety of rhymcs, in which the fun is more noticeable than the poetry. He wrote various other pieces, but while the New Bath Guide was 'the only thing in fashion,' and relished for

its novel and original kind of humour, the other productions of Anstey—including clegies, occasional pieces, a Pindaric ode on prize fighting, as well as a Latin version of Gray's Elegy—were neglected by the public, and have never been revived. On his paternal estate the poet was independent of a literary income, and he cheerfully took part in the sports of the field up to his eightieth year.

#### The Public Breakfast

Now my lord had the honour of coming down post, To pay his respects to so famous a toast, In hopes he her ladyship's favour might win, By playing the part of a host at an inn I'm sure lic's a person of great resolution, Though delicate nerves, and a weak constitution, For he carried us all to a place 'cross the nver, And youed that the rooms were too hot for his liver He said it would greatly our pleasure promote, If we all for Spring Gardens set out in a boat I never as yet could his reason explain, Why we all sallied forth in the wind and the rain, For sure such confusion was never yet known, Here a cap and a hat, there a cardinal blown While his lordship, embroidered and powdered all o'a, Was bowing, and handing the ladies ashore How the Misses did huddle, and scuddle, and run, One would think to be wet must be very good fun, For by waggling their tails, they all seemed to take pains

To moisten their pinions like ducks when it rains, And 'twas pretty to see how, like birds of a feather, The people of quality flocked all together, All pressing, addressing, caressing, and fond, Just the same as these animals are in a pond You've read all their names in the news, I suppose, But, for fear you have not, take the list as it goes,

There was Lady Greasewister, And Madain Van Twister, Her ladyship's sister Lord Crum, and Lord Vulter, Sir Brandish O'Culter, With Marshal Carouzer, And old Lady Mouzer,

And the great Hanoverian Baron Panzmowzer
Besides many others who all in the rain went, to
On purpose to honour this great entertainment
The company made a most brilliant appearant
And ate bread and butter with great persever
All the chocolate too, that my lord set before
The ladies despatched with the utmost decont
Soft musical numbers were heard all around, to
The horns and the clarious echoing sound

Sweet were the strains, as odorous gales though blow
O'er fragrant banks, where pinks and rose
The peer was quite ravished, while close to least Lady Bunbutter, in beautiful pride!
Off turning his eyes, he with impure surveyed
All the powerful charms she so nobly displayed
As when at the feast of the great Alexander,
Timotheus, the musical son of Thersander,
Breathed heavenly measures

The prince was in puin, And could not contain, While Thus was sitting beside him, But, before all his peers,
Was for sbaking the spheres,
Snch goods the kind gods did provide him
Grew bolder and bolder,
And cocked up his shoulder,
Like the son of great Jupiter Ammon,
Till at length, quite opprest,
He sunk on her breast,

And lay there, as dead as a salmon Oh! had I a voice that was stronger than steel With twice fifty tongues to express what I feel, And as many good months, yet I never could utter All the speeches my lord made to Lady Bunbutter! So polite all the time, that he ne'er tonehed a bit, While she are up his rolls and applanded his wit For they tell me that men of true taste, when they treat, Should talk a great deal, but they never should eat And if that be the fashion, I never will give Any grand entertainment as long as I live For I'm of opinion, 'tis proper to cheer The stomach and bowels as well as the ear Nor me did the charming concerto of Abel Regale like the breakfast I saw on the table I freely will own I the mussins preserred To all the genteel conversation I heard E'en though I'd the honour of sitting between My Lady Stuff damask and Peggy Moreen, Who both flew to Bath in the nightly machine. Cries Peggy 'This place is enchantingly pretty, We never can see such a thing in the city You may spend all your lifetime in Cateaton Street, And never so civil a gentleman meet, [through, You may talk what you please, you may search London You may go to Carlisles, and to Almaek's too, And I'll give you my head if you find such a host, For coffee, tea, chocolate, butter, and toast How he welcomes at once all the world and his wife, And how civil to folk he ne'er saw in his life " 'These horns,' cries my lady, 'so tickle one's car, Lard I what would I give that Sir Simon was here! To the next public breakfast Sir Simon shall go, For I find here are folks one may venture to know Sir Simon would gladly his lordship attend, And my lord would be pleased with so cheerful a friend '

So when we had wasted more bread at a breakfast Than the poor of our parish have ate for this week past, I saw, all at once, a prodigious great throng Come bustling, and rustling, and jostling along, For his lordship was pleased that the company now To my Lady Bunbutter should curtsy and bow, And my lady was pleased too, and seemed vastly proud At once to receive all the thanks of a crowd And when, like Chaldeans, we all had adored This beautiful image set up by my lord, Some few insignificant folk went away, Inst to follow the employments and calls of the day, But those who knew better their time how to spend, The fiddling and dancing all chose to attend Miss Clunch and Sir Toby performed a cotillion, Just the same as onr Susan and Bob the postilion, All the while her mamma was expressing her joy, That her daughter the morning so well could employ Now, why should the Muse, my dear mother, relate The misfortnnes that fall to the lot of the great? As homeward we came-'tis with sorrow you'll hear What a dreadful disaster attended the peer,

For whether some envious god had decreed
That a Naiad should long to ennoble the breed,
Or whether his lordship was charmed to behold
His face in the stream, like Narcissus of old,
In handing old Lady B—— and daughter,
This obsequious lord tumbled into the water,
But a nymph of the flood brought him safe to the boat,
And I left all the ladies a cleaning his coat.

Lord Monboddo (1714-99), a Scottish judge and author whose eccentricity has been extravagantly emphasised at the expense of his singular acuteness, learning, and independence, was born at Monboddo House in Fordoun parish, Kincardine, and educated at Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Groningen, called to the Bar in 1737, and in 1767 raised to the Scottish Bench, when his own name, James Burnett, was superseded by the title of Lord Monboddo From his college days he was an enthusiastic student of Greek, and throughout life remained a worshipper of Homer and of Greek philosophy He despised Locke and suspected Hume, took little interest in Newton's system, and admired Shaftesbury and other moderns in so far as they were inspired with the classical spirit. He was a really learned civilian, distinguished himself in the famous Douglas cause, and was a highly respected judge. But it is not as lawyer, nor yet as author of the Essay on the Origin and Progress of Language (6 vols 1773-92) and Antient Metaphysics (6 vols 1779-99), that he is remembered, his character in his lifetime and his memory since his death have been mainly those of an eccentric whose perversity verged on unsoundness of mind, whose preposterous paradoxes were to be greeted with ridicule rather than with amazement or compassion. He was wholly impervious alike to contempt and ridicule. The theory which provoked so much mirth was an anthropological theory of which he was not the originator, and which had a good deal in common with the views which provoked such bitter opposition in Darwin's lifetime, but have now triumphed in the world and even, it would seem, in the Church Disregarding entirely the scriptural story of Eden and the fall of man, Monboddo accepted the theory expounded by Lucretius and taken for granted by Horace, that man was originally a very degraded animal, without ideas, without language, without social impulses or arrangement, and only slowly rose to successive stages of civilisation and culture by pressure of necessity—the need of food, of self-defence, of amusement, and other inevitable conditions ransacked not merely Diodorus Siculus and the ancients, but Americus Vespucius and Garcilaso de la Vega, Bougainville, Bell of Antermony, and all manner of modern travellers for tales of savage peoples and their ways, and he diligently questioned, personally or by letter, gentlemen who had been Jesuit missionaries in Canada, had held posts in India, or had been residents in Florida. His stories of cannibalism are gruesome, of twentyeight British men eaten by Indians, allies of the

French, in spite of Montcalm's earnest request to be allowed to substitute a beeve for each man, the Indians, his Jesuit friend told him, said 'they were not such fools as to prefer beeves to And there are places in Africa Englishmen' where human flesh is exposed in the market like beef or mutton Deaf mutism is a valuable proof of original human speechlessness. The wild boy of Hanover is discussed, and Monboddo made a journey expressly to catechise the wild French girl of Champagne, her neighbours, and the abbess under whose charge she was put (Monboddo spoke French with fluency since his three years' stay in Groningen) The thing that specially caused judicious friends to grieve and the enemy to blaspheme was Monboddo's calmly arguing that the orang utans of Angola are undeveloped speci mens of the human species, and that a race of men had been visited in 1647 by an apparently reliable Swedish skipper (he wrote to Linnæus for particulars about him) who had long hairy tails and were, apparently, speechless In spite of his veneration for antiquity, Monboddo's anthropological method of studying the growth of civilisation, not by deductions from Genesis and ethical theory, but by studying authentic savage races, their ways and languages, was in his own time sufficiently rare, and we cannot but regret that he did not live to execute A History of Man, which he had long in contemplation course many ridiculous and entirely apocryphal additions were made to Monboddo's thesis-as that the tails had got worn off by much sitting, his statements were parodied and his arguments utterly misrepresented—as by Boswell and Johnson Monboddo returned Johnson's dislike with hearty contempt charged Johnson with being unable to read Greek texts, asseverated that he was neither a scholar nor a man of taste, and said that dictionary making, however necessary an occupation, required neither genius nor learning of Monboddo's jokes were misunderstood he was said to have carried his reverence for antiquity so far that, finding carriages were not in use among the ancients, he never would enter one, but till he was upwards of eighty made his annual Journey to London on horseback, it was, he said, a degradation of the genuine dignity of human nature to be dragged at the tail of a horse instead of mounting upon his back.

The anthropological discussions, it should be added, are almost wholly confined to the first volume of the *Essay*, the rest is taken up with discussions not unlike those in Harris's *Herrics*, the sixth volume deals with rhetoric. *Antient Metaphysics* is, of course, a plea in favour of Greek philosophy against all modern systems whatsoever Monboddo, as we have seen, bridges over the gulf between men and animals in two ways—both by recognising anthropoid apes (the seven-foot high ones would seem to be gorillas) as undeveloped human beings, and, on the other hand, by proving

that there are unmistakably men who have longish tails and other undesirable peculiarities generally accounted bestial. The extracts are both from the first volume of the Essay

It is a clear case that we do not speak in that state which of all others best deserves the appellation of natural, I mean when we are born, nor for a considerable time after, and even then we learn but slowly, and with a great deal of labour and difficulty About the same time also we begin to form ideas. But the same answer, I know, is made to serve for both, namely, that our minds as well as our bodily organs are then weak, and therefore are unable to perform several of their natural functions, but as soon as they become strong and confirmed by age, then we both think and speak. That this is not true with respect to thinking I have already endeavoured to show, and with respect to speaking, I say, in the first place, that of all those savages which have been caught in different parts of Europe, not one had the use of speech, though they had all the organs of pronunciation such as we have them, and the understanding of a man, at least as much as was possible, when it is considered that their minds were not culti vated by any kind of conversation or intercourse with their own species, nor had they come the length, according to my hypothesis, of forming ideas, or thinl ing at all. One of these was catched in the woods of Hanover as late as the reign of George I, and for any thing I know is yet alive, at least I am sure he was so some years ago. He was a man in mind as well as body, as I have been informed by a person who lived for a considerable time in the neighbourhood of a farmer's house where he was kept, and had an oppor tunity of seeing him almost every day, not an idiot, as he has been represented by some who cannot make allowance for the difference that education makes upon men's minds, yet he was not only mute when first eaught, but he never learned to speak, though at the time the gentleman from whom I have my information saw him, he had been above thirty years in England

Further, not only solitary savages, but a whole nation, if I may call them so, have been found without the use This is the case of the Ouran Outangs that are found in the kingdom of Angola in Africa, and in several parts of Asia. They are exactly of the human form, walking erect, not upon all four, like the savages that have been found in Europe, they use sticks for weapons, they live in society, they make huts of branches of trees, and they carry off negroe girls, whom they make slaves of These facts are related of them by Mons. Buffon in his natural history, and I was further told by a gentleman who had been in Angola, that there were some of them seven feet high, and that the negroes were extremely afraid of them, for when they did any mischief to the Ouran Outang, they were sure to be heartily cudgelled when they were catched But though from the particulars above mentioned it appears certain that they are of our species, and though they have made some progress in the arts of life, they have not come the length of language, and accordingly none of them that have been brought to Europe could speak, and what seems strange, never learned to speak I myself saw at Paris one of them, whose skin was stuffed, standing upon a shelf in the king's cabinet of natural curiosities. He

had exactly the shape and features of a man, and particularly I was informed, that he had organs of pronunciation as perfect as we have. He had several years at Versailles, and died by drinking spirits. He had as much of the understanding of a man as could be expected from his education, and performed many little offices to the lady with whom he lived, but never learned to speal. I was well informed too, of one of them be longing to a French gentleman in India, who used to go to mark et for him, but was likewise minte.

He follows up this by discussing the difficulty Frenchmen and Huron Indians have in learning to utter some sounds of the English language, and detailing the information he had himself obtained from the Abbé de l'Epce and Mr Braidwood, by cross-examining them as to the pains they had to get deaf people to articulate. Next we have his travellers' tales, ancient and modern, of tribes of men living in what he regards as the natural state, 'without arts or civility,' and behaving in almost all respects like mere brutes. Then comes his crucial instance

Before I conclude this article of travels, I will quote one traveller more, who is very little known, though he reports a very extraordinary fact concerning our species, and which well deserves the attention of naturalists. His name is Keoping, a Swede by birth, who, in the year 1647, went to the East Indies, and there served aboard a Dutch ship of force, belonging to the Dutch East India company, in quality of lieutenant In sailing through those seas they had occasion to come npon the coast of an island in the gulf of Bengal called Nicobar, where they saw men with tails like those of cats, and which they moved in the same manner. They came in canoes alongside of the ship, with an intention to trade with them, and to give them parrots in exchange for iron, which they wanted very much. Several of them came aboard the slup, and many more would have come, but the Dntch were afruid of being overpowered by their numbers, and therefore they fired their great guns, and frightened them away The next day they sent ashore a boat with five men, but they not having returned the following night, the day after the captain sent a larger boat ashore with more liands, and two pieces of cannon When they landed, the men with the tails came about them in great numbers, but by firing their cannon they chased them away but found only the bones of their companions, who had been devoured by the savages, and the boat in which they bad landed they found taken to pieces, and the iron of it carried away

The author who relates this is, as I am well informed, an anthor of very good credit. He writes in a simple plain manner, not life a man who intended to impose a lie upon the world, merely for the silly pleasure of making people stare, and if it be a lie (for it cannot be a mistal e), it is the only lie in his book, for every thing else that he has related of animals and vegetables has been found to be true. I am sensible, however, that those who believe that men are, and always have been, the same in all ages and nations of the world, and such as we see them in Europe, will think this story quite mcredible, but for my own part I am convinced, that we have not yet discovered all the variety of nature, not even in our own species, and the most incredible thing, in my

apprehension, that could be told, even if there were no facts to contradict it, would be, that all the men in the different parts of the earth were the same in size, figure, shape, and colour. I am therefore disposed to believe, upon credible evidence, that there are still greater varieties in our species than what is mentioned by this traveller for that there are men with tails, such as the antients gave to their satyrs, is a fact so well attested that I think it cannot be doubted. But our Swedish traveller, so far as I know, is the only one who speaks of tails of sncb length as those of the inhabitants of Aicobar.

That these animals were men, as they traffieled, and used the art of navigation, I think cannot be denied appears that they herded together, and lived in some kind of society, but whether they had the use of lan guage or not, does not appear from our author's relation and I should incline to think that they had not, and that in this respect they resembled the Ouran Outangs, though in other respects they appeared to be farther advanced in the arts of life, for I do not think that any traveller has said that the Ouran Outings practised navigation or They live, however, in society, act together commerce in concert, particularly in attacking elephants, build huts, and no doubt practise other arts, both for sustenance and defence, so that they may be reckoned to be in the first stage of the human progression, being associated, and practising certain arts of life, but not so far advanced as to have invented the great art of language, to which I think the inhabitants of Nicobar must have approached nearer (if they have not already found it out), as they are so much farther advanced in other arts

This he fortifies by a long and elaborate note to the following effect

The story is told in the 6th volume of Linnaus's Amanitates academica, in an academical oration of one Hoppius, a scholar, as I suppose, of Linneus, who relates the story upon the credit of this keoping, with several more circumstances than I have mentioned As I knew nothing then of any other author who had spoken of men with tails, I thought the fact extraordinary, and was not disposed to believe it without knowing who this Keoping was, and what credit he deserved. I therefore wrote to Linnæus, inquiring about him, and desiring to know where his book was to be found He returned me a very polite answer, informing me that the book was lately reprinted at Stoel holm, 1743, apud Salvium, that the anthor was 'natione Suecus, secutus naves Belgicas per plures annos, imprimis ad insulas Indiæ Orientalis Incepit iter 1647 Erat Lieutenant navalis rei Habet multa de animalibus et plantis sparsa, simpliei stylo, sed omnia reliqua quæ retulit de his, simplicitate et fide summa recenset, quorum omnia reliqua hodie notissima ct confirmata.'

Upon this information I got the book from Stock holm. It is in the Swedish language, which I do not understand, but that passage of it having been translated to me by a Swedish gentleman, I found it to agree exactly with the story told by Hoppius. And the gentleman, who was very well acquainted with the book, confirmed what Linnæus says, of its being written in a plain and simple style, bearing intrinsic marks of truth

As this is a matter of great curiosity, I will subjoin what Linneus further says in his letter to me. [And he adds six other cases of tailed men reported by Linneus.]

Richard Jago (1715–81), son of a Warwickshire rector, was a servitor at University College, Oxford (where Shenstone, then a commoner, was his intimate friend), and became vicar of Snitterfield near Stratford-on-Avon. He wrote an elegy on The Blackbirds (1753), Edgehill, or the Rural Prospect Delineated and Moralised (1767), Labour and Genius, or the Mill-Stream and the Cascade, a Fable (1768), Adam, an oratorio (mainly from Paradise Lost), and other poetical pieces, all collected and published in one volume in 1784.

#### Absence

With leaden foot Time creeps along,
While Delia is away,
With her, nor plaintive was the song,
Nor tedious was the day
Ah! envious power, reverse my doom,
Now double thy career,
Strain every nerve, stretch every plume,

And rest them when she's here

Thomas Blacklock (1721-91), the blind poet, attracted sympathy and interest, but, though he was an amiable and excellent man, his verse is almost wholly tame, languid, and commonplace. The son of a Cumberland bricklayer who had settled at Annan in Dumfriesshire, he completely lost his sight by smallpox when only six months old, but his worthy father, assisted by neighbours, aniused his solitary boyhood by reading to him, and before he was twenty he was familiar with Spenser, Milton, Pope, Addison, Thomson, and Allan Ramsay, from whom he largely derived his images and impressions of nature and natural objects His father was accidentally killed when the studious youth was about nineteen, but Dr Stevenson, an Edinburgh physician, having seen some of his attempts at erse, brought their blind author to the Scottish capital, where he was enrolled as a student of divinity ln 1746 he published a volume of his poems, which was reprinted with additions in 1754 and 1756 licensed in 1759, and in 1762 was by the Earl of Selkirk nominated minister of Kirkcudbright. But the parishioners were opposed both to Church patronage in the abstract and to this exercise of it in favour of a blind man, and the poet relinquished the appointment for an annuity He now resided in Edinburgh, and took in boarders, but suffered from depression of spirits, supposing that his powers were failing him, his generous ardour in 1786 on behalf of Burns showed no diminution of taste or sensibility He published some sermons and theological treatises, and an article on Blindness for the Encyclopædia Britannica

Terrors of a Guilty Conscience
Cursed with unnumbered groundless fears,
How pale you shivering wretch appears!
For him the daylight shines in vain,
For him the fields no joys contain,
Nature's whole charms to him are lost,
No more the woods their music boast,

No more the meads their vernal bloom, No more the gales their rich perfume Impending mists deform the sky, And beanty withers in his eye. In hopes his terror to elnde, By day he mingles with the crowd, Yet finds his soul to fears a prey, In bnsy crowds and open day If night his lonely walks surprise, What horrid visions round him rise! The blasted oak which meets his way, Shewn by the meteor's sudden ray, The midnight mnrderer's lone retreat Felt heaven's avengeful bolt of late, The clashing chain, the groan profound, Loud from you ruined tower resound, And now the spot he seems to tread, Where some self slaughtered corse was laid, He feels fixed earth beneath him bend, Deep murmurs from her caves ascend, Till all his soul, by fancy swayed, Sees livid phantoms crowd the shade

Ode to Aurora on Melissa's Birthday
Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy fingered morn,
Emerge, in purest dress arrayed,
And chase from heaven night's envious shade,
That I once more may pleased survey,
And hail Melissa's natal day

Of time and nature eldest born, Emerge, thou rosy fingered morn, In order at the eastern gate The bours to draw thy chariot wait, Whilst Zepliyr on his balmy wings, Mild nature's fragrant tribute brings, With odours sweet to strew thy way, And grace the bland revolving day

But, as thou lead'st the radiant sphere,
That gilds its birth and marks the year,
And as his stronger glories rise,
Diffused around the expanded skies,
Till clothed with beams serenely bright,
All heaven's vast concave flames with light,

So when, through life's protracted day,
Melissa still pursues her way,
Her virtnes with thy splendour vie,
Increasing to the mental eye,
Though less conspicuous, not less dear,
Long may thy Bion's prospect cheer,
So shall his heart no more repine,
Blessed with her rays, though robbed of thine.

Of this ode Henry Mackenzie said it was 'a compliment and tribute of affection to the tender assiduity of an excellent wife, which I have not anywhere seen more happily conceived or more elegantly expressed

Sir William Blackstone (1723-80), a Londoner born, made choice of the law for his profession, entered himself a student of the Middle Temple, and took formal leave of poetry in verses published in Dodsley's Miscellany But though he had forsaken his muse, he still—like Charles Lamb, when he had given up the use of the 'great

plant' tobacco-'loved to live in the suburbs of her graces' Blackstone, who was called to the Bar in 1746, became Vinerian Professor of Law at Oxford, where he delivered the lectures afterwards published as the famous Commentaries on the Laws of England (1765-69) After refusing the Solicitor-Generalship, he was knighted, and died a judge in the Court of Common Pleas The Commentaries that arose out of his lectures as first professor of English law at Oxford (the Civil or Roman law had always been taught) were the first attempt to popularise and systematise the law of Though he had not an original or England independent mind, and was not profoundly versed in either Civil or Common law, he produced an unequalled compendium of what was known on his chosen subject, admirably written in a style always clear and generally dignified, though somewhat Junius attacked him for leaning too much to the side of prerogative, and abiding rather by precedents than by sense and justice, Priestley protested against his statement and defence of the law as against Dissenters, and Bentham later assailed his view on the nature of law in general But the work took, maintained an unique place in English law, and erelong was cited not as a mere statement of the law, but as an original authority. As the standard exposition it was edited and re edited (down to 1840 in England, to 1884 in the United States), and even now modern statements are in part adaptations of Blackstone, who thus sums up the relative merits of an elective and hereditary monarchy

It must be owned, an elective monarchy seems to be the most obvious and best suited of any to the rational principles of government and the freedom of human nature, and accordingly, we find from history that, in the infancy and first rudiments of almost every state, the leader, chief magistrate, or prince hath usually been And if the individuals who compose that state could always continue true to first principles, un influenced by passion or prejudice, unassailed by corrup tion, and unawed by violence, elective succession were as much to be desired in a kingdom as in other inferior The best, the wisest and the bravest communities man would then be sure of receiving that crown which his endowments have merited, and the sense of an unbiassed majority would be dutifully acquiesced in by the few who were of different opinions But history and observation will inform us that elections of every kind, in the present state of human nature, are too frequently brought about by influence, partiality, and artifice, and even where the case is otherwise, these practices will be often suspected, and as constantly charged upon the successful, by a splenetic disappointed This is an evil to which all societies are hable, as well those of a private and domestic kind, as the great community of the public, which regulates and includes the rest. But in the former there is this advan tage, that such suspicions, if false, proceed no further than jealousies and mirmurs, which time will effectually suppress, and, if true, the injustice may be remedied by legal means, by an appeal to those tribunals to which every member of society has (by becoming such) virtu

ally engaged to submit. Whereas, in the great and independent society which every nation composes, there is no superior to resort to but the law of nature, no method to redress the infringements of that law but the actual exertion of private force. As, therefore, between two nations complaining of mutual injuries, the quarrel can only be decided by the law of arms, so in one and the same nation, when the fundamental principles of their common union are supposed to be invaded, and more especially when the appointment of their chief magistrate is alleged to be unduly made, the only tribunal to which the complainants can appeal is that of the God of battles, the only process by which the appeal can be carried on is that of a civil and intestine A hereditary succession to the crown is therefore now established in this and most other countries, in order to prevent that periodical bloodshed and misery which the listory of ancient imperial Rome and the more modern experience of Poland and Germany may show us are the consequences of elective Lingdoms

#### The Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse

As by some tyrant's stern command A wretch forsakes his native land, In foreign climes condemned to roam An endless exile from his home. Pensive he treads the destined way, And dreads to go nor dares to stay Till on some nelglibouring mountain's brow He stops, and turns his eyes below, There, melting at the well known view, Drops a last tear, and bids adien So I, thus doomed from thee to part, Gay queen of finey and of art, Reluctant move, with doubtful mind, Oft stop, and often look behind Companion of my tender age, Serencly gay, and sweetly sage, How blithesome we were wont to rove. By verdant full or shady grove, Where fervent bees, with humming voice, Around the homed oak rejoice, And aged elms with awful bend, In long cathedral walks extend ! I ulled by the lapse of gliding floods, Cheered by the warbling of the woods, How blest my days, my thoughts how free, In sweet society with thee ! Then all was jovous, all was young, And years unheeded rolled along But now the pleasing dream is o'er, These scenes must charm me now no more, Lost to the fields, and torn from you-Farewell '-a long, a last adicu. Me wrangling courts, and stubborn law, To smoke, and crowds, and cities draw There selfish faction rules the day, And pride and avarice throng the way. Diseases taint the murky air, And midnight confingrations glare, Loose Revelry, and Riot bold, In frighted streets their orgies hold, Or, where in silence all is drowned, Fell Mnrder walks his lonely round, No room for peace no room for you, Adieu, celestial nymph, adieu!

Shakspeare, no more, thy sylvan son, Nor all the art of Addison, Pope's heaven strung lyre, nor Waller's ease, Nor Milton's mighty self must please Instead of these, a formal hand In furs and coifs around me stand, With sounds uncouth and accents dry, That grate the soul of harmony, Each pedant sage unlocks his store Of mystic, dark, discordant lore, And points with tottering hand the ways That lead me to the thorny maze There, in a winding close retreat, Is Justice doomed to fix her seat, There, fenced by bulwarks of the law, She keeps the wondering world in awe, And there, from vulgar sight retired, Like Eastern queens, is more admired Oh, let me pierce the secret shade Where dwells the venerable maid ' There humbly mark, with reverent awe, The guardian of Britannia s law, Unfold with joy her sacred page, The united boast of many an age, Where mixed, yet uniform, appears The wisdom of a thousand years In that pure spring the bottom view, Clear, deep, and regularly true, And other doctrines thence imbibe Than lurk within the sorded scribe, Observe how parts with parts unite In one harmonious rule of right, See countless wheels distinctly tend By various laws to one great end, While mighty Alfred's piercing soul Pervades and regulates the whole. Then welcome business, welcome strife. Welcome the cares, the thorns of life. The visage wan, the pore blind sight, The toil by day, the lamp at night, The tedious forms, the solemn prate, The pert dispute, the dull debate, The drowsy bench, the babbling hall, For thee, fair Justice, welcome all ! Thus though my noon of life be past, I et let my setting snn, at last, Find out the still, the rural cell, Where sage retirement loves to dwell! There let me taste the home felt bliss Of innocence and inward peace. Untainted by the guilty bribe, Uncursed amid the harpy tribe, No orphan's cry to wound my ear, My honour and my conscience clear Thus may I calmly meet my end, Thus to the grave in peace descend

Albania was one of two Scottish descriptive poems (*The Clyde* the other) belonging to this period, which were reprinted in 1803 in John Leyden's collection *Albania*, an anonymous work of two hundred and ninety-six lines in blank verse, in praise of Scotland, was published in London in 1737, its author apparently being a Scottish minister who had lately died young Aaron Hill prefixed some highly encomiastic lines

to the editor, but the little volume seems to have remained unnoticed and unknown till 1783, when Dr Beattie, in one of his *Essays on Poetry and Music*, quoted a picturesque passage, praised also by Sir Walter Scott, which describes 'invisible hunting,' a superstition formerly prevalent in the Highlands, and not unknown elsewhere.

#### The Invisible Hunting

E'er since of old the laughty thanes of Ross (So to the simple swain tradition tells) Were wont, with clans and ready vassals thronged, To wake the bounding stag or gulty wolf, There oft is heard at midnight or at noon, Beginning faint, but rising still more loud And nearer, voice of hunters, and of hounds, And horns hoarse winded, blowing far and keen, Forthwith the hubbub multiplies, the gale Labours with wilder shricks, and rifer din Of hot pursuit, the broken ery of deer Mangled by throttling dogs, the shouts of men, And hoofs thick beating on the hollow hill Sudden the grazing heifer in the vale Starts at the noise, and both the herdsman's ears Tingle with inward dread Aghast he eyes The mountain's height, and all the ridges round, Yet not one trace of living wight discerns, Nor knows, o'errwed, and trembling as he stands, To what or v hom he owes his idle fear, To ghost, to witch, to fair, or to fiend, But wonders, and no end of wondering finds.

John Wilson (1720-89), parish schoolmaster at Lesmahagow and Greenock, was the author of The Clyde, another descriptive poem included by Levden in the same volume with Albania 1767 the magistrates and minister of Greenock, before they admitted Wilson to the superintendence of the grammar school, stipulated that he abandon 'the profine and unprofitable art of poemmaking' ! He complied, burned his unfinished manuscripts, and faithfully kept his word. world probably lost little through the barbarism of the Greenock functionaries For though Wilson had a good command of the heroic couplet, a keen love for scenery, and in the Clyde produced what Leyden called 'the first loco descriptive poem of any merit,' he had none of the originality of the true 'maker'—as will be seen from the challenge The Clyde, which extends to Forth, quoted below to nearly two thousand lines, was published in 1764, along with a 'dramatic sketch,' Earl Douglas, which in its original form Wilson had issued in 1760

Borst not, great Forth, thy broad majestic tide, Beyond the graceful modesty of Clyde, Though famed Mæander, in the poet's dream, Ne'er led through fairer field his wandering stream. Bright wind thy mazy links on Stirling's plain, Which oft departing, still returns again, And wheeling round and round in sportive mood, The nether stream turns back to meet the upper flood Now sunk in shades, now bright in open day, Bright Clyde in simple beauty winds his way

William Wilkie (1721-72), author of The Lipigomad, was a native of Echlin in Dalmeny parish, Linlithgowshire, and sometime minister In 1759 he was elected Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of St He was described as a very absentminded, eccentric person, who wore as many clothes as tradition assigns to the gravedigger in Hamlet on the stage, and who used to lie in bed with two dozen prir of blankets above him According to David Hume, Wilkie's Homeric studies were also conducted on an eccentric The Scottish farmers near Edinburgh method were very much troubled, Hume reported, with wood-pigeons, 'and Wilkie's father planted him often as a scarecrow (an office for which he is well qualified) in the midst of his fields of wheat He carried out his Homer with him, together with a table, and pen and ink, and a great rusty He composed and wrote two or three gun lines, till a flock of pigeons settled in the field, then rose up, ran towards them, and fired at them, returned again to his former station, and added a rhyme or two more, till he met with a fresh interruption? The Lpigoniad, a Poem in nine Books, published in 1757, deals with the fortunes of the Epigoni, the sons of the seven heroes who led the expedition against Thebes, it was founded on part of the fourth book of the Iliad, and in style modelled on Popc's Homer Though marvellously popular in Scotland, it had few readers in England. A somewhat depreciatory notice of it in the Critical Review drew forth a long reply from David Hume, in which he speaks of its six thousand lines as 'abounding in sublime beauties,' and conceived so thoroughly in the spirit of Homer as 'would almost lead us to imagine that the Scottish bard lind found a lost manuscript of that father of poetry, and had read a faithful translation of it into English? Here obviously (as in Hume's Inudation of Home's Douglas) the warm hearted friend predominated over the philosophical critic, as also when he pronounced the following description of the person and mission of Jealousy to be 'printed in the most splendid colours that poetry affords' It is, how ever, vigorous and ingenious, and as good a speci men as could be offered of the powers of the 'Scottish Homer,' who also published a collection of fables in verse after the manner of Gay-one of them in his native vernacular

# Jealousy

First to her feet the winged shoes she binds. Which tread the air and mount the ripid winds. Aloft they bear her through the ethereil plain, Alove the solid earth and liquid main. Her arrows next she takes of pointed steel. For sight too small, but terrible to feel. Ron ed by their smart the savige him rour. And mad to combat rish the tasky boars. Of wounds secure—for where their venom bites. What feels their power all oth ritorture shiph contents.

A figured zone, mysteriously designed, Around her waist her yellow robe confined, There dark Suspicion lurked, of sable hue, There linsty Rage his deadly dagger drew, Pale Lavy inly pined, and by her side Outrageous Phrenzy with his chains intied Affronted Pride with thir t of vengeance burned, And Love's excess to deepest littred turned All these the artist's curious hand expressed, The work divine his matchless skill confessed The virgin last around her shoulders flung The bow, and by her side the quiver hung, Then, springing up, her airs course she bends, For Thebes, and lightly o er the tents descends The son of Tydeus, 'midst his bands, she found In arms complete, reposing on the ground And, as he slept, the hero thus addressed, Her form to fancy s waking eve expressed

Richard Gifford (1725-1807), vicar of Duffield in Derbyshire, rector of North Ockendon in Essey and chaplain to the Marquis of Tweeddile, issued anonymously in 1753, through Dodsley, a poem called Contemplation, which attracted the attention of Johnson The last of the stanzas quoted below slightly altered, was quoted by Johnson in his Dictionary to illustrate the word 'wheel,' and was repeated by him to boswell at Narn Southey was grateful to 'the great Cham of litera ture' for preserving the stanza, than which he says 'a sweeter was never composed! Gifford who was the son of a Shropshire clergy man and studied at Balliol, wrote on Kennicott and the True I ife and on Priestley's views on matter and spirit, translated from Domesday and contributed to the Gentleman's Magazine In his Contemplation, he obviously copied or caught his tone and manner from Gray 5 Elegy The poem consists of seventy one stanzas, and opens thus

Dropt is the sable mantle of the night, The early lark salutes the rising day And, while she halls the glad return of light Provol es each bard to join the raptured lay

The music spreads through nature—while the flocks Scatter their silver fleeces o er the mead, The jolly shepherd, 'mid the vocal rocks, Pipes many a strain upon his oaten reed

And sweetest Pharke, she, whose roly cheeks Outglow the blushes of the ruddy morn, All as her cows with engar step she seeks Vies with the tuneful thru hion yonder horn.

Unknown to these each fur Aonian maid. Their bosons glow with Nature's truer fire. Little, we Si ter Nine, they need you at I. Whose artless breas a these living, corresponding re-

Even from the straw roofed to the note of jos Flows full and frequent in the village fair, Whose hall wants the base her is empty. Chanting some rural diets soo her her called

Verse sweeters to I however rule the sum! She feels no bining punk the nikile of min. She had eather the gifty wheet here of Revelops the saffair that of the pro-

# **Tobias George Smollett**

was by birth a gentleman and by training a doctor, he was something of a poet, and produced a superficial history, but as a novelist he is memorable. He was born at Dalquhurn House, near Renton in Dunibartonshire, and baptised on the 19th of March 1721. His father, a younger son of Sir James Smollett of Bonhill, judge and Scottish M.P., having died early, the poet was

educated by his grandfather After the usual course of study at the grammar school of Dumbarton and the University of Glasgow, Tobias apprenticed to a medical prac titioner in Glas gow His appren ticeship expired, the young and sanguine adven turer proceeded to London, his chief dependence being n tragedy, The Regicide, on the assassination of lames I of Scotland Foiled in his efforts to get it brought out at the theatres, he became surgeon's mate on board eighty - gun ship, and was pre sent at the disasexpedition trous against Cartha gena described in

Roderick Random He left the navy, and fell in love in Jamaica, and by 1744 was practising medicine in London In 1746 and 1747 he published two short satires, Advice and Reproof, and in 1748 he gave to the world his novel of Roderick Random Peregrine Pickle appeared three years afterwards, and made even a greater hit Smollett failed as a physician in London and at Batli, and, taking a house at Chelsea, he devoted himself to literature as a profession, becoming by turns, as Thackerny said, 'reviewer and historian, critic, medical writer, poet and pamphleteer' Spite of his laborious ness and literary facility, his life was one continual struggle for existence, embittered by personal quarrels brought on by his irritable temper He quarrelled with relations, patrons, and literary rivals, and had fierce feuds with Lyttelton, Fielding, Churchill, Garrick, Akenside, Wilkes, and others

In 1753 his romance of Ferdinand Count Fathom was published, and in 1755 his translation of Don Quita oth—based mainly on the earlier translation of Jerus, for Smollett's knowledge of Spanish was far from perfect. In 1756 he became editor of the Critical Review, which drew him into much acrid controversy. An attack on Admiral Knowles, one of the commanders at Carthagena, led to a trial for libel, and he was sentenced to pay a fine of £100, and suffered three months' imprisonment.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT
From the Portrait in the National Portrait Gallery (Artist unknown).

(from the Revolution of 1688) us a continuation to Hume. The Reprisal, a farce of the sea, was fairly successful on the stage in 1757 He translated Gil Blas (1761), but it is doubtful whether he executed any part of the translation of The Works of M Voltaire, published in 1761-70 under his name and that of Thomas Francklin He compiled a Compendium of Voyages, and superintended and partly wrote a Universal History Like Goldsmith, he showed extraordinary versatility, and, except Goldsmith, few writers with such an undeniably original vein of genius ever performed so large an amount of dismal drudgery and hackwork. For political discussion he was ill qualified by temper, and, taking the unpopular side, he was completely vanquished by the truculent satire and abuse of Wilkes

His health was now shattered by sedentary labour, family trials, and worry In 1747 he had

solcd himself by writing his least successful novel, Lanncelot Greaves (1762)Another proof of versatility and industry was his History of England, written, it was affirmed, in fourteen months (1756-57) The rate of production wholly precluded thought research, or even conscientious study, uid the work, essentially booksellers' hackwork, was severely indignantly denounced by some critics It is unequal in execu tion, and abounds in errors and inconsistencies Its fate ultimately was to be truncated, and made to serve

In prison he con-

married a West Indian Indy, Miss Lascelles, their only child died at the age of fifteen, and the disconsolate father tried to fly from his grief by a tour through France and Italy He was absent two years, and published his Travels through France and Italy (1766), which, with cleams of humour and insight, shows plenty of prejudice and of paradox. Sterne ridiculed this work, and its author as Smelfungus, in his Senti mental Journey In the famous statue of the Venus de Medici, 'which encliants the world,' Smollett could see no beauty of feature, and the attitude he considered awkward and out of character Modern taste, as it happens, rather justifies him than his amazed critics in this He laments that 'the labours of printing should have been so much employed on the shocking subjects of the martyrology.' The Pantheon at Rome-that 'glorious combination of beauty and magnificence '-lie said, lool ed lile a huge cockpit open at the top. Sterne said that such declarations should have been reserved for his physician, they could only have sprung from bodily distemper 'Yet be it said.' remarks Sir Walter Scott, 'without offence to the memory of the witty and elegant Sterne, it is more easy to assume, in composition, an air of alternate gricty and sensibility, than to practise the virtues of generosity and benevolence, which Smollett exercised during his whole life though often, like his own Matthew Bramble, under the disguise of pecvishness and irritability. Sterne's writings show much flourish concerning virtues of which his life is understood to have produced little fruit, the temper of Smollett was 'like a lusty winter, frosty, but kindly "' And it should be noted that though the Travels are occupied to a tedious extent with denuncrations of the dirt and discomfort of French and Italian hotels, and of the extortions and various misdemeanours of the French and Italian innleepers and postillions-exhibitions of spleen due no doubt partly to all health-Smollett made very many shrewd observations. He kept a careful record of the daily variations of temperature and weather at Nice for more than a year, recognised long before Lord Brougham the special ments of Cannes, and, describing in the reign of Louis XV the miseries of the French people and the extortions to which they were subjected, foretold very clearly the likelihood of the coming cataclysm On his return to England he published a political satire, The Adventures of an Atom (1769), in which he attacked his former patron, Lord Bute, and also the Earl of Chatham His conduct as a politician was guided more by personal feelings than public principles, and neglect or seeming in gratitude provoked a burst of indignation. He was no longer able to contend with the 'sea of troubles' that encompressed him, and in 1770 he again went abroad in quest of health. His friends endeavoured in vain to procure him an appointment as consul at some Mediterranean port, and he settled in a cottage near Leghorn Here, in weakness and

suffering, he wrote his *Humphry Clinker*, last and most original of all his novels. He had just heard of the success of *Humphry* before his death (21st October 1771)

It was six years after the publication of Joseph Andrews, and before Tom Jones had been produced, that Smollett appeared as novelist. He had adopted Le Sage as his model, but his characters, his scenes, his opinions and prejudices, were all eminently British From first to last lie improved in taste and judgment, but his invention, his native liumour, and his knowledge of life and character are as conspicuous in Roderick Random as in any of his works, Tom Bowling is his most perfect sea character The adventures of Roderick are no doubt largely autobiographical, with a fair element of absurd exaggeration 'His novels are recollections of his own adventures,' Thackeray judges, 'his characters drawn, as I should think, from personages with whom he had become acquainted in his own career of life not invent much, as I fancy, but had the keenest perceptive faculty, and described what he saw with wonderful relish and delightful broad humour' In Roderick Random scene follows scene with astonishing rapidity at one time his liero basks in prosperity, at another he is plunged in utter destitution. He is led into different countries, and into the society of wits, sharpers, courtiers, courtesans, and men of all grades. In this tour of the world and of human life, the reader is amazed at the careless profusion, the inexhaustible humour, of an author who pours out his materials with such prodigality and facility. There is no elaboration of character, no careful preparation of incidents, no unity of design, and there is a plentiful use of extravagant carreature instead of realistic presentation Roderick Random is liurned on without fixed or definite purpose, and though there is a dash of generosity and good humour in his character, he is equally conspicuous for unconscionable libertinism and mischievousness. There is even utter meanness in his conduct toward his humble friend Strap Smollett's grossness is indefensible, and in his estimate of women he falls far below Richardson and Fielding Roderick Random must be enjoyed for its broad liumour and comic incidents, which, even when most farcical, are seldom quite impossible and almost never tiresome It is at once amusing fiction and sound history, for its pictures of eighteenth century life in the British navy are simply priceless

Peregrine Pickle is formed of the same materials, cast in a larger mould. The hero is as unscrupulous as Roderick Random, and is more deliberately profligate. Scott calls him 'the savage and ferocious Pickle,' and denounces his 'low and ungentleman like tone,' but in the second work the comic powers of the author are more variously displayed. Scenes and incidents are multiplied with kaleidoscopic profusion. The want of decent drapery is too apparent. Smollett never had much regard for the minor.

morals or proprieties of life, but where shall we find a more entertaining gallery of portraits—some of them doubtless contemptible and revolting—or a series of more laughable incidents? The one eyed mail veteran, Commodore Trunnion, is an eccentric drawn in Smollett's extravagant vein, who keeps garrison in his house as on board ship, and makes his servants sleep in hammocks and turn out to watch. Yet in his death he is almost convincing. The Memous of a Lady of Quality—a true tale (of Lady Vane), for inserting which Smollett was bribed by a sum of money—mark the most humiliating episode in the novelist's record.

Terdinand Count Tathom is more in the style of a romance—the portraiture of a complete villain, proceeding step by step to rob his benefactors and pillige mankind. His adventures at gamblingtables and hotels, and his exploits as a physician, afford scope for the author's saturical genius the most powerful passages in the novel are those which recount Terdinand's seduction of Celinda, the story of Monimia, and the description of the tempest in the forest, from which he took shelter in a robber's hut Some of the incidents are related with the intensity and power of a tragic poet There is a vein of fantastic sentimentality in the means by which Fathom works on Celinda's superstitious fears and timidity by means of an Aolian 'The strings,' says Smollett, with inflated rhetoric, 'no sooner felt the impression of the balmy zephyr, than they began to pour forth a stream of melody, more ravishingly delightful than the song of Philomel, the warbling brook, and ill the concert of the wood' Few readers of Peregrine Pickle can forget the touching allusion to the Scottish Jacobites at Boulogne, 'exiled from their native homes in consequence of their adherence to an unfortunate and ruined cause,' who went duly to the seaside in order to indulge their longing eyes with a prospect of the white cliffs of Alliion which they could never more approach

Sir Launcelot Greaves is a rather poor sort of trivesty of Don Quizoti, in which the preposterousness of the plot is sometimes relieved by the humour of some of the characters and con-Captain Crowe, in especial, is no unworthy comrade of Trunnion and Bowling Butler's Presbyterian knight going 'a colonelling' is ridiculous enough, but the chivalry of Sir Launcelot and his attendant outrages all sense and probability An eighteenth century knightcreant in cap a pie armour redressing the wrongs of estimable men and maidens defrauded of their rights, unjustly shut up in delitors' prisons and madhouses, and sharing in their misadventures, is even at the best hopelessly incredible.

Humphry Clinier (so spelt hy Smollett) is, on the whole, the most natural and entertaining of all the novels of Smollett, and is replete with grave, caustic, and humorous observation. Matthew Bramble is Smollett himself grown old, turned somewhat cymical through experience of the world, but vastly

improved in taste. He probably caught the idea, as he took some of the incidents of the family tour, from Anstey's New Bath Guide, but the staple of the work is emphatically his own In the light sketching of scenery, the quick succession of incidents, the romance of Lismahago's adventures among the American Indians, and the humour of the serving-men and maids, Smollett seems to come into closer competition with Le Sage or Cervantes than in any of his other works conversion of Humphry may have been suggested by Anstey, but the bad spelling of Tabitha and Mrs Winifred Jenkins is an original device of Smollett, which aids in the subordinate effects of the domestic drama, and has been industriously exploited by later humourists—as has the 'derangement of epitaphs' which not seldom crops up in Thackeray thought Uncle Bowling in Smollett Roderick Random as good a character as Squire Western himself, and Humphry Chuker he pronounced 'the most laughable story that has ever been written since the goodly art of novel writing began' Smollett wrote English almost like an Englishman, his peculiarities are mainly those of the period His diction is plain and undistinguished, but lucid and vigorous Professor Minto roundly declared that Smollett's influence (which may be traced in Marryat, Thackeray, and Dickens) was greater than that of Fielding But in spite of some attempts, such as Scott's, to exalt him, Smollett must be ranked far below Richardson, Fielding, or Sterne, see Mr Dobson's criticism The prose extracts are taken above at page 8 from Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, and Humphry Clinker respectively

Sir Walter Scott praised the fine commencement of his Ode on Independence, 'Lord of the lion-heart and eagle eye,' but in its succession of strophes and antistrophes, the mythological characters (Liberty, Disdain, Old Time, the liermit Wisdom, Fair Freedom, Oppression, and the like) become wearisome

Ode to Leven Water
On Leven's banks, while free to rove,

And tune the rural pipe to Love,

I envied not the happiest swain That ever trod the Arcadian plain Pure stream, in whose transparent wave My youthful limbs I wont to lave, No torrents stain thy limpid source, No rocks impede thy dimpling course, That sweetly warbles o'er its bed, With white, round, polished pebbles spread, While, lightly poised, the scaly brood In myriads cleave thy crystal flood, The springing trout in speckled pride, The salmon, monarch of the tide, The ruthless pike, intent on war, The silver eel, and mottled par Devolving from thy parent lake, A charming maze thy waters make, By howers of hirch and groves of pine, And hedges flowered with eglantine.

Still on thy banks so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrowned with toil,
And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
The blessings they enjoy to guard!

#### The Tears of Scotland.

Written in 1746 on the larborities committed in the Highlands by ille Fing 13h forces in der the command of the Duke of Cumberland, af er the Lattle of Cu<sup>†</sup> oden.

Yourn, hapless Caledonia mourn
Thy lainshed peace, thy laurels torn I
Thy sons, for valour long renowned,
Lie slaughtered on their native ground,
Thy ho pitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door,
In smoky ruins sunly they he,
The monuments of crucky

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prev of war,
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
The swains are famished on the rocks,
Where once they fed their vanton flocks,
Thy ravished virgins shrick in vain,
Thy infants pensh on the plain

What boots it, then, in every clime,
Through the vide spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crowned with praise,
Still shone vith undiminished blaze?
Thy towering spirit now is brolle,
This need is bended to the voke
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell

The rural pipe and merry by
No more shall cheer the happy day
No social scenes of gav delight
Beguile the dreary winter night
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale plantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o er the silent plan

O baneful cause, O fatal morn,
Accursed to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their father stood,
The parent shed his children's blood
let, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel 1

The pious mother, doomed to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath,
The bleat wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread,
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And stretched beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies

While the warm blood bedews my veins, And unimpaired reinembrance reigns, Resentment of my country's fate Within my filial breast shall beat, And, spite of her insulting foe, My sympathising verse shall flow 'Mourn, hapless Calcilonia, mourn Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn.'

## Mr Morgan's Manner

While he was thus discoursing to me, we heard a voice on the cockpit ladder pronounce, with great vehemence, in a strange dialect, 'The devil and his dam blow me from the top of Moanchdenny, if I go to him before there is something in my pelly, let his nose be as yellow as saffron, or as plue as a pell, look you, or green as a lect, 'tis all one.' To this declaration somebody answered, 'So it seems my poor messmate must part his cable for want of a little assistance. His fore topsail is loose already, and besides, the doctor ordered you to overhaul him, but I see you don't mind what your master says'-Here he was interrupted with, 'Splutter and oons I von lousy tog, who do von call my master? get you gone to the doctor, and tell him my birth, and education, and my abilities, and moreover, my behaviour is as good as his, or any shentleman's (no disparagement to him) in the whole world Got pless my soul ' does he think, or conceive, or imagine, that I am a horse, or an ass, or a goat, to trudge backwards and forwards, and upwards and downwards, and ly sea and by land, at his will and pleasures? Go your ways, you rapscallion, and tell doctor Atkins that I desire and request that he will give a look upon the tying man, and order some thing for him if he be dead or alive, and I will see him take it by and by, when my eraving stomach is satisfied, look you' At this, the other went away, saying, that if they would serve him so when he was dying, by G-d he would be foul of them in the other world

Here Mr Thomson let me know that the person we heard was Mr Morgan, the first mate, who was just come on board from the hospital, whither he had attended some of the siek in the morning. At the same time I saw him come into the birth He was a short, thick man with a face garmished with pimples, a snub nose turned up at the end, an excessive wide mouth, and little fiery eyes, surrounded with slin puckered up in in numerable wrinkles My friend immediately made him acquainted with my case, when he regarded me with a very lofty look, but without speaking, set down a bundle he had in his hand, and approached the cupboard, which when he had opened, he exclaimed, in a great passion, 'Cot is my life! all the pork is gone, as I am a Christian ' Thomson then gave him to understand that as I had been brought on board half famished, he could do no less than entertain me with what was in the locker, and the rather, as he had bid the steward enter me in the mess. Whether this disappointment made Mr Morgan more peevish than usual, or he really thought himself too little regarded by his fellow mate, I know not, but after some pause he went on in this manner 'Mr Thomson, perhaps you do not use me with all the good manners, and complaisance, and respect look you, that becomes you, because you have not vouchsafed to advise with me in this affair. I have, in my time, look you, been a man of some weight and substance, and consideration, and have kept house and

home, and paid seot and lot, and the king's taxes, ay, And moreover, also, and maintained a family to boot I am your senior, and your elder, and your petter, Mr Thomson '- 'My elder I'll allow you to be, but not my better,' cried Thomson, with some lient. 'Cot is my saviour, and witness too,' said Morgan, with great vehemence, 'that I am more elder, and therefore more petter by many years than you' Fearing this dispute might be attended with some bad consequence, I in terposed and told Mr Morgan I was very sorry for having been the occasion of any difference between him and the second mate, and that, rather than cause the least breach in their good understanding, I would ent my allowance by myself, or seek admission to some other company But Thomson, with more spirit than discretion, as I thought, insisted upon my remaining where he had appointed me and observed that no man possessed of generosity and compassion would have any objection to it, considering my birth and talents, and the misfortunes I had of late so unjustly undergone. This was touching Mr Morgan on the right key, who protested with great earnestness that he had no objection to my being received in the mess, but only complained that the ceremony of asking his 'As for a shentleman in consent was not observed distress,' said he, shaking me by the hand, 'I lofe him as I lose my own powels for, Cot help me! I have had vexations enough upon my own pack?

(From Roderick Random, I xxv)

#### The Death of Commodore Trunnion

About four o'clock in the morning our hero arrived at the garrison [Commodore Trunnion's house was fitted up as a fortress, with diteli, drawbridge, and courtyard with artillery], where he found his generous uncle in extremity, supported in bed by Julia on one side and Lieutenant Hatchway on the other, whilst Mr Jolter administered spiritual consolation, and between whiles comforted Mrs Trunnion, who, with her maid, sat by the fire, weeping with great decorum—the physician having just taken the last fee, and retired after pronouncing the fatal prognostic.

Though the Commodore's speech was interrupted by a violent hiccup, he still retained the use of his senses, and when Peregrine approached, stretched out his hand. with manifest signs of satisfaction. The young gentle man, whose heart overflowed with gratitude and affection, could not behold such a spectacle unmoved, so that the Commodore perceiving his disorder, made a last effort of strength, and consoled him in these words 'Swab the spray from your bowsprit, my good lad, and coil up your You must not let the toplifts of your heart give way because you see me ready to go down at these years. Many a better man has foundered before he has made half my way, thof I trust, by the mercy of God, I shall be sure in port, in a most blessed riding, for my good friend Jolter hath overhauled the journal of my sins, and by the observation he hath taken of the state of my soul, I hope I shall happily conclude my voyage, and be brought up in the latitude of heaven. Here has been a doctor that wanted to stow me choke full of physic, but when a man's hour is come, what signifies his taking his departure with a 'pothecary's shop in his hold? These fellows come alongside dying men, like the messengers of the Admiralty with sailing orders, but I told him as how I could slip my cable without his direction or assistance, and so he hauled off in

This eursed biccup makes such a ripple in the current of my speech that mayhap you don't understand what I say Now, while the sucker of my wind pipe will go, I would willingly mention a few things which I hope you will set down in the log book of your remembrance when I am stiff, d'ye see There's your aunt sitting whimpering by the fire, I desire you will keep her tight, warm, and easy in her old age she's an honest heart in her own way, and, thof she goes a little erank and humoursome by being often overstowed with Nantz and religion, she has been a faithful shipmate to me. Jack Hatchway, you know the trim of her as well as e'er a man in Ingland, and I believe she has a kindness for you, whereby if you two grapple in the way of matri mony when I am gone, I do suppose that my godson, for love of me, will allow you to live in the garrison all the days of your life. I need not talk of Pipes, because I know you'll do for him without any recommendation, the fellow has sailed with me in many a hard gale, and I'll warrant him as stout a seaman as ever set face to the weather But I hope you'll take care of the rest of the crew, and not disrate them after I am dead in favour of new followers Shun going to law as you would shun the devil, and look upon all attorneys as devouring sharks or ravenous fish of prey. As soon as the breath is out of my body, let minute guns be fired, till I am safe underground. I would also be buried in the red jacket I had on when I boarded and took the Renummy my pistols, cutlass, and pocket compass be laid in the coffin along with me. Let me be carried to the grave by my own men, rigged in the black caps and white shirts which my barge's crew were wont to wear, and they must keep a good look out that none of your pillering rascallions may come and herve me up again for the lucre of what they can get, until the careass is belaved by a tombstone As for the motto or what you call it, I leave that to you and Mr Jolter, who are scholars, but I do desire that it may not be engraved in the Greek or Latin lingos, and much less in the French, which I abominate, but in plain English, that when the angel comes to pipe all hands at the great day, he may know that I am a British man, and speak to me in my mother tongue. And now, I have no more to say, but God in heaven have mercy upon my soul, and send you all fair weather where soever you are bound'

His list moments, however, were not so near as they imagined. He began to doze, and enjoyed small intervals of ease till next day in the afternoon, during which re missions he was heard to pour forth many pious ejaculations, expressing his liope that for all the heavy cargo of his sins, he should be able to surmount the puttock shrouds of despair, and get aloft to the cross trees of God's good favour. At last his voice sank so low as not to be distinguished, and having hun about an hour almost without any perceptible sign of life, he gave up the ghost with a groan (From Pergenne Pickle)

#### Hatchway's Epitaph on Commodore Trunnion

Here hes, foundered in a fathom and a half, the shell of Hawser Trunnion, formerly commander of a squadron in his Minjesty's service, who broached to at 5 P M. Oct x in the year of his age threescore and nineteen. He kept his guns always loaded, and his tackle ready manned, and never showed his poop to the enemy, except when he took her in tow, but his shot being expended, his match burnt out, and his upper works decayed, he was

sunk by death's superior weight of metal Nevertheless he will be weighed again at the Great Day, his rigging refitted, and his timbers repaired, and, with one broad side, make his adversary strike in his turn

(From Peregrine Pickle)

## Bath as seen by Mr Bramble

You must know, I find nothing but disappointment at Bath, which is so altered, that I can scarce believe it is the same place that I frequented about thirty years ago Methinks I hear you say,- 'Altered it is, without all doubt, but then it is altered for the better, a truth which, perhaps, you would own without hesitation, if yon yourself was not altered for the worse.' The reflec tion may, for aught I know, be just The inconveniences which I overlooked in the heyday of health, will natu rally strike with exaggerated impression on the irritable nerves of an invalid, surprised by premature old age, and shattered with long suffering-Bnt I believe you will not deny that this place, which Nature and Providence seem to have intended as a resource from distemper and disquiet, is become the very centre of racket and dis sipation. Instead of that peace, tranquility, and ease, so necessary to those who labour under bad health, weak nerves, and irregular spirits, here we have nothing but noise, tumult, and hurry, with the fatigue and slavery of maintaining a ceremonial, more stiff, formal, and oppressive than the etiquette of a German elector national hospital it may be, but one would imagine that none but lunatics are admitted, and, truly, I will give you leave to call me so, if I stay much longer at Bath-But I shall take another opportunity to explain my sentiments at greater length on this subject-I was impatient to see the boasted improvements in architecture, for which the upper parts of the town have been so much celebrated, and t'other day I made a circuit of all the new buildings The square, though irregular, is on the whole pretty well laid out, spacions, open, and airy, and in my opinion by far the most wholesome and agreeable situation in Bath, especially the upper side of it, but the avenues to it are mean, dirty, dangerous, and indirect. Its communication with the baths is through the yard of an inn, where the poor trembling valetudinarian is carried in a cliair, betwixt the heels of a double row of horses, wincing under the curry combs of grooms and postillions, over and above the hazard of being obstructed, or overturned by the carriages which are continually making their exit or their entrance.—I suppose, after some chairmen shall have been maimed, and a few lives lost by those accidents, the corporation will think in earnest about providing a more safe and commodious passage. The circus is a pretty bauble, contrived for show, and looks like Ves pasian's amphitheatre turned outside in. If we consider it in point of magnificence, the great number of small doors belonging to the separate houses, the inconsider able height of the different orders, the affected ornaments of the architrave, which are both childish and misplaced, and the areas projecting into the street, surrounded with iron rails, destroy a good part of its effect upon the eye, and perhaps we shall find it still more defective, if we view it in the light of convenience. The figure of each separate dwelling house, being the segment of a circle, must spoil the symmetry of the rooms, by contracting them towards the street windows, and leaving a larger sweep in the space behind If, instead of the areas and

iron rails, which seem to be of very little use, there had been a corridore with arcades all round, as in Covent garden, the appearance of the whole would have been more magnificent and striking, those arcades would have afforded an agreeable covered walk, and sheltered the poor chairmen and their carriages from the rain, which is here almost perpetual. At present, the chairs stand soaking in the open street, from morning to night, till they become so many boxes of wet leather, for the benefit of the gouty and rheumatic, who are transported in them from place to place. Indeed, this is a shocking inconvenience that extends over the whole city, and I am persuaded it produces infinite mischief to the delicate and infirm even the close chairs contrived for the sick, by standing in the open air, have their freeze linings impregnated, like so many sponges, with the moisture of the atmosphere, and those cases of cold vapour must give a charming check to the perspiration of a patient, piping hot from the bath, with all his pores wide open

(From Humphry Clinker)

#### Lieutenant Lismahago

There is no hold by which an Englishman is sooner taken than that of compassion -We were immediately interested in behalf of this veteran.-Even Tabby's heart was melted, but our pity was warmed with in dignation when we learned that in the course of two sanguinary wars he liad been wounded, maimed, miltilated, taken, and enslaved, without ever having attained a higher rank than that of lieutenant.-My nucle's eyes gleamed, and his nether lip quivered, while he exclaimed, -'I vow to God, sir, your case is a reproach to the service.—The injustice you have met with is so flagrant.' -'I must crave your pardon, sir,' cned the other, inter rupting him, 'I complain of no injustice -I purchased an ensigncy thirty years ago, and in the course of service rose to be a heutenant, according to my seniority '- 'But in such a length of time,' resumed the squire, 'you must have seen a great many young officers put over your head.'-'Nevertheless,' said he, 'I have no cause to murmur -They bought their preferment with their money -I had no money to carry to market-that was my misfortune, but nobody was to blame.'- 'What! no friend to ad vance a sum of money?' said Mr Bramble I might have borrowed money for the purchase of a company,' answered the other, 'but that loan must have been refunded, and I did not choose to encumber myself with the debt of a thousand pounds, to be paid from nn income of ten shillings a day ' 'So yon have spent the best part of your life,' cried Mr Bramble, 'your youth, your blood, and your constitution, amidst the dangers, the difficulties, the horrors, and hard ships of war, for the consideration of three or four shillings a-day—a consideration—' 'Sir,' replied the Scot, with great warmth, 'you are the man that does me injustice, if you say or think I have been actuated by any such paltry consideration -I am a gentleman, and entered the service as other gentlemen do, with such hopes and sentiments as honourable ambition in spires.-If I have not been lucky in the lottery of life, so neither do I think myself unfortunate.-- I owe no man a farthing, I can always command a clean shirt, a mutton chop, and a truss of straw and, when I die, I shall leave effects sufficient to defray the expense of my burnal?

My uncle assured him he had no intention to give

him the least offence by the observations he had made, but, on the contrary, spoke from a sentiment of friendly regard to his interest.-The lieutenant thanked him with a stiffness of civility which nettled our old gentleman, who perceived that his moderation was all affected, for whatsoever his tongue might declare, his whole appear ance denoted dissatisfaction -In short, without pretend ing to judge of his military merit, I think I may affirm that this Caledonian is a self conceited pedant, awkward, rude, and disputations -He has had the benefit of a school education, seems to have read a good number of books, his memory is tenneious, and he pretends to speak several different languages, but he is so addicted to wrangling that he will cavil at the clearest truths, and, in the pride of argumentation, attempt to reconcile contradictions -Whether his address and qualifications are really of that stamp which is agreeable to the taste of our aunt Mrs Tabitha, or that indefatigable maiden is determined to shoot at every sort of game, certain it is she has begun to practise upon the heart of the heu tenant, who favoured us with his company at supper

# The Vale of Leven.

(From Melford's Newcastle letter in Humphry Clinker)

The water of Leven, though nothing near so consider able as the Clyde, is much more transparent, pastoral, and delightful. This charming stream is the outlet of Loch Lomond, and through a track of four miles pursues its winding course over a bed of pebbles, till it joins the Firth of Clyde at Dumbarton On this spot stands the castle formerly called Alcluyd, and wished by these two rivers on all sides except a narrow istlimus, which at every spring tide is overflowed, the whole is a great curiosity, from the quality and form of the rock, as from the nature of its situation. A very little above the source of the Leven, on the lake, stands the house of Cameron, belong ing to Mr Smollett (the Inte commissary), so embosomed in oak wood that we did not perceive it till we were within fifty yards of the door. I have seen the Lago di Garda, Albano, di Vico, Bolseni, and Geneva, and I preser Loch Lomond to them all—a preserence which is certainly owing to the verdant islands that seem to float upon its surface, affording the most enchanting objects of repose to the excursive view. Nor are the banks desti tute of beauties which can partake of the sublime. On this side they display a sweet variety of woodland, corn field, and pasture, with several agreeable villas, emerging, as it were, out of the lake, till at some distance the pros pect terminates in huge mountains, covered with heath, which, being in the bloom, affords a very rich covering of purple. Everything here is romantic beyond imagina This country is justly styled the Arcadia of Scot land, I do not doubt but it may vic with Arcadin in everything but climate. I am sure it exects it in verdure, wood, and water (From Humphry Clinker)

'The blast that blows hardest is soon overblown' is a line from a song of Smolletts, and this is from his Regicule

"To exult
Ev n o er nn enemy oppressed and heap
Affliction on the afflicted, is the mark
And the mean triumph of a dastard soul

There have been collective editions of Smollett's works in 1790, 1797 (re-edited 1872), 1845 &c., besides selections and separate editions of the novels (as by Samisbury in 1895 and W E. Henles in 1900). Lives have been written by Dr John Moore (1797) R. Anderson, Scott, Roscoe, R. Chambers, D. Herbert, and Samtsbury for editions and by D. Hannay (1887) and Oliphant Smeaton (1897) in short monographs.

# Adam Smith

was born at Kirkenldy in Fifeshire, 5th June 1723, his fither, who held the situation of comptroller of customs, died before the birth of his son Glasgow University (from 1737 on) Smith distinguished himself by his acquirements, thence as Snell exhibitioner lie passed to Balliol College, Oxford, where he continued for seven years friends had designed him for the Church, but he preferred literature and science In 1746 he came to Edinburgh, and joined the brilliant group which comprised David Hume, John Home, Hugh Blair, Principal Robertson, and Lord Hailes He gave a course of lectures in Ldinburgh on rhetoric and belles lettres, which, in 1751, recommended him to the vacant chair of logic in Glasgow, and this lie next year exchanged for the more congenial one In 1759 he published his of moral philosophy Theory of Moral Sentiments, and in 1763 he accompanied the young Duke of Buccleuch as travelling tutor on the Continent. absent two years, and in Paris made the acquaintance of Quesnay, Turgot, Necker, and On his return Smith retired to his native town, and pursued a severe system of study which resulted in the publication, in 1776, of his great work on the Il calth of Nations After Hume's death, in that same year, he went to London, and was a member of the club to which Reynolds, Garrick, and Johnson belonged. In 1778 he returned to Edinburgh as one of the commissioners of customs, and his latter days were spent in ease and opulence. He died in 1790

The philosophical or ethical doctrines of Smith attracted much notice for a time, largely owing to their easy style and his illustrations. He was called the most eloquent of modern moralists, and his work was illustrated with such a wealth of examples, with such true pictures of the passions and of life and manners, that it was read with pleasure by many who, like Gray the poet, could not see in the darkness of meta-His leading doctrine, that sympathy must necessarily precede our moral approbation or disapprobation, and is accordingly the root of ethics, never met with wide acceptance derive our moral sentiments,' said Brown, 'which are as universal as the actions of mankind that come under our review, from the occasional sympathies that warm or sadden us with jovs, and griefs, and resentments which are not our own, seems to me very nearly the same sort of error as it would be to derive the waters of an overflowing stream from the sunshine or shade which may occasionally gleam over it'

Smith's Wealth of Nations laid the foundation of the science of political economy. Some of its leading principles had been indicated by Hobbes and Locke, Mandeville had also in his Fable of the Bees (see above, page 200) illustrated the

advantages of free trade, Joshua Child, William Petty, and Dudley North had made considerable progress in the same direction, Hume in his essays had shown that no nation could profit by stopping the natural flood of commerce between itself and the rest of the world. Several French writers, especially the Physiocrats, and amongst them notably Turgot and Quesnay, had taught many of the new ideas to which Smith was destined to give the fullest and fittest expression, although it is clear, from his recently published Glasgow lectures, that the main lines of his system had been conceived independent of French 'physio cratic' influence, before 1760 Smith's labour of ten years produced a complete system of political economy, and the execution of his work shows such indefitigable research, so much sagacity, learning, and information derived from arts and manufactures no less than from books, that the Wealth of Nations must always be regarded as one of the magistral works on political philosophy Its leading principles were thus summed up by M'Culloch 'He shewed that the only source of the opulence of nations is labour, that the natural wish to augment our fortunes and rise in the world is the cause of riches being accumulated demonstrated that labour is productive of wealth, when employed in manufactures and commerce, as well as when it is employed in the cultivation of land, he traced the various means by which labour may be rendered most effective, and gave a most admirable analysis and exposition of the prodigious addition made to its efficacy by its division among different individuals and countries, and by the employment of accumulated wealth or capital in industrious undertakings shewed, in opposition to the commonly received opinions of the merchants, politicians, and statesmen of his time, that wealth does not consist in the abundance of gold and silver, but in the abundance of the various necessaries, conveniences, and enjoyments of human life, that it is in every case sound policy to leave individuals to pursue their own interest in their own way, that, in prosecuting branches of industry advantageous to themselves, they necessarily prosecute such as are at the same time advantageous to the public, and that every regulation intended to force industry into particular channels, or to determine the species of commercial intercourse to be carried on between different parts of the same country, or between distant and independent countries, is impolitic and pernicious?

Of course he was not infallible, even if his own premises are admitted, his doctrines, or what are said to be his doctrines, have been charged with inculcating selfishness, and denounced as too abstract and individualistic. As being too cosmopolitan, he was opposed by leaders of the naturalist school like List and Carey, insisting that the economy of each country must be adapted to the special conditions of its develop-

ment—thus protection, not required in England, might be advantageous and necessary for Germany and the United States. The historical school also opposes the abstract method. Ricardo, one of the most eminent successors of Smith, was even more abstract and less historical than his forerunner, and J. S. Mill's work was mainly a restatement of Smith's and Ricardo's. It must be remembered that Smith wrote before the scientific methods in history had been established, before the days of evolution, before the development of modern industrialism, and before socialistic modes of thought had become common But it rarely happens that the opus magnum of the



ADAM SMITH
From Medallion by Tassie in Scottish National Portrait Gallery

founder of a science, which has moulded and guided the policy of states, retains for later ages as high and permanent value as does that of Smith And the book is by no means merely a manual of economics, a propaganda for free trade, it con tains many a shrewd and luminous suggestion for the solution of historical and political problems, not a few sagacious and valuable contributions to a science of politics and a philosophy of history

# On Guilty Ambition.

To attain to this envied situation, the candidates for fortune too frequently abandon the paths of virtue, for unhappily the road which leads to the one and that which leads to the other he sometimes in very opposite directions. But the ambitious man flatters himself that, in the splendid situation to which he advances, he will have so many means of commanding the respect and admiration of mankind, and will be enabled to act with such superior propriety and grace, that the lustre of his future conduct will entirely cover or efface the

foulness of the steps by which he arrived at that elevation In many governments the candidates for the highest stations are above the law, and if they can attain the object of their ambition, they have no fear of being called to account for the means by which they required They often endeavour, therefore, not only by fraud and falschood, the ordinary and sulgar arts of intrigue and cabal, but sometimes by the perpetration of the most enormous crimes, by murder and assassination, by rebellion and civil war, to supplant and destroy those who oppose or stand in the way of their greatness They more frequently miscarry than succeed, and com monly gain nothing by the disgreeful punishment which is due to their crimes. But though they should be so lucly as to attain that wished for greatness, they are always most miscrably disappointed in the happi ness which they expect to enjoy in it. It is not ease or pleasure, but always honour, of one kind or another, though frequently an honour very ill understood, that the ambitious man really pursues. But the honour of his exalted station appears, both in his own eyes and an those of other people, polluted and defiled by the baseness of the means through which he rose to it. Though by the profusion of every liberal expense, though by excessive indulgence in every proflighte pleasure—the wretched but usual resource of ruined characters, though by the hurry of public business, or by the prouder and more dazzling tumult of war, he may endeavour to efface both from his own memory and from that of other people the remem brance of what he has done, that remembrance never fuls to pursue him. He invokes in vain the dark and dismal powers of forgetfulness and oblivion 11e remem bers himself what he has done, and that remembrance tells him that other people must likewise remember it Amidst all the gaudy pump of the most ostentatious greatness, amidst the venal and vile adulation of the great and of the learned, amidst the more innocent though more foolish acclamations of the common people, amidst all the pride of conquest and the triumph of successful war, he is still secretly pursued by the aveng ing furies of shame and remore, and while glory seems to surround him on all sides, he limself in his own imagination sees black and foul infainy fast pursuing him, and every moment ready to overtake him from behind Even the great Cresar, though he had the magnanimity to dismiss his guards, could not dismiss his suspicions The remembrance of Pharsaha still haunted and pur When at the request of the senate he had the generosity to pardon Marcellus, he told that assembly that he was not unaware of the designs which were carrying on against his life, but that, as he had lived long enough both for nature and for glory, he was con tented to die, and therefore despised all conspiracies He had perhaps lived long enough for nature, but the man who felt himself the object of such deadly resentment, from those whose favour he wished to guin, and whom he still wished to consider as his friends, liad certainly hved too long for real glory, or for all the happiness which he could ever hope to enjoy in the love and esteem of his equals (From the Moral Sentiments)

# On the Division of Labour

Observe the accommodation of the most common artificer or day labourer in a civilised and thriving country, and you will perceive that the number of people of whose industry a part, though but a small

part, has been employed in procuring him this accommodition, exceeds all computation. The woollen cost, for example, which covers the day labourer, as coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labour of a great multitude of worl men. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the wool comber or carder, the dyer, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts in order to complete even this homely production How many merchants and carriers, besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of those worl men to others, who often live in a very distant part of the country. How much commerce and navigation in particular, how many ship builders, sailors, sail makers, rope makers, must have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest corners of the vorlil! What a variety of labour, too, is neces sary in order to produce the tools of the meanest of those workmen! To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labour is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips The miner, the builder of the furnace for the wool smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting house, the brief maker, the brief layer, the worl men who attend the furnice, the millwright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce Were we to examine in the same manner all the different parts of his dress and household furniture, the coar clinen shirt which he werrs next his skin, the shoes which cover his feet, the bed which he hes on, and all the different parts which compose it, the latchen grate at which he prepares his victuals, the coals which he mal es use of for that purpose, dug from the bowels of the earth, and brought to him, perhaps, by a long sea and a long land carriage, all the other itensils of his Litchen, all the furniture of his table, the I nives and forks, the earthen or pewter plates upon which he serves up and divides his victuals, the different liands employed in preparing his bread and his beer, the glass window which lets in the heat and the light, and keeps out the wind and the run, with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing that beautiful and happy invention, without which these northern parts of the world could scarce have afforded a very comfortable habitation, together with the tools of all the different workmen employed in producing those different conveniences, if we examine, I say, all these things, and consider what a variety of labour is employed about each of them, we shall be sensible that, without the assistance and co operation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilised country could not be provided, even according to what we very falsely imagine the easy and simple manner in which he is commonly accommodated Compared, indeed, with the more extravagant luxury of the great, his accommoda tion must no doubt appear extremely simple and easy, and yet it may be true, perhaps, that the accommodation of n European prince does not always so much exceed that of an industrious and frugal peasant, as the accommodation of the latter exceeds that of many an African king, the absolute masters of the lives and liberties of ten thousand naked savages.

(From the Wealth of Nations, Book 1. Chap 1)

## Europe and its Colonies

Such have been the general ontlines of the policy of the different European nations with regard to their colonies. The policy of Lurope, therefore, has very little to boast of, either in the original establishment, or, so far as concerns their internal government, in the subsequent prosperity of the colonies of America.

Folly and injustice seem to have been the principles which presided over and directed the first project of establishing those colonies, the folly of hinting after gold and silver mines, and the injustice of coveting the possession of a country whose harmless natives, far from having ever injured the people of Europe, had received the first adventurers with every mark of kindness and hospitality. The adventurers, indeed, who formed some of the latter establishments, joined to the chimerical project of finding gold and silver mines, other motives more reasonable and more laudable, but even these motives do very little honour to the policy of Europe

The English Puritans, restrained at home, fled for freedom to America, and established there the four governments of Nev England. The English Catholics, treated with much greater injustice, established that of Maryland the Quakers, that of Pennsylvania. The Portuguese Jews, persecuted by the Inquisition, stript of their fortunes, and banished to Brazil, introduced, by their example, some sort of order and industry among the transported felons and strumpets by whom that colony was originall peopled, and taught them the culture of the sugar cane. Upon all these different occasions, it was not the wisdom and policy, but the disorder and injustice of the European governments, which peopled and cultivated America.

In effectuating some of the most important of these establishments, the different governments of Europe had as little merit as in projecting them. The conquest of Mexico was the project, not of the council of Spain, but of a governor of Cuba, and it was effectuated by the spirit of the bold adventurer to whom it was entrusted, in spite of everything which that governor, who soon repented of having trusted such a person, could do to thwart it. The conquerors of Chili and Peru, and of almost all the other Spanish settlements upon the continent of America, carried out with them no other public enconragement, but a general permission to male settle ments and conquests in the name of the king of Spain Those adventures were all at the private risk and expense of the adventurers The government of Spain contri buted scarce anything to any of them That of England contributed as little towards effectuating the cstublish ment of some of its most important colonies in North America.

When those establishments were effectuated, and had become so considerable as to attract the attention of the mother country, the first regulations which she made with regard to them had always in view to secure to herself the monopoly of their commerce, to confine their market, and to enlarge her own at their expense, and, consequently, rather to damp and discourage, than to quicken and forward the course of their prosperity. In the different vays in which this monopoly has been exercised, consists one of the most essential differences in the policy of the different European nations with regard to their colonies. The best of them all, that of England, is only somewhat less illiberal and oppressive than that of any of the rest.

In what way, therefore, has the policy of Europe contributed either to the first establishment, or to the present grandeur of the colonies of America? In one way, and in one way only, it has contributed a good deal Alagna virûm mater! It bred and formed the men who were capable of achieving such great actions, and of laying the foundation of so great an empire, and there is no other quarter of the vorld of which the policy is capable of forming, or lias ever actually and in fact formed, such men. The colonies owe to the policy of Europe the education and great views of their active and enterprising founders, and some of the greatest and most important of them, so far as concerns their internal government, owe to it scarce anything else.

(From the Il caith f Nations Book iv Chap. 7)

# Advantages to Ireland and the Colonies in Union with Britain

By a union vitli Great Britain, Ireland would gain, besides the freedom of trade, other advantages much more important, and which would much more than compensate any increase of taxes that might accompany that union By the union with England, the middling and inferior ranks of people in Scotland gained a complete deliverance from the power of an anstocracy which had always before oppressed them By a union with Great Britain, the greater part of people of all ranks in Ircland would gain an equally complete deliverance from a much more oppressive aristocracy, an aristocracy not founded, like that of Scotland, in the natural and respectable dis tinctions of birth and fortune, but in the most odious of all distinctions, those of religious and political prejudices, distinctions which, more than any other, animate hoth the insolence of the oppressors and the hatred and in dignation of the oppressed, and which commonly render the inhabitants of the same country more hostile to one another than those of different countries ever are-Without a union with Great Britain, the inhabitants of Ireland are not likely for many ages to consider them selves as one people.

No oppressive aristocracy has ever prevailed in the colonies Even they, however, would in point of happiness and tranquillity gain considerably by a union with Great Britain. It would at least deliver theni from those rancorous and virulent factions which are in separable from small democracies, and which have so frequently divided the affections of their people and disturbed the tranquillity of their governments, in their form so nearly democratical. In the case of a total separation from Great Britain, which, unless prevented by a union of this kind, seems very likely to tale place, those factions would be ten times more virulent than Before the commencement of the present dis turbances, the coercive power of the mother country had always been able to restrain those factions from breaking out into anything worse than gross brutality and insult. If that coercive power were entirely taken away, they would probably soon break out into open violence and bloodshed. In all great countries which are united under one uniform government, the spirit of party commonly prevails less in the remote provinces than in the centre of the empire. The distance of those provinces from the capital, from the principal scat of the great scramble of faction and ambition, makes them enter less into the views of any of the contending parties, and renders them more indifferent and impartial spectators of the conduct

The spirit of party prevails less in Scotland than in England In the case of a union, it would probably prevail less in Ireland than in Scotland, and the colonies would probably soon enjoy a degree of concord and unanimity at present unknown in any part of the British Both Ireland and the colonics, indeed, would be subjected to heavier taxes than any which they at In consequence, however, of a diligent and present pay furthful application of the public revenue towards the discharge of the national debt, the greater part of those taxes might not be of long continuance, and the public revenue of Great Britain might soon be reduced to what was necessary for maintaining a moderate peace establishment (From the Il calth of Nations, Book v Chap 3.)

#### Parish Schools

But though the common people cannot, in any end hised society, be so well instructed as people of some runl and fortune, the most essential parts of education, however, to read, write, and account, can be acquired at so early a period of life, that the greater part even of those who are to be bred to the lowest occupations, have time to require them before they can be employed in those occupations. I or a very small expense the public can facilitate, can encourage, and can even impose upon almost the whole body of the people, the necessity of acquiring those most essential parts of education

The public can facilitate this acquisition by establish ing in every parish or district a little school, where children may be taught for a reward so moderate, that even a common labourer may afford it, the master being partly, but not wholly paid by the public, because if he was wholly or even principally paid by it, he would soon learn to neglect his business. In Scotland the establish ment of such parish schools has taught almost the whole common people to read, and a very great proportion of them to write and account. In England the establish ment of charity schools has had an effect of the same kind. though not so universally, because the establishment is not so universal. If in those little schools the books by which the children are taught to read were a little more instrue tive than they commonly are, and if instead of a little smattering of Latin, which the children of the common people are sometimes taught there, and which can scarce ever be of any use to them, they were instructed in the elementary parts of geometry and mechanics, the literary education of this rank of people would perhaps be as complete as it can be There is scarce a common tride which does not afford some opportunities of applying to it the principles of geometry and mechanics, and which would not therefore gradually exercise and improve the common people in those principles, the necessary intro duction to the most sublime as well as to the most useful sciences (From Wealth of Nations Book v Chap 1-Art. ii.)

# Hume's Last Illness

His cheerfulness was so great, and his conversation and amusements ran so much in their usual strain, that, notwithstanding all bad symptoms, many people could not believe he was dying 'I shall tell your friend, Colonel Edmondstoune,' said Dr Dundas to him one day, 'that I left you much better, and in a fair way of recovery' 'Doctor,' said he, 'as I believe you would not care to tell anything but the truth, you had better tell him that I am dying as fast as my enemics, if I have any, could wish, and as easily and cheerfully as my best friends could desire. Colonel Lamondstoune soon after wards came to see him, and talle leave of him, and on his way home he could not forhear writing him a letter bidding him once more an eternal adicu, and applying to lim, as to a dying man, the beautiful I rench verses in which the Abbe Chaulien, in expectation of his own death, Inments his approaching separation from his friend, the Marquis de la Lave Mr Humc's magna mimity and firmness were such that his most affectionate friends knew that they hazarded nothing in talking to him as to a dying man, and that so far from being hurt by this frankness, he was rather pleased and flattered by I happened to come into his room while he was reading this letter, which he had just received and which he immediately shewed me. I told him that though I was sensible how very much he was veakened, and that appearances were in main respects very had yet his cheerfulness was still so great, the spirit of life seemed still to be so very strong in him, that I could not help entertaining some faint hope He answered, 'Your hopes are groundless? 'Well,' said I, 'you have at least the satisfaction of leaving all your friends, your brother's family in particular, in great prosperity said that he felt that satisfaction so sensibly that, when he was reading, a few days before, Lucian's Dialegues of the Dead, among all the excuses which are alleged to Charon for not entering readily into his boat, he could not find one that fitted him, he had no house to finish, he had no daughter to provide for, he had no enemies upon whom he wished to revenge himself 'I could not well imagine,' said lie, 'what excuse I could nial e to Charon in order to obtain a little delay. I have done everything of consequence which I ever meant to do, and I could at no time expect to leave my relations and friends in a better situation than that in which I am now likely to leave them. I therefore have all reason to die contented. He then diverted himself with inventing several joenlar excuses which he thought he might make to Charon, and with imagining the very surly answerwhich it might suit the character of Charon to return to 'Upon further consideration,' said he, 'I thought I might say to him, "Good Charon, I have been correct ing my works for a new edition. Allow me a little time that I may see how the public receives the alterations" But Charon would answer, "When you have seen the effect of these, you will be for making other alterations There will be no end of such excuses, so, honest friend, please step into the boat" But I might still urge, "Have a little patience, good Charon, I have been endeavouring to open the eyes of the public. If I live a few years longer, I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of some of the prevailing systems of super stition" But Charon would then lose all temper and "You lostering rogue, that will not happen these many hundred years Do you fancy I will grant you n lease for so long a term? Get into the boat this instant, you lazy loitering rogue "" (From a letter to Strahan)

The anecdote is characteristic of Smith as well as of Hume Hutcheson and Smith, Kames and Monboddo, and most of the eminent Scotsmen of the period illustrate that eighteenth-century humanism or semi-deistic rationalism which is a marked reaction against the older Scottish Calvinistic theocratical outlook on life and the world, and which in a more orthodox shape appears as Moderatism in Robertson Carlyle Plair, and the literary Church men Smith's works were edited by Dugald Stewart (1811-12), and contain, besides the Theory of the Moral Sentiments and the II callh of Nations, essays on the first formation of languages, the history of astronomy ancient physics ancient logic, and the imitative arts, his Glasgow Lectures on Justice Police Revenue, Arms were edited from notes by a student in 1895. There are editions of the Wealth of Vations by M Culloch (1850) Thorold Rogers (1880) and Prof Nicholson (1884) See Lives by Dugald Stewart (1811), Fairrer (1881), Haldane (1897) and Rae (1895) and see the Rev H G Graham's Scottish Men of Letters in the Eighteenth Century (1902)

John Home (1722-1808), author of Douglas, was born at Leith, where his father, though of gentle blood, was town clerk, and he studied at Edinburgh for the Church Taken prisoner fighting as a volunteer on the royalist side at Falkirk (1746), he made an exciting escape from Doune Castle, and nevt year he became minister of Athelstaneford, where he wrote the tragedy Agrs, and, in 1754, Douglas, founded on the ballad of Gil Morrice. Both plays were rejected by Garrick, but *Louglas*, brought out at Edinburgh (1756), met with brilliant success, and evoked equal enthusiasm in London the year after. But its production gave such offence to the Edinburgh Presbytery that the author resigned his ministry (1757), and became private secretary to the Earl of Bute and



From the Portrait by Sir Henry Raeburn in the National
Portrait Gallery

tutor to the Prince of Wales, who on his accession as George III gave him a pension of £300 a year, to which a sinecure of equal value was added in 1763. In connection with Home's withdrawal from the Church after he became known as a successful dramatist, it should be remembered that in England contemporary clerical opinion was almost equally hostile to the writing of plays by clergymen. Thus, when 'Estimate' Brown (see page 392) published his tragedies in 1754-56, Warburton, Hurd, and many other conspicuous clerics lamented that a clergyman should compromise his dignity by making a connection with the stage. The success of *Douglas* induced Garrick

to bring out Agis, and to accept Home's next play, The Siege of Aquileia Home produced also The Fatal Discovery, Alonzo, Alfred, and a few occasional poems His prose History of the Rebeltion of 1745 utilised his own personal experience somewhat too fully, the autobiographical element at times overshadows the main plot, and the work is, inevitably perhaps, disproportionate and episodical Home married happily in 1770, and in 1779 settled in Edinburgh, where till his death he enjoyed the friendship of the Edinburgh literati—of Hume, Blair, Robertson, and 'Jupiter' Carlyle. He survived most of his contemporaries, and died at eighty six

The last of our tragic poets whose works for any time held the stage, Home had interesting plots and occasional flashes of genuine poetry, but he did not succeed in discarding the pompous declamation of his forerunners Patriotism, local feeling, and personal friendship made the Edin burgh critics absurdly overestimate the dramatic worth of Douglas, and men who should have known better set the play alongside, or even above, Shakespeare's best A critic in many respects so judicial as Hume (a kinsman and friend) actually said that Home possessed 'the true theatric genius of Shakespeare and Otway, refined from the unhappy barbarism of the one and the licentiousness of the other absurdly said that Home 'methodised wild Shakespeare into plan' Some English critics were for a time led into undue enthusiasm Even Collins, who dedicated to him his ode on Highland super stitions, makes rather much of him Mackenzie, the 'Man of Feeling,' was of opinion that the chief scene between Lady Randolph and Old Norval, in which the preservation of Douglas is described, had no equal in modern, and scarcely a superior in the ancient, drama, and Scott in this agreed with Mackenzie Christopher North still thought nobody could bestow too much praise on Douglas Now the presbyter dramatist is perhaps too much contemned

Douglas, the young hero, 'enthusiastic romantic, desirous of honour, careless of life and every other advantage when glory lay in the balance,' was the schoolbox model of Scottish youth for the best part of a century, the stock quotation beginning—

My name is Norval on the Grampian Hills

My father feeds his flocks-

was worn threadbare by much repetition. As a specimen of Home's style and diction, part of the discovery scene may suffice. Lord Randolph had been attacked by four men, and rescued by young Douglas, an old man, taken in the woods, is apprehended as one of the assassins, some rich jewels being found in his possession

Lady Randolph Account for these, thine own they For these, I say be steadfast to the truth, [cannot be Detected falsehood is most certain death

[Anna, a maid, removes the servants and returns

Prisoner Alas! I am sore beset, let never man, For sake of lucre, sin against his soul! Eternal justice is in this most just ' I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal Lady R O Anna, hear '-Once more I charge thee The truth direct, for these to me foretell And certify a part of thy narration, With which, if the remainder tallies not, An instant and a dreadful death abides thee Pris Then, thus adjured, I'll speak to you as just As if you were the immister of lieaven, Sent down to search the secret sins of men Some eighteen years ago, I rented land Of brave Sir Malcolin, then Balarmo's lord, But falling to deery, his servants seized All that I had, and then turned me and minel our helple s infants and their weeping mother-Out to the mercy of the winter winds A little hovel by the river's side Received us there hard labour, and the skill In fishing which was formerly my sport Supported life Whilst thus we poorly hyed, One stormy night, as I remember well, The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof, Red came the river down, and loud and oft The angry spirit of the water shrieked At the dead hour of night was heard the cry I rose, and ran Of one in jeopardy To where the circling eddy of a pool, Beneath the ford, used oft to bring within My reach whatever floating thing the stream Had caught The voice was ceased the person lost But, looking sad and earnest on the waters, By the moon's light I saw, whirled round and round, A basket, soon I drew it to the brink, And nestled curious there in infint his Lady R Was he alive? He was Lady R Inhuman that thou art! How couldst thou I ill what waves and tempests spared? Pris I was not so inliuman Lady R Didst thou not?

Anna My noble mistress, you are moved too much This man has not the aspect of stern murder, Let him go on, and you, I hope, will hear Good tidings of your kinsman's long lost child

Pris The needy man who has known better days, One whom distress has spited at the world, Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon To do such deeds as make the prosperous men Lift up their hands, and wonder who could do them. And such a man was I, a man declined. Who saw no end of black adversity, Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not Have touched that infant with a hand of liarm

Lady R Ha! dost thou say so? Then perhaps he Pris Not many days ago he was alive Lady R O God of heaven! Did he then die so lately?

Pris I did not say he died, I hope he lives. Not many days ago these eves beheld

Him, flourishing in youth, and health, and beauty

Lady R Where is he now?

Pris Alas! I know not where, Lady R O fate 1 I fear thee still Thou riddler, speak Direct and clear, else I will search thy soul Anna Permit me, ever honoured ! keen impatience,

Though hard to be re trained, defeats itself -Pursue the story with a faithful tongue, To the last hour that thos didst I cep the child

Pres Tear not my faith, though I must speak in shame. Within the cridle where the infant lay Was stowed a mighty store of gold and jewels. Tempted by which, we did resolve to hide From all the world this wonderful event, And like a peasant breed the noble child That none might mark the change of our estate, We left the country, travelled to the north, Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought forth Our secret wealth But God's all seeing eye Beheld our avance, and smote us sore I or one by one all our own children died. And he, the stranger, solu remained the heir Of what indeed was his Tain then would I, Who with a father's fondness loved the box Have trusted him, not in the dawn of youth, With his own secret, but my anxious wife, Foreboring evil, never would consent Meanwhile the str pling grew in years and beauty, And, as a c oft ob craed he lore himself Not as the offspring of our cottage blood, For nature will break out mild with the mild, Put vith the from and he was figree as fire, And night and day he talked of war and arms. I set muself a ninst his world a bent, Put all in vain, for when a desperate band Of robbers from the savage mountains came-Indy R 1 ternal Providence! What is thy name? Pris My name is Norval and my name he bears

Lati P 'Tis he, 'tis he hims-if! It is my son! O sovereign merey! 'Twis my child I saw! No worder, Anna, that my bosom burned Am i Just are your transports near was woman's Proved with such herce extremes. High fated dame! But yet remember that you are beheld By service eyes, your gestures may be seen

Impassioned, strange, perhaps your words ourheard Laar R Welldost thou counsel, Anna, Herven bestow On me that wisdom which my state requires t

In a The moments of deliberation pass, And soon you must resolve. This useful man Must be dismi sed in safety, ere my lord Shall with his brave deliverer return.

Pris If I, amidst astonishment and fear, Have of your words and gestures rightly indged, Thou art the daughter of my ancient master The child I rescued from the flood is thine

Lady R With thee dissimulation now were vain. I am indeed the daughter of Sir Maleolm, The child thou rescuedst from the flood is mine.

Pris Blest be the hour that made me a poor man! My poverty hath saved my muster's house.

Lady R Thy words surprise me, sure thou dost not The tear stands in thine eye such love from thee [feign! Sir Maleolm's house deserved not, if aright Thou told st the story of thy own distress

Pris Sir Wilcolm of our barons was the flower, The fistest friend, the best, the kindest master. But th I he knew not of my sad estate After that battle, where his gallant son, I our own brave brother, fell, the good old lord Grew desperate and reckless of the world And never, as he erst was nont, went forth

To overlook the conduct of his servants By them I was thrust out, and them I blame, May Heaven so judge me as I judged my master, And God so love me as I love his race! Lais R His race shall yet reward thee On thy faith

Depends the fate of thy loved master's house Rememberest thou a little lonely hut, That like a holy hermitage appears Among the cliffs of Carron?

I remember Pris

The cottage of the chiffs.

'I's that I mean,

Ladi R There dwells a man of venerable age, Who in my father's service spent his youth Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain, Till I shall call upon thee to declare, Before the king and nobles, what thou now To me hast told No more but this, and thou Shalt live in honour all thy future days, Thy son so long shall call thee father still, And all the land shall bless the man who saved The son of Douglas, and Sir Malcolm's heir

Familiar quotations from Home, illustrating his didactic humour, are

The truly generous is the truly wise, And he who loves not others lives unblest Things past belong to memory alone, Things future are the property of hope.

Henry Mackenzie prefixed a Life to an edition of Homes works (1822). See Burton's Life of Hume (1846) Jupiter Carlyle's Autobiography (1860) and the Rev H G Graham's Scottish Men of Letters is the Eighteenth Century (1992).

Arthur Murphy (1727-1805), dramatic writer, was born at Clomquin, Roscommon, and educated at St Omer in 1738-44. He published the weekly Gray's Inn Journal, and so got to know Dr Johnson, and by going on the stage he paid his debts, and entered Lincoln's Inn in 1757 spite of delays and a first refusal to admit an actor, in 1762 he was called to the Bar, but continued to write for the stage His first farce, The Apprentice (1756), ridiculed the mania of the vulgar for acting, his second, The Spouter, satirised Foote and others, his most successful one, The Upholsterer, caricatured tradespeople who neglect business for politics The Hay to Keep Him (1760) was a hit, All in the Wrong (1761) was an adaptation of Wolière. Almost all his plots are borrowed from Fielding, Voltaire, Molière, Crebillon, &c , but his adaptations were sprightly, and continued to be played So did his poor well into the nineteenth century tragedies Zenobia and The Grecian Daughter also wrote forgotten satires, dramatic poems, mockheroics, &c His translation of Tacitus (1793) is 'elegant,' lus Essay on Johnson and Life of Garrick are poor To the last he was deep in debt

There is a Life of alurphy founced on his own papers by Jesse Food (1911).

John Cunningham (1729-73), the son of a wine-cooper in Dublin, was an actor, and per formed several years in Digges's company at Edinburgh. In his latter years he sank into careless dissipated habits, and resided at Newcastle on

Type in the house of a 'generous printer' His pieces have a good deal of lyrical melody

May-eve or Kate of Aberdeen

The silver moon's enamoured beam Steals softly through the night To wanton with the winding stream, And kiss reflected light To beds of state go, balmy sleep-Tis where you've seldom been-May's vigil while the sliepherds keep With Kate of Aberdeen

Upon the green the virgins wait, In rosy climplets gay, Till morn unbars her golden gate, And gives the promised May Methinks I hear the maids declare The promised May, when seen, Not half so fragrant, half so fair, As Kate of Aberdeen

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes, We ll rouse the nodding grove The nested birds shall raise their throats. And hall the maid I love And see-the matin lark mistakes, He quits the tufted green Fond bird ' 'tis not the morning breaks, Tis Kate of Aberdeen

Now lightsome o'er the level mead, Where midnight fairies rove, I ske them the jocund dance we'll lead, Or tune the reed to love For see, the rosy May draws night She claims a virgin queen, And hark! the happy shepherds cry "Tis Kate of Aberdeen

Lord Hailes is the name under which the indefitigable antiquary and miscell ineous writer Sir David Dalrymple (1726-92) is reincmbered The great grandson of the first Lord Stair, he was born and educated at Edinburgh, was called to the Scottish Bar in 1748, and in 1766 became a judge of the Court of Session as Lord Hailes, in 1776 a justiciary lord. He was a sound and learned lawyer, but at his country-sent of New Hulles near Edinburgh, he give his leisure to uninterrupted literary activity, largely in elucidating from the sources and putting on a sounder basis ancient Scottish ecclesiastical and national history sincere Christian, he did not cherish great intimacy with Hume, Adam Smith, and their set, but though a Whig and Presbyterian he was no bigot, and was highly esteemed by Johnson and Burke translated Hume's autobiographical fragment into elegant Latin, and edited the works of John Hales of Eton and the discourses of John Smith of Cambridge, and he refuted Gibbon, republished annotated old Scottish songs and poems, and wrote much on legal antiquities (proving that much of Scottish law vas derived from English sources He was the first to edit the Statutes of the Synods of the old Catholic Church in Sco land Aniong

his historical works are A Discourse on the Gowrie Conspiracy (1757) and Memorials relating to the Reigns of James I and Charles I (1762-66), the best-known are the Anuals of Scotland, from the time of Malcolm Canmore to the accession of the House of Stewart (1776-79). This was the first critical history of the period, fully accepting the sound method laid down by Father Innes (see above at page 302), and was praised by Johnson in contrast to the 'painted histories more to the taste of the age'—an obvious allusion to Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon. See Rev. H. G. Graham's Scotlish Men of Letters in the Lighteenth Century (1902).

John Scott (1730-83), our only Quaker poet till Bernard Barton won his laurels, was the son of a draper in London, who retired to Amwell in Hertfordshire. There too the son, who was mainly self taught, spent his days, improving his garden and grounds, and writing moral and descriptive poems, elegies, moral eclogues, epistles, and pamphlets on the poor laws and political questions Johnson, who 'loved Scott,' visited him here Scott 'fondly hoped to immortalise' his home, and his chief poem is Anwell (1776). The following verses were obviously dictated by real feeling as well as Quaker principle

# Ode on Hearing the Drum.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace, and glittering arms,
And when Ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound, Parading round, and round, and round To me it talks of ravaged plains, And burning towns, and ruined swains, And mangled limbs, and dying groans, And widows' tears, and orphans moans, And all that misery's hand bestows

To fill the catalogue of human woes

Dr William Dodd (1729-77), a popular London preacher in the early years of George III, became known through his Beauties of Shakespeare (1752), and still more through his unhappy and shameful end Born at Bourne in Lincolnshire, and educated as a sizar at Cambridge, where he was fifteenth wrangler, he took orders and settled in London, and there, as chaplain of the Magdalen Hospital, he charmed all the fashionable ladies with his charity sermons Walpole, who once went to hear him there, tells how he harangued 'entirely in the French style' and theatrically addressed a royal prince who was in the congregation, beseeching his protec Dodd wrote some religious books, edited the Christian Magazine, became king's chaplain, LLD, and tutor to Lord Chesterfield's nephew

His expensive habits, however, sank him hopelessly in debt, a simoniacal attempt to buy the rich living of St George's, Hanover Square, resulted in his professional disgrace, and after selling a chapel at Pimlico which he had purchased in his palmy days, he forged his patron's and pupil's name to a bond for £4200 For this he was sentenced to death and hanged at Tyburn in July 1777, in spite of a strong agitation for miti gation of his sentence, in which Dr Johnson, who wrote petitions for him, and also composed the sermons he preached in prison, took a leading part After his death appeared a small volume of Thoughts in Prison, containing some penitent and edifying prose and verse, the latter much in the style of Young Johnson, although he had done his best to save Dodd from the gallows, did not 'wish to see him made a saint,' and remarked with more than his usual asperity on the Thoughts in Prison, 'A man who has been canting all his hie may cant to the last.'

Augustus Montague Toplady (1740-78), hymn-writer, was the son of a major in the army, born at Farnham and educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Dublin, in 1768 he became vicar of Bioad Hembury, Devon, and in 1775 preacher in a chapel near Leicester Fields, London A strenuous defender of Calvinism, he was a learned, keen, and bitter controversialist In a long-sustrined theological feud with John Wesley he spoke of one of Wesley's tracts as a known, wilful, palpable lie, and said of another statement, that its 'Satanic guilt was only equalled by its Satanic shamelessness,' to which Wesley retorted that he refused to 'fight with chimney-His Church of England vindicated sweepers 3 from Arminianism (1769) and Historic Proof of the Calvinism of the Church of England (1774), his Scheme of Christian and Philosophical Necessity (1775), and most of his work in verse are equally forgotten, but no hymn is better known than 'Rock of Ages,' first published in a Gospel magazine of 1775, which, in spite of its extraordinary mixed metaphors, has kept its hold on all religious denominations In 1759 he had published Poems on Sacred Subjects, the Psalms and Hymns (1776) was a collection by various authors. Of his own hymns, that oftenest sung after 'Rock of Ages' is unquestionably 'Your harps, ye trembling saints' The pious meditation or 'Address to his Soul,' beginning 'Deathless Principle, arise,' sometimes counted amongst his best poems, shows by its very first line how far it falls behind the better-known liymns Toplady rose from his deathbed to preach a last sermon contradicting a rumour that he had withdrawn any point of antagonism to Wesley

There is a Memoir by Row prefixed to his Works (1794), and one by Winters (1872), and see Ryle's Christian Leaders of a Hundred Years Ago (1869). His schoolboy journal-mentioning a farce submitted by him to Garrick-was printed in the Christian Observer in 1830, and reprinted in the Gospel Magazine in 1899.

## Samuel Johnson.

the most construct fourt in the I terature of the Cabrerth centur, confined in spread tr degree marine force of understanding countilmous In our of the react, and moral interest samous wiel is to turin contentious mornlits n di oriara is princris, his impressi e perrunality and mank character, his ince e Christian parts nd u conque able prepideres. Ins., any an' severe struggles, his love of omes he positive arguments a to what he posted to to currently include full mind his keen it remortalest reported and limited a crost earn ration. his is i, h manner and I rel heart his curva diescolora, rivida vero congregated the lane, third, and dosp of the sens looks an india in and die - have all liver himight or 11th before is to he hoperpler Besnell ting to ill ed on od mon john on is almost no vell Inounces their own reason neighbours. Ha mass in figure seems at II to hourt. He is Street and the Sand of the hist arrived his are now on the rese of Helpine. In Iteration has aftended as tirely less than art to pro-wher of a ray expert the demonstration of the charges ter to a collection had to long stars he emption, of his forest the administra person address to a mire my of actining In which temm is sed that he was the eli page to unle that the bill percontenion, and and the state of all netiphy init the is und to specifical and radical fellowed house on t the part of it is a time for in in terting, eith in unlike of 1 the hierarme of the micer of tardeng. I then a dictinion trong in e it is obstant a cert in the pedagate sub-letters not followed a second test also me of the higher quature and so it at of , en usercrand his objects on and claded his art p, the withering examined investigation in the high hear and defolls, that thee presentation, after the commentals in and due the street verted or ar highered mise baced a clear, pare, and any, orang freshines into the literary attrosphere. Such olid ind substantial benefits may well outs eight not a feet errors of there or the captices of a temperament constitu tionally prope to melanchely and discree, of a hamour little sweetened by pro perity or applicase rathevents then habit are formed and manners 1 a man Johnson was an admirable repre sentative of the Englishman-in illar prepossessions not excepted. As an author his course was singularly pure, high-minded, and independent, with more truth even than Luri e he could boast that 'he had no arts but manh arts'. And when ro al favour was at length extended to him, it simply ratified the judgment of the best and wisest in the nation

Johnson was the son of a boolselier, and a as born at Inchield on the 18th of September 1709. Educated at the gramm ir-schools of

Lichteld and Stourbridge, he entered Pembroke College Oxford, as a commoner in his nineteenth year and, owing to his failur's misfortunes in trade, was compelled to leave the universit without a degree. He had been only fourteen morths at Oxford, but during that time had distinguished himself b translating Pope's Messiali into Litin verse. For a short vilile he was it her in a school at Market Bosworth, and in 1755 produced his first prose work a translation of the Jesuit Lobo's Abyssinian travels, but marra me a widow Mrs Porter, who was in her forty calch year (Johnson limself was twenty seven) -he are private academy at Edial near his native city. He had only three pupils, one of them David Garrick. After an unsuccessful trial of schoolmastering for a year and a half Johnson vent to London in 1737 accompanied by Garrick He had written part of his tragedy of Irom, Topin, to get it brought on the stage, but it was refu ed and he now commenced author by piefession, con ribiting it says reviews, &c to the tienties in's Masazire, and writing for the same p rished a monthly account of the proceedings in I drament under the title of 'Reports of the Debates of the Senate of Lillipote' Notes of the specenes are furn shed to him, and he extended them with a large discretion, in his own grandilo quent style taking care, as he said that the Whig di should not have the best of it. He was him of a trunch Tory and High Churchman to the ced. In 1738 appeared his poem of London in uni at on of the third satire of Juvenal, for which Dod less a chim ten gumers. Anonymously nub It 1 ed it instrintly become popular, and a second edi on vis called for within a week. Pope in guned after the author, saving such a man yould scon be known, and recommended Johnson to 1 and Go or who would have obtained for the poor poet the mastership of a grammar school in Leterstershire had not the academical M.A. been indispensable, and this Johnson could not now secure. He saruggled on, producing taskwork for Cive, the proprietor of the Gertleman's Magazine, and in 1744 published the Life of Richard Sarage, his friend and comrade in adversity, who had died the previous year. This admirable specimen of biography - admirable in spite of its very serious inaccuracies - was also published anonymously. But it is a known to be Johnson's, and his reputation continued to advance, so that the chief booksellers in London engaged him in 1747 to prepare a Dictionary of the English I an quage, for which he was to receive 1500 guineas The prospectus of the Dictionary was addressed to I ord Chesterfield, who acl not ledged the honour by bestowing on Johnson an honorarium of ten Seven years and more elapsed before the Dictionary was completed, and when it was on the ere of publication, Chesterfield-hoping, as Johnson believed, that the work might be dedicated to him -- wrote two papers in the

periodical called the *World* in commendation of the plan of the *Dictionary* Wholly mistrusting his motives, Johnson penned an indignant letter to the noble earl, which remains inimitable as a frank and dignified expression of wounded pride and surly independence

Felruary 7, 1755

My Lord-I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the World, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of man kind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself le zanqueur du vanqueur de la terre—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending, but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could, and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door, during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before

The shepherd 10 Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with uncon cern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, cucumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind, but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it, till I am solitary, and cannot impart it, till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should con sider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be dis appointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less, for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much evultation, my lord—Your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant

SAN JOHNSON

The Dictionary, which appeared in 1755, was hardly remarkable for philological research—etymological accuracy was then unattainable—but it is rich in happy and luminous definitions, the result of keen insight, great sagacity, precision of understanding, and clearness of expression. A few of the definitions betray the personal feelings and peculiarities of the author. For example, 'Excise' is explained, in accordance with the Tory

hatred of Walpole, as 'a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged, not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid' A pension is defined to be 'an allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England, it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country' After such a definition it is scarcely to be wondered that Johnson paused and felt some 'compunctious visitings' before he accepted a pension himself Oats he defined, 'A grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people.' Yet, like the genuine humourist he was, he could jest also at himself, as when he described a lexicographer as 'a writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge, that busies himself in tracing the original, and detailing the signification of The Dictionary, which was to remain the standard English dictionary for a century, was based on an interleaved copy of the Universal Ltymological English Dictionary of Nathan Bailey, which, published in 1721, attained to its thirtieth While his Dictionary was in edition in 1802 progress Johnson sought relaxation as well as pecuniary help from other tasks In 1749 he published The Vanity of Human Wishes, an imitation of the tenth satire of Juvenal, for which he received fifteen guineas. The same year Garrick brought out Irene, stately, full of admirable sentiments and sound maxims, but lacking tenderness, and though it was not successful, by good management the representation realised £195, 17s, besides £100 from Dodsley for the copyright of the play

Johnson's poetry forms but a small portion of the history of his mind or of his works. Yet his imitations of Juvenal are among the best imitations of a classic we possess, and Gray declared that London—the first in time, and by far the inferior of the two-had 'all the ease and all the spirit of an original' In the Vanity of Human Wishes Johnson departs more from his model and takes wider views of human nature, society, and manners His pictures of Wolsey and Charles of Sweden have a dignity and vigour that would do honour to Dryden, while the historical and philosophic por traitures are set in a framework of reflections on the cares, vicissitudes, and sorrows of life, so profound, so true and touching, that they may well be called 'mottoes of the heart.' Sir Walter Scott said this poem was 'a satire the deep and pathetic morality of which has often extracted tears from those whose eyes wander dry over pages professedly sentimental,' and Mr Gosse has very justly and felicitously described it as 'perhaps the most Roman poem in the language.' Johnson's other poetical pieces are short and occasional, but his fine Prologue on the Opening of Drury Lane and his lines On the Death of Mr Robert Levett are in his best manner

His next venture was an attempt to revive the kind of periodical literature which had proved so successful in the hands of Addison and Steele. After the Guardian periodical writing had for long been chiefly confined to politics The opening number of Johnson's Rambler appeared on the 20th of March 1750, and the periodical vas continued twice a week without interruption till the 14th of March 1752 Johnson received only four contributions (one of them from Samuel Richardson) during the whole course of the publication, consequently the work bore the stamp of but one mind, and that mind cast in a peculiar mould Steele's light graces and genialities were wanting, and sketches of the fashions and frivolities of the times, which had contributed so much to the popularity of the former essayists, found no place in the grave and gloomy pages of the Rambler The serious and somewhat pedantic style of the work was ill calculated for general readers, and it was no favourite with the public. When he collected these essays, Johnson revised and corrected them with great care, but even then they appeared heavy and cumhrous, his attempts at humour were not happy, and the women characters, as Garrick said, vere all Johnsons in petticoats. They all speak in the same measured, lofts style, and are like sculptured figures rather than real life. The author's use of hard words was a common grievance, but it is somewhat curious to find denounced in the Rambler words like resuscitation, narcotic, faturity, and germiration, which are now in daily use and have lost all air of pedantry Johnson's turgid style, moreover, often rose to grandeur and beauty, his imagery was striking and original, and his inculcation of moral and religious duty was earnest and impressive. Goldsmith declared that a system of morals might be drawn from these essays, and certainly no other English writer of that day could have moralised in such a dignified strain Six years after the Rambler was dropped there appeared the Idler, which was somewhat more lively, and ran as a weekly newspaper from 15th April 1758 to 5th April 1760 Of its one hundred and three papers no less than ninety one vere written by Johnson. Means hile lie had contributed twenty-six papers to John Haukesworth's Adventurer (1752-54), which, like the World and Connoisseur hetween 1753 and 1756, was among the imitators of the Rambler

Rasselas, Prince of Abissinia (1759), was written hy Johnson to pay some small debts and defray the funeral expenses of his mother, who had died at the age of ninety. It appeared almost simultaneously with Voltaire's Caudide, or it might have been taken for a counterblast to that irreverent jeu d'esprit. Ostensibly an Eastern tale, it is actually a series of essays on various subjects of morality and religion—on the efficacy of pilgrimages, the state of departed souls, the probability of the reappearance of the dead, the dangers of solitude—on all which the philosopher and the Prince of Abyssinia talk a little more ponderously

than Johnson did for more than twenty years in his house at Bolt Court or in the club In spite of its rather tedious didacticism the book had a wonderful popularity, which was long maintained habitual melancholy of the author is everywhere apparent-it was not left to Werther to illustrate Weltschmerz-and is best expressed perhaps in the fine apostrophe to the river Nile great Father of waters thou that rollest thy floods through eighty nations, to the invocations of the daughter of thy native king Tell me if thou waterest, through all thy course, a single habitation from which thou dost not hear the murmurs of complaint.' When Johnson afterwards penned his depreciatory criticism of Gray, and uphraided him for apostrophising the Thames, adding rudely, 'Father Thames has no better means of knowing than himself,' he forgot that he had written Rasselas

In 1762 a new and hrighter era commenced pension of £300 was settled upon Johnson, chiefly through the influence of Lord Bute, then the all potent Minister, and ever afterwards the life of the great moralist was free from the corroding anxieties of poverty In 1764 the Literary Club was established, including Burke, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Garrick, Murphy, and others, and in this famous resort Johnson reigned supreme, the most hulliant talker of his age. In 1765 appeared, after many years' promises and delays, his edition of Shakespeare, about which, he said, he felt no solicitude, and the public was nearly asındıfferent It contained proofs, especially in an eloquent and masterly prefice, of his acuteness and insight into human nature, but was a careless and unsatisfactory piece of editorial work. Made easy by his pension and writings, Johnson undertook, in the autumn of 1773, his celebrated journey to the Hehrides in company with Boswell, whom he had first met ten years hefore in a bookseller's shop in Covent Garden It was certainly a remarkable undertaling for a man of sixty four, heavy, near sighted, somewhat deaf, full of English prejudices, a townsman who preferred Fleet Street to all the charms of Arcadia He had to perform great part of the journey on horseback, travelling over mountains and bogs, and to cross stormy firths and arms of the sea in open boats His account of the tour, published in 1775 is A Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland, is a most entertaining work. In the Highlands the imagination of Johnson expanded with the new scenery and forms of life presented to his view of feudalism, of clanship, and of ancient Jacobite families found full scope, and as he was always a close observer, his descriptions convey much amusing and novel information. His complaints of the want of woods in Scotland, though iterated with almost comical perseverance and querulousness, had the effect of setting the landlords to plant their hleak moors and mountains and improve the aspect of the country

In 1775 Johnson received the doctor's degree from Oxford, and soon afterwards he undertook the last and best of his works, the inimitable Lives of the English Poets, prefixed as prefaces to an edition of the English poets brought out by the London booksellers in 1779-81 In these famous biographies all critics have admired a freedom of style, a vigour of thought, and happiness of illustration rarely attained even by their author of the work was inadequate, as the lives begin only Some feeble and worthless rhymewith Cowley sters also obtained niches in Johnson's gallery, but the most serious defect is the injustice done to some of our greatest masters, largely through the political or personal prejudices of the biographer To Milton Johnson is strikingly unjust, though his criticism on Paradise Lost is able and profound Gray is treated with a coarseness and insensibility derogatory only to the critic, and in general the higher order of imaginative poetry suffers under the dictator's heavy hand beauties were too airy and ethereal for his grasptoo subtle for his feelings or understanding the lives of Dryden and Pope and most of the poets of their school are critical masterpieces, while the judgments of books and men throughout show a sublimated common-sense, a ripeness of experience, and a warmth of humanity that make the series, for all its carelessness and inaccuracy, as indubitably a classic in biography as the Parallel Lives of Plutarch It must be remembered, too, that Johnson had an unequalled knowledge of the literary period covered by his biographies, that he knew many of the men about whom he wrote, and had first hand or authentic traditions about most of the others, and all this gives a quite unique value to the Lives The Tory principles of Johnson, combined with the recollection of his pension, had induced him in his latter days to embark on the troubled sea of party politics, and he wrote several pamphlets-The False Alarm (1770), Thoughts on the Late Transactions respecting Falkland's Islands (1771), The Patriot (1774), and Taxation no Tyranny (1775)—in defence of the Ministry and against the claims of the Americans, but these are of minor note and value His work was now done His health had always been pre-He had from birth been afflicted with a scrofulous taint, all his life he was a prey to constitutional melancholy (often to the verge of insanity), and had a horror of death was an inmate in the family of Mr Thrale, the opulent brewer at Streatham, the agreeable society he met there, and especially the conversation and attentions of Mrs Thrale (afterwards Mrs Piozzi), sootlied and delighted him, but after this intimacy was interrupted (by Mrs Thrale's marriage with her Italian husband) Johnson's life in Bolt Court was but a sad and gloomy one. In his last sickness, however, which was cheered by the pious attentions of friends like Burke and Reynolds, he showed an unexpected screnity and fortitude. He died on

the 13th of December 1784, and was buried in Westminster Abbey Revered with justice in his own day as the dictator of letters and the arbiter of morals in England, he has been best known to later generations as the hero of Boswell's matchless biography, wherein he appears as the prince of English talkers and the most vivid and outstanding figure in our literary history, the extracts from Boswell in the next article supplement the present brief sketch of his life. Yet even apart from Boswell, Johnson is a mighty name His two Juvenalian satires, his epoch-making Dictionary, and his Lives of the Poets suffice to signalise him as a man of rarely virile and various powers and achievement, a genuine poet of the secondary rank, and a prose writer who at his best is one of the most consummate masters of our tongue.

#### Shakespeare and the Unities

To the unities of time and place he has shewn no regard, and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they stand will diminish their value, and with draw from them the veneration which, from the time of Corneille, they have very generally received, by discovering that they have given more trouble to the poet than pleasure to the auditor

The necessity of observing the unities of time and place trises from the supposed necessity of making the drama credible. The criticks hold it impossible that an action of months or years can be possibly believed to pass in three hours, or that the spectator can suppose limiself to sit in the theatre while ambassadors go and return between distant kings, while armies are levied and towns besieged, while an exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they saw courting his mistress shall lament the untimely fall of his son. The mind revolts from evident falsehood, and fiction loses its force when it departs from the resemblance of reality.

From the narrow limitation of time necessarily arises the contraction of place. The spectator, who knows that he saw the first act at Alexandria, cannot suppose that he sees the next at Rome, at a distance to which not the dragons of Medea could in so short a time have transported him, he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place, and he knows that place cannot change itself, that what was a house cannot become a plain, that what was Thebes can never he Persepolis

Such is the triumphant language with which a critick exults over the misery of an irregular poet, and exilts commonly without resistance or reply. It is time, therefore, to tell him by the authority of Shakespeare, that he assumes, as an unquestionable principle, a position which, while his breath is forming it into words, his understanding pronounces to be false. It is false that any representation is mistaken for reality, that any dramatick fable in its materiality was ever credible, or for a single moment was ever credited.

The objection arising from the impossibility of passing the first hour at Alexandria, and the next at Rome, supposes that when the play opens the spectator really imagines himself at Alexandria, and believes that his walk to the theatre has been a voyage to Egypt, and that he lives in the days of Antony and Cleopatra. Surely he that imagines this may imagine more He that can take the stage at one time for the palace

of the Ptolemies may tale it in half an hour for the promontory of Actium. Delusion, if delusion be admitted, has no certain limitation, if the spectator cao be once persualed that his old acquaintance are Alexander and Casar, that a room illuminated with candles is he plain of Pharsalia or the bard of Granicus, he is in a state of elevation above the reach of reason or of truth, and from the heights of corpyrean poetrs may despise the circumscriptions of terrestrial nature. There is no reason why a mind thus wandering in cestacy should count the clock, or why an hour should not be a century in that calenture of the brain that can make the sage a field

The truth is, that the spectators are always in their series and know, from the first act to the last, that the sage is only a stage, and that the players are only players. They come to hear a certain number of lines recited with jut gesture and elegant modulation. The lines relate to some action, and an action must be in some place, but the different actions that complete a story may be in places very remore from each other, and where is the absurdity of allowing that space to represent first Athens, and then Sieily, which was always 3 nown to be neither. Sieily nor Athens, but a modern theatre?

Py supposition, as place is introduced, time may be extended the time required by the fable clapses for the mo t par between the ac so for, of so much of the action as is repre inted the real and poetical duration is the same. If in the fir t act preparations for war against Mithril tes are represented to be made in Konic, the event of the war mry, without absurdity be represented in the catastrophe as happening in Pontus, we know that there is neither var nor preparation for war, we Inos that we are neither in Rome nor Pontus, that neither Mithirdates nor Lucullus are before us drima exhibits successive initiations of successive actions, and why may not the second imitation represent an action that happened years after the first, if it be so connected with it that nothing but time can be supposed to intercene? Time is, of all modes of existence, most obsequious to the imagination, a lapse of years is as easily conceived as a passage of hours. In contempla tion we easily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when ve only see their imitation

It will be asked how the drima moves, if it is not credited. It is credited with all the credit due to a drima. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a just picture of a real original as repre enting to the auditor what he would himself feel if he vere to do or suffer what is there feigned to be suffered or to be done. The reflection that stril es the heart is not that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which we ourselves may be exposed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we funcy ourselves unhappy for a moment, but we rather lament the posibility than suppose the presence of misery, as a mother veeps over her babe when she remembers that The delight of tragedy death may take it from her proceeds from our consciousness of fiction, if we thought murders and treasons real, they would please no more

Imitations produce pain or pleasure, not because they are mistal en for realities, but because they bring realities to mind. When the imagination is recreated by a painted landscape, the trees are not supposed capable to

give is shade, or the fountains cooloess, but we consider how we should be pleased with such fountains playing beside us, and such voods waving over us. We are aguated in reading the history of Henry the Fifth, yet no man takes his book for the field of Agincourt. A drimatick exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that increase or diminish its effect. Familiar comedy is often more powerful on the theatre than in the page, imperial trigedy is always less. The himour of Petriichio may be heightened by grimnee, but what voice or what gesture can hope to add dignity or force to the soliloquy of Cato?

A play read affects the mind like a play neted. It is therefore evident that the netion is not supposed to be real, and it follows that between the acts a longer or shorter time may be allowed to pass, and that no more account of space or duration is to be talen by the auditor of a drama than by the reader of a narrative, before whom may pass in an hour the life of a hero or the revolutions of an empire

Whether Shalespeare linew the unities and rejected them by design, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it i, I think, impossible to decide, and useless to inquire. We may reasonably suppose that when he role to notice he did not want the counsels and admonitions of scholars and criticks, and that he at last de liberately persisted in a practice which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is essential to the fable but units of action, and as the unities of time and place are evidently from false assumptions, and, by circumserib ing the extent of the drama, lesson its variety, I cannot think it inuch to be lamented that they were not I nown by him, or not observed nor, if such another poet could arise, should I very vehemently reproach him that his first act passed at Venice and his next in Cyprus. Such violation of rules merely positive become the compre hensive genius of Shakespeare, and such censures are suitable to the minute and slender enticism of Voltaire.

(From the preface to the edition of Shakespeare)

## On Revenge

A wise man will make liaste to forgive, because he I now s the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass nway in innecessary pain. He that willingly suffers the corrosions of inveterate lintred, and gives up his days and nights to the gloom of malice and perturbations of stratagem, cannot surely be said to consult his ease. Resentment is an union of sorrow with malignity a combination of a passion which all endeasour to avoid, with a passion which all concur to detest man who retires to meditate mischief and to exas perate his own rage-whose thoughts are employed only on means of distress and contrivances of ruin-whose mind never pauses from the remembrance of his own sufferings but to indulge some hope of enjoying the calamities of another-may justly be numbered among the most miserable of human beings, among those who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladness of prosperity nor the calm of innocence.

Whoever considers the weakness both of himself and others will not long want persuasives to forgiveness. We know not to what degree of mulignity any injury is to be imputed, or how much its guilt, if we were to inspect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by mistake, precipitance, or oegligence, we cannot be certain how much more we feel than was

intended to be inflicted, or how much we increase the mischief to ourselves by voluntary aggrivations. We may charge to design the effects of accident, we may think the blow violent only because we have made our selves delicate and tender, we are on every side in danger of error and of guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by speedy forgiveness.

From this pacific and harmless temper, thus propitious to others and ourselves, to domestic tranquillity and to social happiness, no man is withheld but by pride, by the fear of being insulted by his adversary or despised by the world. It may be laid down as an unfailing and universal axiom, that 'all pride is abject and mean'. It is always an ignorant, lazy, or cowardly acquiescence in a false appearance of excellence, and proceeds not from consciousness of our attainments, but insensibility of our wants.

Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves, to give way to anything but conviction, to suffer the opinion of others to rule our choice or overpower our resolves, is to submit tamely to the lowest and most ignominious slavery, and to resign the right of directing our own lives.

The utmost excellence at which humanity can arrive is a constant and determinate pursuit of virtue without regard to present dangers or advantage, a continual reference of every action to the divine will, an habitual appeal to everlasting justice, and an unvaried elevation of the intellectual eye to the reward which perseverance only can obtain But that pride which many, who pre sume to boast of generous sentiments, allow to regulate their measures has nothing nobler in view than the approbation of men, of beings whose superiority we are under no obligation to acknowledge, and who, when we have courted them with the utmost assiduity, can confer no valuable or permanent reward, of beings who igno rantly judge of what they do not understand, or partially determine what they never have examined, and whose sentence is therefore of no weight till it has received the ratification of our own conscience

He that can descend to bribe suffrages like these at the price of his innocence—he that can suffer the delight of such acclamations to withhold his attention from the commands of the universal sovereign—has little reason to congratulate himself upon the greatness of his mind, whenever he awakes to seriousness and reflection, he must become despicable in his own eyes, and shrink with shame from the remembrance of his cowardice and folly

Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive. It is therefore superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is suspended, and to him that refuses to practise it, the thronc of mercy is inaccessible, and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain

(From The Rambler, No 185)

## Is Marriage a Failure?

'I know not,' said the princess, 'whether marriage be more than one of the innumerable modes of human misery. When I see and reckon the various forms of connubial infelicity, the nnexpected causes of lasting discord, the diversities of temper, the oppositions of opinion, the

rude collisions of contrary desire when both are urged by violent impulses, the obstinate contests of disagree able virtues, where both are supported by consciousness of good intention, I am sometimes disposed to think with the severer casuists of most nations, that marriage is rather permitted than approved, and that none, but by the instigation of a passion too much indulged, entangle themselves with indissoluble compacts.

(From Rasselas)

## From the Preface to the Dictionary

In hope of giving longevity to that which its own nature forbids to be immortal, I have devoted this book, the labour of years, to the honour of my country, that we may no longer yield the palm of philology, without a contest, to the nations of the continent. The chief glory of every people arises from its authors whether I shall add anything by my own writings to the reputation of English literature must be left to time, much of my life has been lost upder the pressures of disease, much has been trifled away, and much has always been spent in provision for the day that was passing over me, but I shall not think my employment useless or ignorm if, by my assistance, foreign nations and distant ages gain access to the propagators of knowledge and understand the teachers of truth, if my labours afford light to the repositories of science, and add celebrity to Baçon, to Hooker, to Milton, and to Boyle.

When I am animated by this wish, I look with plea sure on my book, however defective, and deliver it to the world with the spirit of a man that has endeavoured That it will immediately become popular I have not promised to myself, a few wild blunders and risible absurdates, from which no work of such multiplicity was ever free, may for a time furnish folly with laughter and liarden ignorance into contempt, but useful dili gence will at last prevail, and there never can be wanting some who distinguish desert, who will consider that no dictionary of a living tongue ever can be perfect, since, while it is hastening to publication, some words are budding and some falling away, that a whole life cannot be spent upon syntax and etymology, and that even a whole life would not be sufficient, that he whose design includes whatever language can express, must often speak of what he does not understand, that a writer will sometimes be hurried by eagerness to the end, and sometimes faint with weariness under a task which Scaliger compares to the labours of the anvil and the mine, that what is obvious is not always known, and what is known is not always present, that sudden fits of madvertency will surprise vigilance, slight avocations will seduce attention, and easual eclipses of the mind will darken learning, and that the writer shall often in vain trace his memory at the moment of need for that which yesterday he knew with intuitive readiness, and which will come uncalled into his thoughts to morrow

In this work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed, and though no book was ever spired out of tenderness to the author, and the world is little solicitous to know whence proceeded the faults of that which it condemns, yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it that the English Dictionary was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great, not in the soft obscurities of retirement or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience

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and a case of the second I may be all the second and with David Garriel, whom we do not be a subject to have a strictly on the falls of the I have a mainfall, but what are the hope of man! I am second if the second is a subject to have a strictly on the falls of the second in the strictly of the second in the second in provincial the public such many of the second in the second

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## An Apology for Tea We have all only given in our collections one of the

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(From a review in the Literary Magazine of 1757 of a book by Jonas Hanway)

#### Parallel between Pope and Dryden

Pope profes ed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried

liberality, and perhaps his character may receive some illustration if he be compared with his master

Integrity of understanding and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shewn by the dismission of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had He wrote, and profes of to write, merely for the people and when he pleased others he contented humself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he mu t have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration, when occasion or necessity called upon him, he ponred out what the present moment happened to supply and when once it had passed the pre ejected it from his mind for when he had no pecuniars interest, he had no further soli itude

Pope was not content to satisfy he do it also exect, and therefore always endeavoured to do his bet he did not court the candour, but dar d the judgment of his reader, and expecting no in his ence from others, he sheved none to himself. The commind line, and words with minute and punctifions observation, and retouched every part with in lefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

lor this reason he lept his pieces very long in his han is, while he considered and reconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times a might has en their publication were the two satires of Thir's eight, of which Dodsle, told me that they a cre brought to him by the author that they might be fairly copied. Almost every line, he said, 'was then written twice over I gave him a clean transcript, which he sent some time aftery and to me for the press, with almost every line a ritten ty ice over a second time.'

This declaration that his care for his works ceased at their publication was not strictly true. This parental attention never abandoned them, what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the *Iliad*, and freed it from some of its imperfections, and the *Essay on Creticism* received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigour

Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden, but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope

In acquired knowledge the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. Hi mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope

Poctry was not the sole praise of either, for both excelled likewise in prose, but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied, that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind,

Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden i sometimes vehenical and rapid. Pope is als assessmooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, it ing into inequalities and discribed by the varied exuberance of abundant regretation. Pope's is a reliect last, shaven by the scythe and levelled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which constitutes a post, that quality sithout which judgment is cold and Luowledge is mert, that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animate, the superiority must, with some his tadou be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred that of this poetical vigour Pope In I only a little because Dryden had more for every other virter since filter must give place to Pope, and even of Dryden it must be said that if he has bo, her paragraphs he has not better poems. Dryd n's ju fermances i ere olympi has i, either excited by some external occasion or exterted by dome tie reces its, he composed withost consideration and published radio confection. What his many could supply at call or garlier in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all the he pare. The dil tors caution of Pope enable I mm to combe to his sentiments, to mustiply he images, and to accomply e all that study might produce or chance night supply. If the flights of Dryten, herefore are higher, Pope continues longer on the sing If of Dryden's fire the blace is brighter, of lope the heat simple legular and con 'anoften surpressing expectation and Pope never falls below it. Draden is real with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpenual delight

(from 1 - 1 st- of 1 years L res of the Pate)

## From The Vanity of Human Wishes'

Let of rya ion, with exten ive view, Survey it and find, from China to Peni, Remark each envious toil, each eager sinfe, And writeh the bun seemes of crowded life, Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate, O crspread with snare the clouded mare of fate Where wa ering man, Is trived by venturous pride, To trend the dream paths without a guide, As treacherous pliantoms in the mist delude, Shuns fracted illy or clinees airy good How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice, Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant once. How nations sink, by darling schemes oppressed, When vengeance listens to the fool's request Fate wings with every wish the afflictive dart, Lach gift of nature and each grace of art, With fatal licat impetuous courage glows With fatal sweetners elecution flows, Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath, And restless fire precipitates on death

But scarce observed, the knowing and the bold Fall in the general massacre of gold, Wide wasting pest! that riges inconfined, And crowds with crimes the records of mankind, For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws, Wealth heaped on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys, The dangers gather as the treasures rise

Let history tell where rival kings command, And dubious title shakes the midded land, When statutes glean the refuse of the sword, How much more safe the vassal than the lord, Low skulls the hind beneath the rage of power, and leaves the wealthy traitor in the Fower, Untouched his cottage, and his slumbers sound, Though confiscation's vultures haver round

Unnumbered suppliants crowd preferment's gate Atherst for wealth, and burning to be great, Delusive fortung hear the incessant call, They mount, they slune evaporate, and fall On every stage, the foes of peace attend Hate dogs their flight and insult mocks their end Love ends with hope, the sinking state man's door Pours in the morning worshipper no more For a own marres the veckly sembbler hes, To grammy verith the dedicator flics I rem every room de cen is the printed face That I may the tright pulladium of the place And smo ed in kitchens, or in auctions sold To lot or forture yields the frame of gold , For now no more we truce in every line Hereie werth 1- nevolence divine The form distorte lims thes the fall And deserta ion rill the in lightness walk

But will not Pritain hear the last appeal,
Sign her for a doom for grant her favourities real?
Through free lemis sons no more remonstrance rings
Degrading not less, and controlling kings
Our supply tribes repress their partiest throats
And a long questions but the price of votes
With weekly his 's and a ptennial ale,
There we has fifth to riot and to rail

In full Hown diem 3 or Wolsey stand, Law in he voice and forture in his land To I in the church, the realm, their powers consign, Through him the rays of regal bounts shine Turi ellis his not the stream of honour flows, His int olone sounds bestows Sall to near leight his restless a ishes tower, Claira le de to claim, and po ver advances power Till conque t uniesi ed cars d to plea e And right vanismitted left him none to seize At I noth he covereign from ns-the train of state Mark the Leen glance, and watch the sign to hate Where or he turns I e me is a stranger's eye, He suppliants scorn lim, and his followers fly, Now drop at once the pride of awful state The go'den canopy, the glitering plate, The regal palace the luxurious board, The liveried army, and the menial lord With age with cares with maladies oppressed, He seels the refuge of monastic rest Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings And his last sighs reproach the futh of Lings

Speak thou whose thoughts at humble pence repine, Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end, be thine? Or livest thou now with safer pride content, The wisest Junice on the banks of Trent? For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate, On weak foundations raise the enormous weight? Why, but to sink beneath misfortune's blow, With louder ruin to the gulfs below.

What gave great Villiers to the assassin's knife, An I fixed di ease on Harley's closing life? What mirdered Wentworth, and what exiled Hyde, By I ings protected, and to kings allied? What, but their wish indulged in courts to shine, And power too great to I eep, or to resign!

The festal blazes, the triumphal show, The ravished standard, and the captive foe, The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale, With force resistless o'er the brave prevail Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirled, I or such the steady Roman shook the world, For such in distant lands the Britons shine, And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine, This power has praise, that virtue scarce can warm Till fame supplies the universal charm. 1 et reason frouns on war's unequal game Where wasted nations raise a single name, And mortgaged states their grand ires, wreaths regret, I rom age to age in everlasting debt. Wreaths which at last the dear bought right convey Lo rust on medals, or on stones decay

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride, How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide A frame of adminant, a soul of fire No danger fright him, and no labours tire, Our love, our fear, extends his wide domain, Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain No jovs to him pacific sceptres yield, War sounds the trump he rushes to the field Ikhold surrounding lings their power combine And one expitulate, and one resign, Perce courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain, 'Think nothing grined, he cries, 'till nought remain, On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly, An I all be mine beneath the polar sky? The march legins in military state An I note us on his eye suspended wait Stem famine guards the solitary coast, And winter barricades the realnis of frost He comes nor want, nor cold, his course delay, Hi le blushing glory, Inde Pultowa's day The vanguished hero leaves his brol en bands, And shows his miseries in district lands, Condemned a needy supplicant to wait, While Indies interpose and slaves debute But did not chance at length her error mend? Did no subverted empire mark his end? Did rwal monarchs give the fatal wound, Or hostile nullions press him to the ground? His fall was destined to a barren strand, A petty fortress, and a dubious hand, He left the name, at which the world grew pale, To point a moral or adorn a tale

But grant the virtues of a temperate prime, Bless with an age exempt from scorn or erime, An age that melts with unperceived decay, And glides in modest innocence away. Whose peaceful day benevolence endears, Whose night congratulating conscience cheers. The general favourite as the general friend, Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?

Net even on this her load misfortune flings. To press the weary minutes' flagging wings. New sorrow rises as the day returns, A sister siel ens, or a daughter mourns. Now kindred ment fills the sable bier, Now Incerated friendship claims a tear. Year chases year, decay pursues decay, Still drops some joy from withering life away, New forms nrise, and different views engage, Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,

Till pitying nature signs the last release, And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

Put few there are whom hours lile these await, Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate. From Lydia's monreli should the search descend, By Solon cautioned to regard his end In life s last scene what produgies surprise, Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise! From Marlb rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow, And Svift expires a driveller and a show

Where, then, shall hope and fear their objects find? Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind? Must liclpless man, in ignorance sedate, Roll darkling down the torrent of his fite? Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise, No cries involve the mercies of the skies? Inquirer, cease, petitions jet remain, Which Heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain Still raise for good the supplicating voice, But leave to heaven the measure and the choice. Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar The secret ambush of a specious prayer Implore his aid, in his decisions rest, Secure v hate'er he gives, he gives the best. Yet when the sense of sacred presence tires, And strong devotion to the skies aspires, Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind, Obedient passions, and a will resigned, For love, which scarce collective man can fill, For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill, For faith, that, panting for a happier scat, Counts death I ind nature's signal of retreat These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain, These goods he grants, who grants the power to gun, With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,

## Prologue spoken by Mr Garrick at the Opening of the Theatre in Drury Lane in 1747

And makes the happiness she does not find

When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes First reared the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose, Each change of many coloured life he drew, Lathausted worlds, and then imagined new Existence saw him spurn lier bounded reign, And panting Time toiled after him in vain His powerful strokes presiding truth impressed, And unresisted passion stormed the breast

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule,
His studious putience and laborious art
By regular approach assailed the heart
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays,
I or those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the general doom,
But left, life Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb

The vits of Charles found casier ways to fame, Nor wished for Jonson's art or Shakespeare's flame, Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ, Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit Vice always found a sympathetic friend, They pleased their age, and did not aim to mend Vet bards like these aspired to lasting pruse, And proudly hoped to pimp in future days Their cause was general, their supports were strong, Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long,

Till shame regained the post that sense betrayed, And virtue called oblivion to her aid

Then crushed by rules, and weakened as refined, For years the power of Tragedy declined, From bard to bard the frigid caution crept, Till declamation roared, whilst passion slept, Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread, Philosophy remained, though nature fled But forced at length her ancient reign to quit, She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit Exulting folly hailed the joyful day, And Pantomime and song confirmed her sway

But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,
New Belins, new D'Urfeys, yet remain in store,
Perhaps, where Lear has raved and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride
Perhaps—for who can guess the effects of chance?—
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.

Hard is his lot that, here by fortune placed, Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste, With every meteor of caprice must play, And chase the new blown bubbles of the day Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice, The stage but echoes back the public voice, The drama's laws the drama's patrons give, For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you deers,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die,
"Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence
Of rescued nature and reviving sense,
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth and salutary woe,
Bid Scenie Virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage
Hunt was a famous boxer on the stage Mahomet a rope
dancer who had been exhibiting at Covent Garden Theatre.

### On the Death of Dr Robert Levett (1782)

Condemned to Hope's delusive mine, As on we toil from day to day, By sudden blasts, or slow decline, Our social comforts drop away

Well tried through many a varying year, See Levett to the grave descend, Officious, innocent, sincere, Of every friendless name the friend

Yet still he fills affection's eye, Obscurely wise and coarsely kind, Nor, lettered arrogance, deny Thy praise to ment unrefined.

When fainting nature called for aid,
And hovering death prepared the blow,
His vigorous remedy displayed
The power of art without the show

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopcless anguish poured his groan,
And lonely want retired to die

No summons mocked by chill delay, No petty gain disdained by pride, The modest wants of every day, The toil of every day supplied His virtues will ed their narrow round, Nor made a pau e, nor left a void, And sure the Eternal Master found The single talent well employed

The bus day—the peaceful night, Unfelt, uncounted, glided by, His frame was firm—his powers were bright, Though now his eightieth year was nigh

Then vi li no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way

#### Johnson in his Arm-chair

My dear friend, clear our mind of cant. You may talk as other people do, you may say to a man, 'Sir, I am your humble servant.' You are not his most humble servant. You may say, 'These are had times, it is a melancholy thing to be received to such times.' You don't mind the times. You tell a man, 'I am sorry you had such had yeather the last day of your journey and were so much yet.' You don't care sixpence whe her he is wet or dry. You may talk in this manner, it is a mode of talling in society, but don't think foolishly.

Treating your adversary with respect is giving him an advantage to a high he is not entitled. The greater part of men cannot judge of reasoning, and are impressed by character, so that, if you allow your adversary a respectable character, they will think that though you differ from him you may be in the wrong. Sir, treating your adversary with respect it striking soft in a battle

Wickelness is always easier than virtue, for it tales the short cut to everything. It is much easier to steal a hundred pounds than to get it by labour, or any other wa

Most schemes of political improvement are very laugh able things.

I would not give half a guinea to live under one form of government rather than another. It is of no moment to the happiness of an individual. Sir, the danger of the abuse of power is no hing to a private man. What Frenchman is prevented from passing his life as he pleases.

What is climate to happiness? Place me in the heart of Asia—should I no be exiled? What proportion does climate hear to the complex system of human life? You may advise me to go to live at Bologna to eat sausages. The sausages there are the best in the world—they lose much by being carried.

A snip Is worse than a gaol. There is in a gaol better air, better company, better conveniency of every kind, and a ship has the additional disadvantage of being in danger. When men come to lile a sea life they are not fit to live on land.

Every man will dispute with great good humour upon a subject in which he is not interested. I will dispute very calmly upon the probability of another man's son being lianged, but if a man zealously enforces the probability that my son will be hanged, I shall extainly not be in a very good humour with him Murray. But, sir, truth will always bear an examination. Johnson Yes, sir, but it is painful to be forced to defend it. Consider, sir, how should you lile, though

conscious of your innocence, to be tried before a jury for a capital crime once a week?

What we read with inclination makes a much stronger impression. If we read without inclination, half the mind is employed in fixing the attention, so there is but one half to be employed on what we read. If a man begins to read in the middle of a book, and feels an inclination to go on, let him not quit it to go to the beginning. He may, perhaps, not feel again the inclination.

We are all more or less governed by interest But interest will not make us do everything. In a case which admits of doubt, we try to think on the side which is for our interest, and generally bring ourselves to act accordingly. But the subject must admit of diversity of colouring, it must receive a colour on that side. No, sir, there must always be right enough, or appearance of right, to keep wrong in countenance.

It is strange that there should be so little reading in the world, and so much virting. People in general do not willingly read if they can have anything else to arrayse them. There must be an external impulse emulation, or vanity, or avarice.

No money is better spent than what is laid out for domestic satisfaction. A man is pleased that his wife is drested as well as other people, and a wife is pleased that sne is dressed.

Bortell I have often blamed myself sir, for not feeling for others as sensibly as many say they do Johnson Sir, don't be duped by them any more. You will find these very feeling people are not very ready to do you good. They fay you by feeling

But sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees, is the high road that leads him to Lingland

We talked of the proper use of riches Johnson If I were a man of great estate, I would drive all the riscals whom I did not like out of the country, at an election

In civilised society personal ment will not serve you so much as money will. Sir, you may male the experiment. Go into the street, and give one man a lecture on morality, and another a shilling, and see which will respect you most.

Sir, a woman preaching is like a dogs walking on its hind legs. It is not well done, but you are surprised to find it done at all

(From Boswell's Journey to the Hebrides and Life of Dr Johnson)

Johnson's works were first collected by his literary executor Sir John Hawkins, and published in eleven volumes in 1787-89. Arthur Murphy's edition in eleven volumes with a biographical essay, followed in 177/3 and the best of their many successors is that published at Oxford in eleven volumes in 1825. Dr Birkbeck Hill has edited Rasselas (1887) Wit and Wisdom of Dr Johnson (1888), Select Essays (1889) and the Letters of Johnson (1892). There are editions of the I ires of the Poets by Peter Cunningham (1854) and Mrs Napier (1899) and a selection of six of the lives was edited by Matthen Arnold in 1878 For Boswell's Life and its editors and critics, see the following article on Boswell. The other biographical matter, including and from Hawkins's Life, Murphy's Essay Mrs Piozzis Anecdotes, and the Recollections by Richard Cumberland Bisliop Percy, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hannah More, Madame D Arblay, and others is reprinted in Mrs Napier's volume of Johnsoniana (1884). The chief critical estimates are Macaulay s famous essay and biography, and Mr Leslie Stephen's monograph in the series of 'English Men of Letters' while much relevant information may be found in Birkbeck Hill's Dr Johnson his Friends and his Critics (1878) and Seccombe's Age of Johnson (1900). There is a useful bibliography in Colonel F Grant's volume on Johnson in the 'Great Writers series (1887).

## James Boswell.

the biographer of Dr Johnson, was born at Edin burgh, 18th October 1740, eldest son of Lord Auchinleck, a law lord, who had taken his title from the Avrshire estate which had belonged to the family since the reign of James IV. He was educated at the Edinburgh High School and at the universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, but greatly trratated the shrewd and surly old judge I to rejoin Rousseau in England, and immediately

by his frivolity and dissipation A rest less itch for writing made him, a boy of eighteen, keep an 'c act journal,' write poems and pro logues to Edinburgh plays, and publish, at twenty three, a scries of would be clever and Witty letters th it h id passed between himself and a companion of egual age and experience, and a year in London at twenty spoiled hım for a provincial. His capacity for making friends and for fall ing temporarily in love, and his eagerness to know people that were notorious for anything, were as deep rooted in his nature as his love of letters and of literary distinc-During his second visit to Lon-



JAMES BOSWELL From the Drawing by G. Dance, R.A. in the National Portrait Gallery

don he had the supreme happiness of making Dr Jolinson's acquaintance in the back parlour of Tom Divice's shop in Russell Street (16th May 1763) The sincerity of the disciple's respect seems to have touched the master's heart, and the acquaintance quickly ripened into a warm friendship, which stood the strun of many a brutal rebuff on Johnson's part, and was kept in repair by frequent letters on both sides throughout the rest of Johnson's life A few months later Johnson accompanied Boswell to Harwich, on his way to study civil law at Utrecht, and parted from him with many wise counsels. At Utrecht Boswell spent one winter between study and dissipation, on an allowance from his father of £240 a year, ifter which, instead of returning home, he went on a tour through Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and made the acquaintance of Voltaire and I him, but not without much grumbling and many

Rousseau Rousseau gave him a letter of introduction to Paoli, and to that hero the indefatigable Boswell at once repaired (1765) He was well received by the Corsicans, and for a time played the great Englishman to his heart's content, not forgetting to ask Paoli 'a thousand questions with regard to the most minute and private circum stances of his life' Returning through France in 1766, he escorted Therese Levasseur on her way

afterwards passed ndvocate. and had some little professional cess, he seems to have employed himself voluntarily at least in the last stages of the famous Douglas cause. His Account of Corsica appeared early in 1768, and had a great vogue Jolinson said the journal was 'm a very high delightful degree and curious poet Gray, whose eves were undimmed by the partiality of friend ship, called it, in a letter to Horace Walpole, 'a dia logue between a green goose and a hero' Enily 1767 Boswell waited upon Chatham in Corsican costume to plead for Paoli, and was honoured some time after by

a warm letter from the great statesman, which encouraged him in reply to the characteristic temerity of asking, 'Could your Iordship find time to honour me now and then with a letter? correspond with a Paoli and with a Chatham is enough to keep a young man ever ardent in the pursuit of virtuous fame.

From this time Boswell's mind was much taken up with a succession of matrimonial schemes, which ended somewhat prosaically with his marriage (1769) to his cousin, Margaret Montgomers, a prudent and amiable woman, who bore him seven children, and proved herself a sensible and On the same day his father forgiving wife married a cousin of his own, to the son's disgust and alarm The old judge allowed his son £300 a year, and from time to time paid his debts for

Boswell never became a prosperous lawyer, and continued to make visits to London almost every year. In 1773, fortunately for the world but against the wishes of many of the members, he was, through Johnson's influence, elected a member of the famous Literary Club Later in the same year occurred the memorable ourney to the Hebrides Neither Lord Auchinleck nor Boswell's own wife could understand the enthusiasm for the uncouth-looking philosopher, and although the latter was studiously polite, she could not hide from the astute Johnson the fact that he was disliked In 1775 Boswell began to keep his terms at the Inner Temple, and was ultimately called to the English Bar in 1786, in 1776 the Auchinleck property was entailed upon him, and in the August of 1782 he succeeded, on his father's death, to an estate of £1600 a year His last meeting with Johnson was at dinner with Sir Joshua Reynolds early in 1784, the year Johnson died Crol er calculated that Boswell met Johnson in all on one hundred and eighty days, or two hundred and seventy-six including the Scotch tour

Boswell now made some attempts to enter on a political career, for some years entertained hopes from the patronage of Lord Lonsdale, and could not understand Pitt's 'utter folly' in not seeing the value of 'my popular and pleasant talents,' but his sole reward vas the recordership of Carlisle, which he resigned in a year, through resentment of his patron's treatment of him 1789 his wife died, and henceforward his drinking habits got the mustery of him, he had been drinking all his days, with fits of repentance and solemn promises of amendment between his drunkard's hypochondria and the pressure of money difficulties he found refuge in writing Johnson's I ife, which occupied him several years Spite of occasional despondency and the pinch of financial difficulty, he refused to part with the copyright, and his confidence was justified. The book appeared in the May of 1791, vas received with delight, and sold so rapidly that a second edition was issued in July 1793. But his success failed to lighten his gloom or break him of his intemperate habits, his health gave way, and he died in London, after a brief illness, on the 19th of Vizy 1795

Boswell's Life of Johnson is admittedly our greatest biography, and the singular merit of the book raised the question how it could possibly have been written by a man of such egregious weakness and vanity as Boswell Macaulay advanced the preposterous paradox that it was because of his unrivalled qualifications as a fool that its author had written the best life in existence. The true explanation doubtless is, that this vanity and folly by no means made up Boswell's whole mental equipment, and that the unenviable qualities in his character become so conspicuous largely because he had so much less reticence than

ordinary men The man who could retain the friendship of Samuel Johnson, and who could be described as 'the best travelling companion in the world,' was something more than a partisite and a fool. Nor could the most veracious fool have written such a devterously artistic book doubt he had a noble subject, Johnson's character and wit, his winged words, and his unsurpassed command of the mother-tongue in unforge-able phrases rendered a remarkable picture almost But in Boswell's hands nothing has suffered, from evidence we have about a few of the conversations, we know that these at any rate have gained greatly in point from his editorial touch. He adds not one v ord too much, but gives us the most vivid dramatic pictures by a few simple but subtle strokes. This is not the work of memory nearly so much as of artistic repro duction-it is not photographic and realistic half so much as it is idealistic and creative have here a special literary faculty, and, moreover, one of the rarest This obtrusive, irrepressible, absurd, drunken Scotch advocate and laird had in him something of the true Shakespearean

Of the following extracts, the first is from A Tour in Corsica, the others from Boswell's Johnson

## Boswell in Paoli's Camp

The ambasciadore Inglese, The English ambasciadour, as the good peasants and soldiers used to call me, like came a great favourite among them. I got a Corsican dress made, in which I walked about with an air of true satisfaction. The General did me the honour to present me with his own pistols, made in the island, all of Corsican wood and iron, and of excellent work manship I had every other accountement. I even got one of the shells which had often sounded the alarm to liberty I preserve them all with great care.

The Corstean peasants and soldiers were quite free and easy with me. Numbers of them used to come and see me of a morning, and just go out and in as they pleased. I did every thing in my power to make them fond of the British, and bid them hope for an alliance with us. They asked me a thousand questions about my country, all which I cheerfully answered as well as I could.

One day they would needs hear me play upon my German flute. To have told my honest natural visitants, Really, gentlemen, I play very ill, and put on such airs as we do in our genteel companies, would have been highly ridiculous. I therefore imme diately complied with their request. I gave their one or two Italian airs, and then some of our beantiful old Scots tunes, Gilderoy, the Lass of Patie's Will Corn Riggs are Bonny. The pathetick simplicity and pustoral gaiety of the Scots musicl will always please those who have the genuine feelings of nature. The Corsicans were charmed with the specimens I gave them, though I may now say that they were very indifferently performed.

My good friends insisted also to have an English song from me I endeavoured to please them in this too, and was very lucky in that which occurred to me. I sung

them 'Hearts of oak are our ships, Hearts of oak are onr 'men' I translated it into Italian for them, and never did I see men so delighted with a song as the Corsicans were with 'Hearts of oak.' 'Cuore di querco,' ened they, 'bravo Inglese.' It was quite a joyous riot I fancied myself to be a recruiting sea-officer I fancied all my chorus of Corlicans aboard the British fleet.

## Boswell's First Meeting with Johnson.

At last, on Monday the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr Davies's back parlour, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop, and Mr Davies having perceived him, through the glass door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us, he announced his awful approach to inc, somewhat in the manner of au actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, 'Look, my lord, it comes?' I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his Dictionary, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation, which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to inc, and from v luch an engraving has been made for this Mr Davies mentioned my name, and respect fully introduced me to him I was much agitated, and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, o' which I had heard much, I said to Davies, 'Don't tell where I come from '-' From Scotland,' cried Davies, roguishly 'Mr Johnson,' said I, 'I do Indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it.' I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expense But however that might be, this speech of my country was somewhat unlucky, for with that quickness of wit for v hich lie was so remarkable, he seized the expression, 'come from Scotland,' which I used in the sense of being of that country, and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, 'That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help' This stroke stunned me a good deal, and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next addressed himself to Davies 'What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be vorth three shillings ' Lager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, 'O Sit, I cannot think Mr Garriel would grudge such a trifle to you' 'Sir,' said he, with a stern look, 'I have known David Garrick longer than you have done, and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject.' Perhaps I descried this check, for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil. I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted And, in truth, had not my ardour been uncommonly strong, and my resolution un commonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me for ever from making any further attempts Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited, and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation. [1763]

## Johnson at the 'Mitre

I had learnt that his place of frequent resort was the Mitre tavern in Flect Street, where he loved to sit up late, and I begged I might be allowed to pass an evening with him there soon, which he promised I should. A few days afterwards, I met him near Temple Bar about one o'clock in the morning, and asked if he would then go to the Mitre 'Sir,' said he, 'it is too late, they won't let us in But I'll go with you another night, with all my heart'

A revolution of some importance in my plan of life had just taken place for instead of procuring a com mission in the foot guards, which was my own inclination, I had, in compliance with my father's wishes, agreed to study the law, and was soon to set out for Utrecht, to hear the lectures of an excellent civilian in that Uni versity, and then to proceed on my travels. Though very desirous of obtaining Dr Johnson's advice and in structions on the mode of pursuing my studies, I was at this time so occupied, shall I call it? or so dissipated by the amusements of London, that our next meeting was not till Saturday, June 25, when, happening to dine at Clifton's eating house, in Butcher-row, I was surprised to perceive Johnson come in and take his seat at another table. The mode of dining, or rather being fed, at such houses in London is well known to many to be particu larly unsocial, as there is no ordinary, or united com pany, but each person has his own mess, and is under no obligation to hold any intercourse with any one. A liberal and full minded man, however, who loves to talk, will break through this churlish and unsocial restraint Johnson and an Irish gentleman got into a dispute con cerning the cause of some part of mankind being black 'Why, Sir,' said Johnson, 'it has been accounted for in three ways either by supposing that they are the posterity of Ham, who was cursed, or that God at first

in three ways either by supposing that they are the posterity of Ham, who was cursed, or that God at first created two kinds of men, one black, and another white, or that, by the heat of the sun, the skin is scorched, and so acquires a sooty hue. This matter has been much canvassed among naturalists, but has never been brought to any certain issue. What the Irishman said is totally obliterated from my mind, but I remember that he became very warm and intemperate in his expressions, upon which Johnson rose, and quietly walked away. When he had retired, his antigonist took his revenge, as he thought, by saying, 'He has a most ungainly figure, and an affectation of pomposity unworthy of a man of genius.'

Johnson had not observed that I was in the room I followed him, however, and he agreed to meet me in the evening at the Mitre I called on him, and we went thither at nine. We had a good supper, and port wine, of which he then sometimes drunk a bottle. The orthodox high church sound of the Mitre,—the figure and manner of the celebrated Samuel Johnson,—the extraordinary power and precision of his conversation, and the pride, arising from finding myself admitted as his companion, produced a variety of sensations and a pleasing elevation of mind beyond what I had ever before experienced [1763]

## Johnson in the Stage-Coach.

On Friday, August 5, we set out early in the morning in the Harwich stage coach. A fat elderly gentlewoman and a young Dutchman seemed the most inclined among

us to conversation. At the inn where we dined, the gentlewoman said she had done her best to educate her children, and particularly that she had never suffered them to be a moment idle. Johnson 'I wish, Madam, you would educate me too, for I have been an idle fellow all my life ' 'I am sure, Sir,' said slie, 'you have not been idle.' Johnson 'Nay, Madam, it is very true and that gentleman there (pointing to me) has been idle. He was idle at Edinburgh His father sent him to Glasgow, where he continued to be idle He then came to London, where he has been very idle, and now he is going to Utrecht, where he will be as idle as ever' I asled him privately how he could expose me so Johnson 'Poh, poh 1' said he, 'they knew nothing about you, and will think of it no more' In the after noon the gentlewoman talked violently against the Koman Catholics, and of the horrors of the Inquisition To the utter astonishment of all the passengers but inyself, who knew that he could talk upon any side of a question, he defended the Inquisition, and maintained that 'false doctrine should be checked on its first appearance, that the civil power should unite with the church in punishing those who dare to attack the established religion, and that such only were punished by the Inquisition' He had in his pocket Pomponius Mela de Situ Orbis, in which he read occasionally, and seemed very intent upon ancient geography by no means niggardly, his attention to what was generally right was so minute that having observed at one of the stages that I ostentatiously gave a shill ling to the coachman, when the custom was for each passenger to give only suspence, he took me aside and scolded me, saying that what I had done would make the coachman dissatisfied with all the rest of the passengers, who gave him no more than his due. This was a just reprimand, for in whatever way a man may indulge his generosity or his vanity in spending his money, for the sake of others he ought not to raise the price of any article for which there is a constant

Having stopped a night at Colchester, Johnson talled of that town with veneration, for having stood a siege for Charles the First The Dutchman alone now remained with us. He spole English tolerably well, and thinking to recommend lumself to us hy expatiating on the superiority of the criminal jurisprudence of this country over that of Holland, he inveighed against the barbarity of putting an accused person to the torture in order to force a confession But Johnson was as ready for this as for the Inquisition 'Why, Sir, you do not, I find, understand the law of your own country torture in Holland is considered as a favour to an accused person, for no man is put to the torture there unless there is as much evidence against him as would amount to conviction in England An accused person among you, therefore, has one chance more to escape punishment than those who are tried among us.'

At suppor this night he talked of good eating with uncommon satisfaction 'Some people,' said he, 'have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my own part, I mind my belly very studiously and very carefully, for I look upon it, that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else' He now appeared to me Jean Bull philosophe, and he was for the moment not only serious hut vehement [1763.]

#### Mrs Williams's Tea-Table

We went home to his house to tea. Mrs Williams made it with sufficient dexterity, notwithstanding her blindness, though her manner of satisfying herself that the cups were full enough appeared to me a little awkward, for I fancied she put her finger down a certain way, till she felt the tea touch it. In my first elation at being allowed the privilege of attending Dr Johnson at his late visits to this lady, which was like being e sceretioribus consilits, I willingly drank cup after cup, as if it had been the Heliconiun spring. But as the charm of novelty went off, I grew more fastidious, and besides, I discovered that she was of a peevish temper

There was a pretty large circle this evening Jolinson was in very good humour, lively, and ready to talk upon all subjects Mr Fergusson, the self taught philosopher, told him of a new invented machine which went without horses, a man who sat in it turned a handle, which worked a spring, that drove it forward 'Then, Sir,' said Johnson, 'what is gained is, the man has his choice whether he will move himself alone, or himself and the machine too' Dominicetti being mentioned, he would not allow him any ment. 'There is nothing in all this hoasted system. No, Sir, medicated baths can be no better than warm water, their only effect can be that of tepid moisture' One of the company took the other side, maintaining that medicines of various sorts, and some too of most powerful effect, are introduced into the human frame by the medium of the pores, and, therefore, when warm water is impregnated with salutiferous substances, it may produce great effects as a bath This appeared to me very satisfactory Johnson did not answer it, but talking for victors, and determined to be master of the field, he had recourse to the device which Goldsmith imputed to him in the witty words of one of Cibber's comedies 'There is no argu ing with Johnson, for when his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt end of it? He turned to the gentleman, 'Well, Sir, go to Dominicetti, and get thyself fumigated, but be sure that the steam be directed to thy head, for that is the peccant part' This produced a triumphant roar of laughter from the motley assembly of philosophers, printers, and dependents, male and female

I know not how so whimsical a thought came into my mind, but I asked, 'If, Sir, you were shut up in a castle, and a new born child with you, what would you do '' Johnson 'Why, Sir, I should not much like my company ' Boswell 'But would you take the trouble of rearing it?' He seemed, as may well be supposed, unwilling to pursue the subject, but upon my persevering in my question, replied, 'Why yes, Sir, I would, but I must have all conveniences If I had no garden, I would make a shed on the roof, and take it there for fresh air I should feed it, and wash it much, and with warm water to please it, not with cold water to give it pain' Borvell 'But, Sir, does not heat relax' Johnson 'Sir, you are not to imagine the water is to be very hot. I would not coddle the child No, Sir, the hardy method of treating children does no good I'll take you five children from London, who shall cuff five Highland children Sir, a man bred in London will carry a burden, or run, or wrestle, as well as a man hrought up in the liardest manner in the country' Borvell 'Good living, I suppose, makes the Londoners

strong' Johnson 'Why, Sir, I don't know that it does Our chairmen from Ireland, who are as strong men as any, have been brought up upon potatoes. Quantity makes up for quality' Boswell 'Would you teach this child that I have furnished you with any thing' Johnson 'No, I should not be apt to teach it' Boswell Would not you have a pleasure in teaching it?' Johnson 'No, Sir, I should not have a pleasure in teaching it 'Boswell 'Have you not a pleasure in teaching men' There I have you You have the same pleasare in teaching men that I should liave in teaching children' Johnson 'Why, something about that' [26th October 1769]

## Johnson at his Inn

We dined at an excellent inn at Chapel house, where he expatiated on the felicity of England in its taverns and inns, and triumphed over the French for not having, in any perfection, the tavern life. 'There is no private liouse,' said he, 'in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur. ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that every body should be easy, in the nature of things it cannot be there must always be some degree of care and The master of the house is anxious to enter anxicty tain his guests—the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him, and no man but a very impudent dog indeed can as freely command what is in another man's house Whereas at a tavern there is as if it were his own a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome, and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please No, Sir, there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is pro duced as by a good tavern or inn' He then repeated, with great emotion, Shenstone's lines

'Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn'

My illustrious friend, I thought, did not sufficiently udinire Shenstone. That ingenious and elegant gentleman's opinion of Johnson appears in one of his letters to Mr Graves, dated Feb 9, 1760. 'I have lately been reading one or two volumes of the Rainhler, who, excepting against some few hardnesses in his manner, and the want of more examples to enliven, is one of the most nervous, most perspicuous, most concise, most harmonious prose writers. I know. A learned diction improves by time.'

In the afternoon, as we were driven rapidly along in the post chaise, he said to me, 'Life has not many things better than this' We stopped at Stratford upon Avon, and drank ten and coffee, and it pleased me to be with him upon the classic ground of Shakespeare's native place. [21st March 1776]

## Meeting of Johnson and Wilkes

Upon the much expected Wednesday, I called on him about half an honr before dinner, as I often did when vevere to dine out together, to see that he was ready

in time, and to accompany him. I found him buffeting his books as upon a former occasion, covered with dust, and making no preparation for going abroad 'How is this, Sir?' said I 'Don't you recollect that you are to dine at Mr Dilly's?' Johnson 'Sir, I did not think of going to Dilly's it went out of my head I have ordered dinner at home with Mrs Williams' Boswell 'But, my dear Sir, you know you were en gaged to Mr Dilly, and I told him so He will expect you, and will be much disappointed if you don't come.' Johnson 'You must talk to Mrs Williams about this'

Here was a sad dilemma. I feared that what I was so confident I had secured would yet be frustrated He had accustomed himself to show Mrs Williams such a degree of humane attention as frequently imposed some restraint upon him, and I knew that if she should be obstinate, he would not stir I hastened down stairs to the hlind lady's room, and told her I was in great uneasiness, for Dr Johnson had engaged to me to dine this day at Mr Dilly's, but that he had told me he had forgotten his engagement, and had ordered dinner at home 'Yes, Sir,' said she, pretty peevishly, 'Dr John son is to dine at home '-'Madam,' said I, 'his respect for you is such that I know he will not leave you unless you absolutely desire it. But as you have so much of his company, I hope you will he good enough to forego it for a day, as Mr Dilly is a very worthy man, has frequently had agreeable parties at his liouse for Dr Johnson, and will be vexed if the Doctor neglects him to day And then, Madam, he pleased to consider my situation, I carried the message, and I assured Mr Dilly that Dr Johnson was to come, and no doubt he has made a dinner, and invited a company, and boasted of the honour he expected to have. I shall be quite disgraced if the Doctor is not there.' She gradually softened to my solicitations, which were certainly as earnest as most entreaties to ladies upon any occasion, and was graciously pleased to empower me to tell Dr Jolinson, 'That all things considered, she thought he should certainly go' I flew back to him, still in dust, and careless of what should be the event, 'indifferent in his choice to go or stay,' but as soon as I had announced to him Mrs Williams's consent, he roared, 'Frank! a clean shirt'-and was very soon drest. When I had him fairly seated in a hackney coach with me, I exulted as much as a fortune hunter who has got an heiress into a post chaise with him, to set out for Gretna Green

When we entered Mr Dilly's drawing room, he found himself in the midst of a company he did not know I kept myself snug and silent, watching how he would conduct himself. I observed him whispering to Mr Dilly, 'Who is that gentleman, Sir?'-'Mr Arthur Lee.'-Johnson 'Too, too, too,' (under his hreath,) which was one of his habitual mutterings. Mr Arthur Lee could not but be very obnoxious to Johnson, for he was not only a patriot but an American He was after wards minister from the United States at the Court of Madrid 'And who is the gentleman in lace?'—'Mr Wilkes, Sir' This information confounded him still more, he had some difficulty to restrain himself, and taking up a book, sat down upon a window seat and read, or at least kept his eye intently upon it for some time, till he composed himself His scelings, I dare say, were awkward enough But he no doubt re collected having rated me for supposing that he could

be at all disconcerted by any company, and he, therefore, resolutely set himself to behave quite as nn easy man of the world, who could adapt himself at once to the disposition and manners of those whom he might chance to meet.

The cheering sound of 'Dinner is upon the table' dissolved his reverie, and we all sat down without any symptom of all humour There were present—beside Mr Wilkes and Mr Arthur Lee, who was an old com panion of mine when he studied physic at Edinburgh-Ir (now Sir John) Miller, Dr Lettsom, and Mr Slater the druggist. Mr Wilkes placed himself next to Dr Johnson, and behaved to him with so much attention and politeness that he gained upon him insensibly man eat [ate] more heartily than Johnson, or loved better what was nice and delicate. Mr Wilkes was very assiduous in helping him to some fine yeal. 'Pray give me leave, Sir,-It is better here-A little of the brown -Some fat, Sir-A little of the stuffing-Some gravy-Let me have the pleasure of giving you some butter-Allow me to recommend a squeeze of this orange, or the lemon, perhaps, may have more zest '- 'Sir, Sir, I am obliged to you, Sir,' cried Johnson, bowing, and turning his head to him with a look for some time of 'surly virtue,' but, in a short while, of complacency [15th May 1776]

## Boswell's Last Meeting with Johnson

On Wednesday, June 30, the friendly confidential dinner with Sir Joshua Reynolds took place,—no other company being present. Had I known that this was the last time that I should enjoy, in this world, the conversation of a friend whom I so much respected, and from whom I derived so much instruction and entertain ment, I should have been deeply affected. When I now look back to it, I am vexed that a single word should have been forgotten.

Our conversation turned npon living in the country, which Johnson, whose melancholy mind required the dissipation of quick successive variety, had habituated himself to consider as a kind of mental imprisonment 'Yet, Sir,' said I, 'there are many people who are content to live in the country' Johnson 'Sir, it is me the intellectual world as in the physical world we are told by natural philosophers that a body is at rest in the place that is fit for it, they who are content to live in the country, are fit for the country'

Talking of various enjoyments, I argued that a re finement of taste was a disadvantage, as they who have attained to it must be seldomer pleased than those who have no nice discrimination, and are there fore satisfied with everything that comes in their way Johnson 'Nay, Sir that is a paltry notion Endea your to be as perfect as you can in every respect.'

I accompanied him, in Sir Joshua Reynolds's coach, to the entry of Bolt conrt He asked me whether I would not go with him to his house, I declined it, from an apprehension that my spirits would sink. We bade adien to each other affectionately in the carriage. When he had, got down upon the foot pavement, he called out, 'Fare you well,' and without looking back, sprung away with a kind of pathetic briskness, if I may use that expression, which seemed to indicate a stringgle to conceal uneasiness, and impressed me with a foreboding of our long, long separation [1784.]

Standard editions of Boswell's great work are those by Napier (4 vols. 1884, two supplementary volumes contain Boswell's Journal

of a Four to the Hebrides and 'Johnsoniana') and by Dr Birkbeck Hill (6 vols 1887). Invaluable for the light thrown on Boswell's inner character are his Letters to Temple (1856) whose acquaint ance he had made while yet a student at Edinhurgh University, and Boswelliana (1874) by Charles Rogers. Of the famous essays hy Macaulay and Carlyle, which contradict rather than correct each other, the latter has much more truth in it than the former. There is a Life of Boswell by Percy Fitzgerald (2 vols. 1891).

## THOMAS DAVIDSON

Mrs Piozzi (1741-1821) was as yet Mrs THRALE when she became a particular star in Dr Johnson's firmament. Born at Bodyel in Carnaryonshire, Hester Lynch Salusbury in 1763 married Henry Thrale, a prosperous Southwark brewer, in 1765 Johnson conceived an extraordinary affection for her, was domesticated in her house at Streatham Place for over sixteen years, and for her sake learned to soften many of his eccentricities Thrale, who made Johnson one of his four executors, died in 1781, after his wife had borne him twelve children, and in 1784 the brewery—'the potentiality of becoming rich beyond the dreams of avarice,' as Johnson said-was sold for £135,000 Johnson felt himself slighted when the widow became attached to the Italian musician Piozzi The marriage took place in July 1784, the pair travelled through France, Italy, Germany, and Belgium, returning to England in 1787 In 1795 Mrs Piozzi built Brynbella on the Clwyd, and there Piozzi died in 1809 When past seventy the irrepressible old lady formed a sentimental attachment for the actor W A. Conway, she was eighty when she died from the conse quences of a broken leg Vivacious, frank, and witty, she was charming and pretty, if hardly beautiful. Only two of her works can be said to live, and that solely through their subject—Ancedotes of Dr Johnson (1786, reprinted in Mrs Napier's Johnsoniana, 1884) and Letters to and from Dr Johnson (1788) She was an acute observer, and her reminiscences are often interesting, though she was by no means painfully accurate. Her Observations and Reflections on her Continental experiences are forgotten, as are a book on British Synonymy (1794) and her Retrospection over the events of eighteen hundred years (1801) poems, the best-known, The Three Warnings, was her first, and was so much above the level of her other verse that it was believed to have been at least amended by Johnson, it appeared in a volume of Miscellanies issued in 1766 by Mrs Williams, the blind inmate of Johnson's house Mrs Piozzi's contributions to The Florence Miscellany in 1785 afforded a subject for Gifford's satire, his Baviad having been written expressly to ridi cule the Della Cruscan mutual admiration society, of which Mrs Piozzi was arch priestess

## From 'The Three Warnings'

When sports went round, and all were gay, On neighbour Dobson's wedding day, Death called aside the jocund groom With him into another room, And looking grave—'You must,' says he,
'Quit your sweet bride, and come with me'
'With you!' and quit my Susah's side?
With you!' the hapless husband cried,
'Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared
My thoughts on other matters go,
This is my wedding-day, you know'

What more he urged I have not heard, His reasons could not well be stronger, So Death the poor delinquent spared, And left to live a little longer I et calling up a serious look, His hour glass trembled while he spoke-Neighbour,' he said, 'farewell' no more Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour And further, to avoid all blame Of cruelty upon my name, To give you time for preparation, And fit you for your future station, Three several warnings you shall have, Before you're summoned to the grave, Willing for once I'll quit my prey, And grant a kind reprieve, In hopes you'll have no more to say, But, when I call again this way, Well pleased the world will leave.'

Well pleased the world will leave. To these conditions both consented, And parted perfectly contented

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,
The willing muse shall tell
He chaffered then, he bought and sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Wany his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.

But while he viewed his wealth increase, While thus along life's dusty road, The beaten track content he trod Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares, Uncalled, unheeded, unawares, Brought on his eighticth year And now, one night, in musing mood,

As all alone he sate, The unwelcome messenger of Fate Once more before him stood.

Half stilled with anger and surprise, 'So soon returned!' old Dobson cries.

'So soon, d'ye call it?' Death replies'Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!
Since I vas here before
'Tis sir and thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore'

'So much the worse,' the clover rejoined,
'To spare the aged would be kind
However, see your search be legal,
And your authority—is 't regal?
Else you are come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary s warrant
Beside you promised me Three Warnings
Which I have looked for nights and mornings,
But for that loss of time and ease,
I can recover damages'

"I know, cries Death, 'that at the best, I seldom am a welcome guest, But don't be captious, friend, at least, I little thought you'd still be able. To stump about your farm and stable Your years have run to a great length, I wish you joy, though, of your strength!"

'Hold' says the farmer, 'not so fast' I have been lame these four years past' 'And no great wonder,' Death replies, 'However, you still keep your eyes, And sure, to see one's loves and friends, For legs and arms would make amends'

'Perhaps,' says Dobson, 'so it might,

But latterly I we lost my sight'

'This is a shocking story, fauli,
Yet there's some comfort still,' says Death,

'Each strives your sadness to amuse,
I warrant you have all the news'

'There's none,' cries he, 'and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear'

'Nay, then,' the spectre stern rejoined,

'These are unjustifiable yearnings
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your Three sufficient Warnings,
So come along, no more we'll part,'
He said, and touched him with his dart.
And now old Dobson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale

The secretary 8 warrant refers to the famous illegal warrant used against Wilkes (see below at page 516). In 1861 Abraham Hayward edited Mrs Piozzi 8 As tobiography, Let ert and Literary Remains (2 vols 1861), see also Mangin's Piozziana (1833) and L B Seely 8 Mrs Thrisle (1891).

# THE REIGN OF GEORGE III. AND COMING CHANGES



T was part of the spirit of the nineteenth century to look down on the eighteenth and all its works, and greatly to overestimate the deeper, higher, holier temper of the new epoch Coleridge's dis-

covery, by German help, of the contrast between understanding and reason, led him to an unphilosophical disdain of all that had been accomplished in the century into which he was born, Carlyle denounced 'a sceptical century and godless,' 'opulent in accumulated falsities as never century was' It became customary to agree that those three unhappy generations of men were dead to faith, to historical insight, to poetical feeling, to love of nature, to apprehension or real admiration of the sublime, the beautiful, the tender, the true. And it was assumed that the English literature of the period, mysteriously differing from that of all other periods, consistently and comprehensively reveals and displays these lamentable defects in intellectual and spiritual life.

Geological development did not proceed by universal cataclysms, in literary history, though there are changes of humour, of taste, and of fashion—violent as well as gradual, profound as well as superficial—the revolutions recorded are rarely or never so absolute as nmeteenthcentury writers unhistorically declared, and the transition from the eighteenth-century way of looking at things or of putting things was not one of them The men of the eighteenth century bled when they were pricked, laughed if they were tickled, died when they were poisoned, they loved, they hated, they rejoiced and hoped and fcared, the roots of poetry were still deep-planted in their life, even though the life had for the time gone ont of their poetry

In truth, the literature of that time was a somewhat peculiarly self consistent outcome of the characteristic English temperament. Our literary mood has changed, but in our ordinary rule of life the principles of the eighteenth century are still dominant. The Englishman

does not wear his heart on his sleeve, still less the Scotsman-it is weak and worthy only of a foreigner to be demonstrative not propose to take the public to his heart, or let them feel the very pulse of the machine In religion he will not grovel in abject selfnegation, nor does he desire or aim at ecstatic Englishmen do not (except in poetry) shout for intensity of joy or scream with laughter-nor do they weep or whine if they can possibly help it, they are reticent in the sphere of the domestic affections, and are very slow to unbosom themselves about any other We are not enthusiastic, we regard the intense with suspicious dislike. We do not adore, we do not gush, we will not allow ourselves to seem surprised or delighted, we are extremely reserved-good form so prescribes it However much we may actually feel, this is still the law of the island-born, save only in art and poetry Yet contrariwise, in literature and art, but there only, we now set the highest value on that which is the most complete self revelation of the artist, illustrating even the fainter nuances of his varying moods, his hopes, his fears, his doubts, struggles, distresses, despondencies, despairs In poetry we say we love intensity and unreserve

Not so was it with us under good Queen Anne and the Georges Then the Englishman carried into his literature what was and is still the rule of his daily life-moderation, commonsense, correctness, abhorrence of 'enthusiasm' in word as in deed, self-complacent apprecia tion of the high degree of civilisation he had now happily attained, and a corresponding disregard of what he thought 'Gothic,' barbarous, and uncultured Dignified reserve was the keynote of literature, the 'lyric cry,' whether of joy or grief, was repressed on principle, mystery and marvel were ratiocinatively explained away, nature was admired on philosophical grounds, 'propriety' was the fetich of the period, decorum, elegance, point, and good taste took anstocratic precedence of uncouth originality, humour, and power The originality, the humour, and the power had not ceased to

exist, but it was not the fashion to welcome them save under restraint

Yet even in the early part of the century, as we have seen, the classicism adapted to French modes, the Popian formalism specially characteristic of the whole period, was early disturbed by the emergence here and there of a vein of idealism, sentimentalism, realism, and nature worship, and of a simplicity sometimes not a little affected Wesley and Whitefield had wakened the dogmatic and anti-dogmatic slumber of indifference with powerful effect before the middle of the century Berkeley's idealism had sufficiently little in common with the age of deism and of common-sense. Thomson was but one of the poets of nature seen in a new light. Spenser, after long oblivion, was tasted again, and after a fashion ımıtated There is a romantic note in the Countess of Winchilsea's Reverse, in Parnell's Night-Piece, in Hamilton of Bangour's Biaes of Yarrow Long before Macpherson, before even Jerome Stone of Dunkeld, such a minor poet as Aaron Hill sang after Gaelic modelsonce, at least-of Scuir Uaran in the wilds of Ross shire, of heather, pines, and highland lochs, and in vision described Skye as a 'fair isle' nearly fifty years before it was discovered by Dr Johnson, and sought and found new poetic materials in semi barbarous Russia. 'Gothic' ceased to be a synonym for the uncouth, the contemptible, the worthless Gray was strongly attracted by things Celtic, Norse, weird, glamorous, Collins's ode on The Superstitions of the Highlands, written in 1749, contained, according to Lowell, the germ of the whole romantic movement, and the fither of the Wartons wrote 'Runic' odes. Vernacular writing became popular, Allan Ramsay by his Evergreen revived interest in the poetic past of his country, pseudo antique ballads were largely manufactured in the north, as also songs lacking neither in directness, simplicity, tenderness, nor pathos

In the latter half of the century the spirit of innovation shows itself more constantly, more irrepressibly, and in more various shapes. Interest in the romantic past, curiosity about the unfamiliar ways and regions of the remote East, willingness to be surprised and attracted by novelties, a craving for change, accompany the 'return to nature'. Life is more varied, there is a warmer throb in literature Scottish national feeling assumed new shapes, the Welsh national awakening, intellectual

and spiritual, became pronounced, the Irish National party found leaders in Flood and Significantly enough Adam Smith founded a new social polity in the very year that the American Revolution made a break in history, and this and much else in thought and in speech, and even in song, prepared the way for projecting a tabula rasa, for the vision of all things become new, to be realised not in the kingdom of God but in the Republic of the Étre Suprême Shakespearean criticism, begiin in Queen Anne's time, had become really im portant with Johnson, Steevens, and Malone Though Gibbon still called German a barbarous idiom, a new desire to know about things German showed that the existence of a great reutonic literature had begun to be realised, 'Sturm und Drang' and Werterism were more readily assimilated in England than Klopstock Youngs Night Thoughts and and Gessner Blair's Grave illustrate the widespread elegiac mood, the determination to snatch a fearful joy from the poetic aspects of the melancholy, and were wholly independent of Werter Werter and Gotz von Berlichingen told both directly and indirectly on English literature, as did the inclodramas of other German authors

By common consent two publications are accepted as specially showing that 'going in the tops of the trees' that heralded the spirit of the new century, Macpherson's (1760-63) and Percy's Reliques Even by those who most abhorred it, as by Wordsworth, it was admitted that the 'impudent Highlander's' phantom offspring was greeted with acclamation in the south, and 'the thin consistence took its course through Europe upon the breath of popular applause' And Percy, who had begun his literary life work by truns lating (from the Portuguese) a Chinese novel and (from Du Mallet) Eddaic poetry, issued in 1765 those Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, to which German literature was profoundly indebted, and by which, as Wordsworth said, English poetry 'has been absolutely redeemed I do not think there is an able writer in verse of the present day who would not be proud to acknowledge his obligation to the Reliques I know it is so with my friends? According to Wordsworth, Percy 'only wanted resolution to follow his genius into the regions of true simplicity and genuine pathos, as evinced by his exquisite ballad of Sir Cauline and by many other pieces,' but unhappily fell back in his Hermit of Warkworth to 'the

vague, glossy, and unfeeling language of his day' Since the prophet of the New Spirit made this memorable profession and confession, the significance of the Reliques for England and the world has only become more manifest. The Wartons had a large share in the new propaganda, not merely by direct polemic against Pope and by their rehabilitation of the ancient writers, but by their sympathy for things Celtic, 'Gothic,' and mediæval The Rowley Porms showed the immediate effect of the novel affection for a mediævalism often wholly misconceived, melodramatic, and false to history, too defective in their antiquarianism to deceive any but the unwary or uninstructed, they are yet, as the work of a true and original poet, much more genuinely romantic than the tame verse of the Wartons

Hidden grots, mossy cells, Druids and bards, monks and hermits, knights and minstrels, came to their own, the love for the wild in scenery. eccentric in Gray and Walpole, became normal, until 'Picturesque Tours' and the æstheticism of Gilpin and Uvedale Price became matter of mirth and parody The Castle of Otranto, Scott said, had 'been justly considered the original and model of a peculiar species of composition,' and it prepared the way for the Old English Baron, for The Mysteries of Udolpho, with its odd b'end of romanticism and sentimentalism, and for Lewis's Monk several English translations of Burger's Lenore appeared between 1796 and 1800 Beattie's Minstrel, full of the love of solitary communion with nature and frank joy in her beauty, in so far anticipates Wordsworth, Thomas Warton, in thought and feeling, in word and rhythm, often anticipates Scott The Traveller and Deserted Village show didacticism on a new plane, Goldsmith's keen sense of the social evils of his time was strongly marked, and his simple English, though his sentences were often built on the Johnsonian model, was a sharp contrast to Johnson's Latinised ponderousness Goldsmith as playwright broke with old conventions, to the dismay of conservatives, as Garrick on the stage had brought about a swift advance from formalism to naturalness, Sheridan went even further in emancipating comedy from Gibbon, in noble succession the stilted style to Hume and Robertson, at least marks the historical trend of men's minds Burke, by his attitude to the Americans in their struggle, showed that if he became pronouncedly hostile !

to the French Revolution, it was the fault as well as the misfortune of the friends of liberty Bentham was engaged in his lifelong polemic against established legal and political grievances, Godwin's Political Justice contained well nigh as powerful revolutionary elements as Paine's works The caustic caricatures and pungent parodies of the Anti Jacobin, of Gifford and 'Peter Pindar,' served not merely as a reductio ad absurdum of what was novel, fantastic, extravagant, but cherished a subversive spirit that acted in quite other ways than was intended satire proved again 'the bane of the sublime' as then understood for ever impossible that tendency to run not in personification and apostrophe, of which Erasmus Darwin is the most unlucky exponent —a tendency which, ever since Thomson's ornate and artificial diction had been commended by admirable poetry, had run parallel with the tendency seen in Goldsmith and Cowper to simpler Cowper and Burns are the notable poets of the last decades of the century showed in full measure the enthusiasm of humanity, Cowper summed up all the tender humanities and sweet domesticities in verse which even Wordsworth accounted 'chaste in Campbell's Pleasures of Hope is the last of the category of which Akenside's Pleasures of the Imagination was the most notable early example, romantic only in name, doubly didactic in substance Crabbe is still a didactic, though his peculiar gravitation to humble life and depressing issues points away from the temper of his predecessors William Lisle Bowles distinctly marks the transition period, Blake, a prophet and more than a prophet, though in the eighteenth century is hardly of it Rogers's Pleasures of Memory belongs to the same group as the earlier Pleasures of the Imagination and the later Pleasures of Hope, and Campbell's patriotic songs only continue a series of which Thomson's 'Rule Britannia' and Garrick's 'Heart of Oak' were early examples Jane Austen lives and moves in the eighteenth century Samuel Rogers, a senior contemporary of Scott and Byron, who lived to be a patriarch of letters for years after the first edition of this work was issued, into the generation to which Lord Macaulay and Carlyle and Thackeray belonged, yet learned at school to love those who were to be his masters and models throughout life, while Gray and Goldsmith and Johnson were yet alive

## Oliver Goldsmith.

Were speculation here admissible, it might be interesting to speculate what would have been the position in literature of Oliver Goldsmith (1728-74) if we had known as little of his life as we are supposed to know of the life of Shake-His position in letters is undoubtedly speare As an essavist, he ranks with the best, as a poet, he produced some of the most enduring work of his generation, he wrote a novel of which the reputation is cosmopolitan, and, of his two plays, one is not only a masterpiece, but a masterpiece which modern managers still find a charm to conjure with Had we known no more of him than this, we might have invested him with almost any characteristics and qualities But thanks to the biographies of Sir James Prior (1837), of John Forster (1848), of Washington Irving (1849), and of others, his life and habits have been made as familiar as those of his contemporary, Johnson He has been exhibited as he was-a fallible, fussy, sensitive, vain, strutting little man, fond of fine clothes, not blessed with great advantages either in person or education, but saved from his initial insignificance by his varied experiences, his tender humanity, his lovableness, and his genius On the whole, what is recorded of his chequered career has rather increased than diminished our interest in his work.

The son of a poor curate of the Established Church in Ireland, Goldsmith was born at Pallas or Pallasmore in the county of Longford, a village not far from Ballymahon. His birthplace was a tumble down, fairy haunted farmhouse overlooking the pleasant river Inny, and he was the fifth of seven children, three of whom were girls two years after he was born, his father, by the death of an uncle, became rector of Kilkenny West, and transferred his residence to the hamlet of Lissoy in Westmeath, on the right of the road from Ballymahon to Athlone This was the scene of Ohver's childhood, and of those genial hospitalities which he sketched many years later when describing, in the Citizen of the World, the humours of the 'Man in Black.' His first preceptress was a relative named Elizabeth Delap, who reported him to be tractable but stupid From her he passed to the village schoolmaster, Thomas Byrne, an old soldier of Queen Anne. who inflamed his pupil's imagination with stories of Peterborough and legends of banshees and Rapparees, a course of education which was further stimulated by the songs of blind harpers and the ballads of his father's dairy maid, Peggy Golden, who must have been as musical as Walton's Maudlin From Byrne he passed to school at Elphin, and subsequently to Athlone and Edgeworthstown, at which last place he seems to have encountered, in the Rev Patrick Hughes, n master who understood his idiosyncrasies his schooldays were not brilliant, and, save for the incident which afterwards formed the germ of his comedy of She Stoops to Conquer, uneventful Swaggering to school on a borrowed hick, he was led by a wag into mistaking the house of a gentleman at Ardagh for an inn, and by the kindness of the owner, Mr Featherston, was not allowed to discover his mistake until the next morning, thus completely vindicating, by a youthful experience, the probability of an expedient to which some of the critics of his later play objected as far fetched

By this time he was fifteen, ungainly, deeply scarred with the smallpox, of uncertain ability, but extremely active and athletic His elder brother, Henry, had obtained a scholarship at Trinity College, Dublin, and to Irinity College, in June 1744, went Oliver Goldsmith, much against his will, as a 'sizar' With a schoolfellow named Beatty, he was housed in the garrets of No 35 in a range of buildings which has long since disappeared His college career was not very worshipful His tutor, Theaker Wilder (whose brutulity has been perhaps exaggerated), did not understand him, nor did Oliver understand mathematics, which was Wilder's specialty He lounged (like Johnson at Oxford) about the college gate, played the flute, got involved in a college row, and finally, devoting the proceeds of a small exhibition to a mixed entertainment in his rooms, was pounced upon by his scandalised tutor, who summarily dispersed the guests, knocking down the host Thereupon Oliver promptly sold his books and ran away, bound for America, a goal which, like many others, he never reached. After coming perilously close to starvation, he was enticed back to college by his brother Henry His university life henceforth was barren of incident. There is a pleasant tradition that he wrote songs for the Dublin ballad-singers, and then stole out at night to hear them sung, but beyond this there is little to record. On the 27th of February 1749 he took his B.A. and left the college, in the library of which is still preserved one of the old window panes of No 35 upon which he had scratched an autograph and a date.

His father being dead and his eldest sister married, his mother had retired to a little cottage at Ballymahon She had other children, and it was obviously out of her power to support her In this juncture his family, including erratic son n benevolent uncle Contarine, who had already befriended him, urged Oliver to take orders, a course which he disliked He accordingly qualified, as persons generally qualify for things they dislike, by neglecting to qualify at all He lived pleasantly from house to house, fished and otter-hunted in the Inny, played the flute with his pretty cousin, Jane Contarine, and took the chair (like his own Tony Lumpkin later) at tavern free and easys When, eventually, he presented himself before the Bishop of Elphin for ordination, he is alleged to

have accentented his incompetence by making his appearance in scallet breedies. Needless to say he was rejected. Then his uncle Contarine found him a tuco-ship. But when, by this, he had accumulated about thirty pounds, he quitted home on a good horse, to return speedily on a bad one, n i is his savings, but with a romantic and probably remanced) account of his moving adventures. His long suffering uncle nov resolved to equip him for the lay, and despatched him to the Femple But he got no further than Dublin, where he pla ed away his means to a sharper, and as obliged to return home once more. After another internal he started for Edinburgh o stud medicine, and, strange to say, arrived at his destration. This was in 1752. At Edin b righ there are more records of his fine clo hes and consistal talents than of his studies until, in 1754 he transferred these latter to Le den, his journey to which place was not vithout further acc dents A verr later, bring again penniless, he left he den on a vallan, tour travelling through France German, St. tzerland, and Italy, picking up a precarous existence by disputing at the foreign uni errines and h. playing the flute. In this was he accumulated the impressions de zorize which he after ards embodied in the Liquity into Pelite Lecritiz, the Traveller, and the Ir ar of Walefield When, ultimately, in February 1756 he landed at Dover, after a year's desal or, v indening he had nothing but a few halfpence in his porket

For the ne t three years his experiences were equally diversified There is a legend that he was a strolling player, it is known that he was successively an apothecar 's journeyman a poor physician in the Bankside, Southwark the had somewhere required a m sterious foreign diploma), a corrector of the press to Pichardson, a dramatic author funacted, and an usher in a Peckliam Here he fell in with Griffiths the book seller, the editor and proprietor of the Monthly Recrew, into whose service, at the sign of the \*Dunciad, he pissed as a writer-of all-worl Quarrelling shortly afterwards with his employer, he published, under the name of a college friend, James Willington, a translation of a bool which had then just appeared at Rotterdam, the *Memoirs* of a Protestant, condimned to the Galleys of France, for his Peligioi -the Protestant being one Jean Marteille of Bergerac This appeared in Lebruary 1758, after which he seems to have returned to Peel ham, pending a fresh attempt to obtain a footing in the medical profession He was, as a matter of fact, appointed surgeon and physician But the appointment to a factory at Coromandel came to nothing, and at the close of 1758 he was rejected at Surgeons' Hall as 'not qualified' for a hospital mate. At this time he was living at No 12 in a tiny square off the Old Buley I nown as Green Arbour Court, and now non existent Here, early in 1759, he was isited by Dr Percy, who found I

him in a bare-walled room correcting the proofs of a fresh literary effort, a lightitled Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe This was put fortliannonymously in April, and was fairly well received. What was better, it brought its author other work. Before the close of the year he lind commenced and concluded a volume of miscellineous essays and verses entitled The Bee, and he was contributing to the Busy Body and the Lady's Magazire These efforts attracted the attention of Newbers the bookseller and Smollett, both of whom invoked his assistance He began contributing to Smollett's British "fagazine, one of his earliest essays being the admirable 'Re erie it the Boar's Head Tavern in East Cheap,' while for Newbery's paper, the Public Leager, on 24th January 1760 he wrote the first of the series of imaginary Chinese Letters afterwards collected under the general title of The Citizen of the World For these last he had the precedent of Montesquicu's Lettres Persanes (1721), but it is not improbable that his immediate suggestion was derived from Horice Wilpole's Letter from Xo Ho, a Ch nese Philosopher at London, to his friend Lien Chi, at Pel ng (1757)-Lien Chi Altangi being one of Goldsmith s correspondents.

About the middle of 1760 his improved circumstances justified his moving into better quarters at 6 Wine Office Court, 17eet Street, where, in the following year, he was visited by Johnson story henceforth is mainly a record of hurried hack vork relieved by masterpieces. He edited the Lady's Magazine, he wrote Memoirs of Volkure (1761), a History of Mecklenburgh (1762) a Life of Richard Nash (1762), a History of Eng-Int d (in letters-1764), and so forth. Among this hetero-eneous mass come some of those efforts by which he retains his position in Linglish Literature. His Citizen of the World appeared in 1762, and two years later, in December 1764, he published his first long poem, The Traveller, or, a Prospect of Society, a frament of which he had forwarded to his brother Henry during his Continental exile. Six months later he issued a selection of his Essays (June 1765), and in March (1766) appeared the famous I can of II abefuld How Johnson was summoned to the author, held in durance of his landlady for rent-how the manuscript of the novel was produced, and sold by the Doctor for sixty pounds—has often been told, and retold Unluckily, considerable confusion has been imported into this picturesque and time honoured incident by the discovery, in recent years, that Goldsmith lind disposed of a third share in this very book, as early as October 1762, to Benjamin Collins, the Salisbury printer, who subsequently printed it. How this inconvenient fact is to be reconciled with the canonical tradition is not clear, at all events an explanation is not at present fortlicoming Another discovery, of equally recent date, is that this popular book,

at the outset, was by no means the success it has since proved to be. The fourth edition of 1770 started with a loss, and it took nine years more to reach a sixth edition. Such were the beginnings of a classic which, even now, in one form or another is reprinted annually.

With the publication of the Vicar of Walefield Goldsmith's position as a writer was established He had already won his reputation as an essayist. The Traveller was recognised as a memorable

poem, and ın the days of Field ıng, Smollett, Richardson, and Sterne, he had now succeeded in producing a novel which resembled the work of none of them except in the creation of permanent types His name made him desirable as editor, his charm of style attractive is a compiler, and to obtain work was no longer difficult Johnson had introduced him to his circle, he be longed to the Literary Club, and he was the friend of Rey nolds and Burke. One branch of literature only he had left untried -the Stage-in which success, as now, meant for-



OLIVER GOLDSMITH
From the Portrut by Reynolds in the National Portrait Gallery

tune, and fortune both his tastes and his habits rendered indispensable In 1768, after considerable difficulty, he succeeded in producing at Covent Garden the comedy of The Good-Natur'd Man It was a good, though not a very good, comedy But it was a welcome change from the sentimental drama of the Kellys and Cumberlands of the period, and even its partial success brought him £400, independent of its sale in book form It likewise justified his perseverance as a dramatic author. What it did not so manifestly justify was his immediate removal to chambers in the Temp'e, which he furnished elaborately with the money. The disappearance in this way of his funds threw him back upon the old 'book building,' and agreements for histories of Animated Nature, of England, of Rome, followed rapidly and significantly Then, early in 1770, he published his second didactic poem, The Deserted Village, in which, with greater finish and beauty of cadence, he repeated the triumph of the Traveller

His remaining years—and they were not many—may be rapidly chronicled Besides the compilations above mentioned, he prepared Lives of Parnell the poet and Bolingbroke. After these, in March 1773, was produced at Covent Garden his comedy of She Stoops to Conquer More skil-

ful in construction than its predecessor, happier in its contrasts of character. and bubbling over with kindly hum our, it was a brilliant success A year later, on Monday the 4th of April 1774, its author died at his chambers in Brick Court, Middle Temple, of a nervous fever brought on by overwork and worry, and aggravated by his obstinate reliance on a popular nos He was trum in his forty-sixth year, ndburied on the 9th April in the burialground of the Temple Church, the triforium of which contains a modern tablet to his memory

1776 a monument, with a medallion by Nollekens and an epitaph by Johnson, which contains the famous 'Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit' (an echo, says Croker, of Fénelon on Cicero), was erected in the south transept of Westminster Abbey A few days after his death was issued his unfinished poem of Retaliation, a sequence of epitaph-epigrams upon several of his friends, and two years later, with some minor pieces, followed The Haunch of Ventson, a 'Poetical Epistle' to his friend and countryman Lord Clare, which is one of the brightest of his lighter efforts In 1801 his Miscellaneous Works were collected in four volumes, and prefixed to these was an 'Introductory Memoir' by Bishop Percy and others, which constitutes the first source for his biography

'Let not his fruities be remembered,' wrote Johnson to Langton, 'he was a very great man'

Of this there can be no question But in the 'ficrce light' which his different biographers have turned upon the incidents of his career, his weaknesses have been thrown into undue prominence. It cannot be denied that he vas self important and consequential, little gifted with physical attractions, morbidly anxious to disguise his personal Improvident by temperament, and shortcomings poor in his vouth, when money came to him in middle life he was carcless and extravagant. As a talker he did not shine, and it was his ill-fortune to be thrown into the company of those who excelled in conversation. But it is admitted that he had 'swallow flights' of wit, which were the more admirable from their rarity He was generous, he was sympathetic, he had the kindest heart in the world. And m all stories to his disadvantage, it is only fair to scrutinise the authority His success, coupled with his with attention peculiarities, made him many enemies, and much of what tells to his discredit originated with those who either disliked or envied him

In regard to his work, he undoubtedly-to use another phrase of Johnson-'flowered late.' He was past thirty before he had printed a line v orth reading, and he lived but fifteen years longer In those fifteen years, however, he was drawing freely upon the experiences he had obtained in the earlier period—those intellectual wanderjahre in which he had served and supplemented an undesigned apprenticeship to Letters 'No man,' says John Forster truly, 'ever put so much of himself into his books as Goldsmith' His recollections colour the Traviller and the Descried Village, they are scattered through the Essays and the Citizen of the World, they reappear dispersedly in the Vicar of Wakefield, they make the pretext of She Stoops to Conquer He had employed his past so much, indeed, that it may be doubted whether he could have used it more The play that was to follow She Stoops was never written, the novel begun after the Vicar, if it ever existed, is sud to have been But his positive legacy is of rare unhopeful value. Two excellent didactic and descriptive poems, some admirable occasional verse, many essays of signal merit, a novel that is still praised, and a comedy that is still acted-these are no inconsiderable offering to that 'Mr Postenty' to whom he once tendered mocking dedication. And they are all animated by the same characteristics they reveal the same gentle and affec tionate nature, display the same I indly humour, the same compassionate indulgence for poor humanity, and they are written in the same clear, graceful, and unaffected style.

The Traveller, or, a Prospect of Society

Remote, unmended, melancholy, slow, Or by the lazy Scheldt or wandering Po, Or onward where the rude Carinthian boor Aguint the houseless's ranger shuts the door, Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies, A weary waste expanding to the skies Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see, My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee, Still to my brother turns, yith ceaseless pun, And drags at each remove a length'ning chain

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend, And round his dwelling guardian saints attend, Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire. To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire. Blest that abode, where want and pain repair, And every stranger finds a ready chair. Blest be those feas's with simple plenty crowned, Where all the ruddy family around. Laugh at the jest or pranks that never fail, Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale. Or press the bashful stranger to his food, And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share, My prime of life in wandering spent and care, Impelled, with steps unceasing, to pursue Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the vie That, like the circle bounding earth and skies, Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies, My fortune leads to traverse realms alone, And find no spot of all the world my own

Even now, where Alpme solitudes ascend, I sit me down a pensive honr to spend And placed on high above the storm's career, Look downward where an hundred realms appear, Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide, The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride

When thus Creation's charms around combine, Amidst the store should thanl less pride repine? Say, should the philosophic mind disdam
That good, which males each humbler bosom vain?
Let school taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man,
And wiser he, vehose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Veglittering towns, with wealth and splendour crowned,
Ve fields, where summer spreads profusion round,
Ve lales, whose vessels eatch the busy gale,
Ve bending swains, that dress the flowery vale,
For me your tributary stores combine,
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Ben Is at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Le still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that heaven to man snpplies
Let oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small,
And oft I wish amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to I now?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease
The nal ed negro, panting at the line,
Boests of his golden sands and palmy wine,

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Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave, And thanks his Gods for all the good they gave. Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam, His first, best country ever is at home And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare, And estimate the blessings which they share, Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find An equal portion dealt to all mankind, As different good, by art or nature given, To different nations makes their blessings even

Nature, a mother kind alike to all, Still grants her bliss at Labour's earnest call, With food as well the peasant is supplied On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side, And though the rocky crested summits frown, These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.  $\Gamma$ rom Art more various are the blessings sent. Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content I et these each other's power so strong contest, That either seems destructive of the rest. Where wealth and freedom reign contentment fails, And honour sinks where commerce long prevails Hence every state to one loved blessing prone, Conforms and models life to that alone Each to the favourite happiness attends, And spurns the plan that aims at other ends, I'll carried to excess in each domain, This favourite good begets peculiar pain

But let us try these truths with closer eyes, And trace them through the prospect as it has Here for a while my proper cares resigned, Here let me sit in sorrow for maikind, Like you neglected shrub at random cast, That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast

Fir to the right where Apennine ascends, Bright as the summer, Italy extends, Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side, Woods over woods in gry theatric pride, While oft some temple's mouldering tops between, With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That prondly rise, or humbly court the ground,
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year,
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives that blossom but to die,
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil,
While sea born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign
Though poor, luxurious, though submissive, vain,
Though grave, yet trifling, zealons, yet untrue,
And even in penance planning sins anew
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind,
For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourished through the state,
At her command the palace learned to rise,
Again the long fallen column sought the skies,

The canvas glowed beyond e'en Nature warm, The pregnant quarry teemed with human form, Till, more unsteady than the southern gale, Commerce on other shores displayed her sail, While nought remained of all that riches gave, But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave, And late the nation found with fruitless skill, Its former strength was but plethoric ill

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride, From these the feeble heart and long fallen mind An easy compensation seem to find Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp arrayed, The paste board triumph and the cavalcade, Processions formed for piety and love, A mistress or a saint in every grove By sports like these are all their cares beguiled, The sports of children satisfy the child, Each nobler aim, repressed by long control, Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul, While low delights, succeeding fast behind. In happier meanness occupy the mind As in those domes where Casars once bore sway, Defaced by time and tottering in decay, There in the ruin, heedless of the dead, The shelter seeking peasant builds his slied, And, wondering man could want the larger pile, Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile

My soil, turn from them, turn we to survey Where rougher climes a nobler race display, Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread, And force a churlish soil for scanty bread, No product here the barren hills afford, But man and steel, the soldier and his sword, No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array, But winter lingering chills the lap of May, No Zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast, But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm, Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small, He sees his little lot the lot of all, Sees no contiguous palace rear its head To shame the meanness of his humble shed, No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal, To make him loathe his vegetable meal, But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil, Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose, Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes, With patient angle trolls the finny deep, Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep, Or seeks the den where snow tracks mark the way, And drags the struggling savage into day At night returning, every labour sped, He sits him down, the monarch of a shed, Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze, While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard, Displays her cleanly platter on the board And haply, too, some pilgrim, thither led, With many a tale repays the nightly bed

Thus every good his native wilds impart, Imprints the patriot passion on his heart, And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise, Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms, And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms, And as u child, when scaring sounds molest, Clings close and closer to the mother's breast So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's rorr, But bind him to his native mountains more

 Such are the charms to barren states assigned, Their wants but few, their wishes all confined Yet let them only share the praises due, If few their wants, their pleasures are but few, For every want that stimulates the breast, Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies, That first excites desire, and then supplies, Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy, To fill the languid pause with finer joy, Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame, Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame Their level life is but a mould'ring fire, Unquenched by want, unfanned by strong desire, Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer On some high festival of once a year, In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire, Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low
For, as refluement stops, from sire to son
Unaltered, unimproved, the manners run,
And love s and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit like falcons cowering on the nest,
But all the gentler morals, such as pluy
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way
These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign, I turn, and France displays her bright domain Gay sprightly land of mirth and social case, Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please, How often have I led thy sportive choir, With tuncless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire ! Where shading clms along the margin grew, And freshened from the wave the Zephyr flew And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still, But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill, I et would the village praise my wondrous power, And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days Have led their children through the mirthful maze, And the gav grandsire, skilled in gestic lore, Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display, Thus idly busy rolls their world away Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear, For honour forms the social temper here Honour, that praise which real ment gains, Or e'en imaginary worth obtains, Here passes current, pind from hand to hand, It shifts in splendid traffic round the land From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays, And all are taught an avarice of praise, They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem, Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem

But while this softer art their bliss supplies, It gives their follies also room to rise For praise too dearly loved, or varinly sought, Eufechles all internal strength of thought, And the weak sonl, within itself unblest, Leans for all pleasure on another's breast Hence ostentation here, with triwdry art, Pauts for the vulgar praise which fools impart, Here vanity assumes her pert grimace, And trims her robe of frieze with copper lace, Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer, To boast one spleudid banquet once u year, The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws, Nor weighs the solid worth of self applause.

To men of other minds my finey flies, Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies. Methiuks her patient sons before me stand, Where the broad ocean leans against the land, And, sedulous to stop the coming tide, Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride Onward, methinks, and diligently slow, The firm-connec ed bulwark seems to grow, Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar, Scoops out an empire and usurps the shore. While the pent ocean rising o er the pile. Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile The slow canal, the yellow blossomed vale, The willow tufted bank, the gliding sail, The crowded mart, the cultivated plain, A new creation rescued from his reign

Thus, while around the wave subjected soil Impels the native to repeated toil, Industrious habits in each hosom reign, And industry begets a love of gain Hence all the good from opulence that springs, With all those ills superfluous treasure brings, Arc here displayed Their much loved wealth imports Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts, But view them closer, craft and fraud appear, Even liberty itself is bartered here At gold's superior charms all freedom flies, The needy sell it, and the rich man buys, A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves, Here wretches seek dishonourable graves, And calmly bent, to servitude conform, Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgie sires of old! Rough, poor, content, ungovernably hold, War in each breast, and freedom on each brow, How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing, And flies where Britain courts the western spring, Where lawns extend that scorn Areadian pride, And brighter streams than famed Hydaspis glide. There all around the gentlest breezes stray, There gentle music melts on every spray, Creation's mildest charms are there combined, Extremes are only in the master's mind' Stern o'er each hosom reason holds her state. With daring aims irregularly great, Pride in their port, defiauce in their eve, I see the lords of humankind pass by, Intent on high designs a thoughtful band, By forms unfashioned, fre h from \ature's hand, Fierce in their native hardiness of soul. True to imagined right, above control, While even the peasant boasts the e rights to sean, And learns to venerate himself as man

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While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed,
And many a gambol frolicled o or the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round
And sall, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down,
The sy ain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place,
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that yould those looks reprove
These were thy charms, sweet village, sports like these,
With sy cet succession, taught e en toil to please

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening s close, Up wonder hill the village marmar rose, There, as I passed with careless steps and slow, The mingling notes came softened from below, The swain responsive as the inili maid sung, The sober herd that lowed to mee their young, The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool, The playful children just let loose from school, The watchdog's voice that baved the v hispering wind, And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind These all in syect confusion sought the shade, And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

Near yonder copic, where once the garden smiled, And still where many a garden flot or grows wild, There, I here a few torn shrubs the place disclose, The village preacher's modest mansion rose I man he was to all the country dear, And passing rich with forty pounds a year, Remote from towns he ran his godly race, Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place, Unpractised lie to fawn, or seek for power, By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour, Far other aims his heart had learned to prize, More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise. His house was I not n to all the vigrant train, He clied their wanderings, but relieved their pain, The long remembered beggar vas his guest, Whose beard descending swept his agod breast, The runed spendthrift, now no longer proud, Claimed I indred there, and had his claims allowed, The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay, Sat by his fire, and tall cd the night away, Wept o'er his vounds, or tales of sorrow done, Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won. Pleased with his guests the good man learned to glow, And quite forgot their vices in their woe, Carcless their ments or their faults to scan, His pity gave ere charity began

Thus to relieve the v retched was his pride, And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side, But, in his duty prompt at every call, He v atched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all, And, as a bird each fond endearment tries, To tempt her new fledged offspring to the slies, He tried each art, reproved each dull delay, Allured to brighter worlds, and led the vay

Beside the bed where parting life was laid, And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed, The reverend champion stood. At his control Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul, Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise, And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with mech and unaffected grace, His looks adorned the venerable place, Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway, And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray The service past, around the pious man, With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran, L'en children followed with endearing wile, And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile, His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed, Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed. To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given, But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven. As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form, Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm, Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread, Lternal sunshine settles on its head Beside you struggling fence that slirts the way, With blossomed furze unprofitably gry, There, in his noisy mansion skilled to rule, The village master taught his little school, A man severe he was, and stern to view, I knew him well, and every truant knew Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace The day's disasters in his morning's face. Full well they laughed, vith counterfeited glee, At all his jokes, for many a jole had he, Full well the busy whisper, circling round, Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned, Let lie was I ind, or, if severe in aught, The love he bore to learning was in fault, The village all declared how much he knew, Twas certain he could write, and cipher too, Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage, And e'en the story ran that he could gauge, In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill, For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still. While words of learned length, and thundering sound, Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around, And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew, That one small head could carry all he knew

But past is all his fame. The very spot Where many a time lie triumphed, is forgot. Near youder thorn, that lifts its head on high, Where once the sign post caught the passing eye, Low lies that house where nut brown draughts inspired, Where gray beard mirth and smiling toil retired, Where village statesmen talked with looks profound, And news much older than their ale went round. Imagination fondly stoops to trace The parlour splendours of that festive place, The white washed wall, the nicely sanded floor, The varnished clock that clicked behind the door. The chest contrived a double debt to pay, A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day, The pictures placed for ornament and use, The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose. The hearth, except when winter chilled the day, With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay. While broken tea cups, wisely I ept for show. Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row

Vain transitory splendours! could not all Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall! Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart An hour's importance to the poor man's heart, Thither no more the peasant shall repair, To sweet oblivion of his daily care, No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale, No more the wood man's balled shall prevail, No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear, Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear, The bost himself no longer shall be found Careful to see the mantling bliss go round, Nor the coy maid, half willing to be pressed, Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain, These simple blessings of the lowly train, To me more dear, congenial to my heart, One native charm, than all the gloss of art. Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play, The soul adopts, and owns their first born sway Lightly they frolie o'er the vacant mind, Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade, With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed, In these, ere triffers half their wish obtain, The toiling pleasure sickens into pain, And e en while fashion's brightest arts decoy, The heart distrusting asks if this be joy

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey The rich man's joys mercase, the poor's decay, 'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand Between a splendid and a happy land Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore, and shouting Folly hails them from her shore, Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound, And rich men flock from all the world around Yet count our gains This wealth is but a name. That leaves our useful product still the same Not so the loss The man of wealth and pride Takes up a space that many poor supplied. Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds, Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds, The robe that wraps his himbs in silken sloth, Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their growth, His seat, where solitary sports are seen, Indignant spurns the cottage from the green, Around the world each needful product flies, For all the luxuries the world supplies While thus the land adorned for pleasure, all In barren splendour feebly waits the fall

## Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song,
And if you find it wond'rous short,
It cannot hold you long

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes
The naked every day he clid,
When he put on his clothes

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
And curs of low degree

This dog and man at first were friends,
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad and bit the man

Around from all the neighbouring streets,
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man

The wound it seemed both sore and sad,
To every Christian eye,
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die

But soon a wonder came to light,

That showed the rogues they lied,
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died

#### The Haunch of Venison.

Thanks, my Lord, for your venison, for finer or fatter
Never ranged in a forest, or smoked in a platter,
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help
regretting,

To spoil such a delicate picture by eating,
I had thoughts, in my chambers, to place it in view,
To be shown to my friends as a piece of virtu,
As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show
But for eating a risher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in
But hold—let me pause—Don't I hear you pronounce
This tale of the bacon a damnable bounce?
Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly
But, my lord, it's no bounce—I protest in my turn
It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr Byrne
To go on with my tale—as I grzed on the haunch,

I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch, So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest, To print it, or eat it, just as he liked best Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose, 'Twas a neck and a breast—that might rival Monroe's But in parting with these I was puzzled again, With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when. There's Howard, and Coley, and H-rth, and Hiff, I think they love venison—I know they love beef, There's my countryman Higgins-Oh! let him alone, For making a blunder, or picking a bone But hang it-to poets who seldom can eat, Your very good mutton's a very good treat, Such dainties to them their health it might hurt, It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt. While thus I debated, in reverse centred, An acquaintance, a friend as he called himself, entered, An under bred, fine spoken fellow was he, And he smiled as he looked at the venison and me 'What have we got here '-Why this is good eating '

'Why, whose should it be?' cried I with a flounce

Your own I suppose-or is it in waiting?'

- 'I get these things often , '-but that was a bounce
- 'Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation, Are pleased to be kind—but I hate ostentation'

'If that be the case,' then, cried he, very gay,
'I'm glad I have taken this honse in my way
To morror you take a poor dinner with me,
No words—I insist on 't—precisely at three
We'll have Johnson, and Barke, all the wits will be there,
My acquaintance is slight, or I dask my Lord Clare.
And now that I think on't, as I am a sinner!
We wanted this venison to make out the dinner
What say you—a pasty? it shall, and it must,
And my wife, little kitty, is famous for crust
Here, porter!—this venison with me to Mile end,
No stirring—I beg—my dear friend—my dear friend!'
Thus snatching his hat, he brushed off life the wind,
And the porter and catables followed behind

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And 'nobody with me at sea but myself,'
Though I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
\(\c'\) Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,
Were things that I never dishked in my life,
Though clogged with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife
So next day, in due splendour to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney coach

When come to the place where we all were to dine, (A chair lumbered closet just twelve feet by nine) My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb, With tidings that Johnson and Burle would not come, 'For I knew it,' he cried, 'both eternally fail, The one with his speeches, and t'other with Thrale, Pat no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party, With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty. The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew, They re bosh of them merry, and authors like you, The one varies the Snarler, the other the Scourge, Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge' While thus he described them by trade and by name, They entered, and dinner vas served as they came.

At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen,
At the bottom was tripe, in a swingeing tureen,
At the sides there was spinach and pudding made hot,
In the middle a place where the pasty—was not
Nov, my Lord, as for tripe, it's my utter aversion,
And your bacon I hate lile a Turk or a Persian,
So there I sat stucl, like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round
But what vexed me most was that d—'d Scottish rogue,
With his long winded speeches, his smiles and his
brogue,

And, 'Madam,' quoth he, 'may this bit be my poison, A prettier dinner I never set eyes on, Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be curst, But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst' 'The tripe,' quoth the Jew, with his chocolite cheek, 'I could dine on this tripe seven days in the week I like these here dinners so pretty and small, But your friend there, the Doctor, eats nothing at all ' 'O-Oh 1' quoth my friend, 'he'll come on in a trice, He's leeping a corner for something that's nice 'There's a pasty '-' A pasty 1' repeated the Jew, 'I don't care if I I cep a corner for 't too ' 'What the de'il, mon, a pasty!' re echoed the Scot, 'Though splitting, I'll still I eep a corner for thot.' 'We'll all I eep a corner,' the lady cried out, 'We'll all keep a corner,' was echoed about

While thus we resolved, and the pasty delayed, With looks that quite petrified, entered the maid, A visage so sad, and so pale with affright, Waked Priam in drawing his curtains by night But we quickly found out, for who could mistake her? That she came with some terrible news from the baker And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven Had shut ont the pasty on shutting his oven Sad Philomel thus-but let similes drop-And now that I think on 't, the story may stop To be plain, my good Lord, it's but labour misplaced, To send such good verses to one of your taste, You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning— A relish-a taste-sickened over by learning, At least, it's your temper, as very well I nown, That you think very slightly of all that's your own So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss, You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this

Mr Byrne was Lord Clare's nephew 'Nobody with me at sea but myself is a quotation from the love-letters of Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, 10 Lady Grosvenor (1769)

#### Extracts from 'Retaliation.'

Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined together at the St James's Coffee-house. One day it was proposed to write epitaphs upon him. His country, dialect and blinders furnished subjects for writtensm. He was called on for 'retaliation, and, at the next meeting, produced part of this poem, which was left un finished at his death.

Here hes our good Edmund, whose genius was such, We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much. Who, born for the Universe, narrowed his mind, And to party give up what was meant for mankind Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote, Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining, And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining Though equal to all things, for all things unfit, Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit For a patriot too cool, for a drudge disobedient, And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed, or in place, Sir, To cat matton cold, and cut blocks with a razor

Here lies David Garrick, describe me, who can, An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man, As an actor, confessed without rival to shine, As a wit, if not first, in the very first line, Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart, The man had his failings, a dupe to his art, Lil e an ill judging beauty, his colours he spread, And beplastered with rouge his own natural red On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting, 'Twas only that when he was off he was acting With no reason on earth to go out of his way, He tarned and he varied full ten times a day, Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick If they were not his own by finessing and trick He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack, For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came, And the puff of a duuce he mistook it for fame, Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease, Who peppered the highest was surest to please But let us be candid, and speak out our mind, If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind

Ye Kenricks, ye Ke lys, and Woodfalls so grave, What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!

How did Grub street re echo the shouts that you raised, While he was be Rosciused, and you were be praised that peace to his spirit, wherever it flies, To act as an angel, and mix with the skies. Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill, Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will, Old Shakespeare, receive him, with pruse and with love, And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a better or wiser behind
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand,
His minners were gentle, complying, and bland,
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing

When they talked of their Raphnels, Correggios, and stuff He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff

'Edmund is of course, Burle The sketch of Reynolds was never completed. Prior (Life of Goldsmith: 1837—11 499) says half a line more had been written It was 'By flattery suspoiled and remained unaltered in the MS

## From 'She Stoops to Conquer'

Lanalord There be two gentlemen in a post chaise at the door They've lost their way upo' the forest, and they are talking something about Mr Hardeastle.

Ton, Lumpkin As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister Do they seem to be Londoners?

Land I believe they may They look woundily like Frenchmen

Ton; Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling [Exit Landlord] Gentle men, as they mayn't be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon [Exeunt Mob] Father in law has been calling me whelp and hound this half year Now, if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian But then I am afraid—afraid of what? I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a year, and let him frighten me out of that if he can

[Enter Landlord, conducting Marlow and Hastings ]

Marlow What n tedious uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles neross the country, and we have come above threescore.

Tony No offence, gentlemen; but I am told you have been inquiring for one Mr Hardcastle in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

Hastings Not in the least, sir, but should thank you for information

Tony Nor the way you came?

Hast No, sir, but if you can inform us-

Tony Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is that—you have lost your way

Mar We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

Tony Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

Mar That's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go

Tony No officee, but question for question is all fair, you know Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross grained, old fashioned, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face, a daughter, and a pretty son?

Hast We have not seen the gentleman, but he has the family you mention

Tony The daughter, n tall, trapesing, trolloping, talk ative may pole, the son, a pretty, well bred, agreeable youth, that everybody is fond of

Mar Our information differs in this the daughter is said to be well bred and beautiful, the son, an awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron string

Ton, He he m. Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won t reach Mr Hardcastle's house this night, I believe

Hart Unfortunate!

Tony It's a long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous wav Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr Hardcastle's [vanhing upon the Landlerd]—Mr Hardcastle's of Qing mire marsh \[ \text{\text{Outubelow} upon the Particles of Qing mire marsh \] \[ \text{\text{Outubelow} understand me?} \]

Land Master Hardcastle's! Lack a-dust, my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong. When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have crossed down Squash lane.

Mar Cross down Squash lane!

Land Then you were to keep straight forward till you came to four roads

Mar Come to where four roads meet?

Tony Ay, but you must be sure to take only one of them

Mar O, sir' you're facetious.

Tony Then, keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crack-skull Common, there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward till you come to Farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about agun, till you find out the old mill—

Mar Zounds, man' we could as soon find out the longitude l

Hast What's to be done, Marlow?

Mar This house promises but a poor reception, though perhaps the landlord can necommodate us

Land Alack, master! we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

Tony And to my knowledge, that's taken up hy three lodgers already [After a fause, in which the rest seem disconcerted] I have hit it don't you think, Stingo, our landlady could accommodate the gentlemen by the fireside with—three churs and a bolster?

Hast I hate sleeping by the fireside.

Mar And I detest your three chairs and a bolster

Ton; You do, do von? Then let me see—what if you go on a mile further to the Buck's Head, the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole county

Hast O ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however

Land [Apart to Tony] Sure you bean't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony Mum! von fool, you, let them find that out. [To them ] You have only to keep on straight forward till you come to n large old house by the roadside

you'll see a pair of large horns over the door, that's the sign Drive up the vard, and call stoutly about you flast Sir, ve are obliged to you The servants can't miss the way?

Ton; No, no but I tell vou, though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business, so be wants to be thought a geutleman, saving your presence, he, he, he 'He'll be for giving you his company, and, ecod' if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of the peace

Land A troublesome old blade, to be sure, but a leeps as good wines and beds as any in the vhole country

Mar Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connection. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Ton; No, no, straight forward I'll just step myself and shew you a piece of the way [To the Land lord! Mum' [Execut

## [Marlo v and Hastings at the Supposed Inn ]

Hast After the disappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a cleau room and a good fire Upon my word, a very well looking house, antique, but creditable.

## [Enter Hardcastle]

Hardcastle. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Vir Marlow? [Mar advances] Sir, you're heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a hearty reception, m the old style, at my gate, I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

Mar [Asule] He has got our names from the ser vants already [To Hard] We approve your caution and hospitality, sir [To Hast] I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling-dresses in the morning, I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine

Hard I beg, Mr Marlow, you'll use no ceremous in this house.

Hast I fancy, Charles, You're right the first blow is half the battle I intend opening the campaign with the white and gold

Hard Mr Marlow—Mr Hastings—gentlemen—pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty hall, gentlemen, you may do just as you please here.

Mar Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want aummnition before it is over I think to reserve the embroidery to secure a retreat.

Mard Your talking of a retreat, Mr Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough when we went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison—

Mar Don't you think the ventre d'or waistcoat will do with the plain brown?

Hard He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men-

Hast I think not brown and vellow mix but very poorly

Hard I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoued the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

Mar The girls lil e finery

Hard Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war Now, says the Dinke of Marlborough to George Brooks, that stood next to him—you must have heard of George Brooks—I'll pawn my dukedom, says he, but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood. So—

Mar What, my good friend, if you gave us a glass of punch in the meantime, it would help us to carry on the siege with vigour

Hard Punch, sir' [Aside] This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with

Mar les, sir, punch. A glass of warm punch after our journey vill be comfortable [Enter Servant with a tanhard] This is Liberty hall, you know

Ilard Here's a cup, sir

Mar So this fellow, in his Liberty hall, will only let us have just what he pleases. [Aside to Hast

Hard [Taking the cup] I hope you ll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I behave you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Here, Mr Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance. [Drinks.]

Mar A very impudent fellow this, but he's a character, and I'll humour him a little [Iside] Sir, my service to you.

[Dri k]

Hast I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innheeper before he has learned to be a gentleman [1stde

Mar From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country Warm work now and then at elections, I suppose?

Hard No, sir I have long given that work over Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of elect ing each other, there's no business 'for us that sell ale'

Hast So, you have no turn for politics, I find

Hard Not in the least. There was a time indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, lile o'her people, but finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about who's in or who's out than I do about Hyder Ally, or Ally Cawn, than about Ally Croal er. Sir, my service to you

Hast So that, with eating above stairs and drinking below, with receiving your friends within and amusing them without, you lead a good, pleasant, bustling life of it.

Hard I do stir about a good deal, that's certain Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlour

Mar [4fter drinking] And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in West minster Hall.

Hard Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy

Mar Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy [A.idi

Hast So, then, like an experienced general, you attach them on every quarter. If you find their reason manage able, you attach them with your philosophy, if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher. [Driv/s

Ilurd Good, very good, thank you, ha! ha! ha! ha! Vour generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear

War Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I think it's

almost time to talk about supper What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

Hard For supper, sir? [Aside] Was ever such a request to a man in his own house?

Mar Yes, sir, supper, sir, I begin to feel an appetite I shall make devilish work to night in the larder, I promise you.

Hard Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes be held [Aside] Why really, sir, as for supper, I can't well tell My Dorothy and the cookmand settle these things between them I leave these kind of things en tirely to them

Mar You do, do you?

Hard Entirely By the by, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's for support his moment in the kitchen

Mar Then I beg they'll admit me as one of their privy council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence, I hope, sir

Hard O no, sir, none in the least yet, I don't know how, our Bridget, the cookmand, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might seeld us all out of the house

Hast Let's see your list of the larder, then I always match my appetite to my bill of fare

Mar [To Hardcastle, who looks at them with surprise]

Sir, he's very right, and it's my way too

Hard Sir, you have a right to command here Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to night's supper, I believe it's drawn out Your manner, Mr Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop It was a saying of his that no man was sure of his supper till he had caten it

[Servant brings in the bill of fare, and exit Hast All upon the high ropes! His uncle a colonel! We shall soon hear of his mother being 1 justice of peace [Aside] But let's hear the bill of fare

Mar [Perusing] What's here? For the first course, for the second course, for the dessert. The devil, sir l Do you think we have brought down the whole Joiners' Compuny, or the Corporation of Bedford, to ent up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do

Hast But let's hear it

Mas [Reading] For the first course at the top, a pig and prune sauce.

Hast Confound your pig, I say

Mar And confound your prune sauce, say I

Hard And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig with prune sauce is very good cating

Mar At the bottom a calf's tongue and brains

Hast Let your brains be knocked out, my good sir, I don't like them

Mar Or you may clap them on a plate by themselves I do

Hard Their impudence confounds me. [Ande] Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there anything else you wish to retrench or after, gentlemen?

Var Item a pork pic, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a florentine, a shaking pudding, and a dish of tiff—taff—taffety cream

Hast Confound your made dishes! I shall be as much at a loss in this house as at a green and yellow dinner at the I rench ambassador's table. I'm for plain cating

Hard I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like, but if there be anything you have a particular fancy to——

Mar Why, really, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another Send us what you please So much for supper and now to see that our beds are aired, and properly taken care of

Hard I entreat you'll leave all that to me You shall not stir a step

Mar Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you must excuse me, I always look to these things myself

Hard I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head

Mar You see I'm resolved on it. A very trouble some fellow this, as ever I met with [Aside.

Hard Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you. This may be modern modesty, but I never saw anything look so like old fashioned impudence.

[Asiae]

[Exeunt Mar and Hard

## A City Night-Piece

Ille dolet vere qui sine teste dolet .-- MART

The clock has struck two, the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket, the watchman forgets the hour in slumber, the laborious and the happy are at rest and nothing now wakes but guilt, revely and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl, the robber walks his midnight round, and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity, or the sallies of contemporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk, where Vanity, ever changing, but a few hours past, walked before me, where she kept up the pageant, and now, like a froward child, seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around I The dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam, no sound is heard but of the chiming clock, or the distant watch dog. All the bustle of human pride is forgotten, and this hour may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There may come a time when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its room

What cities, as great as this, have once triumphed in existence, had their victories as great as ours, joy as just and as unbounded as we, and, with short sighted pre sumption, promised themselves immortality. Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some. The sorrowful triveller wanders over the awful ruins of others, and, as he beholds, he learns wisdom, and feels the trinsience of every sublunary possession.

Here stood their citadel, but now grown over with weeds, there their senate house, but now the haunt of every novious reptile, temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruin. They are fallen, for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of the state were conferred on amusing, and not on useful, members of society. Thus true virtue languished, their riches and opulence invited the plunderer, who, though once repulsed, returned again, and at last swept the defendants into undistinguished destruction.

How few appear in those streets, which but some few hours ago were crowded, and those who appear, no longer now wear their daily mask, nor attempt to hide their lewdness or their misery

But who are this who make the streets their couch, or I folia sort repose from wretchedness a the doors of the opelent? These are strangers, wan levers, and orphans a rose e reumstances are too humble to expect redress, and their distres es too great even for pity Some are written the covering clen of rage, and o hers emperated with disease, the world seems to have disclaimed them, society turns is back upon their dures, and has given them up to unledness and har or. These pier shivering females have once seen hap, ar day onl been flattered in a beauty have been prosiduted to the gas luxurous villain, and are non-turned out to meet the sevents of winter in the sines. Perlaps now lying at the doors of their between, they say to we clies whose hearts are insin il 'e o enirmity or debauchees who may curse, be vella reliese il em

Why, why was I born a men, and yet see the sufferings of a reiches I canno relieve! Poor houseless erea ures! the year will give you reproaches, but will not give you renef. The sa, hies, ruisfortunes, the most image name unecouncies of the rich, are engricated with all the percer of cloqueries and engage our attention, while you veep unheaded, persecuted by every subor mate spece of tyrony and finding causity in every law.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sen illustration why was not my forture adapted to its impulsed. Ten lettle, without it expacitly of relieving only makes the heart that feels it more wire ched than the oly of which we for a stance.

But 'et no turn from a wene of such c'stree to the specified hypicine, vio has been talling of virtue till the turn of bell, and now scale out, to give a look to his sices under the protection of midnight—sices more a rosious, because he attemps to conceal them. See look he pan's down the dark ailes, and, with histoning sips, fears an acquaintance in every face. He has possed the whole day in company he hates, and now how to prolong the night among company that as heartily hate him. May his vice by detected, may the morning in apon his shame by I wish to no purpose, villainy, when deceded, revergives up, but boldly a lds impudence to import are.

(From The Bee 1-1-10 iv.)

#### The Strolling Player

I am fond of amiscinent, in whatever company it is to be found, and wit, though dressed in rags, is ever pleasing to me. I cent some days ago to take a walk in St James's Parl, about the hour in which company leave it to go to dinner. There is ere but fels in the walks, and those is ho stayed seemed, by their looks, rather more is illing to forget that they had an appetite then gain one. I sat down on one of the benches, at the other end of which was seated a man in very shabby clorkes.

We continued to groan, to hem, and to cough, as a unal upon such occasions, and at last ventured upon conversation. 'I beg pardon, sir,' end I, 'but I think I have seen you before your face is familiar to me?—
'Yes, sir,' replied he, 'I have a good familiar face,-as my friends tell m. I am as vell known in every town in Ingland as the dromedary or live crocodile. You must inderstand, sir, that I have been these sixteen years Merr; Andrew to a puppet show, last Bartholomew Fair my master and I quarrelled, beat each other, and

parted, he to sell lus puppets to the pincushion malers in Rosemar, Lane, and I to starve in St James's Parl'

'I am sorry, sir, that a person of your appearance should labour under any difficulties.' 'Oh, sir,' returned he, 'my appearance is very much at your service, but though I canno boast of eating much, yet there are few that are merricr if I had twenty thousand a year, I should be very merry, and, thanh the Fates, though not worth a groat, I am very merry still. If I have three pence in my poolet, I never refuse to be my three half pence, and if I have no money, I never seom to be treated by any that are I ind enough to pay my reel oning. What think you, sir, of a steak and a tankard? You shall treat me now, and I will treat you again, when I find you in the Park in love with eating, and without money to pay for a dinner'

As I never refuse a small expense for the sake of a merry companion, we instantly adjourned to a neigh bouring ale house, an I in a few moments had a frothing tankard and a smolving steak spread on the table before us. It is impossible to express how much the sight of such good cheer improved my companion's vivaeity. 'I like this dinner, sir,' says he, 'for three reasons first, because I am naturally fond of beef, secondly, because I am hingry, and, thirdly and lastly, because I get it for rothing no ment eats so sweet as that for v lineh we do not pay.'

He therefore no fell to, and his appetite seemed to corre pond with his inclination. After dinner was over, he observed that the steal was tough 'and yet, sir,' re urns he, 'bad as it was, it seemed a rump steak to me Oh, the delights of poverty and a good appetite! We Lengars are he very fondlings of Nature, the rich she treats like an arrant stepmother, they are pleased with nothing cut a steal from what part you will, and it is insurportably tough, dress it up with pielles, and even pickles cannot procure them an appetite. But the whole creation is filled with good things for the beggar, Calvert's lutt out tastes Champagne, and Sedgeley's home breved excels Tol ay Joy, joy, my blood ! though our estates lie not here, we have fortunes a herever we go. If an inundation sweeps away half the grounds of Cornwall, I am content-1 have no lands there, if the stocks sink, that gives me no unersiness-I am no Jew ' The fellows vivacity, joined to his poverty, I own, rused my curiosity to know something of his life and circumstances, and I entreated that he would indulge my desire 'That I will, sir,' said he, 'and welcome, only let us drank to prevent our sleeping let us have another tanlard while ve are awake-let us have another tanlard, for, ah, how charming a tanlard looks when full ' (From the Essays, 1766-2nd ed )

#### Beau Tibbs at Vauxhall

The people of London are as fond of walking as our friends at Pel in of riding, one of the principal enter tainments of the citizens here in summer is to repair about nightfall to a garden not far from town, where they wall about, show their best clothes and best faces, and listen to a concert provided for the occasion

I accepted an invitation a few evenings ago from my old friend, the Man in Black, to be one of a party that vas to sup there, and at the appointed hour waited upon him at his lodgings. There I found the company assembled, and expecting my arrival. Our party consisted of my friend, in superlative finery, his stockings

rolled, a black velvet waisteoat, which was formerly new, and a gray wig combed down in imitation of hair, a pawnbroker's widow, of whom, by the by, my friend was a professed admirer, dressed ont in green damask, with three gold rings on every finger. Mr Tibbs, the second rate beau I have formerly described, together with his lady, in flimsy silk, dirty gauze instead of hinen, and an hat as big as an umbrella.

Our first difficulty was in settling how we should set out. Mrs Tibbs had a natural aversion to the water, and the widow, being a little in flesh, as warmly protested against walling, a coach was therefore agreed upon, which being too small to carry five, Mr Tibbs consented to sit in his wife a lap

In this manner, therefore, we set forward, being entertained by the way with the bodings of Mr Tibbs, who assured us he did not expect to see a single creature for the evening above the degree of a cheesemonger, that this was the last night of the gardens, and that consequently we should be pestered with the nobility and gentry from Thames Street and Crooked Lane, with several other prophetic ejaculations, probably in spired by the unersiness of his situation

The illuminations began before we arrived, and I must confess, that upon entering the gardens I found every sense overpaid with more than expected pleasure the lights everywhere glimmering through the scarcely moving trees-the full bodied concert bursting on the stillness of the night—the natural concert of the birds, in the more retired part of the grove, vying with that which was formed by art - the company guly dressed, looking satisfaction—and the tables spread with various delicacies -all conspired to fill my imagination with the visionary happiness of the Arabian laugiver, and lifted me into an ecstasy of admiration. 'Head of Confucius,' cried I to my friend, 'this is fine this unites rural beauty with courtly magnificence, if we except the virgins of im mortality, that hang on every tree, and may be plucked at every desire, I do not see how this falls short of Mahomet's l'aradise !'- 'As for virgins,' cries my friend, it is true they are a fruit that do not much abound in our gardens here, but if ladies, as plenty as apples in antumn, and as complying as any Hours of them all, can content you, I fancy we have no need to go to heaven for Paradise 1

I was going to second his remarks, when we were called to a consultation by Mr Tibbs and the rest of the company, to know in what manner we were to lay out the evening to the greatest advantage. Mrs Tibbs was for keeping the genteel walk of the garden, where, she ob creed, there was always the very best company, the undow, on the contrary, who came but once a season, was for securing a good standing place to see the water worls, which she assured us would begin in less than an hour at farthest a dispute therefore began, and as it was managed between two of very opposite characters, it threatened to grow more bitter at every reply Tibbs wondered how people could pretend to know the polite world, who had received all their rudiments of breeding behind a counter to which the other replied, that though some people sat behind counters, yet they could sit it the head of their own tables too, and carve three good dishes of hot ment whenever they thought proper, which was more than some people could say for themselves, that hardly knew a rabbit and onions from a green goose and gooseberries.

It is hard to say where this might have ended, had not the husband, who probably knew the impetuosity of his wife's disposition, proposed to end the dispute by adjourning to a box, and try if there was anything to be had for supper that was supportable To this we all consented, but here a new distress arose. Mr and Mrs Tibbs would sit in none but a genteel box—a box where they might see and be seen-one, as they expressed it, in the very focus of public view, but such a box was not easy to be obtained, for though we were perfectly convinced of our own gentility, and the gentility of our appearance, yet we found it a difficult matter to persuade the keepers of the boxes to be of our opinion, they chose to reserve genteel boxes for what they judged more genteel company

At last, however, we were fixed, though somewhat obscurely, and supplied with the usual entertainment of the place. The widow found the supper excellent, but Mrs Tibbs thought everything detestable. 'Come, come, my dear,' cries the husband, by way of con solation, 'to be sure we can't find such dressing here as we have at Lord Crump's or Lady Crimp's, but, for Vauxhall dressing, it is pretty good it is not their victuals, indeed, I find fault with, but their wine, their wine,' cries he, drinking off a glass, 'indeed, is most abominable'

By this last contradiction the widow was fairly con quered in point of politeness. She perceived now that she had no pretensions in the world to taste, her very senses were vulgar, since she had praised detestable custard, and smacked at wretched wine, she was there fore content to yield the victory, and for the rest of the night to listen and improve. It is true, she would now and then forget herself, and confess she was pleased, but they soon brought her back again to miserable rcfinement She once praised the painting of the box in which we were sitting, but was soon convinced that such paltry pieces ought rather to excite horror than satisfaction slie ventured again to commend one of the singers, but Mrs Libbs soon let her know, in the style of a connoissenr, that the singer in question had neither ear, voice, nor judgment

Mr Tibbs, now willing to prove that his wife's pretensions to music were just, entreated her to favour the company with a song, but to this she gave a positive denial-'for you know very well, my dear,' says she, 'that I am not in voice to day, and when one's voice is not equal to one's judgment, what signifies singing? besides, as there is no accompaniment, it would be but spoiling music.' All these excuses, however, were over ruled by the rest of the company, who, though one would think they already had music enough, joined in But particularly the widow, now willing the entreaty to convince the company of her breeding, pressed so warmly, that she seemed determined to take no refusal At last, then, the lady complied, and after humming for some minutes, began with such a voice, and such affectation, as, I could perceive, gave but little satisfae tion to any except her husband He sat with rapture in his eye, and beat time with his hand on the table

You must observe, my friend, that it is the custom of this country, when a lady or gentleman happens to sing, for the company to sit as mute and motionless as statues. Every feature, every limb, must seem to correspond in fixed attention, and while the song continues, they are to rumain in a state of universal petrifaction. In this

mortifying situation we bid continued for some time. listening to the song, and looking with tranquillity, when the master of the box came to inform us that the water works were going to begin At this information I could instantly perceive the widow bounce from her seat, but correcting herself, she sat down again, repressed in motives of good breeding. Mrs Tibbs, who had seen the water works an hundred times, resolving not to be interrupted, continued her song without any share of mercy, nor bad the smallest pity on our impatience The widow's face, I own, gave me high entertainment, in it I could plainly read the struggle she felt between good breeding and curiosity she talked of the water works the whole evening before, and seemed to have come merely in order to see them, but then she could not bonnee ont in the very middle of a song, for that would be forfeiting all pretensions to high life, or high lived company, ever after Mrs Tibbs, therefore, kept on singing, and we continued to listen, till at last, when the song was just concluded, the waiter came to inform us that the water works were over

'The water works over 1' cried the widow, 'the water works over already! that's impossible! they can't be over so soon!'—'It is not my business,' replied the fellow, 'to contradict your ladyship, I'll run again and see.' He went, and soon returned with a confirmation of the dismal tidings. No ceremony could now bind my friends disappointed mistress. She testified her displeasure in the openest manner, in short, she now began to find fault in turn, and at last insisted upon going home, just at the time that Mr and Mrs Tibbs assured the company that the polite hours were going to begin, and that the ladies would instantaneously be entertained with the horis.—Adicu.

(From The Cetizen of the World 3rd ed 1774
—Letter levil.)

## From 'The Vicar of Wakefield.'

The place of our retreat was in a little neighbourhood, consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniencies of life within them selves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluity Remote from the polite, they still retained the primeval simplicity of manners, and, frugal by habit, they scarce knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labour, but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true love knots on Valentine morning, ate pancakes on Shrovetide, showed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas eve. Being apprised of our approach, the whole neighbourhood came ont to meet their minister, dressed in their finest clothes, and preceded by a pipe and tabor. A feast also was provided for our reception, at which we sat cheerfully down, and what the conversation wanted in wit was made up in langhter

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before, on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given an hundred pounds for my predecessor's good will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little enclosures, the elms and hedgerows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house

consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snuguess, the walls, on the inside, were nicely whitewashed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the nimost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers being well sconred, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments, one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children.

The little republic to which I gave laws was regulated in the following manner. By snnrise we all assembled in our common apartment, the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony-for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship—we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner, which time was taken np in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labours after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family, where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire, were prepared for our reception were we without guests sometimes farmer Flamborough. our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine, for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the These harmless people had several ways of being good company, while one played, the other would sing some sootling ballad,-Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night, or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen. night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day, and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best, was to have a halfpenny on Sunday to put into the poor's box

When Sunday came, it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters, yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery they still loved laces, ribands, bugles, and catgut, my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her

The first Sunday, in particular, their behaviour served to mortify me I had desired my girls the preceding night to be dressed early the next day, for I always loved to be at chirch a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions, but when we were to assemble in the morning at breal fast, down came my wife and daughters, dressed out in all their former splendour, their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up into a heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, par ticularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more

In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our The girls were amazed at the command, but I repeated it with more solemnity than before "Surch, my dear, you jest,' cried my wife, 'we can walk it perfectly well we want no corch to carry us now '-You mistake, child, returned I, 'we do want a coach, for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the parish will hoot after us - 'Indeed,' replied nix wife, 'I always unagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children next and handsome about him !-'You may be as neat a you please' interrupted I, 'and I shall love you the better for it, but all this is not neatness but frippery These rufflings, and pullings, and patchings will only male us hated by all the wives of our neighbours. No my children, continued I, more gravely, those gowns may be altered into something of a planer cut, for finery is very unbecoming in 114, who want the means of decency. I do not I now whether such flounging and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from the trimming of the vain."

This remonstrance had the proper effect, they went vith great composure that very instant, to change their dress, and the next day I had the attisfaction of inding my daughters, at their own reque t, employed in outring up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones and, what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing

(From Tiels ar of 11 il te 1, 5th ed 1,-2, 1 41 i3—th p is)

## Dedication of 'The Deserted Village' to Sir Joshua Reynolds

Dear Sir,—I can have no expectation in an address of this land culier to add to voir reputation or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel, and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere incehanical parts of this attempt, I don't pretend to enquire, but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be seen and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poets' own imagination. To this I can scarcely make any other answer than that I sincerely believe what I have written, that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege, and that all invitews and enquiries have led me to believe tho e inferies real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an enquiry whether the country be depopulating, or not, the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to the the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long

In regretting the depopulation of the country I inveigh

of the the meteric of our laxures, and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or that's years past, it has been the fashion to consider laxing as one of the preate to national adventages, and all the wisdom of antiquits, in that particular, as erroncous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to bink those laxings prejudicial to states, by which in many views are introduced, and in many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed so much has been pointed out of late on the other side of the que tion, that, marels for the rake of novelty and variety, one call in cause wish to be in the right —I am dear Sir, ye is sincere I need and ardent Admiter.

It is it ally longered that Go to with me and above was tom nt Patter in Level of the a finite one over +1 sta fa real tirdiface was Said Hill II are I'i no Ir were a the reduce fluggen Willer the Les O'ser J m where he to the unchased Toverelast nation of D. M. I. C. in a lecture on the Country will birth the O or full outs. publich limit to Laren, effile your difference milit carp Sory Pitelast (1) ( Contin by the I server H se sere fire pur lived in after in four schools, will the speak of force. Memory Afterfore than fit over himself S. Progress in minast and Commonly training green. In a 19 came 'I conclude to have in one a line thing of profited by Day the out The filest in female or is that of T. W. M. G. M. (5 a Tu) In th. in a fulletty temedic in the tell WMG (so tw) in To as Shirt I I thank (i To). Determine the potential Tolun Cooperative (i To) thank (i To) the tell thank (i To) there is a I to graphy of that to with the common of the sum to the tell thank (i To) there is a I to graphy of that to with the common of the sum to the tell thank (ii) the tell thank (ii) the tell thank (iii) the tell tha Librar, is see (1 ) to make case ad expose a few to artic Temped in the Cetter of the British of evel in the Temped in the Temped in the Temped in the Alexander of the distribution of the distribution of the distribution of the distribution of the Cetter of the Temped International Control of the Temped International Control of the Cetter of the Temped International Control of the Cetter of th In a crife 4 -red, the end had had Washington being to exerce? We him Ill on (18 s) An tim D han (1 s see 1 Ame caneda s s) A him him, (1 s) A m market has a sime extend that to have Bonel ? It Manually Ineffice and From securities are e(x !) Its song it me a distribute the restrict. Conter Leter (174) at 1/1 mm, Let (14' att) by Led Lyttonk Be started Committee among this profit is that of A B. Iger (1 43) and there are a graphs s by Kar an (1873) and La in (18 4). A curious in indicate of T & Temper whas re ently been the overed and edited by Mr B rmam D te iff oa).

AUSTIN DOBSON

Thom is Permant (1726-98), of good Welsh family, studied at Queen's College, Oxford, and ere he left the university had begun his many tours which began with rambles in Lingland and the Principality, but extended into Ireland (1754), the Continent (1765), and Scotland (1769 and 1772), then, he says, falmost as unknown as kamehuka? FRS and DCL, he published important books on British zoology, British quadrupeds, Arctic zoology, and on the history of London But he is chiefly remembered for his Tours in Scotland (3 vols 1771-75) and Wales (2 vols 1778-81) The former extorted from Johnson the admission, 'He's a Whig, sir, a sad dog, but he's the best triveller I ever read, he observes more things than any one else does. His observations and statements are not always perfectly accurate, and his reflections may not be very profound, but the popularity of his works stimulated others to follow his example, and had the effect of greatly promoting general interest in his favourite studies

Charles Churchill was held to have revealed a second Dryden when in 1761 he published his saturical poem, the Rosciad, of which Garrick is the principal hero-or victini The impression was maintained by his reply to the critical reviewers, and his Epistle to Hogarth, The Prophecy of Famine, Night, and passages in his other poemsall thrown off in haste to serve the purpose of the day-showed unusual vigour and facility of versification, and a boldness (and broadness) of personal invective that drew instant attention to their Even Cowper, from early predilections, thought highly of Churchill, and pronounced him 'indeed a poet' Now it is voted enough if he is treated as little more than a special pleader or pamphleteer in verse. He never touches the heart, save in some few lines of penitential fervour, he never soared to the realms of imagination, and with the beauties of external nature he had not He died before he had the slightest sympathy well attained the prime of life, yet there is no youthful enthusiasm about his works, nor any indication that he sought a higher fame than that of being the terror of actors and artists, an eccentric amongst libertines, and a devoted slave to Wilkes The 'fatal facility' of his verse, and his clever, witty, unscrupulous satire of living individuals and passing events, made all London 'ring from side to side' with applause when real poetry could hardly find publishers or readers

Hardly any notable English author save Kit Marlowe was more unhappy in his life and end than Charles Churchill He was the son of a clergyman in Westminster, where he was born in In 1748, while still a schoolboy February 1731 at Westminster, he made a Flect marriage with a young Westminster lady, this debarred him from Oxford or Cambridge, and he was assisted by his father, till he was ordained and settled in the Essex curacy of Rainham His father died in 1758, and the poet was appointed his successor in the curacy and lectureship of St John's at West-This promotion only proved the bane of minster poor Churchill He was in his twenty-seventh year, and his conduct had been irreproachable, but he now renewed his intimacy with Lloyd and other school companions, and launched into a career of dissipation and extrivagance. His poetry secured notoriety, and he not only disregarded his lectureship, but Inid aside the clerical garb, and appeared in the extreme of fishion, with blue cort, gold-laced hat, and ruffles The Dean of Westminster remonstrated, and his parishioners protested, but Churchill merely ridiculed this prudery, and Lloyd made an epigram of it

To Churchill, the bard, ones the Westminster dean, Leather breeches, white stockings I pray what do you mean? 'Tis shameful, irreverent—you must keep to church rules If wise ones, I will, and if no, they 're for fools If reason don't bind me, I 'll shake off all fetters, To be black and all black, I shall leave to my betters Yet dean and congregation were seen in the long-run to be too powerful, and Churchill found it necessary to resign the lectureship in 1763, having two years earlier separated from his wife. His ready pen still three off at will his popular satires, and he plunged into the grossest excesses. These he actually essayed to justify in a poetical epistle to Lloyd on Night, revenging himself on prudence and the world by railing at them in good set terms 'This vindication proceeded,' says his biographer, 'on the exploded doctrine that the barefaced avowal of vice is less culpable than the practice of it under a hypocritical assumption of virtue'. The poet's irregulantics affected his literary faculty, and his poem



CHARLES CHURCIIILL.

From the Portrait by J. S. C. Schnak in the National Portrait
Callery

of The Ghost proved both incoherent and tiresome His acquaintance with Wilkes was a curse to him, for Wilkes was not more conspicuous for public factiousness than for personal debauchers Churchill assisted his new associate in the Aerth Briton, and pocketed the profits from its sale. Hence lie was included with Wilkes in the list of those whom the messengers had verbal instructions to apprehend under the general warrant (see page 516), and he escaped apprehension through Wilkes's presence of mind Churchill entered the room where Wilkes was already in custody of the messenger 'Good-morning, Mr Thomson,' said Wilkes to him 'How does Mrs Thomson do? Does she dine in the country? Churchill took the hint as readily as it had been given, Mrs Thomson was waiting for him, and he came only, he said, for a moment, to ask him how he did. And taking leave, he hastened home, secured his papers, retired into the country, and cluded all Churchill now set about his satire, the Prophecy of Famme, which, like Wilkes's North Briton, was specially directed against the Scottish The outlawry of Wilkes separated the friends, but they kept up a correspondence, and Churchill continued to be a keen political satirist. The excesses of his daily life remained equally notorious, and he cherished a discreditable alliance with the daughter of a Westminster tradesman Hogarth, who disapproved of Churchill as a friend of Wilkes, caricatured the satirist as a bear dressed canonically, with ruffles at his paws, and holding a pot of porter Churchill took revenge in a fierce and sweeping 'epistle' to Hogarth, which is said to have caused him exquisite annoyance The unhappy saturist's career drew to a sad and premature close In October 1764 lie went to France to pay a visit to his friend Wilkes, and was seized at Boulogne with a fever, of which he died next month, and the exclergy man's will, made the day before his death, contains, contrary to the then usual formula, not the slightest expression of religious faith or hope. He was buried at Dover, and some of his gav associates placed over his grave a stone, on which was engraved his own line

Life to the last enjoyed, here Churchill lies.

A worther tribute was given fifty years afterwards by Byron in his lines on 'the grave of him who blazed the comet of a season' Churchill expressed contrition for misconduct in verses that evidently came from the heart

Look back! a thought which borders on despair, Which human nature must, yet cannot bear 'Tis not the habbling of a busy world, Where praise and censure are at random hurled, Which can the meanest of my thoughts control, Or shake one settled purpose of my soul, Free and at large might their wild curses roam, If all, if all, alas I were well at home No, 'tis the tale which angry conscience tells, When she with more than tragic horror swells Each circumstance of guilt, when, stern but true, She brings bad actions forth into review, And, like the dread handwriting on the wall, Bids late remorse awake at reason's call, Armed at all points, bids scorpion vengeance pass. And to the mind holds up reflection's glass-The mind which starting heaves the heartfelt groan. And hates that form she knows to be her own

(From The Conference)

In Night, Churchill thus ingeniously descanted on the proverbial privileges of poets

What is 't to us if taxes rise or fall?

Thanks to our fortune, we pay none at all
Let mnekworms, who in dirty acres deal,
Lament those hardships which we cannot feel
His Grace, who smarts, may bellow if he please,
But must I bellow too, who sit at ease?
By custom safe, the poet's numbers flow
Free as the light and air some years ago

No statesman e'er wall find it worth his puns To tax our labours and excise our brains Burdens like these, vile earthly buildings bear, No tribute's laid on castles in the air!

No English poet, Southey said, ever enjoyed so excessive and so short lived a popularity as Churchill, 'indeed no one seems more thoroughly to have understood his own powers, there is no indication in any of his pieces that he could have done anything better than the thing he did. To Wilkes he said that nothing came out till he began to be pleased with it himself, but to the public, as in these lines from *Gotham*, he boasted of the haste and carelessness with which his verses were poured forth'

IIad I the power, I could not have the time, While spirits flow, and life is in her prime, Without a sin 'grinst pleasure, to design A plan, to methodise each thought, each line, Highly to finish, and make every grace. In itself charming, take new charms from place. Nothing of books, and little known of men, When the mad fit comes on, I seize the pen, Rough as they run, the rapid thoughts set down, Rough as they run, discharge them on the town

Churchill lacked the chief essentials of true satire, a real insight into the heart of man and that rarest power of happy evaggeration, of preserving likeness in unlikeness and verisimilitude in distortion. A fatal volubility in rhyming, a kind of boisterous but unequal energy, and an instinctive hatred of wrong, often hardly to be distinguished from the mere spleen and obstinacy, combined to make him the hero of the hour and its ephemeral interests, but was not equipment enough for a Dryden, or even a Butler

The most amusing and, on the whole, the best of Churchill's satires is his *Prophecy of Famine*, professedly a Scots pastoral inscribed to Wilkes The Earl of Bute's administration had directed the enmity of all disappointed patriots and partisans against the Scottish nation. Even Johnson and Junius were not above giving this complexion to their prejudice, and Churchill revelled in it with such undisguised exaggeration that the most saturnine or sensitive of Scotsmen might have laughed at its extravagant absurdity. This unique pastoral opens as follows.

### A Scots Pastoral.

Two boys whose birth, beyond all question, springs From great and glorious though forgotten kings, Shepherds of Scottish lineage, born and bred On the same bleak and barren mountain's head, By niggard nature doomed on the same rocks To spin ont life, and starve themselves and flocks, Fresh as the morning, which, enrobed in mist, The mountain's top with usual dullness kissed, Jockey and Sawney to their labours rose, Soon clad, I ween, where nature needs no clothes, Where from their youth inured to winter skies, Dress and her vain refinements they despise.

Jockey, whose manly high cliect bones to crown, With freckles spotted flamed the golden down, With merkle art could on the bagpipes play, Even from the rising to the setting day, Sawney as long without remorse could bawl Home's madrigals, and ditties from Fingal Oft at his strains, all natural though rude, The Highland lass forgot her want of food, And, whilst she scratched her lover into rest, Sunk, pleased though hungry, on her Sawney's breast

Far as the eye could reach no tree was seen, Earth, clad in russet, scorned the lively green The plague of locusts they secure defy, For in three honrs a grasshopper must die No living thing whate'er its food, feasts there, But the chameleon, who can feast on air No birds, except as birds of passage, flen, No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo No streams, as amber smooth, as amber clear, Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here Rebellion's spring, which through the country ran, Furnished with bitter draughts the steady clan No flowers embalmed the air, but one white rose, Which on the tenth of June by instinct blows. By instinct blows at morn, and, when the shades Of drizzly eve prevail, by instinct fades.

The tenth of June was the birthday of the old Chevalier In the same poem Churchill comments on himself

Me, whom no muse of heavenly birth inspires, No judgment tempers, when rash genius fires, Who boast no ment but mere knack of rhyme, Short gleams of sense and satire out of time, Who cannot follow where trim fancy leads By prattling streams, o'er flower empurpled meads Who often, but without success, have prayed For apt alliteration's artful aid, Who would, but cannot with a master's skill Coin fine new epithets which mean no ill Me thus uncouth, thus every way unfit For pacing poesy and ambling wit, Taste with contempt beholds, nor deigns to place Amongst the lowest of her favoured race.

Smollett, who, as the satirist believed, had attacked him in the Critical Review, was treated with ironical compliment in The Apology addressed to the Critical Reviewers

### Smollett.

Whence could arise this mighty critic spleen, The muse a trifler, and her theme so mean? What had I done that angry heaven should send The bitterest foe where most I wished a friend? Oft hath my tongue been wanton at thy name, And hailed the honours of thy matchless fame For me let hoary Fielding bite the ground So nobler Pickle stand superbly bound, From Livy's temples tear the historic crown, Which thith more justice blooms upon thine own Compared with thee, be all life vinters dumb, But he who wrote the life of Tommy Thumb Who ever read the Regicide but swore The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before? Others for plots and under plots may call, Here's the right method-have no plot at all! 84

## On Hogarth.

Hogarth-I take thee, Candour, at thy word, Accept thy proffered terms, and will be heard. Thee have I heard with virulence declaim. Nothing retained of Candour but the name, By thee have I been charged in augry strains With that mean falsehood which my soul disdains Hogarth ' stand forth.—Nay, hang not thus aloof Now, Candour, now thou shalt receive such proof. Such damning proof, that henceforth thou shalt fear To tax my wrath, and own my conduct clear Hogarth! stand forth-I dare thee to be tried In that great court where Conscience must preside, At that most solemn bar hold up thy hand, Think before whom, on what account, you stand, Speak, but consider well from first to last Review thy life, weigh every action past Nay, you shall have no reason to complain Take longer time, and view them o'er again Canst thou remember from thy earliest youth-And, as thy God must indge thee, speak the truth-A single instance where, self laid aside, And justice taking place of fear and pride, Thou with an equal eye didst genius view, And give to ment what was ment s due? Genius and ment are a sure offence, And thy soul sickens at the name of sense. Is any one so foolish to succeed? On Envy's altar he is doomed to bleed Hogarth, a guilty pleasure in his eyes, The place of executioner supplies, See how he gloats, enjoys the sacred feast, And proves himself by crucity a priest In valks of humour, in that cast of style, Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us smile, In comedy, his natural road to fame, Nor let me call it by a meaner name, Where a beginning, middle, and an end Are aptly joined, where parts on parts depend, Each made for each, as bodies for their soul So as to form one true and perfect whole, Where a plain story to the eye is told, Which we conceive the moment we behold, Hogarth unrivalled stands, and shall engage Unrivalled praise to the most distant age

In The Farewell Churchill has-

Be England what she will,
With all her faults, she is my country still,
which Cowper's Task improved into the form more
familiar (as quoted in Beppo)

England, with all thy faults I love thee still—My country!

Churchill, unconsciously repeating Spenser, writes of 'a bold, bad man,' 'He mouths a sentence as a dog a bone' is in the Rosciad, and 'A heart to pity and a hand to bless' is from the Prophecy of Famine, and it is Gotham which describes

Old age, a second child, by nature curst With more and greater evils than the first, Weak, sickly, full of pains in ev'ry breath, Railing at life and yet afraid of death

See Forster's Essays Southey's Life of Comper, and Lowe's edition of the Roseind (1891)

William Falconer (1732-69) was born in Edinburgh, the son of a poor burber, whose two other children were both of them de if and dumb. He went early to sea on board a Leith merchantship, and was afterwards servant to a pur er in the navy. Before he was eighteen he was second in ite in the Dritai ma, a vessel in the Levant trade, shipwrecked off Cape Colonna, with the loss of all the crew but three, and this Palconer made the subject of his popular poem. In 1751 he was hving in Edinburgh, where he published his first poetical attempt, a monody on the death of Prederick Prince of Wales, wishing, with a real worthy of ancient Pistol,

To as 1st the pouring rains with I rimful eves, And aid hourse howling Boreas vith In scolis?

In 1762 appeared the enumently successful Slip wieck, dedicated to the Duke of York, who procured the sulor poet's appointment as midshipm in son the Rojal George, whence he was transferred to be purser in the Glory, a frigate of thirty two guns setting in London at the peace he viole a poor satire on Willes, Churchill, and others, and compiled a useful natical dictionary. In October 1769 he sailed from England is purser of the Juroral frigate, bound for India. The vessel reached the Cape of Good Hope early in December, but foundered soon after, as is supposed, in the Mozambique Channel.

Three editions of the Sliperick's are published during the authors life, the second (1764) had a about nine hundred near lines added the third, issued the very day before he embarked on his , fital vovage, had about two hundred additional lines, with various afterations and ranspositions, by no means all improvements—some of the best passages were spoilt and parts of the narrative i Hence Mr Stamer Clark on a splendid confused illustrated edition of the poem (1804), restored many of the discarded lines, and presented a text compounded of the three different editions This version of the paem is that now generally printed, but the Edinburgh edition of 1858 follows more closely Fulconer's latest edition. Clarke conjectured-and other editors copied his preposterous error—that Falconer, overjoved at his appointment to the Aurora, and busy preparing for his voyage. had entrusted to his friend David Mallet the re vision of the poem, and that Mallet lind corrupted the text Now, Mallet had at this time been dead for four years, and Falconer, in the advertisement prefig. to the work, expressly states that he had high me pi bjected it to a strict and thorough re what infortunately, as in Akenside's case, his sud Ahanlis not commensurate with his labour

The Shiprored has the rare ment of being both true to fact and poetical, even its rules and directions are approved of by seamen. At first the poet did little more than describe in nautical phrase and simple narrative the disaster he had witnessed, the characters of Albert, Rodmond, Palemon, and

Anna were raded in the record edition scene of the slop treel helped I alcoher to man, interesting recollections and the tion of the ill Atticly six ford Byron, "if he except Atams itedf and Marathon, there is no reene more a teresting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist, system column are an methal while source of observation and design, to be pullasopher, the upposed car of rouse of Platos conver mons will no me unvelcone, and the triveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over "isles that cro-n the Tacan deep "" Yet another issociation for Le li limen Colorea acquired him it brought about Infrance Sty Some of Falconers lon, descrip ne and epsodical passage anterrap the narrative of are feeble and affected, by the character of his officers are idmirable discriminated. At ice, he commander is brave like il, and jet sovered by domestic tic and professional acquirement. Red mod i ride and busterous a hard, neater beater Northumbram, net Lindly and tase!"shi-Pilemon that a cheriel's half commerce's the lover of the poem by too effermine for Ls rough v ork

### Emonics at Son

The surface ight one, document, as sevent Not proceed the quipmenthe nonthin con-Creation aniles around a courty prov The addition cattlere ent 1 Blithe Light octym? If the feer im a for the elecy characterials to ingrafic He goller hims on leven, a there i ere in 7, On fight a limitede of pight tal green The cartal stre me alintachet mendorala to To the green tween roll with this ding slave The placement led for a stor ar, But tremling inurmars on the san ly st And lo? his sixf ce, forch to Label ? Glows in the west in seri of living gold! While, all above a il outend liveric gav The skies vith po up menal le arms Ard ian sweets perferre the happy plam Above beneath prour Lenchantment reigns? While glowing Vesper leads the sorry train, And night slow draw her veil over land and main, Umerging elouds the neure Las invade, And lap the luci I spheres in gradual stride, While yet the congsters of the rord grove We hadving numbers time the soil to love, With joyful ever the attentive master sees The suspicious omens of an eastern breeze. kound the charged bowl the sailors form a ring, By turns recount the wondrous tale, or surg, As love or buttle, hardships of the main Or genial wine, awake the homely drain Then some the watch of night alternate I cep, The rest he barred in oblivious sleep

## On the Shores of Greece.

The natives, while the ship departs their land, Ashore with admiration gazing stand Majestically slow, before the breeze, She moved triumphant o er the yielding seas, Her bottom through translucent water shone, White as the clouds beneath the blaze of noon, The bending wales their contrast next displayed, sheath All fore and aft in polished jet arrayed. Britannia, riding awful on the prow, Gazed o'er the vassal-wave that rolled below Where'er she moved, the vassal waves were seen To yield obsequious, and confess their queen. High o'er the poop, the flattering winds unfirled The imperial flag that rules the watery world Deep blushing armours all the tops invest, And warlike trophies either quarter drest Then towered the masts, the canvas swelled on high. And waving streamers floated in the sla Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array, Lil e some fair virgin on her bridal-day Thus like a swan she cleaves the watery plain, The pride and "onder of the Agean main !

## The Storm and Wreck off Cape Colonna.

But nov Athenian mountains they descry, And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high. Where marble columns, long by time defaced, Moss-covered on the lofty Cape are placed, There reared by fair devotion to sustain, In elder times, Tritonia's sacred fane. The circling beach in murgerous form appears, Decisive goal of all their hopes and fears. The seamen now in wild amazement see The scene of ruin rise benea h their lee, Swift from their minds elapsed all dangers past, As dnmb with terror they behold the last And now, while winged with ruin from on high, Through the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly, A flash quick glancing on the nerves of light, Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind, Tonched with compassion, gazed upon the blind, And while around his sad companions crowd, He guides the nnhappy victim to the shroud 'Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend,' he cries, 'Thy only succour on the most relies' The helm, bereft of half its vital force, Now scarce subdied the wild unbridled course. Quick to the abandoned wheel Arion came, The ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim. The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh, Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly Fate spurs her on. Thus, issuing from afar, Advances to the sun some blazing star, And, as it feels the attraction's lindling force, Springs onward with accelerated course The moment fraught with fate approaches fast ! While thronging sailors climb each quivering mast The ship no longer now must stem the land, And 'Hard a starboard '' is the last command; While every suppliant voice to Heaven applies, The prow, swift wheeling, to the westward flies, Twelve sailors, on the foremast who depend, High on the platform of the top ascend Fatal retreat I for while the plunging prow Immerges headlong in the wave below, Down pressed by watery weight the bowsprit bends, And from above the stem deep crashing rends Beneath her bow the floating ruins lie, The foremast totters, unsustained on high,

And now the ship, fore lifted by the sea,
Hurls the tall fabrie backward o'er her lee,
While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay
Drags the maintop mast by the cap away
Fling from the mast, the seamen strive in vain
Through hostile floods their vessel to regain.
Weal hope, alas! they buffet long the wave,
And grasp at life though sinking in the grave,
Till all exhausted, and bereft of strength,
O'erpowered, they yield to cruel fate at length.
The hostile waters close around their head,
They sink! for ever numbered with the dead!

Those who remain the weather shrouds embrace. Nor longer mourn their lost companions' case. Transfixed with terror at the approaching doom, Self pity in their breasts alone has room Albert and Rodmond and Palemon near, With young Arion on the mast appear. Even they, amid the unspeakable distress, In every look distracting thoughts confess, In every vein the refluent blood congeals, And every bo-om mortal terror feels Begirt with all the horrors of the main, They viewed the adjacent shore, but viewed in vain. It comes I the dire catastrophe dray's near, Lashed furious on by destiny severe The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death, Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath! O jet confirm my heart, ye powers above, This last tremendous shock of fate to prove! The tottering frame of reason yet sustain! Nor let this total havoe whirl my brain! Since I, all trembling in extreme distress, Must still the hornble result express.

In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore Would arm the mind with philosophie lore. In vain they'd teach us at the latest breath. To smile serene amid the pangs of death. Immortal Zeno's self would trembling see. Inexorable fate beneath the lee, And Epictetus at the sight in vain. Attempt his stoic firmness to retain, Had Socrates, for godlike virtue famed, And wisest of the sons of men proclaimed, Spectator of such various horrors been, L'en he had staggered at this dreadful scene.

In vain the cords and axes were prepared, For every wave now smites the quivering yard, High o'er the ship the, throw a dreadful shade, Then on her burst in terrible cascade, Across the foundered deck o'erwhelming roar, And foaming, swelling, bound upon the shore Swift up the mountain billow now she flies, Her shattered top half buried in the skies, Borne o'er a latent reef the hull impends Then thundering on the marble crags descends, Her ponderous bulk the dire concussion feels, And o'er upheaving surges wounded reels-Again she plnnges! hark! a second shock Bilges the splitting vessel on the rock— Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries, The fated victims shiddering east their eyes In wild despair, while yet another stroke With strong convulsion rends the solid oak, Ah Heaven !- behold her crashing ribs divide! She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruin o'er the tide.

### Ossian.

The 'translator' of Ossian still stands in a dan and dubious light, as indeed he seems to have been willing to do in the eyes of his contem poranes, about the primeral Celtic bard linnself there is perhaps less matter of debate and taste have abated the pleasure with which the 'poems of Ossi in' once were read, but effusions which were in their own time quite unique and engrossed so much attention, which were truns lated into many different languages, which were haded with enthusiasm by Gray, David Hume, John Home, and other almost equally emment persons, and which, in an imperfect Italian trans lation, formed the favourite reading of \( \) ipoleon, demand careful study from students of literature The Ossianic poems must rink as a monument of the romantic movement in Furopean literature, and seem to have given it a not inconsiderable impulse. They delighted Herder, influenced Goethe and Schiller, and were mutated by Coleralge and Byron, though Wordsworth poured contempt on them. For most men they are associated with the name of James Macpherson, who claimed only to have presented them in an I nglish form

James Macpherson (1776-96) and born at Ruthven, near Kingussic in inverness shire. A small farmer's son, he was brought up a 'bare foot laddie,' but, fully resolved to become a minister, studied at both Aberdeen and Edin burgh in 1753-56. In 1758 he published a heroic poem in six cintos, The Highlander, which at once proved his ambition and his incompetence I or a short time the divinity student taught the school of Ruthven, whence he was glad to remove to become tutor in a wealthy family While attending his pupil (afterwards Lord Lynedoch) at the spa of Moffit, he became acquainted, in the autumn of 1759, with John Home, the author of Douglas, to whom he showed what he said were translations of fraginents of ancient Gaelic poetry still recited in the Highlands It was, he declared, still one of the favourite amusements of his countrymen to listen to the tales and compositions of their ancient bards, and he described these fragments as full of pathos and poetical power. Under the patronage of Home's friends-Hugh Blair, 'Jupiter' Carlyle, and Adam Ferguson-Macpherson published next year a small volume of sixty pages, entitled Fragments of Ancient Poetry, translated from the Galie or Lise Language The publication attracted general attention, and subscription was made to enable Macpherson to male a tour in the Highlands to collect other pieces His journey proved highly successful In 1761 he presented the world with Fingal, an epic poem, in six books, in 1763 Temora, another cpic, in eight books. The sale was immense, and the same of the work spread swiftly over the civil ised world. The assumption that, in the third or

fourth century, among the vild remote mountains and islands of Scotland, there existed a prople exhibiting all the high and chivalious feelings of refined valour, generous, magnitumity, rd virtue, was enumently edeulated to exerte astonish ment, shile the idea of the poems being handed down by or il tradition through to many conturies mong rude, savi, e and barbarou, tribes was little less astounding. Many doubted others disbelieved but a still greater number findul, ed the pleasing supposition that I right fought and Ossian sang? It vir hinted that Macpherson's as not altogether ill pleased to be under the imputation of hising housed the British public, see he thus acquired the higher credit is a great organal At all events he realised Lizno by his enterprise, and in 1764 arcompanied Governor Johnston to Per acola as his secretar quarrelling with his patron, he returned in 1766, and fixed his residence in London. became one of the literary supporters of the administration, published come his origit works, and was a popular pump'ileteer. In 1775 he published a translation of the 11 of in the same style of poetical prose as Ossim which merch proved a source of rideale and opprobnim to the translator. But a pamphlet of his in defence of the tastion of America, and another on the Opposition in Parliament in 1770, were much applicated and he are noted to combit the Let ers of Junius, writing under the signitures of 'Mushis,' 'Se vols,' &c Appointed agent for the Nubob of Areo in 1770 he next year obtinied a sent in Purliament for the borough of Camelford, yet despite his anilytion it does no appear that he ever attempted to speak in the House of Commons In 1789, having realised a handsome fortune he purchased the property of Rutts, in his native parish and having changed its name to the mole majestic one of Belleville—since 1900 retinied by his successor Balavil-he built upon it a splendid Italianate mansion designed by the architect Adam of Adelphi fame. There he hoped to spend old age in case and dignity, but survived only seven years. His eagerness for posthumous distinction was seen in some of the bequests of his will He orduned that his body should be interred m Westminster Abbey, and that a sum of £5∞ should be laid out in creeting a monument to his memory in some conspicuous situation near Both injunctions were duly fulfilled, his home he was actually buried near Poets' Corner, and a marble obelisk, with a medallion portrait, may be seen gleaming aundst a clump of trees by the roadside near Kingussie In order to understand the controversy about

Macpherson's merits and demerits, it is necessare to remember that Ossian was the great heroic poet of the Gael, the name is a diminutive—Ossian, Ossian, the little os or deer. In Gaelic story, Ossian was the son of Fionn MacCumhail,

a hero who, in the third century AD, gathered about him a band of warriors like himself, called The adventures and exploits of these heroes, and especially of the principal figures in the group-of Fionn himself, magnanimous and wise, of his grandson Oscar, chivalrous and daring, of his nepliew Diarmad, bandsome and brave, of his rival Goll, the one eyed, and Conan, the villain of the band-their jealousies, dissensions, and final overthrow, constitute the literature of the In the legend Ossian was carried away by his fairy hind-mother to Eilean na h-Oige, 'the isle of the ever young,' from whence at length he returned, and now old, blind, and alone, he told the store of the heroes to St Patrick legends of the Feinn are but a fragment of the heroic literature of the Gael, and in the oldest MSS the deeds of Fionn and his companions occupy but little space, but eventually they partly absorbed and totally eclipsed the earlier traditions-those of at least two earlier cycles of story, so that Ossianic literature is now practically another name for the heroic literature of the Gael. These traditions, which have come down from the misty past in tale and ballad, were early reduced to writing, and as time went on blossomed forth into vastly developed incident and detail In ballads preserved in the Book of Leinster (c. 1150 AD) Ossian is represented as old and blind, surviving both his father and his A fifteenth-century VIS recounts the boyish exploits of Fionn Later the volume of tradition gets fuller, while cycles tend to become confused The leader of the Feinn is at one time a god, at others a hero, a king, a giant, but usually a great warmor, as wise as brave. In the book of the Dun Cow his mother is Muirn 'of the Fair Neck,' in later traditions we hear of Fionn as the son of a sister of Cucbullin, at another time a Scandinavian princess gave him birth But the literary form in which the legends are preserved remains practically unchanged. The Gaelic tale is essentially narrative prose with verse interspersed, Gaelic poetry, older and later, is always rhymed lyric verse

It was in 1760-63 that Macpherson published the longer epics and shorter pieces, epic and dramatic-all purporting to be translations of poems composed by Ossian, the son of Fingal. 'The translation,' Dr Blair is made to say in the preface to the Fragments printed in 1760, 'is extremely literal,' and while the work, in the opinion of many competent judges, possessed great literary merit, the genuineness of the whole thing was early called in question by Dr Johnson and others An angry controversy followed maintained that Macpherson had jumbled together persons and periods to an unwarrantable extent, that his originals, so far as he had any, were not Scottish, but Irish. If this were all that could be said one would feel justified in regarding, with Professor Windisch of Leipzig, Macpherson's

Ossian as a legitimate development of the old traditions. For the legends of the Feinn are the common property of the Gael, whether in Ireland, Scotland, or Man. They are located in Scotland, Scotland, or Man. They are located in Scotland topography time out of mind, and within the last four hundred years almost as rich a harvest of ballad and tale has been recovered in Scotland as in Ireland. It is no doubt absurd to represent Fionn, whom Macpherson, after Barbour, calls Fingal, as a mighty Caledonian monarch, at one time successfully fighting the Roman legions in the third century, at another assisting Cuchullin, who lived in the beginning of the first century, to expel from Ireland the Norsemen who made



JAMES MACPHERSON
From a Copy in the National Portrait Gallery of the Picture by
Reynolds in the Collection of Lord Leconfield

their appearance for the first time in the end of the eighth, and Dr Douglas Hyde, from the Irish point of view, insists that Macpherson's confusion of the Fenian and Cuchullin eras is 'one of the surest proofs that his brilliant Ossian had no Gaelic original' But Macpherson had warrant in genuine tradition for mixing up names and epochs In the 'Battle of Ventry' Fionn defeats the Lings of the world According to a Grelic tale, his father Cumhal sets up as king of Alba, and the kings of Ireland and Scandinavia combine to effect his overthrow, while the son is for ever fighting Norsemen Zimmer propounded the theory that the whole of these stories are in their origin traceable to Teutonic sources, the very names by which the hero and his band are known being borrowed from the Norse.

But in Macpherson's Ossian there is too wide a departure from genuine Gaelic literature and tradition. In his magnifying of the past, in

his sympathy with nature, and in his powerful descriptions of the scenery of his own mountain land James Macpherson is true to the genius of his people, but beyond that he passes wholly away from the Gaelic sphere Gaelic literature supplies material for epics and dramas, but the epic and dramatic, as literary forms, were unknown to the Highlanders The dim and shadowy characters of Macpherson are in sharp contrast to the clear-cut features of the Gaclic heroes As Wordsworth said 'In nature everything is distinct, yet nothing defined into absolute independent singleness. In Macpherson's work it is exactly the reverse, everything that is not stolen is in this manner defined, insulated, dislocated, deadened-vet nothing distinct. It will always be so when words are substituted for things' The 'translator' rarely makes a definite state ment of fact, but when he does-as when, for example, he arms the old Grels with bows and arrows-he blunders hopelessly Macpherson is the most vague and abstract of writers, Gache poets are wearisome in detail, and revel in the In the opening of the third book of Cathloda, Macpherson ruses the problem of the origin and issue of things, but he is indebted for his answer rather to Bisliop Berkeley than to the son of Fionn

Macpherson was not a Gaelic scholar, and the fact may be considered conclusive proof of his inability to compose the Gaelic text of Ossian, which ultimately did appear, though the only Gaelic printed in the author's lifetime was Temora, Book vii Ossian was published in all the languages of Europe before he appeared in his own. And when at length the great edition of 1807 was issued, there were Grelic texts for only one half of the poems, and for about three fourths of the matter published by Macpherson in English forty-five years previously others no 'original,' ancient or modern, has ever yet been found, several old Gaelic MSS reported to the committee appointed by the Highland Society to investigate had all mysteriously disappeared by one strange accident or another it must be allowed that the truncated Ossian does not show to advantage in his native garb, nor have the Gaelic-speaking people ever known him There is not a single line of these Gaelic texts which can be proved to have been committed to writing before Macpherson's day The diction is essentially modern The loan-words are numerous, several of them borrowed from English. idioms and constructions are colourless, and show traces of classical training rather than of the turns of phrase characteristic of native authors so called blank verse in which the poems are written is unknown to Gaelic poetry

The truth seems to be that these so-called translations were essentially the compositions of James Macpherson, and that the Grelic texts were prepared with or without aid from his

friends, but how and when we do not now know Nor can we say how much he was indebted, directly or indirectly, to oral traditions. The conclusions arrived at by the educated generally have been thus summed up by a student so carefully trained in research as Mr Haddan, collaborator with Bishop Stubbs 'Every one now admits that Macpherson, having traditional material at his disposal, by no means confined himself to it, but was a free inventor as well as a free translator. Looking back it the man and his times, we can see how eleverly he placed his He was wrongly accused on some points, and became most judiciously angry His anger made him taciturn, and he wrapped himself in it as a cloak. But the Celtic nationality was roused, and it fought for him when he would not defend himself. Chatterton died by poison or starvation, the Shal espeare forgenes hastened the death of Ireland, but James Macpherson, an obscure tutor, flourished under persecution, exclininged angry letters with Dr Johnson, translated Homer atrociously, and died a member of Parliament'

But even so, Macpherson retains the credit of having produced a considerable body of poetry of a type then quite unknown, strange and curious where not attrictive or interesting Admitting the misty confusion, the iteration of the same imagers, the monotons which inevitably produces tedium, it should be willingly recognised that there is much that is striking and poetical in Macpherson's Ossian-1 blend of wildness, magnificence, tenderness, pithos, and Celuc glamour, with traces of the indubitable 'natural magic' of poetry, which, when it was absolutely new and unparalkled, naturally impressed and influenced more than it can do now it did its work, and left its mark on the literature of Europe. The sections are very various in ment or power desolution of Balclutha and the lamentations in the Songs of Schma are conceived with true feeling and poetical power, but the battles of the car-borne heroes are stilted and unnatural, read like the quivotic encounters of knightly iomance, and lack the air of remote antiquity, of dim and solitary grandeur, of shadowy superstitious fear, which haunts Ossian's heatlis, lakes, and mountains

### Ossian's Address to the Sun.

I feel the sun, O Malvina! leave me to my rest. Perhaps they may come to my dreams, I think I hear a feeble voice! The beam of heaven delights to shine on the grave of Carthon—I feel it warm around

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! the everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty, the stars hide themselves in the sky, the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave, but thou the thought movest alone. Who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall, the mountains themselves decay with years, the ocean shrinks and grows again, the moon

herself is lost in heaven, but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm But to Ossian thou lookest in vain, for he beholds thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art perhaps like me, for a season, thy years will have Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning Exult, then, O sun, in the strength of the vouth! Age is darl and unlovely, it is lile the glimmering light of the moon when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills the blast of the north is on the plain, the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey (From Carthon)

#### Desolation of Balclutha.

I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls, and the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook there its lonely head, the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round its head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina, silence is in the house of her fathers Raise the song of mourning, O bards! over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us, for one day we must full. Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes, it howls in thy empty court, and v histles round thy half worn shield. And let the blast of the desert come! we shall be renowned in our day! The mark of my arm shall be in battle, my name in the song of bards. Raise the song, send round the shell let loy be heard in my hall. When thou, sun of heaven. shalt fail ! if thou shalt fail, thou mighty light ! if the brightness is but for a season, like Fingal, our same shall survive thy beams. Such was the song of Fingal in the day of his jov (From Carthon)

### The Songs of Selma.

Star of descending night! fair is the light in the west! thou that liftest the unshorn head from the cloud the steps are stately on the hill. What dost thou behold in the plain? The stormy winds are laid. The murmur of the torrent comes from afar. Roaring waves climb the distant rock. The flies of evening are on their feeble wings, the hum of their course is on the field. What dost thou behold, fair light? But thou dost smile and depart. The waves come with joy around thee they bathe thy lovely hair. Farewell, thou silent beam! Let the light of Ossian's soul arise!

And it does arise in its strength! I behold my de parted friends. Their gathering is on Lora, as in the days of other, ears. Fingal comes like a watery column of mist, his heroes are around. And see the bards of song gray haired Ullin! stately Ryno! Alpin with the tuneful voice! the soft complaint of Minona! How are ye changed, my friends, since the days of Selma's feast? when we contended like gales of spring, as they fly along the hill, and bend by turns the feebly whistling grass.

Minona came forth in her beauty, with downcast look and tearful eye. Her hair flew slowly on the blast, that

rushed infrequent from the hill. The souls of the heroes were sad when she raised the tuneful voice. Often had they seen the grave of Salgar, the dark dwelling of white-bosomed Colma. Colma left alone on the hill, with all her voice of song! Salgar promised to come but the night descended around. Hear the voice of Colma, when she sat alone on the hill!

Colma It is night, I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard in the mountain. The torrent pours down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain, forlorn on the hill of winds!

Rise, moon 'from belind thy clouds. Stars of the night, arise! Lead me, some light, to the place where my love rests from the chase alone! his bow near him, unstrung his dogs panting around him. But here I must sit alone, by the rock of the mossy stream. The stream and the wind roar aloud. I hear not the voice of my love! Why delays my Salgar, why the chief of the hill his promise? Here is the rock, and here the tree! here is the roaring stream! Thou didst promise vith hight to be here. Ah! whither is my Salgar gone? With thee I would fly from my father, with thee from my brother of pride. Our rice have long been foes, we are not foes, O Salgar!

Cease a little while, O wind 'stream, be thou sileut a while' let my voice be heard around! Let my wanderer hear me! Salgar, it is Colma who calls! Here is the tree and the rock Salgar, my love! I am here Why delayest thou thy coming? Lo' the calm moon comes forth. The flood is bright in the vale. The rocks are gray on the steep I see him not on the brow. His dogs come not before him with tidings of his near approach. Here I must sit alone!

Who lie on the heath beside me? Are they my love and my brother? Speak to me, O my friends! To Colma they give no reply Speak to me I am aloue! My soul is tormented with fears! Ah! they are dead! Their swords are red from the fight. O my brother! my brother' why hast thou slain my Salgar' why, O Salgar! hast thou slain my brother? Dear were ye both to me! what shall I say in your praise? Thou wert fair in the hill among thousands! he was terrible m fight. Speak to me, hear my voice, hear me, sons of my love! They are silent, silent for ever! Cold, cold are their breasts of clay! Oh! from the rock on the hill, from the top of the windy steep, speak, ye ghosts of the dead ' speak, I will not be afraid! Whither are ye gone to rest? In what cave of the hill shall I find the departed? No feeble voice is on the gale no answer half drowned in the storm !

I sit in my grief! I wait for morning in my tears! Rear the tomb, ye friends of the dead. Close it not till Colma come. My life flies away like a dream, why should I stay behind? Here shall I rest with my friends by the stream of the sounding rock. When night comes on the hill, when the loud winds arise, my ghost shall stand in the blast, and mourn the death of my friends. The hunter shall hear from his booth, he shall fear, but love my voice! for sweet shall my voice be for my friends pleasant were her friends to Colma!

Such was thy song, Miuona, softly blushing daughter of Torman. Our tears descended for Colma, and our souls were sad! Ullin came with his harp, he gave the song of Alpin. The voice of Alpin was pleasant, the soul of Rino was a heam of fire! But they had rested in a harrow house, their voice had ceased in Selma.

Ullin had returned one day from the chase before the heroes fell. He heard their strife on the hill, their song was soft but sad! They mourned the fall of Morar, first of mortal men! His soul was like the soul of Fingal, his sword like the sword of Oscar But he fell, and his father mourned, his sister's eyes were full of tears Minona's eyes were full of tears, the sister of car borne Morar She retired from the song of Ullin, like the moon in the west, when she foresees the shower, and hides her fair head in a cloud. I touched the harp, with Ullin, the song of mourning rose!

Ryno The wind and the rain are past, calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hills flies the inconstant sun. Red through the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill. Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream! but more sweet is the voice. I hear. It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead! Bent is his head of age, red his tearful eye. Alpin, thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? why complainest thou, as a blast in the wood, as a wave on the lonely shore?

Alpin My tears, O Ryno! are for the dead, my voice for those that have passed away Tall thou art on the hill, fair among the sons of the vale. But thou shalt fall like Morar, the mourner shall sit on thy tomb The hills shall know thee no more, thy bow shall lie in thy hall, unstrung!

Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the desert, terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm. Thy sword in hattle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was a stream after rain, like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm, they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath. But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain, like the moon in the silence of night, calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is laid.

Narrow is thy dwelling now, dark the place of thine abode! With three steps I compass thy grave, O thon who wast so great before! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass which whistles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar Morar! thou art low indeed. Thou hast no mother to mourn thee, no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth. Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

Who on his staff is this? who is this, whose head is white with age? whose eyes are red with tears? who quakes at every step? It is thy father, O Morar! the father of no son but thee. He heard of thy fame in war, he heard of foes dispersed, he heard of Morar's renown, why did he not hear of his wound? Weep, thou father of Morar! weep, but thy son heareth thee not is the sleep of the dead, low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice, no more awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake! Farewell, thou bravest of men! thou conqueror in the field! but the field shall see thee no more, nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendour of thy Thou hast left no son. The song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee, they shall hear of the fallen Morar!

Such were the words of the bards in the days of song, when the king heard the music of harps, the tales of other times! The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and

heard the lovely sound. They prused the voice of Conal the first among a thousand bards! But age is now on my tongue, my soul has failed! I hear at times the ghosts of bards, and learn their pleasant song. But memory fails on my mind. I hear the call of years! They say, as they pass along, why does Ossian sing? Soon shall he lie in the narrow house, and no bard shall ruse his fame! Roll on, ye dark brown years, ye bring no joy on your course! Let the tomb open to Ossian, for his strength his failed. The sons of song are gone to rest. My voice remains, like a blast that roars, lonely on a sea surrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles there, the distant mariner sees the waving trees!

See Brooke's Reliques of Gaelic Poetry (1789), Ossian (1807)
Trans of the Ossianic Soc of Dublin (1854-61), Popular Tales of the West Highlands (1860-62) Dean of Lismore's Book (1862), Clerk's Ossian (1870) Hintely Widdell's Ossian and the Clyde (1875), Loubhar na Féinne (1872), Folk and Hero Tales from Argyllshire (1890), Windisch, Irische Texte (1880), Zischr für deutsches All', vol lin, the Life and Letters of Vacpherson, by Mr Bailey Saunders (1894), Dr Douglas Hyde's Story of Early Irisch Literature (1895), the centenary edition of Ossian (1896), Ossian in Germany, by Rudolf Tombo (New York 1901). Other 'Ossianic poems' were published by Dr Smith of Campbeliown in 1780 in Gaelic, and in English in 1787 by Baron Edmund de Habiah, Spanish, Latin Polish, Dutch, and several German versions of Macpherson's Ossian are extant. Goethe gives a fine rendering of Selma's songs in Werther. A controversy somewhat resembling that circling round Macpherson has arisen over the Kalevala, the Finnish epic rescued by Lönntot (1835-49), and, as some think, much cooked and expanded by him.

## Thomas Percy,

born, a grocer's son, at Bridgnorth, 13th April 1729, in 1746 entered Christ Church, Oxford, and in 1753 became vicar of Easton Maudit, Northamptonshire, in 1756 also rector of Wilby Till after his institution at Easton Maudit (when he began to try to count kin with the noble house) he spelt his name His leisure yielded fruit in Hau Kiou Chooann (1761), a Chinese novel translated from the Portuguese, and Miscellaneous Pieces relating to the Chinese (1762), as well as anonymously in Rume Poetry translated from Icelandic (1763), prompted by the success of Macpherson, and A New Translation of the Song of Solomon (1764) In 1765 Percy published his Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, in which many rare old songs and ballads were mingled with lyrics from dramas, court poetry like that of Lord Vaux, and doggerel like Warner's He had long been collecting old ballads from every quarter, and a large folio manuscript had fallen into his hands, being found 'lying dirty on the Floor under a Bureau in the Parlour' of his friend Humphrey Pitt of Shiffnal, and 'being used by the maids to light the fire' This he claimed as the original of the Reliques, but of the one hundred and seventysix pieces in the first edition only forty-five were taken from the manuscript, and these were so touched up and tricked out in false ornament and conventional eighteenth-century poetic diction as often to bear but little likeness to their originals. Shenstone seems to have made the suggestion

that Percy should publish the collection, and in gathering materials Percy had help from Thomas Warton, Garrick, Goldsmith, and others original folio manuscript was first printed in full by Furnivall and Hales (3 vols. 1867-68) Percy was himself a poet. 'O Nancy, wilt thou go with me?' (1758) was addressed to his first wife before their marriage in 1759, and was followed by his 'Hermit of Warkworth' (1771) and other detached pieces Made chaplain to the Duke of Northumberland and to George III, Percy in 1769 published his translation of Paul Henri Wallet's Northern Antiquities, in 1778 became Dean of Carlisle, in 1782 Bishop of Dromore, and died 30th September 1811 He enjoyed the friendship of Johnson and Goldsmith, and lived long enough to hail the genius of Scott.

The influence of Percy's collection was great and vide, it may be traced in many contemporary authors as plainly as in Coleridge and Wordsworth, this more than Ossian or the spirit of Hebrev poetry gave impulse to Herder and the German romantic movement, as well as to the genius of Sir Walter Scott A fresh fountain of poetry was opened up-a spring of sweet, tender, and heroic thoughts and imaginations, which could never be again turned back into the artificial channels in which the genius of poesy had been too long and too closely confined. It is interesting to remember that this great European literary revolution did undoubtedly come partly from Percy's studies in popular Chinese literature.

'O Nancy, wilt thou go with me?' was, in Johnson's Musical Museum, printed as a Scottish production, and is probably best known in the Scottified form. 'It is too barefaced,' says Burns, 'to take Dr Percy's charming song, and, by means of transposing a few English words into Scots, to offer to pass it for a Scots song' Mr Chappell had no doubt that Percy wrote (in 1771) Nancy (as above = Agnes), and that Tom Carter, the Irish musician who composed the tune to which the song is sung, took the liberty (disapproved by Percy) of altering it to Nanny (= Anne) Who changed go to gang, town and gown into toon and goon, and made the other adaptations to the modern Scotch spellings does not seem to be known On the other hand, it should be remembered that Percy's 'ballad' is little more than a paraphrase of 'The Royal Nun' (1682), repeated with slight variations in Nat Lee's Theodosius And in one of the songs in Allan Ramsay's Tea-table Miscellany (1733) we have

> O Katy! wiltu gang wi' me And leave the dinsome town awhile?

O Nancy, wilt thou go with me?
O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?

No longer dressed in silken sheen, No longer decked with jewels rare, Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene, Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?



THOMAS PERCY
From an Engraving by Dickinson after the Portrait by Reynolds.

O Nancy, canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go?
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Siy, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recall,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear,
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

### The Friar of Orders Gray

It was a friar of orders gray Walked forth to tell his beads, And he met with a lady fair, Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

- 'Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar'
  I pray thee tell to me,
  If ever at you holy shrine
  My true love thou didst see'
- 'And how should I know your true love From many another one?'
- 'Oh' by his cockle hat and staff, And by his sandal shoon
- 'But chiefly by his face and mich,
  That were so fair to view,
  His flaxen locks tha sweetly curled,
  And evice of lovely blue'
- 'O lady, he is dead and gone' Lady, he's dead and gone' At his head a green grass turf, And at his heels a stone.
- 'Within these holy cloisters long He languished, and he died, Lamenting of a lady's love, And 'plaining of her pride
- 'Here bore him barefaced on his hier Six proper vouths and tall, And many a tear bedewed his grave Within you kirl yard wall?'
- ' And art thou dead, thou gentle youth— And art thou dead and gone? And didst thou die for love of me? Breal, cruel heart of stone!'
- 'O weep not, lady weep not so, Some ghostly comfort seek Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart, Nor tears bedow thy check,'
- 'O do not, do not, holy frar, My sorrow now reprove, For I have lost the sweetest youth That e'er wan lady's love.
- 'And now, alas' for thy sad loss
  I'll evermore weep and sigh,
  For thee I only wished to live,
  For thee I wish to die'
- 'Weep no more, lady, weep no more
  Thy sorrow is in vain
  For violets plucked, the sweetest showers
  Will ne'er make grow again.
- 'Our joys as winged dreams do fly, Why then should sorrow last? Since gricf but aggravates thy loss, Grieve not for what is past.'
- 'O say not so, thou holy fnar!
  I pray thee say not so,
  For since my true love died for me,
  'Tis meet my tears should flow
- 'And will he ne'er come again—
  Will he ne'er come again?
  Ah, no! he is dead, and laid in his grave,
  For ever to remain
- 'His check was redder than the rose— The comeliest youth was he But he is dead, and laid in his grave, Alas ' and woe is me.'

- 'Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more, Men were deceivers ever, One foot on sen, and one on land, To one thing constant never
- 'Hadst thou been fond, he had been false, And left thee sad and heavy, I or young men ever were fiel le found, Since summer trees were leafy'
- 'Now say not so, thou holy friar,
  I pray thee say not so,
  My love he had the truest heart—
  O he was ever true!
- 'And art thou dead, thou much loved yo the And didst thou die for me? Then farewell home, for evermore

  A pilgram I will be.
- 'But first upon my true love's grave
  My weary limbs I ll lay,
  And thrice I'll kiss the green grass turf
  That wraps his breathles, elay'
- 'Yet stay, for lady, rest a while Beneath this eloister wall, The cold wind through the linwthorn blows, And drizzly run doth fall'
- 'O stay me not, thou holy friar, O stay me not, I pray, No drizzly run that falls on me, Can v ash my fault away'
- 'Vet stry, fair lady, turn again, And dry those pearly tears, For sec, beneath this gown of gray, Thy own true love appears
- 'Here, forced by grief and hopeless love,
  These holy weeds I sought,
  And here, aimid these lonely walls,
  To end my days I thought.
- 'But haply, for my year of grace
  Is not yet passed away,
  Might I still hope to win thy love,
  No longer would I stay'
- 'Now farewell grief, and welcome joy Once more unto my heart, For since I've found thee, lovely youth, We never more will part.'

Percy's ballad resembles Goldsmith's Edit in and Angelina, and Goldsmith had the priority. The seventeenth staura is borrowed, of course, from Shakespeare's Much ado aloud Aething. Act his See the Percy Ballads as a Romances edited by Furnivall and Itales, with Life by Pickford (1°67-65). H. L. Wheatley's edition of the Reliques (1876-77). Kiebitz, The Influence of Percy on English Poetry (Bautzen, 1891).

Joseph and Thomas Warton both contributed to the reaction against Popian correctness in favour of a truer and deeper conception of poetic worth. The brothers, Joseph and Thomas, were the sons of Dr Thomas Warton of Magdalen College, Oxford, and vicar of Basingstoke, who was twice (1718 and 1723) chosen Professor of Poetry by his university, and wrote occasional

verses half scholastic and half sentimental. In view of his sons life-work, it is worth noting that some of his poems are called 'runic odes.' After retiring from the Oxford professorship (for which he had but slender competence) he settled at Basingstole, where he was also master of the grammar-school and had Gilbert White for a pupil. A so-called sonnet by the elder Warton shows that he himself still belonged to the older school.

#### Written after seeing Windsor Castle

From beanteous Windsor's high and storied halls, Where Edward's chiefs start from the glowing walls, To my low co from work beds of state, Pleased I return unervious of the great. So the bee ranges o er the varied scenes Of corn, of heaths, of fallows, and of greens, Perva les the thicket, soars above the hill, Or murmurs to the meador's murmuring rill Nov liaunts old hollowed oaks, deserted cells, Nov seeks the lov vale hily's silver bells, Sips the warm fragrance of the greenhouse bowers, And tastes the myrtle and the citron's flowers, At length returning to the wonted comb, Prefers to all his little straw-built home

The Jacobitical poetry-professor and clerical pluralist died in 1745, aged fifty-eight. His sons had much in common, but it was the second v ho made the deepest mark on our literature.

Joseph (1722-1800), the elder, attended his father's school, and at Winchester was the schoolfellow of Collins He was afterwards a commoner of Oriel College, Oxford, and vas successively rector of Winslade, Thorley, Easton, and Upham In 1755 he was appointed second master of Winchester, from 1766 till 1793 he was head-master, and he was a prebendary of St Paul's and of Winchester His collections of odes and poems (1744 and 1746) explicitly avowed revolutionary dissent from the critical canons of the dominant school of Pope. An edition of Virgil (1753), with translation of the *Eclogues* and *Georgies*, gained him a high reputation. He vas much esteemed by Dr Johnson, at whose request he became a contributor to the Adventurer, and, like his brother Thomas, was one of the members of the famous Literary Club In 1757 appeared the first volume of his Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope, the second and concluding volume following only in 1782, the distinction drawn between the poetry of reason and the poetry of imagination, and the enthronement of romanticism in the place of correctness, marked an important era in English criticism, Spenser and the Elizabethans had more of the spirit of poetry than Pope. theories were substantially sound, but his own poetry, artificial rather than truly spontaneous, illustrated them somes hat imperfectly vorks were an annotated edition of Pope (9 vols 1797) and a similar edition of Dryden, of which at his death he had published to o volumes

## From the Ode to Fancy

O parent of each lovely muse!
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
O'er all my artless songs preside,
My footsteps to thy temple guide,
To offer at the turf built shrine
In golden cups no costly wine,
No murdered fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock

O nymph with loosely flowing hair, With bushined leg and bosom bare, Thy waist vith myrtle girdle bound, Thy brows with Indian feathers crowned, Waving in the snowy hand An all commanding magic v and, Of power to bid fresh gardens blow 'Mid checrless Lapland's barren snow, Whose rapid wings thy flight convey Through air, and over earth and sea, While the various landscape lies Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes! O lover of the desert, hail Say in v hat deep and pathless vale, Or on what hoary mountains side, 'Mid falls of water, you reside, 'Mid broken rocks a rugged scene, With green and grassy dales between, 'Mid forests dark of aged oak, Ne or echoing with the woodman's stroke. Where never human art appeared, Nor e er one strav roofed cot was reared, Where Nature seems to sit alone, Majestie on a craggy throne, Fell me the path, sveet wanderer, tell, To thy unl nown sequestered cell, Where a coodbines cluster round the door, Where cells and moss o erlay the floor, And on v hose top an hav thorn blows, Amid whose thickly woven boughs Some nightingale still builds her nest, Each evening warbling thee to rest, There lay me by the haunted stream Wrapt in some wild poetic dream, In converse while methinks I rove With Spenser through a fairy grove, Till suddenly awaked, I hear Strange whispered music in my ear, And my glad soul in bliss is drowned By the sweetly soothing sound '

When young eyed Spring profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose,
When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks,
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shal es his silver beard with cold,
At every season let my car
Thy solemn v hispers, Fancy, hear!

The second son, Thomas Warton (1728-90), began his studies under his father, and at sixteen was entered of Trinity College. He began early to write verses, and his *Pleasures of Melar choly*, published when he was nineteen, gave a promise of excellence which his riper productions

hardly fulfilled He obtained a fellowship in 1751, and in 1757 was appointed Professor of Poetry He was also rector of Kiddington and He loved his of Hill Farrance in Somerset pipe and his tankard, and had, it is said, but two sermons-one of them his father's, and the other a printed one. Oxford remained his home, and the even tenor of his life was only varied by his occasional publications, one of which, The Traumph of Isis, in praise of Oxford (and in reply to Mason), mide his name widely known, and another, an claborate Essay on Spenser's Facin Queene (1754), gained for him a higher repute Long after (1785) he edited the minor poems of Milton, an edition which Professor Masson pronounced the best ever produced, and which Leigh Hunt said was a wilderness of sweets the notes show true insight, while others display W irton's taste for antiquities and for architecture, his sympathy with old world superstition, and his intimate acquaintance with the Elizabeth in In the famous History of English Poetry (1774-78), which finally established his reputation, Warton poured out the treasures of a full mind His antiquarian lore, his love of antique manners, and his enthusiasm found appropriate exercise in tracing the stream of our poetry from its fountain springs down to the luxuriant reign of Elizabeth, 'the most poetical age of our annals,' as he said—to the amaze of an age that thought itself vistly superior to all earlier periods, and had been accustomed to think of the older writers as merely unpolished and uncouth and Grav had planned schemes of a history of English poetry, in which the authors were to be arranged according to their style and merits Warton adopted the chronological arrangement, as giving freer scope for research, and as enabling him to exhibit, without transposition, the gradual development in our poctry and the progress of our language. The untiring industry and learning of the poet historian accumulated a mass of materials equally valuable and curious inevitable, many of his discoveries have been superseded by other discoveries, many of his theories have had to be corrected or largely expanded. His plan was defective, his translations from old French and English were by no means accurate, and he sometimes wanders from his subject or overlays it with extraneous But he was a sagnetous, far-sighted, and independent investigator of a new and wide field, and his work, variously judged by contemporary and subsequent critics, remains a vast storchouse of facts connected with our early literature, till then all but unknown even to the educated. The scheme excluded the drama, so rich a part of our early imaginative literature. The third volume comes down to the end of the Elizabethan period, the fourth, which would have included Pope, was never published. On the death of Whitehead in 1785, Warton was appointed poet laureate His learning gave dignity to an office then held in small esteem. The same year he was made Camden Professor of History. He wrote humorous verse and prose, satires on Newmarket and other places, and produced an edition of Theocritus and Lives of two college benefactors, and he was clearly the man to make the Inquiry into the Authenticity of the Rowley Poems of poor Chatterton, which gave an unfavourable verdict

Both as poet and critic Warton greatly promoted the new movement in English poetry his verse, though it was largely imitative of Spenser, Milton, or Gray, and even of Pope, there was evident a then unusual and unfeigned love of nature, of the romantic and chivalrous. His affection for Gothic architecture and the antique is highly significant, and comes out in many of his verses. As a critic he was really the first to use or appreciate the poetic treasures hid in our ancient libraries, and his History of English Poetrs may fairly he ranked with Percy's Reliques as having contributed to give a vital impulse to His mock heroics and burlesques were in their way admirable. His sonnets, not seldom awkward and even wooden, were thought his most perfect work, and they revised interest in sonnet-writing On the whole, his critical theories and sympathies were in advance of his practice. The Phasures of Melancholy, his poems on royal births, deaths, and marriages even before the laureate era, and even some of his odes belong almost wholly to the old school. His first official ode on the king's birthday provoked the clever squib, Probationary Odes for the Laureateship, some of which are almost Whitmanesque. some of his best things, such as the story of Blondel and Richard, and the poem given below, in which Henry II on his way to head the Irish expedition is entertained with the story of Arthur, breathe not a little of the spirit of romance. Warton unquestionably influenced Bowles, and after him or through him, Coleridge, and Lamb and Hazlitt were sincere These are passages from the Hisadmirers tory of English Poetry

#### Chaucer

Chaucer's vein of humour, although conspicuous in the Canterbury Tales, is chiefly displayed in the Characters with which they are introduced. In these his knowledge of the world availed him in a peculiar degree, and enabled him to give such an accurate picture of ancient manners as no cotemporary nation has transmitted to posterity. It is here that we view the pursuits and employments, the customs and diversions of our ancestors, copied from the life, and represented with equal truth and spirit, by a judge of mankind whose penetration qualified him to discern their foibles or discriminating peculiarities, and by an artist who understood that proper selection of circumstances, and those predominant characteristics, which form a finished portrait. We are surprised to find, in so gross and ignorant

an age, such talents for satire and for observation on life, qualities which usually exert themselves at more civilised periods, when the improved state of society, by substituting our speculations, and establishing uniform modes of behaviour, disposes mankind to study themselves, and render deviations of conduct and singularities of character more immediately and necessarily the objects of censure and ridicule. These curious and valuable remains are specimens of Chaucer's native genius, unassisted and unalloyed. The figures are all British, and bear no suspicious signatures of classical, Italian, or French imitation. The characters of Theophrastus are not so lively, particular, and appropriated

### The Reformation and Literature

It is generally believed that the reformation of religion in Lingland, the most happy and important event of our annals, was immediately succeeded by a flourishing state But this was by no means the case a long time afterwards in effect quite contrary was produced The reformation in Lingland was completed under the reign of I dward VI The rapacious courtiers of this young prince were perpetually grasping at the rewards of literature, which being discouraged or de spised by the rich, was neglected by those of moderate Avance and zeal were at once gratified in robbing the elergy of their revenues, and in reducing the church to its primitive apostolical state of purity and The opulent see of Wineliester was lowered to pos crty a bare title its amplest estates were portioned out to the lasty, and the bishop, a creature of the protector Somerset, was contented to receive an inconsiderable annual stipend from the exchequer. The bishoprick of Durham, almost equally neh, was entirely dissolved. A fasorite nobleman of the court occupied the deaners and treasurership of a cathedral with some of its best The ministers of this abused monarch, by these arbitrary, dishonest, and imprudent measures, only proved instruments, and furnished arguments, for restor ing in the succeeding reign that superstitious religion which they professed to destroy. By thus impoverish ing the coclesiastical dignities they countenanced the clamours of the catholics who declared that the reformation was apparently founded on temporal views, and that the protestants pretended to oppose the doc times of the church solely with a view that they might share in the plunder of its revenues. In every one of these sacrilegious robbenes the interest of learning also Lalubitions and pensions vere in the mean time subtracted from the students in the universities Ascham, in a letter to the Marquis of Northampton dated 1550, laments the rum of grammar schools through out Ingland, and predicts the speedy extinction of the universities from this growing calamity. At Oxford the public schools were neglected by the professors and pupils, and allotted to the lowest purposes. \endemical degrees were abrogated as antichristian Reformation was soon turned into franticism Al surd refinements concerning the mutility of human learning were super added to the just and rational purgation of chin- ianits from the papal corruptions. The sprittal reformers of these enligh ened days at a visitation of the las mun tioned university, proceeded to far in their ileas of a superior rectifude as totally to strip the pallie library, established by that munificent pair a Humpfires dule of Gloucester, of all its bords and MSS

### Chapman's 'Homor'

But a complete and regular version of Homer was reserved for George Chapman He began with printing the Shield of Achilles in 1596. This was followed by seven books of the Iliut the same year books were printed in 1600. At length appeared, without date, an entire translation of the Iliad under the following title, 'The Iliads of Homer, Prince of Poets Neuer before in any language truely translated, With a comment uppon some of his chief places Done according to the Greeke by George Chapman. At London, printed for Nathaniell Butter' It is dedicated in Lngli h heroics to Prince Henry This circumstance proves that the book was printed at least after the ver 1603, in which James I neceded to the throne Then follows an anagram on the name of his gracious Viccenas prince Henry, and a sonnet to the sole empresse of leautie queen Anne. In n metrical address to the reader he remarks, but with little truth, that the I nglish language, abounding in consonant mono syllables, is eminently adapted to alightmical poetry doctrine that an allegorical sense was liid under the nar ratives of epic poetry had not vet censed, and he here promises a poem on the mysteries he had neily dis covered in Honier In the Preface, he declares that the last twelve books were translated in fifteen weeks we with the advice of his learned and valued friends. Master Robert Hews and Master Harriots. It is certain that the whole performance betruys the negligence of haste He pays his acknowledgments to his 'mo t ancient, learned, and right noble friend, Master Richard Stapilton, the first most desertfull mouer in the frame of our Homer' He endeavours to obviate a popular objection, perhaps not totally groundle s, that he consulted the prose Latin version more than the Greel original says, sensibly enough, 'it is the part of every I nowing and judicious interpreter, not to follow the miinber and order of words, but the materiall things themselves, and sentences to weigh diligently and to clothe and adorre them with words, and such a stile and forme of oration, as are most apt for the language into which they are connected. The danger lies in too lave h an application of this sort of clouding that it may not discuss what it should only adorn. I do not say that this is Chapman's full but he has by no means represented the dignity or the simplicity of Homer. He is sometimes para phrastic and redundant, bu more frequent retrerches or impoverishes what he could not feel and explesthe meantime, he labours with the inconvenience of an aukward, informations and unhero e rice ure, imposed by custom, but disgu tful to modern cars. Le 1 is not always without strength or affint. He has ear abed our languages with many compound epithete, so much in the manner of Homer, such as the surver f. Rel Thern, the sil er thrica Juno, il e tretie tex her a helme, he hi ! - alled Thebes, the firel is I lim the si in forms floods, the hunds for Ad towns the Greens any I ma, the straighter large, and rish moend th might be collected. Dividen regions that Viller release could read Chaptaan's Homer with a a corrector tran-Tope is of opin r the Chape n covers li defects 11, a during from 17 11 that arounded his track a cours the man a changle out such a court Honer hmself thise no before thanself time of discretion. But the field to the frequency for all const

by that sort of fustian which now disfigured the diction of our trugedy

My copy once belonged to Pope, in which he has noted many of Chapman's absolute interpolations, extending sometimes to the length of a paragraph of twelve lines. A diligent observer will easily discern that Pope was no careless reader of his rude predecessor. Pope complains that Chapman took advantage of an unmeasurable length of line. But in reality Pope's lines are longer than Chapman's. If Chapman affected the reputation of rendering line for line, the specious expedient of chusing a protracted measure which concatenated two lines together, undoubtedly favoured his usual propensity to periphrasis.

### Written in a Blank Leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon

Deem not devoid of elegence the sage,
By Faney's genuine feelings unbeguiled,
Of painful pedantry the poring cluld,
Who turns of these proud domes the historic page,
Now sunk by Time and Henry's hereer rage
Think'st thou the warbling muses never smiled
On his lone hours? Ingenuous views engage
His thoughts on themes unclassic falsely styled,
Intent. While cloistered piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured stores
Nor rough nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strown with flowers

#### To the River Lodon

All I what a werry race my feet have run Since first I trod thy banks with alders crowned, And thought my way was all through farry ground, Beneath the azure sky and golden sun— Where first my muse to hisp her notes begun I While pensive memory traces back the round Which fills the varied interval between, Much pleasure, more of sorrow marks the scene. Sweet native stream I those skies and sun so pure, No more return to cheer my evening road! Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure Nor useless all my vacant days have flowed From youth's gry dawn to manhood's prime mature, Nor with the muse's laurel unbestowed

## The Grave of King Arthur

Stately the feast, and high the cheer Girt with many an armed peer, And canopied with golden pall, Amid Cilgarran's eastle hall, Snbhme in formidable state And warlike splendour Henry sate, Prepar'd to stain the briny flood Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood

Illumining the vaulted roof,
A thousand torches flam'd aloof
From massy cups, with golden gleam,
Sparkled the red metheglin's stream
To grace the gorgeous festival,
Along the lofty window'd hall,
The storied tapestry was hung
With ministrelsy the rafters rung
Of harps, that with reflected light
From the proud gallery glitter'd bright

While gifted bards, a rival throng, (From distant Mona, nurse of song, From Terri, fring'd with imbrage brown, From Llvy 8 valc, and Cader's crown, I rom many a shaggy precipice. That shades Ierne's hourse abyss, And many a sunless solitude. Of Radnor's inmo t mountains rude,) To crown the banquet's solemn close, Themes of British glory chose, And to the strings of various chime. Attemper'd thus the fabling rhyme.

'O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roar'd, High the screaming sea mew soar'd, On Tintaggel's topmost tower Darksome fell the sleety shower, Round the rough castle shrilly sung The whirling blast, and wildly flung On each tall rampart's thundering side The surges of the tumbling tide When Arthur rang'd his red cross ranks On conscious Camlan's crimson'd banks By Mordred's futliless guile decreed Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed! I et in vain a pavnim foc Arm'd with fite the nighty blow, For when he fell, an elfin queen, All in secret, and unseen, O'er the funting hero threw Her mantle of ambrosial blue, And bade her spirits bear him fur, In Merlin's agate axled car, To her green isks chaniel'd steep, Fir in the navel of the deep. O'er his wounds she sprinkl'd dew From flowers that in Arabia grew On a rich enchanted bed, She pillow'd his majestic head, O'er his brow, with whispers bland, Three she wav'd an opiate wand, And to soft music's airy sound, Her magic curtain clos d around. There, renew d the vital spring, Again lie reigns a mighty king, And many a fair and fragrant clime, Blooming in immortal prime, By gales of Eden ever fann'd, Owns the monarch's high command Thence to Britain shall return (If right prophetic rolls I learn), Borne on victors s spreading plunic, His ancient sceptre to resume, Once more, in old heroic pride, His barbed courser to bestride, His knightly table to restore, And the brave tournaments of yore.' They ceas'd when on the tuneful stage

They ceas'd when on the tuncial stage Advanc'd a bard, of aspect sage, His silver tresses, thin besprent, To age a graceful reverence lent, His beard, all white as spangles frore That clothe Plinlimmon's forests hoar, Down to his harp descending flow'd, With time's faint rose his features glow'd, His eyes diffus'd a soften'd fire, And thus he wak'd the warbling wire

Oppress, dire want of chill dispelling coals
Or cheerful candle (save the make weight's gleam
Haply remaining), heart rejoicing ale
Cheers the sad seene, and every want supplies.
Meantime, not mindless of the daily talk
Of tutor sage, upon the learned leaves
Of deep Singleous much I meditate,
While ale inspires, and lends its kindred aid,
The thought perplexing labour to pursue,
Syect Helicon of logic. But if friends
Congenial call me from the toilsome page,
To pur house I repair, the sacred haunt,
Where, ale, thy yourses in full resort
Hold rites nocturnal

Martinus Smiglecius a Poli h Jesuit, was the author of a Legica Disén ata aik a Illiatrata

Ti mas Warton's point were collected in 1791, and reprinted in 1891. His History of English Peetry was re-edited by Richard Varian 1894, and sadly mangled in W. C. Hazhiti's edition in 1894. The is a culogistic Life of Joseph by Wooll for the younger for ter 500 the Life in Mant's edition of his poems (1802), and John Dianes's Studies in English Literature (1876).

## Thomas Chatterton

was horn at Bristol, 20th November 1752 fither, a sub-chanter in the cathedral, and master of a clianty school was a roistering fellow, yet a lover of books and coins, a dabbler in magic, he had died in the August before the poet was born The mother, a poor schoolmistress and needlewoman brought up her boy and his sister beneath the shadow of St Mary Redcliffe, that glorious church where their forefathers had been sextons since the days of Elizabeth. He seemed a dull, dreams child till his seventh year, then he 'fell in love, with an old illuminated music folio, and, quickly learning to read from a black-letter Bible, began to devour every book that fell in his way He was a scholar of Colston's Bluecoat Hospital from 1760 till 1767, and then he was bound apprentice to Lambert, an attorney In December 1762 he wrote his first poem, On the Last La frany, in 1763 borrowed Speght's black letter Chaucer from a lending library, and in the summer of 1764 produced the first of his pseedo antiques, Elinoure and Juga, which impused on the junior usher of his school, and which he professed to have got from Canjuge's Coffer in the muniment room of St Mary's Next, early m 1767, for one Burgum, a pewterer, he con corred a pedigree of the De Bergham family (this brought him ten shillings), and in 1768 he horsed the vhole city with a description, from an old manuscript,' of the opening of Bristol Bridge in 12,8

His life at Lambert's was a sorded one, he slept with the footbox, and took his meals in the litchen yet his duties over—and he discharged them well—he had ample leasure for his during studies, particle, history, heraldry, music, antiquities. An after particle draw Dodsley had failed, when, in March 1769, he sen' Horace Walpole a 'transcript' of Tie Rive of Periodesia ge, certifien by T. Recche, 1459, for March Conjuge. Walpole, quite taken

in, wrote at once to his unknown corresponder expressing a thousand thanks for the manuscrip deploring his ignorance of the 'Saxon languag and half offering to usher the Rowley Poems to the Back came a fresh batch of manuscrij and with it a sketch of Chatterton's own histor The poems, however, being shown to Mason at Gray, were pronounced by them to be forgeric and Walpole's next letter was a letter of advito stick to his calling, that so, 'when he shou have made a fortune, he might unbend himse with the studies consonant to his inclinations? curt request for the return of the MSS lay s weeks unanswered during Walpole's absence Paris A second came, still curter, and, 'sna ping up poems and letters,' Walpole 'returne both to him, and thought no more of him them'-until, two years after, Goldsmith told hi of Chatterton's death

Was it jest or grim earnest, a boyish freak a suicide's farewell, that 'Last Will and Test ment of Thomas Chatterton executed in the presence of Omniscience this 14th of April 1770 Anyhow, falling into his master's hands, it pr cured the liasty cancelling of his indentures, at ten days later the boy quitted Bristol for Londo There he arrived with his poems, and perhal five guineas in his pocket, and lodged first at or Walmsley's, a plasterer, in Shoreditch, next, fro the middle of June, at Brooke Street, Holbor Abstemious, sleepless, he fell to work as will a hundred hands, pouring forth satires, squib stones, political essays, burlettas, epistles Junius's style (for 'Wilkes and liberty'), and th For a while h matchless Balade of Charitie prospects seemed golden The publishers spok him fair, he obtained an interview with the Loi Mayor Beckford, in the first two months he carne eleven guineas (at the rate of from a farthing t twopence a line), and he sent home glowing letter. with a box of presents for his mother and siste Then Beckford died, the 'patriotic' publisher took fright, the dead season set in, he had over stocked the market with unpaid wares, a last des perate application failed for the post of surgeon to a Bristol slaver He was penniless, starving, ye too proud to accept the meal his landlady offered him, when, on 24th August 1770, he locked himsel into his garret, tore up his papers, and was found the next morning dead-poisoned with arsenic They buried him in the prupers' pit of the Sho Lane Workhouse, a site usurped fifty six year later by Farringdon Market.

I or eighty years the Rowley controvers) wa waged with no less bitterness than ignorance, the Rowley and including Jacob Bryant (1781), Dea Milles (1782), and Dr S R Maitland (1857), the anti-Rowleyans, Tyrwhitt (1777–82) and Thoma Warton (1778–82). The subject was once and forever laid to rest by Professor Skeat in his edition of Chatterton's Pactical Works (2 vols 1875). Vol contains Cliatterton's acknowledged noems, seventy

King Edward saw the ruddy streaks

Of light eclipse the gray,

And heard the raven's croaking throat

Proclaim the fated day

'Thou rt right,' quoth he, 'for by the God That sits enthroned on high ' Charles Bawdin, and his fellows twain, To-day chall snrely die'

Then with a jug of nappy ale

His knights did on him wait,

'Go tell the traitor, that to-day

He leaves this mortal state'

Sir Canterlone then bended low, With heart brimful of woe, He journeyed to the castle gate, And to Sir Charles did go

But when he came, his children twain, And eke his loving wife, With briny tears did wet the floor, For good Sir Charles's life

'O good Sir Charles! said Canterlone,
'Bad tidings I do bring
'Speak boldly, man,' said brave Sir Charles,
'What says the traitor king?'

'I grieve to tell before von sun Does from the welkin fly, He hath upon his honour sworn l'hat thou shalt surely die

'We all must die,' quoth brave Sir Charles,
'Of that I'm not afeared,
What boots to live a little space?
Thank Iesu I'm prepared

'But tell thy king, for mine he's not, I'd sooner die to day, Than live his slave, as many are, Though I should live for aye.'

Then Master Canvinge sought the king, And fell down on his knee, '1 in come,' quoth he, 'unto your grace, 10 move your elemency'

'Then,' quoth the ling, 'your tale speak out,
You have been much our friend,
Whatever your request may be,
We will to it attend.'

'My noble liege! all my request
Is for a noble knight,
Who, though mayhap he has done wrong
He thought it still was right.

'He has a spouse and children twain,
All ruined are for aye,
If that you are resolved to let
Charles Bawdin die to day'

'Speak not of such a traitor vile,'
The king in fury said,
'Before the evening star doth shine
Baydin shall lose his head

'by Mary, and all saints in heaven,
This sun shall be his last!'
Then Canynge dropped a bring tear,
And from the presence passed

With heart brimful of gnawing grief, He to Sir Charles did go, And sat him down upon a stool, And tears began to flow

'We all must die,' quoth brave Sir Charles,
'What boots it how or when'
Death is the sure, the certain fite
Of all we mortal men.

'Say why, my friend, the honest soul Runs over at thine eve, Is it for my most welcome doom That thou dost child like cry?'

Quoth godly Canvinge 'I do weep,
That thou so soon must die,
And leave thy sons and helpless wife,
"Tis this that wets mine eve."

'Then dry the tears that out thine eye From godly fountums spring Death I despise, and all the power Of Edward, trutor king

'When through the tyrint's welcome means I shall resign my life, The God I serve will soon provide For both my sons and wife.

'Before I saw the lightsome sun,
This was appointed me,
Shall mortal man repine or gradge
What God ordains to be?

'How oft in battle have I stood, When thousands died around, When smoking streams of crimson blood Imbrued the fattened ground

'How did I I now that every dart
That cut the airy way,
Might not find passage to my heart,
And close mine eves for ave?

'And shall I now, for fear of death Look wan and be dismayed? Nay! from my heart fly childish fear, Be all the man displayed

'My honest friend, my fault has been To serve God and my prince, And that I no time server am, My death will soon convince.

"In London city was I born, Of parents of great note, My father did a noble arms Emblizon on his coat.

'He taught me justice and the laws
With pity to unite
And eke he trught me how to know
The wrong cause from the right.

grow

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note,
Quick in dance as thought can be,
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout,
Oh! he lies by the willow tree.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death bed,
All under the willow tree.

Hark' the raven flaps his wing,
In the briered dell below,
Hark' the death owl loud doth sing,
To the nightmares as they go
My love is dead,
Gone to his death bed,
All under the willow tree.

See! the white moon shines on high,
Whiter is my true love's shroud,
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud
My love is dead,
Gone to his death bed,
All under the willow tree

Here, upon my true love's grave,
Shall the barren flowers be laid,
Nor one holy saint to save
All the coldness of a maid
My love is dead,
Gone to his death bed,
All under the willow tree

With my hands I'll fix the briers,
Round his holy corse to gre,
Elfin fairies, light your fires,
Here my body still shall be
My love is dead,
Gone to his death bed,
All under the willow tree.

Come with acorn cup and thorn,
Drain my heart's blood all away,
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day
My love is dead,
Gone to his death bed,
All under the willow tree.

Water witches, crowned with reytes, water flags
Bear me to your deadly tide
I die—I come—my true love waits —
Thus the damsel spake, and died

## Freedom

Whan Freedom, dreste yn blodde steyned veste, To everie knyghte her warre songe sunge, Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spredde, A gorie anlace bye her honge.

She danneed onne the heathe,
She hearde the voice of deathe,
Pale eyned Affryghte, hys harte of sylver hue,
In vayne assayled her bosomme to acale,
She hearde onflemed the shriekynge voice of woe, unscared
And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.

She shooke the burled speere, armed On hie she jeste her sheelde, hoisted Her foemen all appere,
And flizze alonge the feelde ff, Power, wythe his heafod straught ynto the skyes, stretched Hys speere a sonne beame, and hys sheelde a starre,

Alyehe twate brendeynge gronfyres rolls hys eyes, meteors Chaftes with hys yronne feete and soundes to war Stamps

> She syttes upon a rocke, She bendes before hys speere, She ryses from the shocke, Wieldynge her owne yn ayre

Harde as the thonder dothe she drive ytte on, Wytte, scillye wympled gides ytte to hys crowne, closely Hys longe sharpe speere, hys spreddynge sheelde ys gon, He falles, and fallynge rolleth thousandes down

War, goare faced war, bie envie burld, arist
Hys feerie heaulme noddynge to the ayre,
Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys streynynge fyste

The Prophecy was an acknowledged poem. The Bristone Tragedie, first of the Rowley Poems, differed from the rest in being comparatively free from the iffectation of old words but 'of all ue, 'I m greater now than thee and other locutions illustrate Chatterion's grammatical eccentricities. Only in the last extract, n chorus from the unfinished tragedy of Godd-vyn is Chatterton's own purely fantastic spelling reproduced. There are Lives of Chatterton by Dix (1837), Sir Daniel Wilson (1869) Professor Masson (1874) and Professor Sheat (for the Works, 1875) and reference may also be made to Mr T Watts-Dunton's essay in vol in. of Ward's English Poets (1880), and Sir Herbert Crost's Love and Madness (1780) Professor Sleat modernised the spelling of the Rowley Poems in the edition above mentioned (1875), but Mr Steele edited them with the original spellings (1899). Of eight so-called portraits, one only is authentic-that by Morris, of Chatterton as n boy of eleven

# FRANCIS HINDES GROOME

John Wilkes (1727-97), the son of a London distiller, studied at Leyden, and became a man of fashion and profligate. One of the infamous 'Monks of Medmenham,' he took up politics as a supporter of Pitt, and was returned for Aylesbury Lord Bute having declined to appoint him ambassador to Constantinople or Governor of Quebec, he attacked the Ministry in the North Briton (1762-63), a weekly journal he had founded In the famous forty-fifth number some strong comments were made upon the King's Speech on opening Parliament, and on a general warrant Wilkes was seized and committed to the Tower for libel in 1763, but soon released. He became the hero of the hour, and his popularity was only increased when the House of Lords condemned his 'Essay on Woman' (rightly enough) as an obscene libel, and the House of Commons expelled him on 19th January 1764 as author of No 45 of the North Briton A few years later (1769), as elected M P for Middlesex, he fought the battle of electoral freedom against the pretensions of the House of Commons, and, though thrice expelled and disqualified, was ultimately allowed to take his seat in 1774, while eight years afterwards the re solutions invalidating his previous elections were expunged. In the same year he was Lord Mayor Worthless as a man and a politician, Wilkes was famous for his wit and pleasantry, and the charm of his conversation made conquest even of Dr Johnson, as is recorded in the passage quoted from Boswell at page 473 He was a venomous and pertinacious assailant of the Government rather than a member of any constitutional Opposition

But his resistance to oligarchic domination made

him an agent, however unworthy, of English constitutional development, and his North Briton was a humble follower of the political periodicals of Addison and Steele. See Percy Fitzgerald's Life and Times of John Wilkes (1888)

#### From 'No 45'

The King's Speech has always been considered by the legislature, and by the public at large, as the Speech of the minister It has regularly, at the beginning of every session of parliament, been referred by both houses to the consideration of a committee, and has been generally canvassed with the utmost freedom, when the minister of the crown has been obnoxious to the The ministers of this free country, conscious of the undoubted privileges of so spirited a people, and with the terrors of parliament before their eyes, have ever been cautious, no less with regard to the matter than to the expressions of speeches which they have advised the sovereign to make from the throne at the opening of cach session They well knew that an honest house of parliament, true to their trust, could not fail to detect the fallacious arts, or to remonstrate against the daring acts of violence, committed by any minister The Speech at the close of the session has ever been considered as the most secure method of promulgating the favourite court creed among the vulgar, because the parliament, which is the constitutional guardian of the liberties of the people, has in this case no opportunity of remonstrating, or of impeaching any wicked servant of the crown.

This week has given the public the most abandoned instance of ministerial effrontery ever attempted to be The minister's speech of last imposed on mankind I nesday is not to be paralleled in the annals of this I am in doubt whether the imposition is greater on the sovereign or on the nation. Every friend of his country must lament that a prince of so many great and amiable qualities, whom England truly reveres, can be brought to give the sanction of his sacred name to the most odious measures, and to the most unjustifi able public declarations, from a throne ever renowned for truth, honour, and unsullied virtue. I am sure all foreigners, especially the King of Prussia, will hold the ininister in contempt and abhorrence. He has made onr sovereign declare, My expectations have been fully answered by the happy effects which the several allies of my crown have derived from this salutary measure of the definitive Treaty The powers at war with my good brother the King of Prussia have been induced to agree to such terms of accommodation as that great prince has approved, and the success which has attended my negociation has necessarily and immediately diffused the blessings of peace through every part of Europe. The infamous fallacy of this whole sentence is appa rent to all mankind, for it is known that the King of Prussia did not barely approve, but absolutely dictated, as conqueror, every article of the terms of peace. No advantage of any 1 ind has accrued to that magnanimous prince from our negotiation, but he was basely deserted by the Scottish prime minister of England. He was known by every court in Europe to be scarcely on better terms of friendship here than at Vienna, and he was b-trayed by us in the treaty of peace. What a strain of insolence, therefore, is it in a minister to lay claim to what he is conscious all his efforts tended to prevent, and meanly to arrogate to himself a share in the fame and glory of one of the greatest princes the world has ever seen. The King of Prussia, however, has gloriously kept all his former conquests, and stipulated security for all his allies, even for the Elector of Hanover. I know in what light this great prince is considered in Europe, and in what manner he has been treated here, among other reasons, perhaps, from some contemptuous expressions he may have used of the Scot. expressions which are every day ecclosed by the whole body of Linglishmen through the southern part of this island.

### Junius

On the 21st of January 1769 appeared the first of a series of seventy political letters, bearing the signature of 'Junius,' which soon took their place among the most famous and debatable works in the English language. Great excitement prevailed in the nation The contest with the American colonies, the imposition of new taxes, the difficulty of forming a steady administration, and the eloquence of the Opposition had spread a feeling of dissatisfaction throughout the country secution of Wilkes added fuel to the flame, Lord North said bitterly that 'the press overflowed the land with its black gall, and poisoned the minds of the people.' The Government was unequal to the emergency, it would have required a Cabinet of preternatural powers to triumph over the opposition of debaters like Chathim and Burke, and writers like Junius The most popular newspaper of that day was the Public Advertiser, published by Henry Sampson Woodfall, a man of education and standing, and it was in it that the letters of They attacked all the public Junius appeared characters of the day connected with the Government, they retailed much private scandal and personal history, and did not spare even royalty itself The compression, point, and brilliancy of their language, their unrivalled sarcasm, boldness, and tremendous invective, at once arrested the attention of the public, the principles of Junius were moderate compared with his personalities effort was made by the Government to discover their author, but in vain. 'It is not in the nature of things,' he writes to his publisher, 'that you or anybody else should know me, unless I make myself known all arts or inquiries or rewards would be ineffectual, ' 'I am the sole depositors of my secret, and it shall die with me? event verified the prediction, even now the more generally accepted theory of the authorship is strenuously denied by some of the most careful and competent inquirers The letters were published at intervals between the 21st of January 1769 and the 21st of January 1772. They were revised by the author, and reprinted two months later in two small volumes by Woodfall An edition which appeared in 1812 contained a hundred and thirteen letters in addition to the seventy in the author's edition, five only of the hundred and thirteen were signed Junius, and one of the file, dated 21st of

Junius

November 1768, was the first which bore that

Junius immediately attracted attention by his familiarity with State secrets and notable persons, and by his boldness in commenting upon them, the climan being reached by the letter to the king on the 16th of December 1769, when he bid George III remember that while the crown 'was acquired by one revolution, it may be lost by another' Woodfall was prosecuted for printing and publishing the letter in his paper, and acquitted on a teclinical point, while Almon, a bookseller, was punished for selling a reprint of it. Burke was generally supposed to be the pseudonymous censor till his denial was accepted as conclusive, among the many supposed authors of the letters were Lord Shelburne, Barré, Lord George Sackville, Wilkes, Horne Fooke, and Lord Lyttelton It was not till after the publication of the edition of 1812 that Sir Philip Francis was publicly affirmed to be Junius by John Taylor In the first of his two books on the subject (1813 and 1816) Taylor argued that the letters were from the pens of Dr Francis and his son, in the second, that the son was the sole author De Quincey, Earl Stanhope, and Lord Macaulay accepted the Franciscan theory 'The external evidence,' says Macaulay, 'is, we think, such as would support a verdict in a civil, nay, in a criminal proceeding. The handwriting of Junius is the very peculiar handwriting of Francis, slightly disguised As to the position, pursuits, and connections of Junius, the following are the most important facts which can be considered as clearly proved. First, that he was acquainted with the technical forms of the Secre tary of State's office, secondly, that he was intimately acquainted with the business of the War Office, thirdly, that he during the year 1770 attended debates in the House of Lords, and took notes of speeches, particularly of the speeches of Lord Chatham, fourthly, that he bitterly resented the appointment of Mr Chamier to the place of Deputy Secretary at War, fifthly, that he was bound by some strong tie to the first Lord Holland Now, Francis passed some years in the Secretary of State's office. He was subsequently chief clerk of the War Office. He repeatedly mentioned that he lind himself, in 1770, heard speeches of Lord Chatham, and some of these speeches were actually printed from his notes He resigned his clerkship at the War Office from resentment at the appointment of Mr Chamier It was by Lord Holland that he was first introduced into the public service. Now, here are five marks, all of which ought to be found in Junius They are all five found in Francis We do not believe that more than two of them can be found in any other person whatever If this argument does not settle the question, there is an end of all reasoning on circumstantial evidence?

Philip Francis, the son of the Rev Philip Francis, translator of Horace and political writer,

was born in Dublin in 1740, and at sixteen was placed by Lord Holland in the Secretary of State's By the patronage of Pitt (Lord Chatham) he was made secretary to General Bligh in 1758, and was present at the capture of Cherbourg, in 1760 he accompanied Lord Kinnoull as secretary on his embassy to Lisbon, and in 1763-72 he was first clerk in the War Office In 1773 he was made a member of the Council of Bengal, whence he returned in 1781, after being perpetually at feud with the Governor General, Warren Hastings, and being wounded by him in a duel He afterwards sat in Parliament, supporting Whig principles, was one of the 'Friends of the People' in association with Fox, Tierney, and Grey, and died in 1818 He took part in the prosecution of Hastings, and wrote many pamphlets It should be added that Francis never acknowledged that he was Junius, still less claimed the distinction The speeches, letters, and pamphlets of Sir Philip display much of the talent found in Junius, though they are less rhetorical in style, while the history and temper of the man-his strong resentments, his arrogance, his keen interest to the last in public questions, are just what might be expected of Woodfall's veiled prophet. It was not till half a century after the publication of Junius's own edition of his letters that the theory of a disguised handwriting was started in order to get over the difficulty that the natural hand of Francis was unlike that of the Junian manuscripts. No direct or indisputable proof has yet connected Francis with Junius, but, whoever he was, he set a pattern for the leading articles (unknown in his day) through which newspapers now influence public opinion

## From the Forty-second Letter

The ministry, it seems, are labouring to draw a line of distinction between the honour of the crown and the rights of the people. This new idea has yet been only started in discourse, for, in effect, both objects have been equally sacrificed. I neither understand the distinction, nor what use the ministry propose to make of it. The king's honour is that of his people. real honour and real interest are the same, I am not contending for a vain punctilio A clear, unblemished character comprehends not only the integrity that will not offer, but the spirit that will not submit to an injury, and whether it belongs to an individual or to a community, it is the foundation of peace, of independ ence, and of safety Private credit is wealth, public honour is security, the feather that adorns the royal bird supports its flight, strip him of his plumage and you fix him to the earth

# George III. and Wilkes

He said more than moderate men would justify, but not enough to entitle him to the honour of your Majesty's personal resentment. The rays of royal indignation, collected upon him, served only to illuminate, and could not consume Animated by the favour of the people on one side, and heated by persecution on the other, his views and sentiments changed with his situation. Hardly serious at first, he is now an

Junius

enthusiast. The coldest bodies warm with opposition, the hardest sparkle in collision. There is a holy mis taken zeal in politics as well as in religion. By persuading others, we convince ourselves. The passions are engaged, and create a maternal affection in the mind, which forces us to love the cause for which we suffer

#### To the Duke of Grafton.

The character of the reputed ancestors of some men has made it possible for their descendants to be vicious in the extreme, without being degenerate. Those of your Grace, for instance, left no distressing examples of virtue even to their legitimate posterity, and you may look back with pleasure to an illustrious pedigree in which heraldry has not left a single good quality npon record to insult or upbraid you. You have better proofs of your descent, my Lord, than the register of a marriage, or any troublesome inheritance of reputation. There are some hereditary strokes of character by which a family may be as clearly distinguished as by the blackest features of the human face Charles the First lived and died a hypocrite. Charles the Second was a hypocrite of another sort, and should have died upon the same scaffold. At the distance of a century, we see their different characters happily revived and blended in your Grace Sullen and severe without religion, profligate without gaiety, you live like Charles II with ont being an amiable companion, and for aught I know, may die as his father did, without the reputation of a martyr

## To the Duke of Bedford.

My Lord, you are so little accustomed to receive any marks of respect or esteem from the public, that if in the following lines a compliment or expression of applause should escape me, I fear you would consider it as a mockery of your established character, and perhaps an insult to your understanding You have nice feelings, my Lord, if we may judge from your resentments. Cautious, therefore, of giving offence where you have so little deserved it, I shall leave the illustration of your virtues to other hands friends have a privilege to play upon the easiness of your temper, or possibly they are better acquainted with your good qualities than I am You have done The rest is upon record You have good by stealth still left ample room for speculation when panegyrie is exhausted

Let us consider yon, then, as arrived at the summit of worldly greatness, let us suppose that all your plans of avarice and ambition are accomplished, and your most sanguine wishes gratified in the fear as well as the hatred of the people. Can age itself forget that you are now in the list act of life? Can grey hairs make folly venerable? and is there no period to be reserved for meditation and retirement? For shame, my Lord! Let it not be recorded of you that the littest moments of your life were dedicated to the same unworthy pursuits the same busy agitations, in which your youth and manhood were exhausted. Consider that, although you cannot disgrace your former life, you are violating the character of age, and exposing the impotent imbecility, after you have lost the vigour, of the pission.

Your friends will ask, perhaps, Whither shall this unhappy old man retire? Can he remain in the metropolis, where his life has been so often threatened, and his palace so often attacked? If he returns to

Woburn, scorn and mockery twait him life must create a solitude round his estate, if he would avoid the free of reproach and derision. At Plymouth, his destruction would be more than probable, at Exeter, inevitable No honest Englishman will ever forget his attachment, nor any honest Scotchman forgive his treachery, to Lord Bute. At every town he enters he must change his hiveness and his name. Whichever way he flies, the hue and cry of the country pursues him.

In another kingdom, indeed, the blessings of his administration have been more sensibly felt, his virtues better understood, or at worst, they will not for him alone forget their hospitality. As well might Verres have returned to Sicily. You have twice escaped, my Lord, beware of a third experiment. The indignation of a whole people, plundered, insulted, and oppressed as they have been, will not always le disappointed.

It is in vain therefore to shift the scene no more fly from your enemies than from yourself Persecuted abroad, you look into your own heart for consolation, and find nothing but reproaches and de spair But, my Lord, you may quit the field of business, though not the field of danger, and though you cannot be safe, you may cease to be ridiculous. I fear you have listened too long to the advice of those pernicious friends with whose interests you have sordidly united your own, and for whom you have sacrificed everything that ought to be dear to a man of honour They are still base enough to encourage the follies of your age, as they once did the vices of your youth acquainted with the rules of decorum as vith the laws of morality, they will not suffer you to profit liv experience, nor even to consult the propriety of a had character Even now they tell you that life is no more than a dramatic scene, in which the hero should pre serve his consistency to the last, and that, as you lived without virtue, you should die without repentance.

#### To the King

When the complaints of a brave and powerful people are observed to increase in proportion to the wrongs they have suffered, when, instead of sinking into submission, they are roused to resistance, the time will soon arrive at which every inferior consideration must yield to the security of the sovereign, and to the general safety of the state There is a moment of difficulty and danger at which flattery and falsehood can no longer deceive, and simplicity itself can no longer be misled Let us suppose it arrived. Let us suppose a gricious, well intentioned prince, made sensible at last of the great duty he owes to his people, and of his own disgraceful situation-that he looks round him for assistance, and asks for no advice but how to gratify the wishes and secure the happiness of his subjects. In these circum stances, it may be matter of curious speculation to consider if an honest man were permitted to approach a king, in what terms he would address himself to his sovereign. Let it be imagined, no matter how improb able, that the first prejudice against his character is removed, that the ccremonious difficulties of an authorice are surmounted, that he feels himself animated by the purest and most honourable affections to his king and country, and that the great person whom he addresses has spirit enough to bid him speak freely, and understanding enough to listen to him with a ention acquainted with the vain impertinence of forms, he

Junius

would deliver his sentiments with dignity and firmness, but not without respect

'Sir,-It is the misfortune of your life, and originally the cause of every reproach and distress which has attended your government, that you should never have been requainted with the language of truth until you heard it in the complaints of your people. It is not, hos ever, too late to correct the error of your education We are still inclined to make an indulgent allowance for the permeious lessons you received in your youth, and to torm the most sanguine hopes from the natural benevo lence of your disposition We are far from thinking von capable of a direct, deliberate purpose to invade those original rights of your subjects on which all their civil and political liberties depend. Had it been pos sible for us to entertain a suspicion so dishonourable to your character, we should long since have adopted a style of remonstrance very distant from the humility of complaint. The doctrine inculcated by our laws, 'that the king can do no wrong,' is admitted without relue tince. We separate the amiable, good natured prince from the fully and treachery of his servants, and the private virtues of the man from the vices of his govern ment Were it not for this just distinction, I know not whether your Majesty's condition or that of the English nation would deserve most to be lamented. I would prepare your mind for a favourable reception of truth by removing every painful, offensive idea of personal reproach Your subjects, Sir, wish for nothing but that, as they are reasonable and affectionate enough to sepa rate your person from your government, so you, in your turn, should distinguish between the conduct which becomes the permanent dignity of a king and that which serves only to promote the temporary interest and miserable ambition of a minister

'You ascended the throne with a declared and, I doubt not, a sincere resolution of giving universal satis faction to your subjects I ou found them pleased with the novelty of n young prince whose countenance promised even more than his words, and loyal to you not only from principle but passion. It was not a cold profession of allegiance to the first magistrate, but a partial, animated attachment to a favourite prince, the native of their country They did not wait to examine your conduct, nor to be determined by experience, but give you a generous credit for the future blessings of your reign, and paid you in advance the dearest tribute of their affections. Such, Sir, was once the disposition of a people who now surround your throne with reproaches and complaints Do justice to yourself Banish from your mind those unworthy opinions with which some interested persons have laboured to possess you trust the men who tell you that the English are naturally light and inconstant—that they complain without a cause Withdraw your confidence equally from all parties-from ministers, favourites and relations and let there be one moment in your life in which you have consulted your oun understanding

'When you affectedly renounced the uame of English man [the king, in his first speech from the throne, had said he 'gloried in the name of Briton'], believe me, Sir, you were persuaded to pay a very ill judged compliment to one part of your subjects at the expense of another While the natives of Scotland are not in actual rebellion, they are undoubtedly entitled to protection, nor do I mean to condemn the policy of giving some encourage

ment to the novelty of their affections for the house of Hanover. I am ready to hope for everything from their new born zeal, and from the future steadiness of their alleginee. But hitherto they have no claim to your favour. To honour them with a determined predilection and confidence, in exclusion of your English subjects who placed your family, and in spite of treachery and rebellion have supported it, upon the throne, is a mistake too gross even for the unsuspecting generosity of youth. In this error we see a capital violation of the most obvious rules of policy and prudence. We trace it, however, to an original bias in your education, and are ready to allow for your inexperience.

'To the same early influence we attribute it that you have descended to take a share not only in the narrow views and interests of particular persons, but in the fatal malignity of their passions. At your accession to the throne the whole system of government was altered, not from wisdom or deliberation, but because it had been adopted by your predecessor. A little personal motive of pique and resentment was sufficient to remove the ablest servants of the crown, but it is not in this country, Sir, that such men can be dishonoured by the frowns of a king. They were dismissed, but could not be disgraced.

'Without consulting your minister, call together your whole council Let it appear to the public that you can determine and act for yourself. Come forward to your people. Lay aside the wretched formulaties of a king, and speak to your subjects with the spirit of a man and in the language of a gentleman Tell them you have been fatally deceived The acknowledgment will be no disgrace, but rather an honour to your understanding Tell them you are determined to remove every cause of complaint against your government, that you will give your considence to no man who does not possess the confidence of your subjects, and leave it to themselves to determine, by their conduct at a future election, whether or no it be in reality the general seuse of the nation, that their rights have been arbitrarily invaded by the present House of Commons, and the constitution betrayed They will then do justice to their representa tives and to themselves

'These sentiments, Sir, and the style they are conveyed in, may be offensive, perhaps, because they are new to Accustomed to the language of courtiers, you measure their affections by the vehemence of their ex pressions, and when they only praise you indirectly, you But this is not a time to trifle admire their sincerity They deceive you, Sir, who tell you with your fortune that you have many friends whose affections are founded upon a principle of personal attachment. The first foundation of friendship is not the power of conferring benefits, but the equality with which they are received and may be returned The fortune which made you n It is a law of nature king forbade you to have a friend which cannot be violated with impunity. The mistaken prince who looks for friendship will find a favourite, and in that favourite the ruin of his affairs.

'The people of England are loyal to the house of Hanover, not from a vain preference of one family to another, but from a conviction that the establishment of that family was necessary to the support of their civil and religious liberties. This, Sir, is a principle of allegiance equally solid and rational, fit for Englishmen to adopt, and well worthy of your majesty's encouragement.

We cannot long be deleded by nominal distinctions. The name of Stuar of itself is only contemp tible, armed with the sovereign authority, their principles are formed able. The prince the imitates their conduct should be warned by example, and while he plumes himself upon the security of his title to the crom, should remember that, as it was acquired by one revolution, it may be lost by ano her

Ser Junius (2 vo.s. 17-2). Junius (3 vols. 1212). the Life of Francis by Parkes and Merivale (17-6). articles in Dike s. Papers of a Critic (17-12). articles in the Athenarum for 1282 and 17-97 by Mr. Fraver Rae. Chabo. and Twistleton, The Hardwriting of Junius (1871). H. R. Fraves. Junius Preveiled (1894). and The Francis Letters, edited by Beala Francis and Eliza Keary (1990).

Dr John Langhorne (1735-79), born at Kirl oy Stephen in Westmorland, was for two years a London curate, and then from 1766 rector of Blagdon, Somerset, with a prebend of Wells Langhorne wrote various prose works, the most successful being the Letters of Tleodosius and Constantia, and in conjunction with his brother, the Rev WILIIAM LANGHORNE (1721-72), he published a translation of Plutarch's Lives (1770) long the standard one. His efforts in satire and drama nere unsuccessful, his ballad Owen of Carron, founded on the old Scotush tale of Gil Morrice, is smooth and rhythmical, but in poetical value falls far below its original. The only poem of Langhorne's which has a true vein of originality is his Country Justice (1774-77), and there lic anticipated Crabbe in painting the rural life of His picture of the England in true colours Gypsies, and his sletches of venal clerks and i rapacious overseers, are genuine lil enesses has not the raciness or vividness of Crabbe, but he has all Crabbe's fidelity, and he pleads as varmly for the poor vagrant

Still mark if vice or nature prompts the deed, Still mark the strong templation and the need On pressing wan, on famine a powerful call, At least more leuient let the justice fall. For him who, lost to every hope of life, Has long with Fortune held unequal strife, Known to no human love, no human care, The friendle s, homeless object of despair For the poor vagrant feel, while he complains, Nor from ad freedom send to sadder chains. Alike if folly or misfortune brought Those last of woes his evil days have wrought, Believe with social mercy and with me, Foll, 's misfortune in the first degree.

Perhaps ou some inhospitable shore. The houseless wretch a widoved parent bore, who then, no more by golden prospects led. Of the poor Indian begged a leafy bed. Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain, Perhaps that parent mourned her soldier slain, Bent o'er her bake, her eye dissolved in dew, The big drops mingling with the mill he drew, Gare the sad presage of his future years, The child of misery, baptised in tears.

This allusion to the dead soldier and his widow on the field of battle was the subject of a print by Bunbury, under which vere engraved Langhorne's pathetic lines—Scott recorded that the only time he saw Robert Burns, a copy of this picture was in the room in Dr Adam Ferguson's house. Burns shed tears over it, and Scott, then a lad of fifteen, told him where the lines were to be found. The print seen by Burns is now in the Chambers Institution at Peebles, having been presented to Dr Robert Chambers by Sir Adam Ferguson, son of the historian and transferred by Dr R Chambers to Dr William Chambers for preservation in the Institution. The name of 'Langhorne,' though in very small characters, is engraved on the print below the quotation, and this had drawn Scott's attention to the poem

Appeal to Justices in behalf of the Poor

Let age no longer toil with feeble strife, Worn by long service in the war of life, Nor leave the head, that time liath whitened, nare To the rude insults of the searching air, Nor bid the linee, by labour hardened, bend, O thou, the poor man's hope, the poor man's friend!

If, when from heaven severer seasons fall, Fled from the frozen roof and mouldering wall, Each face the picture of a winter day, More strong than Teniers' pencil could portray, If then to thee resort the shivering train, Of cruel days, and cruel man complain, Say to thy heart—remembering him who said—'These people come from far, and have no bread'

Nor leave the venal clerk empowered to hear, The voice of want is sacred to the ear. He where no fees his sordid pen invite, Sports with their tears, too indolent to write, Life the fed monkey in the fable, vain To hear more helpless animals complain

But chief thy notice shall one monster claim, A monster furnished with a human frame—
The parish officer!—though verse disdain
Terms that deform the splendour of the strain,
It stoops to bid thee bend the brow severe
On the sly, pillering, cruel overseer,
The shuffling farmer, faithful to no trust,
Ruthless as rocks, insatiate as the dust!

When the poor hind, vith length of years decayed, Leans feebly on his once subduing spade, Forgot the service of his abler days, His profitable toil and honest praise, Shall this low wretch abridge his scanty bread, This slave, whose board his former labours spread?

When harvest's burning suns and sickening air From Iabour's unbraced hand the grusped hook tear, Where shall the helpless family be fed, That vainly languish for a father's bread? See the pale mother, sunk with grief and care, To the proud farmer fearfully repair, Soon to be sent with insolence away, Referred to vestries, and a distant day! Referred—to perish! Is my verse severe? Unfriendly to the human character? Ah! to this sigh of sad experience trust. The truth is rigid, but the tale is just.

If m thy courts this causiff wretch appear, Think not that patience were a virtue here. His low born pride with honest rage control, Sinite his hard heart, and shake his reputle soul But, hapless! oft through fear of future wee,

And certain vengernee of the insulting for, Oft, ere to thee the poor prefer their prayer, The last extremes of penury they bear

Wouldst thou then ruse thy patriot office higher? To something more than magistrate aspire! And, left each poorer pettier chase behind Step nobly forth, the friend of humankind! The game I start courageously pursue! Adicu to fear I to insolence adien! And first we'll range this mountain's stormy side, Where the rude winds the shepherd's roof deride As meet no more the wintry blast to bear, And all the wild hostilities of air That roof have I remembered many a year. It once give refuge to a hunted deer-Here, in those days, we found an aped pair But time untenants—had what seed thou there? 'Horror '- by Heaven extended on a bed Of maked fern, two human erestures dead " I inbracing as alive '-ali no '-no life ' Cold, breathless!

The the shepherd and his wife I knew the scene and brought thee to behold What speaks more strongly than the story told—I hey died through want

'By every power I swear,
If the wretch treads the earth, or breathes the air
Through whose default of duty, or design
These victims fell, he dies'

They fell by those

'Infernal! Minc 1-hy ---

Swear on no pretence A swearing justice wants lioth grace and sense

## A Farewell Hymn to the Valley of Irwan

Farewell, the fields of Irwan's vale,
My infant years where I area led,
And soothed me with the western gale,
Her wild dreams waving round my head,
While the blittle blackbird told his rale
I arewell, the fields of Irwan's vale?

The primrose on the valley's side,

The green theme on the mountain's head,
the wanton rose, the daisy pied,
The wilding's blossom blushing red

No longer I their sweets inhole I arewell, the fields of Irwan's vale

How off, within you vicant shade,
Has evening closed my carcless eve!
How off, along those banks I've strayed,
And watched the wave that wandered by,
Full long their loss shall I bewal
I arewell, the fields of Irwan's vale!

Yet still, within you vacant grove,
To murk the close of parting day,
Along you flowery banks to rove,
And watch the wave that winds away,
Fair Pancy sure shall never fail,
Though far from these and Irwan's vale

John Langhorne's Poetical 11 orks were collected by his son, the Rev John T Langhorne (2 vols 1804) and are included in the sixteenth volume of Chalmers's Fuglish Foets

William Julius Wickle (1735-88) i remem bered is in early translator of the Luxual from the Portugue a of Company, and was a poet of some natural raft, though of no sicil poses. He was son of the immeter of Lingholm in Dumfiles slare, and became clerk and then chief permer in in I dinbuigh brevery, but he fuled in bu mess, and in 1763 went tiel ondon's ith literary aubitions. Lord Lyttelian encouraged his poetic efforts, and Mielle was brosed up with dreams of patronage I wo years of mere ising destrution and eclebrate dispelled this vision, and the poet was glad to recept a situation as corrector of the Claimfon Press at Oxford (1765) Here he published Pellio an elem, and the Cor i have, a poem in the manner of Spenser, which he afters and reprinted such the title of Si*r Harlyi* Middle directed the archaic phrascology of Speas ray Inch was intigered even in the i, e of the Lacrie Queere and had been ilmost vibolly discreded by Thomson in his Cartle of Indoteric The first stand of the peem was quoted by Sir William Scott-diverted of its anuque spelling to sho that Mickle, with a vein of great ficility, united a power of verbal inclody, which might have been enough by bands of much greater renoun !

As the, we west winds through the londs of le, And I they to thy far a less or betale. I wen now, with baling sweetness breathes the pale, I tunpling with downs wing the stills lake. Through the pale willows faltering who pais a the And I vening comes with locks bedropped with dem. On Descioud's monidering interest slowly shake. The withered rise grass and the barefull the And ever and anon sweet Mulla's plants renew.

The poem was highly successful—not the less perhaps because it was printed anonymously and was isorphed to different authors, and it went Veltaire in the Studes through three editions (1770) was in ittack on Hume. In 1771 Mickle published the first canto of his Camoens, which was completed in 1775 and being supported by a long list of subscribers, was highly advantageous His somewhite both to his fame and fortune Popenn version of Os Iustadas is a fairly close rendering, with occasional expansions and para phrises, but in its smoothness loses much of the directness of the original. In 1779 he went out to Portugal as secretary to Commodore Johnstone, and was received with much distinction in Lisbon On the return of by the countrymen of Camoens the expedition Mickle was appointed joint agent for the distribution of the prizes. His own share and having received some was considerable money by his marriage with a farmer's daughter whom he had known in his obscure sojourn at Oxford, he spent his last years in ease and leisure He died at I orest Hill near Oxford

The most notable of Mickle's original poems is his balled of Cumnor Hall (1784), which acquired additional interest later on through its having suggested to Sir Walter Scott the groundwork

of Kemlworth, it was Constable v ho proposed the title Kemlworth after Scott had intended to give the novel the same name as the ballad. Mickle also wrote a play on The Stege of Marseilles, which Garrick refused, and the Prophecy of Queen Emma, on American independence. He assisted in Evans's Collection of Old Balladsin which Cumnor Hall and other pieces of his first appeared in 1784, and though he did not reproduce the direct simplicity and unsophisticated ardour of the real old ballads, he attained to something of their tenderness and pathos a number of songs, the last being on his birthplace, Eskdale Braes The famous Scotch song originally called, somewhat absurdly, The Mariner's Wife, but usually named from its chorus There's nae Luck about the House, is almost certainly Mickle's, though in 1810 Cromek asserted it to be the work of Jean Adam (afterwards calling herself Miss Jane Adams), successively servant-maid in Greenock, schoolmistress, and hawker, who, born in 1710, died in 1765 in the Glasgow poorhouse, having published in 1734 a small volume of poor religious poems There's nae Luck was sung in the streets about 1772, and was first asserted to be Jean's by some of her old pupils, without evidence. An imperfect, altered, and corrected copy was found among Mickle's manuscripts after his death, and his widow confirmed the external evidence in his favour by an express declaration that her husband had said the song was his own, and that he had explained to her the It is the fairest flower in his Scottish words poetical chaplet, but was not published till after his death, by the editor of his works (1806) Beattie (a kinsman of Mickle's) added a double stanza to this song, containing a happy epicurean fancy-which Burns, who commended the whole song as 'one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots or any language,' said was 'worthy of the first poet '

> The present moment is our ain, The neist we never saw

#### Cumnor Hall.

The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby

Now nought was heard beneath the skies, The sounds of busy life were still, Save an unhappy lady's sighs, That issued from that lonely pile.

- 'Leicester,' she cried, 'is this thy love That thou so oft has sworn to me, To leave me in this lonely grove, Immured in shameful privity?
- 'No more thou com'st, with lover's speed,
  Thy once beloved bride to see,
  But be she alive, or be she dead,
  I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

- 'Not so the usage I received
  When happy in my father's hall,
  No faithless husband then me grieved,
  No chilling fears did me appal.
- 'I rose up with the cheerful morn,
  No lark so blithe, no flower more gay,
  And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,
  So merrily sung the livelong day
- 'If that my beauty is but small,
  Among court ladies all despised,
  Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
  Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?
- 'And when you first to me made suit,
  How fair I was, you oft would say!
  And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,
  Then left the blossom to decay
- 'Yes' now neglected and despised,
  The rose is pale, the lily's dead,
  But he that once their charms so prized,
  Is sure the cause those charms are fled.
- 'For know, when sickening grief doth prey And tender love's repaid with scorn, The sweetest beauty will decay What floweret can endure the storm?
- 'At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
  Where even lady's passing rare,
  That Eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
  Are not so glowing, not so fair
- 'Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds Where roses and where lilies vic, To seek a primrose, whose pale shades Must sicken when those gauds are by?
- ''Mong rural beauties I was one,
  Among the fields wild flowers are fair,
  Some country swain might me have won,
  And thought my passing beauty rare.
- 'But, Leicester—or I much am wrong— It is not beauty lures thy vows, Rather ambition's gilded crown Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.
- 'Then, Leicester, why again I plead— The injured surely may repine— Why didst thou wed a country maid, When some fair princess might be thine?
- 'Why didst thou praise my humble charms, And, oh! then leave them to decay? Why didst thou win me to thy arms, Then leave to mourn the livelong day?
- 'The village maidens of the plain Salute me lowly as they go Envious they mark my silken train, Nor think a countess can have woe.
- 'The simple nymphs! they little know How far more happy's their estate, To smile for joy, than sigh for woe, To be content, than to be great.
- \* How far less blest am I than them, Daily to pine and waste with care! Like the poor plant, that, from its stem Divided, feels the chilling air

'Nor, cruel I arl' can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude,
Your minions proud my peace de troy,
By sullen frowns or prating rude

"I ast night as and I chanced to stray
The village death bell smote my ear
They winked aside, and beined to my
"Counters, prepare—thy end remeat

And now, while happy personts 1 ep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn
No one to soothe me as 1 weep,
Save Philomel on yonder thorn

'My spirits flas, my hope decay Still that dread death bell simites my car, And many a body cems to ay "Countess, propage thy end is near."

Thus sore and sad that lady given land Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved, And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
In Cunnor Hall, so lone and dreat,
I all many a piereing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear

The death bell three was heard to mig, An actual voice was heard to call And three the raven flapped his ving Around the towers of Cumnor Hall

The mastiff howled at village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green.
Woe was the hour for never more
That hapless Counte's cer was seen

And in that manor, now no more
Is cheerful feast or sprightly ball
I or ever since that dream hour
Have spirits haunted Chimnor Hall

The village maids, with fearful glance
Avoid the ancient moss grown wall
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall

Full many a traveller has sighed,
And pensive wept the Counters' fall,
As windering onwards they 've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall

There's nae Luck about the House

But are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jands, fling by your wheel
There's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a,
There's nae luck about the house,
When our gudeman's awa'

Is this a time to thinh o' work,
When Cohn's at the door?
Rax down my clock—I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore

Receip and miles deem preside,
Put on the movile pit,
Goe had list a her contour on,
And for his Sunday is at

And mall their terms 112 to as from
Their vortice which may
It of to plen use out of comme.
The hand to be them for a

There are to a benone to the crib,

Has fed this month on bone.

The hase of letters of corresponds.

That Colon viril may the

Pring down to me right some,
If histopy and posts,
I or I right some to the bodies is for
That Cetan some to that

My Tirley ligher filly o, My o, inspectible ~ It so to pleat every limin follow by the life in the

Sette he heart, see ease E to pic,
He he he his collector,
He see fit he messen 't
As he come not be tare

And will I so his five a, in And will I have him speas.
I in docing his dues we the thought In the hiller like to great.

In the author's manuscript as Inch has 'button gown' where 'co ton youn' is usually given another yease is added

If Colin's weel, and weel concern, a line one main to crave.

And pin't live to mak him's c,

I'm b'es absont the live.

The following was the addition made by Beat &

The could blasts of the samer was?

That thrilled through my he is.
They're a blawn by, I I achim safe,
fill death we'll never part.

But what put parting in my head?

It may be far awa?,

The present moment is our ain,

The neist we never san

# The Spirit of the Cape -From the 'Lusiad.'

Now pro perou gales the ben hing canvas swelled. From these rude shores our fearless course we held. Beneath the clistening wave the god of day. Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray, When o er the prow a sudden darkne—spread. And slowly floating o'er the mast's tall head. A blief cloud hovered, nor appeared from far. The moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly twinkling star, So deep a gloom the lowering vapour east, Fransfixed with awe the bravest stood aghast. Meanwhile a hollow bursting roar resounds. As when hourse surges lash their rocky mounds,

Nor had the blackening wave, nor frowning heaven, The wonted signs of gathering tempest given. Amazed ve stood—O thou, our fortnne's guide, Avert this omen, mighty God, I cried, Or through forhidden climes adventurous strayed, Have we the secrets of the deep survived, Which these wide solitudes of seas and sky Were doomed to hide from man's unhallowed eye? Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more Than midnight tempests and the mingled roar, When sea and sky combine to rock the marble shore.

I spoke, when rising through the darkened air, Appalled, we saw a hideous pliantom glare, High and enormous o'cr the flood he towered, And thwart our way with sullen aspect lowered. Unearthly paleness o'er his cheeks was spread, Erect uprose his hairs of withered red, Writhing to speak, his sable hips disclose, Sharp and disjoined, his gnashing teeth's blue rows, His haggard heard flowed quivering on the wind, Revenge and horror in his mien coinhined, His clouded front, by withering lightning scarred, The inward anguish of his soul declared. His red eyes glowing from their dusky caves Shot livid fires far echoing o'er the waves His voice resounded, as the caverned shore With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar Cold gliding horrors thrilled each hero's breast, Our bristling hair and tottering knees confessed Wild dread, the while with visage ghastly wan, His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began

"O you, the boldest of the nations, fired By daring pride by lust of fame inspired, Who, scornful of the bowers of sweet repose, Through these my waves advance your learless prows, Regardless of the lengthening watery way, And all the storms that own my sovereign st ay, Who 'mid surrounding rocks and shelves explore Where never hero braved my rage before, Ye sons of Lusus, who, with eyes profane, Have viewed the secrets of my awful reign, Have passed the bounds which jealous Nature drew, To veil her secret shrine from mortal view, Hear from my lips what direful woes attend, And bursting soon shall o'er your race descend

'With every bounding keel that dares my rage,
Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage,
The next proud fleet that through my dear domain,
With daring search shall hoist the streaming vane,
That gallant navy by my whirlwinds tossed,
And raging seas, shall perish on my coast.
Then he who first my secret reign descried,
A naked corse wide floating o'er the tide
Shall drive Unless my heart's full raptures fail,
O Lusus' oft shalt thou thy children wail,
Each year thy shipwrecked sons shalt thou deplore,
Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my shore.'

He spoke, and deep a lengthened sigh lie drew, A doleful sound, and vanished from the view, The frightened billows gave a rolling swell, And distant far prolonged the dismal yell, Faint and more faint the howling echoes die, And the black cloud dispersing, leaves the sky

There is an edition of Mickle's works with Life, by Sim (1809). Mickle's translation of the Lunad superseded that of Fanshawe and has been succeeded by those of Quillinan Musgrave, Mitchell and Sir Richard Burton

James Beattie (1735-1803) was the son of a small farmer and shopkeeper at Laurencekirk in Kincardine. He lost his father in childhood, but was assisted in his education by a kindly elder brother, and in his fourteenth year he obtained a bursary or exhibition (implying some proficiency in Latin) at Marischal College, Aberdeen Having graduated and been appointed schoolmaster of the parish of Fordoun (1753), he was placed amidst scenery which stirred his love of nature and poetry scenes sketched in his Minstrel were plainly those m which he had grown up, and the feelings and aspirations therein expressed were those of his own boyhood and youth In 1758 he was elected a master of the grammar-school of Aberdeen, and in 1760 Professor of Vloral Philosophy and Logic in Marischal College In 1761 he published a collection of poems and translations contributed from time to time to the Scots Magazine, the piece called Retirement being most noticeable 1765 appeared The Judgment of Paris, and some ungenerous verses on the death of Churchill His ardour for what he held to be the truth led him at times into intolerance, and he was too fond of courting the notice and approbation of the great. In 1770 the poet appeared as a metaphysician in his Essay on Truth, where orthodox principles vere defended in no very philosophical temper, and in a style which suffered by comparison with that of his illustrious opponent, David Hume. Next year the first part of The Minstrel was published, and was received with universal approbation. Honours flowed in on the fortunate author He visited London, and was admitted to all its brilliant and distinguished circles, Goldsmith, Johnson, Garrick, and Reynolds were numbered among his friends On a second visit in 1773 he had an interview with the king and queen, which resulted in a pension of £200 per annum Oxford made him LLD, and Revnolds painted his portrait in an allegorical picture, in which he was seen by the side of the angel of Truth, thrusting down Prejudice, Scepticism, and Folly (two of them meant for Hume and Voltaire) He was even promised preferment in the Church of England The second part of the Minstrel was published in 1774, the projected third Domestic sorrows marred part never appeared Beattie's otherwise happy lot. His wife became insane, and had to be confined in an asylum, and he lost both of his accomplished sons his last years he was overcome by despondency, and sank into mental and physical decay

To a new edition of the Essay on Truth in 1776, Beattie added essays on poetry and music, on laughter, and on the utility of classical learning, and in 1783 he published a series of moral and critical Dissertations, of which Cowper said that Beattie was the only author whose philosophical works were 'diversified and embellished by a poetical imagination that makes even the driest subject and the leanest a feast for epicures' The

Elements of Moral Science, largely a digest of his college lectures, appeared in 1790-93

The Minstrel, on which Beattie's fame now rests, is a diductic poem, in the Spenserian stanza, designed to 'trace the progress of a poetical genius, born in a rude ige, from the first dawning of fancy and reason till that period at which he may be supposed capable of appearing in the world as a minstrel' The idea was suggested by Percy's preliminary Dissertation to his Reliques The character of Edwin, the minstrel-in which Beattie embodied his own early feelings and poetical aspirations—is the most essential part of a rather plinless poem, the digressions and disqui sitions being more tedious than the descriptive passages Beattie was by nature a man of quick and tender sensibilities, and was well read in Gray, Collins, and other poets of the period no original poctic power, but here and there he shows a keener love for the romantic and grand in nature than is found in his predecessors (thus ranking amongst the promoters of Romanticism), and some of his really picturesque descriptions, in melodious verse, may yet be read with pleasure His verses to Alexander Ross, the author of The Fortunate Shepherdess, give him a minor place among Scottish vernacular poets The two first selections which follow are from the Minstel, the third from the ballad entitled The Hermit

## Beginning of 'The Minstrel'

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar,
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with Fortune an eternal war,
Checked by the scoff of Pride, by Livy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropped into the grave, unpitted and unknown!

And yet the languor of inglorious days
Not equally oppressive is to all
Ilim, who ne'er listened to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal
There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear the obstreperous trump of Tame,
Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had he, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim

The rolls of fame I will not now explore, Nor need I here describe, in learned lay, llow forth the Minstrel fared in days of yore, Right glad of heart, though homely in array, llis waving locks and beard all hoars gray, While from his bending shoulder, decent hung llis harp, the sole companion of his way, Which to the whistling wind responsive rung And ever as he went some merry lay he sung

I ret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride, That a poor villager inspires my strain, With thee let Pageantry and Power abide, The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign Where through wild groves at eve the lonely swain Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms. They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain, The parasite their influence never warms, Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms. Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn, Yet horror screams from his discordant throat Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn, While warbling larks on russet pinions float

Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on russet pinions float
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the gray linnets carol from the hill,
O let them ne'er, with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where they will.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand,
Nor was perfection made for man below
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are planned,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow,
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise,
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow,
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

Then grieve not thou, to whom the indulgent Muse Vouchsafes a portion of celestral fire

Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
The imperial banquet and the rich attire

know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.

Wilt thou debase the heart which God refined?

No, let thy heaven taught soul to Heaven aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony, resigned,

Ambition's grovelling crew for ever left behind

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul, In each fine sense so exquisitely keen, On the dull couch of Luxury to loll, Stung with disease, and stupefied with spleen, Frin to implore the aid of Flattery's screen, Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide—The mansion then no more of joy serene—Where fear, distrust, malevolence abide, And impotent desire, and disappointed pride?

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votney yields?
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields,
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?

#### Edwin.

There lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd swain, a man of low degree,
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady,
But he, I ween, was of the north countric,
A nation famed for song, and beauty's charms,
Zealous, yet modest, innocent, though free,
Patient of toil serene amidst alarms
Inflexible in faith invincible in arms

The shepherd swam of whom I mention made, On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock,

The sickle, scythe, or plough he never swayed,
An honest heart was almost all his stock,
His drink the living vater from the rock
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock,
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er they
went

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy
Deep thought oft seemed to fix his infant eye.
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrels;
Silent when glad, affectionate, though shy,
And now his look was most demurely sad,
And now he laughed aloud, yet none knew why
The neighbours stared and sighed, yet blessed the lad,
Some deemed him wondrous wise, and some believed him

But why should I his childish feats display?
Concourse, and noise, and toil he ever fled
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorons fray
Of squabbling imps, but to the forest sped,
Or roamed at large the lonely mountain's head,
Or where the maze of some bewildered stream
To deep introdden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, till Phoebus' beam,
Shot from the western cliff, released the weary team

The exploit of strength, dextenty, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring
His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would bleed
To work the woe of any living thing,
By trap or net, by arrow or by sling,
These he detested, those he scorned to wield
He wished to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrint far less, or truitor of the field,
And sure the sylvin reign unbloody joy might yield

Lo! where the stripling rapt in wonder, roves Beneath the precipice o'crhung with pine And sees on high, amidst the encircling groves, From chiff to chiff the foaming torrents shine While waters, woods, and winds in concert join, And echo swells the chorus to the skies. Would Edwin this majestic scene resign For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies? Ah, no! he better knows great Nature's charms to prize.

And oft he traced the uplands to survey,
When o'er the sly advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain gray,
And lake, dim gleiming on the smoky lawn
I ar to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil
But, lo! the sun appears, and heaven earth ocean smile

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost—
What dreadful pleasure there to stand sublime,
Like shipwrecked mariner on desert coast,
And view the enormous waste of vapour, tost
In billows, lengthening to the horizon round
Now scooped in gulfs, with mountains now embossed!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound.
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!

In truth he was a strange and wayward a ight, I ond of each gentle and each dreadful scenc. In darkness and in storm he found delight, Nor less than when on ocean wave screne, The southern sun diffused his dazzling slicen. Even sad vicissitude amused his sout, And if a sigh would sometimes intervene. And down his cheek a tear of pity roll, A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wished not to control.

#### The Hermit

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still, And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove, When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill, And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar, While his harp rung symphonions, a hermit began No more with himself or with nature at war, He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man

'Ah' why, all abandoned to darkness and woe, Why, ione Philomela, that languishing fall? I or spring shall return, and a lover bestow, And sorrow no longer thy bosom inthral But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay, Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn, O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away Full quickly they pass—but they never return

'Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky, The moon half extinguished her crescent displays But lately I marked, when majestic on high She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze kell on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue The path that conducts thee to splendour again But man's faded glory what change shall reney? Ah, fool' to exult in a glory so vain!

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more, I mourn but, ye woodlands. I mourn not for you, For morn is approaching, your charms to restore, Perfunied with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn kind Nature the embryo blossom will save. But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn—O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?

"Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
That leads, to bewilder and dazzles to blind
My thoughts wont to roun, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me and sorrow behind
"O pits, great Father of I ight," then I cried
"The creature, who fun would not wander from thee,
Lo humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free!"

'And darl ness and doubt are now fiving away
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorm
So breaks on the traveller, funt, and astray,
The bright and the balmy effolgence of morn
See Truth, Love and Mercy in troumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Leen's first bloom'
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are Elending
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb

The standard edition of Beatters points is that by Dyce in the Aldire Serie. Sir W. Forbes published a Life of him in 17 of 1 little es much about him in W. R. Frasers Hutt by el Laureure kirk (1982).

Michael Bruce (1746-67) was born at Kinnesswood in Kinross shire. His father, a poor weaver, trained his children to a knowledge of their letters and a deep sense of religious duty, and in the summer months Michael was put to herd cattle His education suffered, but as poet he found his account in solitary communion with nature, amidst scenery overlooking Lochleven and its ruined castle. In his fifteenth year the boy was judged fit for college, and at this time a relation of his father left him a legacy of 200 merks Scots-£11, 2s 2d sterling This sum the old weaver piously devoted to the education of his favourite son, who, enrolled in December 1762 a student at Edinburgh University, was soon distinguished for general proficiency and for taste in poetry. After three sessions at college, supported by parents, friends, and neighbours, he engaged to teach a school at Gairney Bridge on a salary of about £11 per annum He completed his arts course in 1765, and entered the Divinity Hill in connection with the Burgher, or Associate, Synod, intending to become a minister He obtained another school at Forest Mill near Tillicoultry in 1766, and taught for a time under equally depressing conditions His schoolroom was low-roofed and damp, and the poor youth, oppressed by poverty and disappointment, lost health and spirits. He wrote his poem of Lockleven at Forest Mill, but was at length forced to return to his father's cottage, a victim of consumption With death full in his view he wrote his Elegy-his best poem if we except the debated Cuckoo, whose authorship is discussed in the next article, where the poem is quoted, and he died on 5th July 1767, aged twenty one.

His poems were published in 1770 by his college friend John Logan, who warmly eulogised Bruce's character and talents Anderson's British Poets (1794) contained eleven of Bruce's poems 1807 Principal Baird published an edition by subscription for the benefit of Bruce's mother, then a nobin In 1837 a complete edition of the poems was issued, with a Life of the author, from original sources, by Mr Mackelvie, a Kinross shire minister The pieces left by Bruce have all the marks of youth-a style only half formed and immature, and resemblances to other poets so close and frequent that the reader is constantly stumbling on some familiar image or expression In Lochle in, a descriptive poem in blank verse, he obviously took Thomson as his model opening is a paraphrase of the commencement of Thomson's Spring, and epithets taken from the Seasons occur throughout the whole poem, with traces of Wilton Ossian, and many other fam liar poets. And it is argued that considerable passages are additions by Logan The Last Day, in blank verse, is inferior to Lochleven poems are a pastoral, a pastoral song, a rhymed fable, 'an Instorical ballad' (on Sir James the Ross), and an 'anacreontic'-not to speak of some or all of the hymns or Scripture paraphrases printed as Logan's, including *The Complaint of Nature*, given in the next article. The *Elegy* has many weak lines and borrowed ideas (thus the odd locution 'shut of eve' is straight from Blair, page 306), but attracts the reader and stirs sympathetic admiration for the young Christian philosopher who could thus describe the cheering aspects of reviving nature in the certain expectation of his own speedy dissolution.

# Elegy-Written in Spring

'Tis past—the iron North has spent his rage, Stern Winter now resigns the lengthening day, The stormy howlings of the winds assuage, And warm o'er ether western breezes play

Of genial heat and cheerful light the source, From southern climes, beneath another sky, The sun, returning, wheels his golden course Before his beams all noxious vapours fly

Far to the north grim Winter draws his train,

To his own elime, to Zembla's frozen shore,

Where, throned on ice, he holds eternal reign,

Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempests roar

Loosed from the bands of frost, the verdant ground Again puts on her robe of cheerful green, Again puts forth her flowers, and all around Smiling, the cheerful face of spring is seen

Behold! the trees new deck their withered boughs,
Their ample leaves, the hospitable plane,
The taper elm, and lofty ash disclose,
The blooming hawthorn variegates the seene.

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,
Puts on the robe she neither sewed nor spun,
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
From her low nest the tuited lark upsprings,
And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers,
Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings.

On the green furze, clothed o'er with golden blooms
That fill the air with fragrance all around,
The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,
While o'er the wild his broken notes resound

While the sun journeys down the western sky,
Along the greensward, marked with Roman mound,
Beneath the blithsome shepherd's watchful eye,
The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around

Now is the time for those who wisdom love, Who love to walk in Virtue's flower, road, Along the lovely paths of spring to rove, And follow Nature up to Nature's God

Thus Zoroaster studied Nature's laws,
Thus Socrates, the wisest of munkind,
Thus heaven taught Plato trueed the Almighty cause,
And left the wondering multitude behind

Thus Ashles gathered academic bays,
Thus gentle Thomson, as the seasons roll,
Trught them to sing the great Creator's praise,
And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walked along the dewy lawn,
My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn,
Before the lark I've sung the beanteous dawn,
And gathered health from all the gales of morn.

And, even when winter chilled the aged year,
I wandered lonely o'er the hoary plain
Though frosty Boreas warned me to forbear,
Boreas, with all his tempests, warned in vain.

Then, sleep my nights, and quiet blessed my days,
I feared no loss, my mind was all my store,
No anxious wishes e'er disturbed my ease,
Heaven gave content and health—I asked no more.

Now spring returns but not to me returns

The vernal joy my better years have known,
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown

Starting and shivering in the inconstant wind, Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was, Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined, And count the silent moments as they pass

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed No art can stop, or in their course arrest, Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead, And lay me down in peace with them at rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate, And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true. Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate, And hid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe,
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields 'ye cheerful plains ' Enough for me the church ard's lonely mound, Where melancholy with still silence reigns, And the ranl grass waves o er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eye,
When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with Wisdom where my Daphnis lies

There let me sleep, forgotten in the clav,
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes,
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

John Logan (1748–88) was included by Isaac D'Israeli, in his Calamities of Authors, amongst un fortunate men of genius Logan had undoubtedly ambitions he never realised, but there is nothing to warrant the assertion that he died of a broken heart. Born at Soutra in East Lothian, the son of a small farmer, who educated him for the ministry, Logan, after he had finished his studies at Edinburgh, been duly 'licensed' to preach, and been for a time tutor at Ulbster to the afterwards famous Sir John Sinclair, was in 1773 appointed one of the ministers of South Leith Under the auspices of Principal Robertson and Dr Hugh Blair, he read a course of lectures in Edinburgh,

an outline of which he published in 1781 as The Elements of the Philosophy of History, and in 1782 he printed one of his lectures on the Manners and Governments of Asia The same year he published his poems, and in 1783 Runnamede, 2 tragedy on the signing of Magna Charta. play was acted in Edinburgh, but only once-on account of its political references, it was said. His parishioners disapproved this exercise of his talents, and unfortunately Logan had lapsed into irregular and dissipated habits The consequence was that in 1786 he resigned his charge on receiving a small annuity, and settled in London, In London, Logan was a conwhere he died. tributor to the English Review, and wrote a pamphlet on the Charges against Warren Hastings -an eloquent defence and counter-attack on his accusers-which led to the trial of Stockdale the publisher, and to one of the most memorable of Erskine's speeches. Among Logan's manuscripts were found several unfinished tragedies, twenty-two lectures on ancient history, portions of a periodical work, and a collection of fervid sermons, two volumes of which were published by his executors By a perverse fate, what appear to have been Logan's lectures were printed (2 vols 1788-93), as his own, under the title of A View of Antient History, by Dr William Rutherford, who was headmaster of a school at Uxbridge

Logan it was who in 1770 published (see the preceding page) the poems of his dead college friend Michael Bruce. In doing so he exercised his editorial discretion by not printing several of the pieces amongst Bruce's manuscripts, as well as by making extensive alterations on and additions to Bruce's verses, and, as he states in his preface, 'to make up a miscellant, poems wrote by different authors are inserted' The best of these he afterwards claimed himself, and published as his own in 1781 spect to the vexed question of the authorship of the ode To the Cuckoo-which Burke admired so much that on visiting Edinburgh he sought out Logan to compliment him-the evidence seems to be as follows In favour of Logan, there is the open publication of the ode under his own name in 1781, the fact of his having shown it in manuscript to several friends before its publication, and declared it to be his composition, and that during Logan's life his claim to be the author was not disputed. In republishing the ode, Logan made corrections such as an author was likely to make in a piece written by himself eleven or twelve years before. In 1873 a careful and conscientious sifter of evidence, David Laing, in a tract on the authorship of this ode, defended Logan's claim, so did Dr John Small (British and Foreign L-ian gelical Review, 1877) and the Rev Robert Small (1b 1879), but Bruce's authorship was strenuously asserted by Dr Mackelvie (1837) and Dr A B Grosart (1865-86) There are certainly some arguments in support of Bruce's claim

The question has not been absolutely settled, and perhaps hardly admits of demonstrative It counts against Logan that he used in his sermons sentences or passages from Blair, Sherlock, Jeremiah Seed, and perhaps Zollikofer as translated And it should be remembered that questions of literary property were not in Logan's century so strictly regarded as now It is impossible to settle the authorship of some of the things by Swift and Arbuthnot and Pope. Great poets do not now incorporate with their own works, as Thomson did, passages by their friends, Mallet may have considerably altered and thought he had a claim to 'Rule Britannia,' though he did not write the first draft, and Erasmus Darwin unhesitatingly incorporated with the very opening of his Botanic Garden without remark, without her consent, and against her wish, a long passage that had already been published as a poem by his friend Miss Seward Apart from the ode To the Cuckoo, the best of Logan's things are his verses on a Visit to the Country in Autumn, his halfdramatic poem of The Lovers, and his fine ballad stanzas on the Braes of Yarrow Nine of the best of the Paraphrases adopted by the Church of Scotland in 1781, in several cases 'improved' versions of older hymns by Doddridge and others, are in their present shape attributed to him, but these also have been claimed by some for Michael

Logan's principles of the philosophy of history -though in the end the book degenerates into jottings on the salient features of the history of Egypt, Persia, Sparta, Athens, Macedonia, and Rome-are sufficiently modern or 'advanced' to warrant a quotation. At the outset he insists that 'the physical causes are those qualities of the soil and climate which work insensibly on the temper,' and 'delivers the opinion' 'that the original character of nations arises chiefly from physical causes, and that the subsequent changes are almost entirely owing to moral? He recognises three stages in early social development savages who have no permanent possessions, barbarous tribes 'who have adopted the idea of permanent possession in their flocks and herds, but who, as they still continue to migrate, have no private property in land,' and the stage of 'nations when they forsake their roving life and, settling in the soil, appropriate land?

The arrangements and improvements which take place in human affairs result not from the efforts of individuals, but from a movement of the whole society

From want of attention to this principle, history hath often degenerated into the panegyrie of single men and the worship of names. Lawgivers are recorded, but who makes mention of the people? When, moved with curiosity, we enquire into the causes of the singular institutions which prevailed at Sparta, at Athens, or Rome, historians think it sufficient to mention the names of Lycurgus, Solon, or Romulus. They seem to have believed that forms of government were established

with as much ease as theories of government were written. Such visionary systems are foreign to liuman affairs. No constitution is formed by a concert, no government is copied from a plan. Sociability and policy are natural to mankind. In the progress of society, instincts turn into arts, and original principles are converted into actual establishments. When an inequality of possessions takes place, the few that are opulent contend for power, the many defend their rights from this struggle of parties a form of government is established.

Illustrations of this observation from ancient and inodern states

The laws of a nation are derived from the same origin with their government.

Rising, in this manner, from society, all human improvements appear in their proper place, not as separate and detached articles, but as the various though regular phenomena of one great system Poetry, philosophy, the fine arts, national manners and eustonis, result from the situation and spirit of a people

All that legislators, patriots, philosophers, statesmen, and kings can do is to give a direction to that stream which is for ever flowing

It is this that renders history, in its proper form, interesting to all mankind, as its object is not merely to delineate the projects of princes or the intrigues of statesmen, but to give a picture of society and represent the character and spirit of nations.

Similar situations produce similar appearances, and, where the state of society is the same, nations will resemble one another

The want of attention to this hath filled the world with infinite volumes. The most remote resemblances in language, customs, or manners have suggested the idea of deriving one nation from another.

Nature directs the use of all the faculties that she hath given, in favourable circumstances every animal unfolds its powers, and man is the same being over the whole world

Illustrations both from savage and civilized nations.

Man is one animal, and, where the same situations occur, human nature is the same.

Hence the foundation of everything is in nature, polities is a science, and there is a system in human affairs

It is peculiar to the human race that the species improves as well as the individual

Hence a noble field presents itself to the philosophical historian, to trace the rise and progress of society and the history of civilization

All nations have been rude before they were refined The commencement of history is from the wood and the wilderness. Mankind appear everywhere, at first, a weak and infant species, and the most celebrated nations trace back their origin to a few wandering tribes

The early condition of our species, therefore, is a subject both of euriosity and importance. There are no records, however, of such a state. The youth of the society, like that of the individual, passes away unperceived

Happily for the historian, the discovery of America has supplied this defect

The history of the aborigines of America is eurious,

and we deliver it not as the annals of the new world, but as it belongs to the antiquities of mankind, and delineates the picture of all nations in the rude state

#### To the Cuckoo

Hail, benuteous stranger of the grove! Thou messenger of Spring! Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat, And woods thy welcome sing

What time the daisy deels the green,
Thy certain voice we hear,
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I had the time of flowers,
And here the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers

The school boy, wandering through the wood

Fo pull the primrose gay,

Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,

And imitates thy by

What time the pea puts on the bloom, Thou fliest thy vocal vale, An annual guest in other lands, Another Spring to had

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
This sky is ever clear,
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year!

Oh, could I fiv, 1 'd fly with thee !
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our nanual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring

The third line of the fourth verse originally stood
'Starts thy curious voice to hear,
which was doubtless altered by Logan as defective in quantity,
though 'ennous has been defended as truer to fact than 'new

## The Complaint of Nature

'Tew are thy days, and full of woe,
O man, of woman born l
Thy doom is written "Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return"

'Determined are the days that fiv Successive o'er thy head, The numbered hour is on the wing That lays thee with the dead

Alas! the little day of life
Is shorter than a span,
Act black with thousand hidden ills
To miserable man

Gay is the morning, flattering hope. The sprightly step attends. But soon the tempest howls behind, And the dark night descends.

'Defore its splendid I our the cloud Comes o'er the beam of light, A pilgrim in a weary lan I, Man tornes but a night Behold! sad emblem of thy state,
The flowers that paint the field,
Or trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield.

'When chill the blast of Winter blows, Away the Summer flies, The flowers resign their sunny robes, And all their beauty dies

'Anpt by the vert the forest fades, And, shaking to the wind, The leaves toss to and fro, and streak The wilderness behind

'The Winter past, reviving flowers
Anew shall paint the plain,
The woods shall hear the voice of Spring
And flourish green again

'But man departs this earthly scene, Ah' never to return! No second Spring shall e er revive The ashes of the urn

'The mexorable doors of death,
What hand can e er unfold?
Who from the cerements of the tomb
Can ruise the human mould?

'The mighty flood that rolls along lts torrents to the main, The waters lost can ne'er recall From that alwas again

'The days, the years, the ages, dark Descending down to night, Can never, never be re-leemed Pack to the gates of light

'So man departs the living scene,
To night's perpetual gloom
The voice of morning ne'er shall break
The slumbers of the tomb

'Where are our fathers? Whither gone The mighty men of old? The patriarchs, prophets, princes, king In sacred bool's enrolled?

'Gone to the resting place of man,
The everlasting home,
Where age, past have gone before
Where future ages come'

Thus nature poured the wail of wee,
And urged her came t cry
Her soice in agony extreme,
Ascended to the ky

The Almighty heard—then from his thone. In majesty he rose,
And from the beeven, that opened wife.
The voice in mercy flows.

When worth man reagn his breath And falls a clod of clay The soul immertal wings its flight fo never setting that 'Prepared of old for wicked men
The bed of torment lies,
The just shall enter into bliss
Immortal in the skies'

#### The Braes of Yarrow

'Thy bries were bonny, I arrow stream I
When first on them I that my lover,
Thy bries how dream, I arrow stream '
When now thy waves his body cover!
I or ever now, O I arrow stream!
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow,
For never on thy brinks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of I arrow

'He promised men milk white steed,
To bear me to his father's lowers,
He promised men little page,
To squire me to his father's towers,
He promised men wedding ring,—
The wedding day was fix'd to morrow,—
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas, his watery grave in Varrow!

'Sweet were his words when last we met,
My passion I as freely told him!
Clasp d in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him!
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost,
It vanish'd with a shrick of sorrow,
Thrice did the water wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan through Varrow

'His mother from the window look d,
With all the longing of a mother,
His little sister weeping walk'd
The green wood path to meet her brother
They sought him east, they sought him vest,
They sought him all the forest thorough,
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Varrow

'No longer from thy window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
No longer walk, thou lovely maid!
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough,
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow

'The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow.
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow'
The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow,
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow

# From 'Runnamede'

He is a traitor to his native land,
A traitor to mankind who in a cause
That down the course of time will fire the world,
Rides not upon the lightning of the sky
To save his country
The voice of freedom's not a still, small voice
'Tis in the fire, the thunder and the storm

The goddes, I therty delights to dwell
If rightly I foresee Britannia's fate.
The hour of peril is the haleyon hour,
The shock of parties brings her best repose,
Like her wild waves when working in a storm,
That foam and iour and mingle earth and heaven,
I et guard the island which they seem to shake

Amongst the poems reprinted in whole or in part after the Psalter in Scottish Bibles as 'paraphrases or hymns are the well known ones, 'O God of Abraham [Bethell by whose hand, 'Few are thy days and full of woe (abrilged from the poem quised above), 'O happy is the man who hearn, 'Behold the mountain of the Lord and 'Where high the heavenly temple stands. These are ill amongst the nine hymns published in 1781 as by Logan. 'O God of Lethel is as Lord Selborne said, Dr Doddridge's 'rewritten and certainly improved by Logan. And it should be no ed that the most convinced defender of Logan's right to most of the disputed poems insists that Bruze inust have written something on the lines of 'The Complaint of Nature though as it stands it is largely or mostly Logan's the artistic rounding off being certainly his. Mr D J Maelagan in The Section Paraphr were (1879) takes Logan's side. Dr Julian in his great Pictionary of Hymn Lyg (1892) follows Grocart.

Nathaniel Cotton (1705-86) vrote Visions in Verse, for the Entertainment and Instruction of Younger Minds, which are, on the whole, more likely to instruct than to amuse. He was born in London, the son of a Levant merchant, and as a medical practitioner at St Albans was distinguished for his skill in the treatment of mental disorders Cowper, a patient in Cotton's happily named 'Collegium Insanorum' bears evidence to his 'well known humanity and sweetness of Both in his nine Visions (Friendship, Happiness, Slander, Marriage, Death, &c.) and in his seven Fables ('The Scholar and the Cat,' 'The Small and the Gardener,' &c ) he imitated Gay in verse and manner, though, as a contemporary said, 'with greater forcibleness of the moral spirit'. There are also tales, epitaphs, imitations, and miscellanies, in some of which there are anticipations of the nineteenth century spirit, though in eighteenth century words

## To Children listening to a Lark.

See the lark prunes his active wings, Rises to heaven, and soars, and sings. His morning liymns, his mid-day lave, Are one continued song of pruse. He speaks his Maker all he can, And shames the silent tongue of man When the declining orb of light Reminds him of approaching night, His warbling vespers swell his breast, And as he sings he sinks to rest Shall birds instructive lessons teach, And we be deaf to what they preach?

Shall birds instructive lessons teach,
And we be deaf to what they preach?

No, ye dear nestlings of my heart,
Go, act the wiser songster's part
Spurn your warm couch at early dawn,
And with your God begin the morn
To Him your grateful tribute pay
Through every period of the day
To Him your evening songs direct,
His eye shall watch, His arm protect
Though darkness reigns, He's with you still,
Then sleep, my babes, and fear no ill.

preens

## The Fireside

Dear Cloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the prond,
In folly's maze advance,
Though singularity and pride
Be called our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay v orld v e'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs,
No noisy neighbour enters here,
Nor intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam
The world has no hing to lestow,
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear liut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark,
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Fyplored the sacred bark

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers, We, who improfe his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good,
A paridise below

Onr babes shall richest comforts bring
If thiored right, they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise
We'll form their minds with sindious care
To all that s manly, good, and fair,
And trun them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And erown our hoary hairs
They ll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares

No borrowed joys! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot
Monarchs! we envy not your state,
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot

Our portion is not large, indeed,
But then how little do we need!
For nature's calls are ferr.
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power,
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleased with favours given,
Dear Cloe, this is wisdom's part
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet,
But when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes
The relies of our store

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go,
Its cheekered paths of joy and woe
With cantious steps we'll tread,
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead

While conscience, like a faithful friend, Shall through the gloomy vale attend, And cheer our dying breath, Shall, when all other comforts cease, Like a kind angel, whisper peace, And smooth the bed of death.

His works I arious Pieces in Prose and Verse, published after his death by his son fill two volumes (1791) and are included in some of the collections of the poets.

Samuel Bishop (1731-95), born in London and educated at Merchant Taylors' School and St John's, Oxford, became, after taking orders, master of his old school. His poems (which fill two volumes quarto') are none of them long, and deal with subjects as miscellaneous as spring, the man of taste, cricket, the library, Sunday, the privateer the east chair, arithmetic, landscape painting, and the English scalor. Many of his happiest verses were addressed to his wife and daughter.

# To Mrs Bishop on the Anniversary of her Wedding-day with a Ring

'Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed'-So, fourteen years ago, I said Behold another ring '-' For what?' 'To wed thee o er again?' Why not? With that first ring I married youth, Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth Taste long admired sense long revered, And all my Molly then appeared If she, by ment since disclosed, Prove twice the woman I supposed, I plead that double ment now, To justify a double vow Here, then to day, with faith as sure, With ardour as intense, as pure, As when, nmidst the rites divine, I took thy troth, and plighted mine, To thee, sweet girl, my second ring A token and a pledge I bring With this I wed, till death us part, Thy riper virtues to my heart Those virtues which, before untried, The wife has added to the bride. Those virtues, whose progressive claim, Endearing wedlock's very name,

My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience' sake as well as love's.
And why '-They shew me every hour
Honour's high thought, Affection's power,
Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence,
And teach me all things—but repentance.

Two hundred and ninety-seven short poems are classified—oddly enough, some of them—as 'epigrams,' of which these arc specimens

## John Bull

John Bull whene'er the maggot bites, Cropsiek with ease and quiet, Raves about wrongs, roars about rights, All rumpus, rage, and riot

But if a foreign foe intrudes,
John tells a different story,
Away with fears! away with feuds!
All's Union, Triumph, Glory!

He scorns Dons, Dutchmen, and Mounseers, And spite of their alliance, With half the world about his ears, Bids t'other half defiance!

When England's foes her follies view, Luch day, each hour shews something new, But let them try in arms their skill, And England is—Old England still!

# Plus Ultra

When Johnson the lives of our poets composed, [closed He scarce thought how his own would be hacked when it We've had life upon life without end or cessation, A perfect biographical superfetation Male, feinale, friend, foe have had hands in the mess, And the paper announces still more in the press—Not a cat, though for cats fate spins ninefold the thread, Has so many lives, living, as Johnson has dead.

Hugh Blair (1718-1800), an Edinburgh minister, was long regarded as the most famous exponent of 'sacred eloquence' both in theory and in practice The number of sets of volumes of his sermons still to be seen in book-stalls and at book-auctions testifies not less strongly to the popularity he once enjoyed than to the change of taste in that depart-He was at first minister of a country church in Fiscshire, but was successively preferred to the Canongate, Lady Yester's, and the High Church in Edinburgh In 1759 he commenced a course of lectures on rhetoric and belles-lettres, becoming professor of that subject at the university in 1762, and in 1763 he published his Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian, in which he zealously defended the authenticity of Macpherson's Ossianic dis-In 1777 appeared the first volume of his Sci mons, which was so well received that the author published three other volumes, and a fifth was printed after his death. A royal pension of £200 further rewarded the author Blair next pub lished his university Lectures (1783), and they also met with a favourable reception. Though somewhat feeble in style and manner, they were accepted as a supreme code of the laws of taste that prevailed at the time. The sermons are written with taste and elegance, wholly without fervour, force, or profundity, and, after the manner of the 'Moderates,' inculcate Christian morality without allusion to controversial topics.

## On the Cultivation of Taste

Such studies have this peculiar advantage, that they exercise our reason without fatiguing it. They lead to inquiries acute, but not painful, profound, but not dry or abstruse They strew flowers in the path of science, and while they keep the mind bent in some degree and active, they relieve it at the same time from that more toilsome labour to which it must submit in the acquisi tion of necessary erudition or the investigation of abstract truth. The cultivation of taste is further recommended by the happy effects which it naturally tends to produce on human life The most busy man in the most active spliere cannot be always occupied by business Men of serious professions cannot always be on the stretch of serious thought. Neither can the most gay and flourishing situations of fortune afford any man the power of filling all his hours with pleasure always languish in the hands of the idle frequently languish even in the hands of the busy, if they have not some employment subsidiary to that which forms their main pursuit How, then, shall these vacant spaces, those unemployed intervals, which more or less occur in the life of every one, be filled up? How can we contrive to dispose of them in any way that shall be more agreeable in itself, or more consonant to the dignity of the human mind, than in the entertain ments of taste and the study of polite literature? He who is so happy as to have acquired a relish for these has always at hand an innocent and irreproachable amusement for his leisure hours, to save him from the danger of many a permicious passion He is not in hazard of being a burden to himself. He is not obliged to fly to low company, or to court the riot of loose pleasures, in order to cure the tediousness of existence

Providence seems plainly to have pointed out this useful purpose to which the pleasures of taste may be applied, by interposing them in a middle station between the pleasures of sense and those of pure intellect were not designed to grovel always among objects so low as the former, nor are we capable of dwelling con stantly in so high a region as the latter. The pleasures of taste refresh the mind after the toils of the intellect and the labours of abstract study, and they gradually raise it above the attachments of sense, and prepare it for the enjoyments of virtue So consonant is this to experience, that, in the education of youth, no object has in every age appeared more important to wise men than to tineture them early with a relish for the entertain ments of taste. The transition is commonly made with case from these to the discharge of the higher and more important duties of life. Good hopes may be enter tuned of those whose minds have this liberal and elegant turn. It is favourable to many virtues Whereas, to be entirely devoid of relish for eloquence, poetry, or any of the fine arts, is justly construed to be an un promising symptom of youth, and raises suspicions of their being prone to low gratifications, or destined to drudge in the more vulgar and illiberal pursuits of life

There are indeed few good dispositions of any kind

with which the improvement of taste is not more or less connected. A cultivated taste increases sensibility to all the tender and humane passions, by giving them frequent exercise, while it tends to weaken the more violent and fierce emotions.

'Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes Emollit mores, nec smit esse feros'

The elevated sentiments and high examples which poetry, eloquence, and history are often bringing under our view naturally tend to nourish in our minds public spirit, the love of glory, contempt of external fortune, and the admiration of what is truly illustrious and great. I will not go so far as to say that the improvement of taste and of virtue is the same, or that they may always be expected to coexist in an equal degree. More power ful correctives than taste can apply are necessary for reforming the corrupt propensities which too frequently prevail among mankind Elegant speculations are sometimes found to float on the surface of the mind, while bad passions possess the interior regions of the heart. At the same time, this cannot but be admitted, that the exercise of taste is, in its native tendency, moral and From reading the most admired produc punfying tions of genius, whether in poetry or prose, almost every one rises with some good impressions left on his mind, and though these may not always be durable, they are at least to be ranked among the means of disposing the heart to virtue. One thing is certain, that without possessing the virtuous affections in a strong degree, no man can attain eminence in the sublime parts of eloquence He must feel what a good man feels, if he expects greatly to move or to interest mankind. They are the ardent sentiments of honour, virtue, magnani mity, and public spirit, that only can kindle that fire of genius, and call up into the mind those high ideas, which attract the admiration of ages, and if this spirit be necessary to produce the most distinguished efforts of cloquence, it must be necessary also to our relishing them with proper taste and feeling

Dugald Stewart (1753-1828), by his essays and treatises no less than by his lectures, gave lucidity and popularity to the Scottish Philosophy The son of the Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, he was born in the college buildings there. While yet a youth he was appointed his father's assistant and successor, and in 1785, when Dr Adam Ferguson retired from the Moral Philosophy chair, Stewart was appointed his successor, and discharged the duties of the office till 1810 The latter years of his life were spent in literary retirement at Kinneil House near Bo'ness His political friends, the Whigs, when in office in 1806, created for him the sinecure office of Gazette writer for Scotland Few lecturers have ever been more popular than Dugald Stewart-his eloquence, taste, and dignity rendered him both fascinating and impressive. His writings are marked by the same characteristics, and can be read with pleasure even by those who have no very keen interest in metaphysical studies. This, indeed, the secret of their success then, has helped to render them They deal not merely with metaobsolete now

physics, but with logic, psychology, ethics, natural theology, the principles of taste, politics, and political economy He considerably developed the Scottish Philosophy, improving on its founder, Reid, by the fuller and more systematic exposition of the powers of the mind, and his contribution to the philosophy of taste was a notable advance The works include The Philosophy of the Human Mend (1792-1827), Philosophical Essays (1810), 1 Dissertation on the Progress of Metaphysical and Ethical Philosophy (originally for the Encyclo padia Britannica), and The Active and Moral Powers of Man, published a few weeks before his death Stewart also published Outhines of Moral Philosophy, and wrote colourless Memoirs of Principal Robertson, of Adam Smith, and of Reid 'All the years I remained about Edinburgh,' said James Mill, 'I used, as often as I could, to steal into Mr Stewart's class to hear a lecture, which was always a high treat. I have heard Pitt and Fox deliver some of their most admired speeches, but I never heard anything nearly so eloquent as some of the lectures of Professor Stewart. The taste for the studies which have formed my favourite pursuits, and which will be so to the end of my life, I owe to him? Other notable men who were taught by Stewart were Lords Jeffrey and Cockburn, Francis Homer, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Brougham, Sir James Mackintosli, the future Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Palmerston, and Earl Russell-for Stewart's fame and his philosophic Liberalism, as much as the Torvism of the English universities, attracted to Edmburgh many scions of the great English Whig houses Sydney Smith was an admiring auditor, and the Scottish metaphysician contributed in no small degree to the training of the next generation of English Whig statesmen and publicists His sym pathy with the Americans and, in the earlier stage, with the French Revolution provoked irritation and opposition amongst those of another way of thinking He had occasionally American colonials amongst his hearers, thus the father of James Russell Lowell studied under the Edinburgh philosopher

# On Memory

It is generally supposed that, of all our faculties, memory is that which nature has bestowed in the most unequal degrees on different individuals, and it is far from being impossible that this opinion may be well founded. If, however, we consider that there is scarcely any man who has not memory sufficient to learn the use of language, and to learn to recognise, at the first glance, the appearances of an infinite number of familiar objects, besides acquiring such an acquirintance with the laws of nature and the ordinary course of human affairs as is necessary for directing his conduct in life, we shall be satisfied that the original disparities among men in this respect are by no means so immense as they seem to be at first view, and that much is to be ascribed to different habits of attention, and to a difference of selection among the various events presented to their curio ity

It is worthy of remark, also, that those individuals

who possess unusual powers of memory with respect to any one class of objects are commonly as remarkably deficient in some of the other applications of that faculty I knew a person who, though completely ignorant of Latin, was able to repeat over thirty or forty lines of Virgil, after having heard them once read to him—not, indeed, with perfect exactness, but with such a degree of resemblance as (all circumstances considered) was truly astonishing, yet this person (who was in the condition of a servant) was singularly deficient in memory in all cases in which that faculty is of real practical utility. He was noted in every family in which he had been employed for habits of forgetfulness, and could scarcely deliver an ordinary message without committing some blunder

A similar observation, I can almost venture to say, will be found to apply to by far the greater number of those in whom this faculty seems to exhibit a preternatural or anomalous degree of force. The varieties of memory are indeed wonderful, but they ought not to be confounded with inequalities of memory. One man is distinguished by a power of recollecting names, and dates, and genealogies, a second, by the multiplicity of speculations and of general conclusions treasured up in his intellect, a third, by the facility with which words and combinations of words (the very words of a speaker or of an author) seem to lay hold of his mind. a fourth, by the quickness with which he seizes and appropriates the sense and meaning of an author, while the phraseology and style seem altogether to escape his notice, a fifth, by his memory for poetry, a sixth, by his memory for music, a seventh, by his memory for architecture, statuary, and painting, and all the other objects of taste which are addressed to the eye. All these different powers seem miraculous to those who do not possess them, and as they are apt to be supposed by superficial observers to be commonly united in the same individuals, they contribute much to encourage those evaggerated estimates concerning the original inequalities among men in respect to this faculty which I am now endeavouring to reduce to their first standard

As the great purpose to which this faculty is subservient is to enable us to collect and to retain, for the
future regulation of our conduct, the results of our past
experience, it is evident that the degree of perfection
which it attains in the case of different persons must
vary, first, with the faculty of making the original
acquisition, secondly, with the permanence of the
acquisition, and thirdly, with the quickness or readi
ness with which the individual is able, on particular
occasions, to apply it to use. The qualities, there
fore, of a good memory are, in the first place, to be
susceptible, secondly, to be retentive, and thirdly, to
be ready

It is but rarely that these three qualities are united in the same person. We often, indeed, meet with a memory which is at once susceptible and ready, but I doubt much if such memories be commonly very retentive, for the same set of habits which are favour able to the first two qualities are adverse to the third. Those individuals, for example, who, with a view to conversation, make a constant business of informing themselves with respect to the popular topics of the day, or of turning over the ephemeral publications subservient to the amusement or to the politics of the

times, are naturally led to cultivate a susceptibility and readiness of memory, but have no inducement to aim at that permanent retention of selected ideas which enables the scientific student to combine the most remote materials, and to concentrate at will, on a particular object, all the scattered lights of his experience and of his reflections. Such men (as far as my observation has reached) seldom possess a familiar or correct acquaintance even with those classical re mains of our own earlier writers which have ceased to furnish topics of discourse to the circles of fashion A stream of novelties is perpetually passing through their minds, and the faint impressions which it leaves soon vanish to make way for others, like the traces which the ebbing tide leaves upon the sand this all. In proportion as the associating principles which lay the foundation of susceptibility and readiness predominate in the memory, those which form the basis of our more solid and lasting acquisitions may be expected to be weakened, as a natural consequence of the general laws of our intellectual frame

Stewart's works edited by Sir William Hamilton, with a Life by Professor Vestch, appeared in 1854-58 in eleven volumes and see H G Graham's Scottish Men of Letters (1902).

Henry Mackenzie (1745-1831), long the Nestor of literary Edinburgh, was an imitator of Sterne in sentiment, pathos, and style, more care ful of the proprieties, less addicted to excursive ness, but vastly inferior in originality, force, and The son of an Edinburgh physician, he was educated at the High School and University of Edinburgh, and made the law his profession To qualify for work in the Exchequer Court, he went to London in 1765 and studied the English Exchequer practice, and on his return to Edin burgh he was made free of its literary circles, which then included men like Hume, Robertson, Adam Smith, and Blair In 1771 appeared his novel, The Man of Feeling, which was followed by The Man of the World (1773) and Julia de Roubigué (1777) Mackenzie was by far the most frequent and important contributor to the Mirror and Lounger, the first periodicals of the kind in Scotland, both of which he founded and edited (1779-80 and 1785-87), and he wrote some dramatic pieces, which were brought out at Edinburgh with but indifferent success Mirror and the Lounger he imitated Addison rather closely, and was even called by Scott 'the Northern Addison' At some time or another he imitated, deliberately or unconsciously, the most conspicuous writers of the century-not merely the Spectator group and Sterne, but Richardson, Fielding, and others He accordingly never attained to distinction or individuality, but his style is always good and wonderfully free from Scotti In the Lounger he had the glory of introducing Robert Burns to the Edinburgh wits and wider circles The friend of David Hume, he was still reading papers in the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1812, and after 1820 was the life of the company and one of the most active sportsmen in shooting-parties at Abbotsford, along with Scott

himself and Sir Humphry Davy And it was largely by a paper of his on the German theatre (1788) that interest had been awakened in Scotland in German literature He supported the Government of Pitt in pamphlets vritten with great acute-In real life the sentimental novelist was shrewd and practical, he had early exhausted his vein of romance, and was an active man of And it is curious to remember that the Man of Feeling was much addicted to cockfighting! In 1804 the Government appointed him to the office of comptroller of taxes for Scotland, a lucrative post which entailed much drudgery. In this office, enjoying the society of his family, his many friends, and his favourite sports of the field, writing occasionally on subjects of taste and literature (for 'the old stump,' he said, 'would still occasionally send forth a few green shoots'), Mackenzie hved to the age of eighty six.

His first novel is on the whole the best of his works, unless we rank above it some of his short contributions to the Mirror and Lounger, such as the tale of La Roche, an idealised sketch of David Hume. There is no regular story in the Man of Feeling, but the character of Harley, his bashfulness and excessive delicacy, entertain the reader, though the whole is very unlike real life. His adventures in London, the talk of club and park frequenters, his visit to Bedlam, and his relief of the old soldier and his daughter, are partly modelled on the affected sentimental style of the inferior romances, but show a facility in moral and pathetic portraiture that had till then been surpassed by Richardson alone. The character of Sir Thomas Sindall-Mackenzie's Lovelaceis forced and unnatural, his plots and intrigues imply a deliberate villainy and defiance of public opinion quite incredible in view of his rank and position in the world, and his deathbed sensibility and penitence are undoubtedly out of keeping with the rest of his character The 'romantic' adventures of young Annesly among the Indians are described with much spirit. Julia de Roubigné, still more melancholy than the Man of the World, has no gorgeous descriptions to relieve the misery and desolation which overwhelm a group of innocents whom for their virtues the reader would wish By this novel Mackenzie took a decided place amongst the literary abolitionists who followed Mrs Aphra Behn in denouncing West Indian slavery

# On Negro Slavery

I have often been tempted to doubt whether there is not an error in the whole plan of negro servitude, and whether whites or creoles born in the West Indies, or perhaps cattle, after the manner of European husbandry, would not do the business better and cheaper than the slaves do The money which the latter cost at first, the sickness—often owing to despondency of mind—to which they are liable after their arrival, and the proportion that die in consequence of it, make the machine, if it may be so called, of a plantation extremely expensive in its

operations. In the list of slaves belonging to a wealthy planter, it would astonish you to see the number unfit for service, pining under disease, a burden on their master. I am only talking as a merchant, but as a man—good Heavens! when I think of the many thousands of my fellow creatures groaming under servitude and misery!—great God! hast thou peopled those regions of thy world for the purpose of casting out their inhabitants to chains and torture? No, thou gavest them a land teeming with good things, and lightedst up thy sun to bring forth spontaneous plenty, but the refinements of man, ever at war with thy works, liave changed this scene of profusion and luxuriance into a theatre of rapine, of slavery, and of murder!

Forgive the warmth of this apostrophe! Here it would not be understood, even my uncle, whose heart



HENRY MACKENZIE.

From the Portrait by Sir Henry Raeburn in the National Portrait
Gallery

is far from a hard one, would smile at my romance, and tell me that things must be so. Habit, the tyrant of nature and of reason, is deaf to the voice of either, here she stifles humanity and debases the species—for the master of slaves has seldom the soul of a man

# Harley sets out on his Journey—The Beggar and his Dog

He had taken leave of his aunt on the eve of his intended departure, but the good lady's affection for her nephew interrupted her sleep, and early as it was, next morning when Harley came down stairs to set out he found her in the parlour with a tear on her cheek, and her candle cup in her hand. She knew enough of physic to prescribe against going abroad of a morning with an empty stomach. She gave her blessings with the draught, her instructions she had delivered the uight before. They consisted mostly of negatives, for London in her idea, was so replete with temptations, that it needed the whole armour of her friendly cautions to repel their attacks.

Peter stood at the door We have mentioned this

Harley's father had taken him faithful fellow formerly up an orphan, and saved him from being cast on the parish; and he had ever since remained in the service of him and of his son. Harley shook him by the hand as he passed, smiling, as if he had said 'I will not weep' He sprung hastily into the chaise that waited for him, 'My dear master,' said he, Peter folded up the step shaking the solitary lock that hung on either side of his head, 'I have been told as how London is a sad place.' He was choked with the thought, and his benediction could not be heard But it shall be heard, honest Peter! where these tears will add to its energy

In a few hours Harley reached the inn where he pro posed breakfasting, but the fulness of his heart would not suffer him to eat a morsel He walked out on the road, and guning a little height, stood gazing on the quarter he had left He looked for his wouted prospect, his fields, his woods, and his hills, they were lost in the distant clouds! He pencilled them on the clouds, and bade them farewell with a sigh !

He sat down on a large stone to take out a little pebble from his shoe, when he saw, at some distance, a beggar approaching him He had on a loose sort of coat, mended with different coloured rags, amongst which the blue and the russet were the predominant. He had a short knotty stick in his hand, and on the top of it was stuck a ram's horn, his knees (though he was no pilgrim) had worn the stuff of his breeches, he wore no shoes, and his stockings had entirely lost that part of them which should have covered his feet and ankles In his face, however, was the plump appearance of good humour he walked a good round pace, and a crook legged dog trotted at his heels

'Our delicacies,' said Harley to himself, 'are fantastic they are not in nature! that beggar walks over the sharpest of these stones barefooted, while I have lost the most delightful dream in the world from the smallest of them happening to get into my shoe.'-The beggir had by this time come up, and, pulling off a piece of hat, asked charity of Harley, the dog began to beg too -it was impossible to resist both, and, in truth, the want of shoes and stockings had made both unnecessary, for Harley had destined sixpence for him before. The beggar, on receiving it, poured forth blessings without number, and, with a sort of smile on his countenance, said to Hurley, 'that if he wanted his fortune told'-Harley turned his eye briskly on the beggar an unpromising look for the subject of a prediction, and silenced the prophet immediately 'I would much rather learn,' said Harley, 'what it is in your power to tell me your trade must be an entertaining one sit down on this stone, and let me know something of your profession, I have often thought of turning fortune teller for a week or two myself.'

'Master,' replied the beggar, 'I like your frankness much, God knows I had the humour of plain dealing in me from a child, but there is no doing with it in this world, we must live as we can, and lying is, as you call it, my profession but I was in some sort forced to the trade, for I dealt once in telling truth

'I was a labourer, sir, and gained as much as to make me live I never laid by, indeed, for I was reckoned a piece of a wag, and your wags, I take it, are seldom rich, Mr Harley ' 'So,' said Harley, 'you seem to know 'Ay, there are few folks in the county that I don't know something of, how should I tell fortunes else?'

'True, but to go on with your story you were a labonrer, you say, and a wag, your industry, I suppose, you left with your old trade, but your humour you preserve to be of use to you in your new?

'What signifies sadness, sir? a man grows lean on't, but I was brought to my idleness by degrees, first I could not work, and it went against my stomach to work I was scized with a jail fever at the time of the assizes being in the county where I lived, for I was always currous to get acquainted with the felons, because they are commonly fellows of much mirth and little thought, qualities I had ever an esteem for height of this fever, Mr Harley, the house where I lay took fire, and burnt to the ground, I was carried out in that condition, and lay all the rest of my illness in a barn I got the better of my disease, however, but I was so weak that I spat blood whenever I attempted to work I had no relation living that I knew of, and I never kept a friend above a week when I was able to joke, I seldom remained above six months in a parish, so that I might have died before I had found a settlement in any thus I was forced to beg my bread, and a sorry trade I found it, Mr Harley I told all my misfortunes truly, but they were seldom believed, and the few who gave me a halfpenny as they passed, did it with a shake of the head, and an injunction not to trouble them with a long In short, I found that people do not care to give alms without some security for their money, a wooden leg or a withered arm is a sort of draft upon Heaven for those who choose to have their money placed to account there, so I chauged my plan, and, instead of telling my own misfortunes, began to prophesy happiness to others. This I found by much the better way folks will always listen when the tale is their own, and of many who say they do not believe in fortune telling, I have known few on whom it had not a very sensible effect. I pick up the names of their acquaintance, amours and little squabbles are easily gleaned among servants and neighbonrs, and indeed people themselves are the best intelligencers in the world for our purpose, they dare not puzzle us for their own sakes, for every one is anxious to hear what they wish to believe, and they who repeat it, to laugh at it when they have done, are generally more serious than their hearers are apt to imagine. With a tolerable good memory and some share of cunning, with the help of walking a-nights over heaths and churchyards, with this, and shewing the tricks of that there dog, whom I stole from the sergeant of a marching regiment (and, by the way, he can steal too upon occa sion), I make shift to pick up a livelihood. My trade, indeed, is none of the houestest, yet people are not much cheated neither, who give a few halfpence for a prospect of happiness, which I have heard some persons say is all a man can arrive at in this world —But I must bid you good day, sir, for I have three miles to walk before noon, to inform some boarding school young ladies whether their husbands are to be peers of the realm or captains in the army, a question which I promised to answer them by that time '

Harley had drawn a shilling from his pocket Virtue bade him consider on whom he was going to bestow it.-Virtue held back his arm -but a milder form, a younger sister of Virtue's, not so severe as Virtue, nor so serious as Pity, smiled upon him his fingers lost their compression, -nor did Virtue offer to catch the money as it fell It had no sooner reached the ground, than the watchful cur (a trick he had been taught) snapped it up, and, contrary to the most approved method of s ewardship, delivered it immediately into the hands of his master (From The Man of Feeling)

#### Robert Burns

I I now not if I shall be accused of such enthusiasm and partiality, when I introduce to the notice of my readers a poet of our own country, with whose writings I have lately become requainted but if I am not greatly deceived, I think I may safely pronounce him a genius The person to whom I allude is of no ordinary rank Robert Burns, on Ayrshire ploughman, whose poems were some time ago published in a county town in the vest of Seo land, with no other ambition, it would seem, than to circulate among the inhabitants of the county where he was born, to obtain a little fame from those who had heard of his talents. I hope I shall not be thought to assume too much if I endersour to place him in a higher point of view, to call for a verdict of his country on the ment of his works, and to claim for him those honours which their excellence appears to deserve.

In mentioning the circumstance of his limble station, I mean not to rest his pretensions solely on that title, or to urge the merits of his poetry when considered in relation to the lowness of his birth, and the little oppor tunity of improvement which his education could afford These particulars indeed, might exeite our wonder at his productions, but his poetry considered abstractedly, and without the apologies arising from his situation, seems to me fully entitled to command our feelings, and to obtain our applause. One bar, indeed, his birth and education have opposed to his fame,-the language in which most of his poems are written. Even in Scot land, the provincial dialect which Ramsay and he have used is now read with a difficulty which greatly damps the pleasure of the reader in England it cannot be read at all, without such a constant reference to a glossary as [Here Mackenzie nearly to destroy that pleasure quotes a long extract from the 'Vision' and the whole of the 'Mountain Daisy ]

The power of genius is not less admirable in tracing the manners than in painting the passions, or in drawing the scenery of nature. That intuitive glance with which a writer like Sliake-peare discerns the characters of men, with which he catches the many changing hues of life, forms a sort of problem in the science of mind, of which it is easier to see the truth than to assign the cause. Though I am very far from meaning to compare our rustic bard to Shal espeare, yet whoever will read his lighter and more humorous poems, his Dialogue of the Dogs, his Dedica non to G- II-, Esq, his Epistles to a Young Friend, and to W S-n, will perceive with what un common penetration and sagacity this lieaven taught ploughman, from lus humble and unlettered station, has Against some passages looked upon men and manners of those last mentioned poems, it has been objected that they breathe a spirit of libertinism and irreligion If we consider the ignorance and functionsm of the lower class of people in the country where these poems were written, a fanaticism of that permicious sort which sets faith in opposition to good works, the fallacy and danger of which a mind so enlightened as our poets could not but perceive, we shall not look upon his lighter muse as the enemy of religion, (of which in several places he expresses the justest sentiments,) though she has some

times been a little unguarded in her ridicule of hypoc rist. In this as in other respects it must be allowed that there are exceptionable parts of the volume he has given to the public, which caution would have sup pressed, or correction struck out, but poets are seldom cautious, and our poet had, alas! no friends or companions from whom correction could be obtained. When we reflect on his rank in life, the habits to which he must have been subject, and the society in which he must have mixed, we regret perhaps more than wonder that delicacy should be so often offended in perusing a volume in which there is so much to interest and to please us

Burns possesses the spirit as well as the fancy of That honest pride and independence of soul a poet which are sometimes the muse's only dower, break forth on every occasion in his works. It may be, then, I shall wrong his feelings while I indulge my own, in calling the attention of the public to his situation and circum That condition, humble as it was, in which he found content and wooed the muse might not have been deemed uncomfortable, but grief and misfortunes have reached him there, and one or two of his poems hint, what I have learnt from some of his countrymen, that he list been obliged to form the resolution of leaving his native land, to seek under a West Indian clime that shelter and support which Scotland has denied him But I trust means may be found to prevent this resolu tion from taling place, and that I do my country no more than justice when I suppose her ready to stretch out her hand to cherish and retain this native poet, whose 'wood notes wild' possess so much excellence. To repair the wrongs of suffering or neglected ment, to call forth genius from the obscurity in which it liad pined judignant, and place it where it may profit or de light the world, these are exertions which give to wealth an enviable superiority, to greatness and to patronage a laudable pride. (From The Lennger, 9th Dec. 1786.)

See Robert Chambers s Eminent Scotsmen (1834), II G Graham s Scottish Men of Letters in the Eighteenth Century (1902)

Joseph Priestley (1733-1804), a great chem ist, an original and unorthodox theologian, and a Radical and unpopular political thinker, was born, a cloth-dresser's son, at Fieldhead in Birstall parish, near Leeds, 13th March 1733, and was carefully trained in the Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism by his pious mother He learnt French and High Dutch enough to translate and write business letters in both languages for an After four years at a Dissenting academy at Daventry, in 1755 he became Presbyterian minister at Needham Market, and wrote The Scripture Doctrine of Remission, denying that Christ's death was a sacrifice, and rejecting the Trinity and Atonement. In 1758 lie removed to Nantwich, where he ministered to a small congregation, several 'travelling Scotchmen' or pedlars who frequented the place he found to his surprise were none of them at all Calvinistical Priestley became a tutor at Warrington Academy in 1761 In yearly visits to London he met Franklin, who supplied him with books for his History of Electricity (1767) In 1764 he was made LLD of Edinburgh, and in 1766 F R S In 1767 he became

minister of a chapel at Mill Hill, Leeds, where he took up the study of chemistry In 1774, as literary companion, he accompanied Lord Shelburne on a Continental tour, and published Letters to a Philosoplucal Unbeliever But at home he was branded as an atheist in spite of his Disquisition relating to Matter and Spirit (1777), affirming from revelation our hope of resurrection He was elected to the French Academy of Sciences in 1772, and to the St Petersburg Academy in 1780, and in 1780 too he became minister of a chapel at Birmingham His History of the Corruptions of Christianity (1782) and his History of Early Opinions concerning Jesus Christ (1786) occasioned renewed controversy His reply to Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution secured him formal citizenship of the republic and election to the convention as deputy for Orne, an earlier and more important consequence for him was that it led a Birmingham mob first to wreck his chapel, and then break into his house and destroy its contents (1791) He now settled as a Unitarian minister and successor to Dr Price at Hackney, but in 1794 removed to America, where he was heartily received, and became a more con vinced Republican and a more pronounced Uni tarian, finally at Northumberland, in Pennsylvania, he died, believing himself to hold the doctrines of the primitive Christians, and looking for the second coming of Christ Priestley is justly called the father of the newer or pneumatic chemistry (as opposed to the phlogiston theory which his discoveries exploded), good authorities (see Nature, xlii 1890) defend the priority of his discovery of oxygen (1774) and of the composition of water (1781), and deny Lavoisier's claim to be considered an independent discoverer It was Priestley, not Bentham, who first coined the phrase 'The greatest happiness of the greatest number,' and the sentiment from the Corruptions of Christianity is characteristic 'As the greatest things often take rise from the smallest beginnings, so the worst things sometimes proceed from good intentions?

The following paragraphs are from Priestley's autobiographical *Memoirs*, the first extract having been written at Birmingham in 1787, the second in 1795, after he had settled in the United States

I esteem it a singular happiness to have lived in an age and country in which I have been at full liberty both to investigate, and by preaching and writing to propagate, religious truth, that though the freedom I have used for this purpose was for some time disadvantageous to me, it was not so long, and that my present situation is such that I can with the greatest openness urge whatever appears to me to be the truth of the gospel, not only without giving the least offence, but with the entire approbation of those with whom I am particularly con nected As to the dislike which I have drawn upon myself by my writings, whether that of the Culvinistic party in or out of the church of England, those who rank with rational dissenters (but who have been exceedingly offended at my carrying my inquiries farther than they wished any person to do), or whether they be unbelievers, I am thankful that it gives less disturbance to me than it does to themselves, and that their dislike is much more than compensated by the cordial esteem and approbation of my conduct by a few whose minds are congenial to my own, and especially that the number of such persons increases

About two years before I left Birmingham the question about the test act was much agitated both in and out of parliament. This, however, was altogether without any concurrence of mine. I only delivered, and published, a sermon on the 5th of November 1789, recommending the most peaceable method of pursuing our object. Mr Madan, however, the most respectable clergyman in the town, preaching and publishing a most inflammatory sermon on the subject, inveighing in the bitterest manner against the Dissenters in general, and myself in particular, I addressed a number of familiar letters to the inhabitants of Birmingham in our defence. This produced a reply from him, and other letters from me. All mine were written in an ironical and rather a pleasant manner, and in some of the last of them I introduced a farther reply to Mr Burn, another clergyman in Birmingham, who had addressed to me letters on the infallibility of the testimony of the Apostles concerning the person of Christ, after replying to his first set of Letters, in a separate publication

From these small pieces I was far from expecting any serious consequences. But the Dissenters in general being very obnoxious to the court, and it being imagined, though without any reason, that I had been the chief promoter of the measures which gave them offence, the elergy, not only in Birmingham, but through all Eng land, seemed to make it their business, by writing in the public papers, by preaching, and other methods, to inflame the minds of the people against me. And on occasion of the celebration of the anniversary of the French revolution on July 14th, 1791, by several of my friends, but with which I had little to do, a mob encouraged by some persons in power, first burned the meeting house in which I preached, then another meet ing house in the town, and then my dwelling house, demolishing my librari, apparatus, and, as far as they could, every thing belonging to me. They also burned, or much damaged, the houses of many Dissenters, chiefly my friends, the particulars of which I need not recite, as they will be found in two Appeals which I published on the subject written presently after the nots

Being in some personal danger on this occasion, I went to London, and so violent was the spirit of party which then prevailed, that I believe I could hardly have been safe in any other place. There, however, I was per fectly so, though I continued to be an object of trouble-some attention until I left the country altogether. It shewed no small degree of courage and friendship in Mr William Vaughan to receive me into his house, and also in Mr Salte, with whom I spent a month at Tottenham But it shewed more in Dr Price's congregation at Hackney, to invite me to succeed him, which they did, though not unanimously, some time after my arrival in London

In this situation I found myself as happy as I had been at Birmingham, and contrary to general expectation, I opened my lectures to young persons with great success, being attended by many from London, and though I lost some of the hearers, I left the congregation in a better situation than that in which I found it.

On the whole, I spent my time even more happily at Hackney than ever I had done before, having every advantage for my philosophical and theological studies, m some respects superior to what I had enjoyed at Birmingham, especially from my easy access to Mr Lindsey, and my frequent intercourse with Mr Belsham, professor of divinity in the New College, near which I lived. Never, on this side the grave, do I expect to enjoy myself so much as I did by the fire side of Mr Lindsey, conversing with him and Mrs Lindsey on theological and other subjects, or in my frequent walks with Mr Belsham, whose views of most important subjects were, lile Mr Lindsey's, the same with my own

I found, however, my society much restricted with respect to my philosophical acquaintance, most of the members of the Royal Society shunning me on account of my religious or political opinions, so that I at length withdrew myself from them, and gave my reasons for so doing in the Preface to my Observations and Experiments on the generation of air from water, which I published at Huckney. For, with the assistance of my friends, I had in a great measure replaced my Apparatus, and had resumed my experiments, though after the loss of near ty o years

See Rutt's edition of Priestley's Workt (1831-32) including the autobiographical Memoirs—and Martineau's Estags (vol. 1891).

Jean Louis De Loime (1740-1806) was somewhat maptly called by Isaac D'Israeli 'the English Montesquieu.' For, born at Geneva, he vas an advocate at home, and did not come to England till 1769, and there, in spite of his literary activity, he lived in great poverty, always in debt and repeatedly in prison Having inherited a small property, he returned to Geneva And the work by which he earned his solriquet, though Englished-by another hand, apparently, in 1775, as The Constitution of England-was written in French, and published The translation, which at Amsterdam (1771) flattered England, reached a tenth edition (with Life, 1853) The work shed no new light on the theory that the excellence English history of the English constitution depends on the beautiful equilibrium of the several departments or institutions has been not unjustly described as an expanded paraphrise of a single chapter of Montesquieu, and though for nearly a century it remained an authority for lack of better, it has long been superseded by works based on real historical research, and on scholarly and scientific study of records and original documents In 1772 there had been published anonymously A Parallel between the English Constitution and the former Government of Sweden, mainly an unauthorised translation of part of the Constitution A History of the Flagellants and Strictures on the Union were two of his half-dozen books and political pamphlets A quotation from De Lolme in the preface to the 'Junius' letters in 1771 (before any translation had appeared) led the musical literary Dr Thomas Busby to argue, incredibly enough, that De Lolme was concealed under that terrible nom de guerre

Robert Orme (1728-1801), historian of India, was born in Travancore, the son of an army doctor in the East India Company's service, was educated at Harrow, and from 1743 till 1758 was himself in the employment of the Company, at first as writer, and ultimately as commissary and accountant general His health failing, he settled in London in 1760, and wrote his History of the Military Transactions of the British Nation in Indostan from the Year 1745 (1763-78), a work which furnished the favourite reading of Colonel Newcome, and was praised by Macaulay as one of the most authentic and best written in the English tongue, though tedious from its minute details Even now some prefer to Macaulay's, for their old-fashioned stateliness and vigour, Orme's account of Bengal, his version of the Black Hole tragedy, and his description of the battle of Plassey In 1782 he published Historical Fragments of the Mogul Empire, of the Morattoes, and of the English Concerns in Indostan

## The Black Hole of Calcutta.

[The Nawab of Bengal, Siraj ud Daula (Suraja Dowlah), having captured the fort of the Calcutta factory, caused all the prisoners, 146 in number, to be crowded into one small apartment 18 feet square.] In the mean time every minute had increased their sufferings effect of their sufferings was a profuse and continued sweat, which soon produced intolerable thirst, succeeded by exeruciating prins in the breast, with difficulty of breathing-little short of suffocation. Attempts were again made to force the door, which, failing as before, redoubled their rage but the thirst increasing, nothing but water' water' became soon after the general cry The good Jemantdar immediately ordered some skins of water to be brought to the windows, but, instead of relief, his benevolence became a more dreadful cause of destruction, for the sight of the water threw every one into such excessive agitations and ravings, that, unable to resist this violent impulse of nature, none could wait to be regularly served, but each with the utmost ferocity battled against those who were likely to get it from him, and in these conflicts many were either pressed to death by the efforts of others, or suffocated by their own scene, instead of producing compassion in the guard without, only excited their mirth, and they held up lights to the bars, in order to have the diabolical satisfac tion of seeing the deplorable contentions of the sufferers within, who, finding it impossible to get any water whilst it was thus furiously disputed, at length suffered those who were nearest to the windows, to convey it in their hats to those behind them. It proved no relief either to their thirst or other sufferings, for the fever increased every moment with the increasing depravity of the air in the dungeon, which had been so often respired, and was saturated with the hot and deleterious effluvia of putrefying bodies, of which the stench was little less than mortal Before midnight, all who were alive and had not partaken of the air at the windows, were either in a lethargic stupefaction or raving with delirium Every kind of invective and abuse was uttered, in hopes of provoking the guard to put an end to their miseries, by firing into the dungeon, and whilst some were blaspheming their Creator with the frantic execuations of

the appearance of doing something, he falls into the dangerous habit of imitating without selecting, and of labouring without any determinate object, as it requires no effort of the mind, he sleeps over his work, and those powers of invention and composition which ought particularly to be called out and put in action he torpid, and lose their energy for want of exercise. It is an observation that all must have made, how incapable those are of producing any thing of their own, who have spent much of their time in making finished copies

These instructions I have ventured to offer from my own experience, but as they deviate widely from received opinions, I offer them with diffidence, and when better are suggested, shall retract them without regret. There is one precept, however, in which I shall only be opposed by the vain, the ignorant, and the idle. I am not afraid that I shall repeat it too often. You must have no dependence on your own genius. If you have great talents, industry will improve them if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labour nothing is to be obtained without it. Not to enter into metaphysical discussions on the nature or essence of genius, I will venture to assert, that assiduity unabated by difficulty, and a disposition eagerly directed to the object of its pursuit, will produce effects similar to those which some call the result of natural powers Though a man cannot at all times, and in all places, paint or draw, vet the mind can prepare itself by laying in proper materials, at all times, and in all places. Both Livy and Plutarch, in describing Philopoemen, one of the ablest generals of antiquity, have given us a striking picture of a mind always intent on its profession, and by assiduity obtain ing those excellencies which some all their lives vainly expect from Nature. I shall quote the passage in Lavy at length, as it runs parallel with the practice I would recommend to the Painter, Sculptor, or Architect.

I cannot help imagining that I see a promising young Painter, equally vigilant, whether at home, or abroad in the streets, or in the fields. Every object that presents itself is to him a lesson. He regards all Nature with a view to his profession, and combines her beauties. or corrects her defects He examines the countenance of men under the influence of passion, and often catches the most pleasing hints from subjects of turbulence or Even bad Pietures themselves supply him with useful documents, and, as Leonardo da Vinci has observed, he improves upon the fanciful images that are sometimes seen in the fire, or are accidentally sketched npon a discoloured wall. The Artist who has his mind thus filled with ideas, and his hand inide expert hy practice, works with ease and readiness, whilst he who would have you believe that he is writing for the Inspirations of Genius is in reality at a loss how to begin, and is at last delivered of his Monsters, with difficulty and pain The well grounded Painter, on the contrary, has only maturely to consider his subject, and all the mechanical parts of his Art follow without his exertion Conscious of the difficulty of obtaining what he possesses, he makes no pretensions to secrets, except those of closer applica tion. Without conceiving the smallest Jealousy against others, he is contented that all shall be as great as him self, who are willing to undergo the same fatigue and as his pre eminence depends not upon a trick he is free from the painful suspicions of a juggler, who lives in per petnal fear, lest his trick should be discovered

# Edmund Burke

stood high with his contemporaries as orator, politician, and author, and time has hardly abated his reputation, he still ranks as the most eloquent of our publicists, and, with the possible exception of Bacon, the most philosophical of English states Burke was born in Dublin, 12th January 1729, the son of a Protestant solicitor, his mother, whose name was Nagle, was a Roman Catholic. He was educated at a Quaker's school at Ballitore in Kildare, and afterwards (1743-48) at Trinity College, Dublin, where he read videly and desultorily In 1750 he removed to London, and entered himself as a student of the Middle Temple, but he seems soon to have abandoned his intention of prosecuting the law as a In 1756 he published anonymously a profession parody of Bolingbroke, a Vindication of Natural Society, in which the paradoxical reasoning of the noble sceptic is pushed to a ridiculous extreme, the majestic style was so skilfully imitated that many of the best judges believed the serious jeu-d'esprit to be Bolingbroke's In 1757 he published A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful, which at once secured universal attention, all the more because of its novelty. It relied largely on physiological considerations, objects appear beautiful because they have 'the power of producing a peculiar relaxation of our nerves and fibres' The Inquiry was translated into French and German author was soon made free of the society of Johnson, Reynolds, Garrick, Goldsmith, and the other eminent men of the day, but he was still struggling with difficulties and compiling for booksellers He suggested to Dodsley the plan of an Annual Register, which that spirited publisher adopted, Burke furnishing a large portion of the original matter for the first year (1759), and he con tinued for nearly thirty years to write the 'Survey of Events' in the Register In 1761 Burke went to Ireland as private secretary to 'Single speech Hamilton' (Chief-Secretary to the Earl of Halifax, Lord - Lieutenant of Ireland) This connection lasted only three years, as Burke's literary impulses rebelled against the conditions imposed—that he must give all his time to his patron In 1765 he became secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham, and was returned to the House of Commons as member for the pocket-borough of Wendover He soon distinguished himself in Parliament, but the Rockingham administration was dissolved in 1760, and Burke joined the Opposition

Though he held no office till the downfall of the North Ministra in 1782, Burke's public activity never ceased till his death. His cloquence, political knowledge, and force of character give him a foremost place in public life. Lord North's long administration (1770-82) was marked by the unsuccessful coercion of the American colonies, by corruption, extra agance,

and reaction Against this policy Burke and his Whig friends could only raise a strong protest. The best of Burke's writings and speeches belong to this period, and may be described as a defence of sound constitutional statesmanship against prevailing abuse and misgovernment. His first great pamphlet, Observations on the Present State of the Nation (1769), was a reply to George Grenville, On the Causes of the Present Discontents (1770) treats of the Wilkes controversy

Perhaps the finest of his many efforts are the speech on American Taxation (1774), the speech on Conciliation with America (1775), and the Letter to Sheriffs of Bristol (1777)—all advocating wise and liberal measures, which might have averted the mischief that cnsued In 1773 he made a visit to Paris, in 1774 he had to retire from his seat for Wendover, when he was elected by Bristol But his support of the proposals for relaxing the restrictions on the trade of Ireland with Great Britain, and for alleviating the laws against Catholics, cost him the seat in 1780, and

from that time till 1794 he represented Malton When the disasters of the American war brought Lord North's Government to a close, Burke was Paymaster of the Forces under Rockingham (1782), as also under Portland (1783) After the fall of the Whig Ministry in 1783 Burke was never again in office, and, misled by party feeling, he opposed Pitt's measure for Free Trade with Ireland and the Commercial Treaty with France. In 1788 he opened the trial of Warren Hastings by the speech which will always rank among the masterpieces of English eloquence. He opposed Pitt's Regency Bill (1788), and from this time forward his energies were mainly absorbed by the French Revolution, then 'blackening the horizon'-to use one of his own metaphors His Reflections on the French Revolution (1790) reached an eleventh edition in a year, was read all over Europe, and powerfully ! encouraged its rulers in strenuous resistance to the Revolution Burke, alienated on this subject from Fox and the Whigs, became more and more vehiement in his denunciations of the French innovations. The Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs, Thoughts on French Affairs, and Letters on a Regicide Peace were married by the vehiemence with which he urged the Government not only to fight the Revolution, but to suppress free opinions at home. Burke died 9th July 1797, and was

buried in the little church at Beacons field, where in 1768 he had purchased the estate of Gregories Dnring his whole political lifehis private affairs were sadly embarrassed, he had to borrow money to buy that estate, and he was always deep in debt. Two pensions were granted him in 1794, when a proposal to raise him to the peerage as Lord Beaconsfield was arrested by the death of his only son.

Burke ranks as one of the fore-most orators and political thinkers of England He had vast knowledge of affairs, a glowing imagination, passionate sympathies, and an inexhaustible



EDMUND BURKE.

From the Portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the National Portrait Gallery

wealth of powerful and cultured expression, but his delivery was awkward and ungainly, and speeches which captivate the reader only served to empty the benches of the House of Commons

The splendour of even his least happy disquisitions, the various knowledge which they display, the rich imagery with which they abound, and the spirit of philosophical reflection which pervades them all, stamp them among the foremost literary productions of their time, such a flood of rich illustration had never before been poured on questions of State policy and government. At the same time, Burke was eminently practical in his views. His greatest efforts will be found directed to the redress of some existing wrong or the preservation of some existing good—to hatred of actual oppression, to the removal of useless restrictions, and to the calm and sober improvement

of the laws and government which he venerated, without 'coining to himself Whig principles from a French die, unknown to the impress of our fathers in the constitution' Where inconsistencies are found in his writings between his early and later opinions it may be argued that they consist largely in matters of detail or in expression. He wished, he says, to preserve consistency, but only by varying his means to secure the unity of his and '\\ hen the aguipoise of the vessel in which he sails may be endangered by overloading it upon one side, he is desirous of carrying the small weight of his reasons to that which may preserve its equipoise' When the Revolution broke out, his signeity enabled him to foresee the dreadful consequences which it would entail upon France and the world, he became the victim of a fixed idea, and his enthusiastic temperament led him to state his impressions in language sometimes overcharged and even bombastic, though sometimes full of proplicuc fire. In one of the debates on the Revolution, after mentioning that he understood that three thousand daggers had been ordered from Birmingham, Burke drew one from under his coat, and throwing it on the floor, melodramatically exclaimed, 'This is what you are to gain by an alliance with France-this is your fraternisation '' The orator's imagination was not always under the control of perfect taste, many of his utterances were absurdly hyperbolical, on the other hand, some of his similes and illustrations were—especially by chemies—accounted 'low' In his reply to Pitt on the Commercial Treaty with France in 1787, he maintained that the Minister had contemplated the subject with a narrowness peculiar to limited minds-ins an affair of two little counting-houses, and not of two great nations He seems to consider it as a contention between the sign of the Fleur de lis and the sign of the old Red Lion for which should obtain the best custom? Replying to the argument that the Americans were our children, and should not have revolted against their parent, he said 'They are our children, it is true, but when children ask for bread, we are not to give them a stone. When those children of ours wish to assimilate with their parent, and to respect the beauteous countenance of British liberty, are we to turn to them the shameful parts of our constitution? Are we to give them our weakness for their strength, our opprobrium for their glory, and the slough of slavery, which we are not able to work off, to scree them for their freedom?' His account of the illassorted administration of Lord Chatham is no less ludicrous than correct. 'He made an administration so checkered and speckled, he put together a piece of joinery so crossly indented and whimsuch a piece of diversified mostic, such a tesselated pavement without cement, here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white, patriots and courtiers, king's friends and republicans,

Whigs and Tories, treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious show but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on The colleagues whom he had assorted at the same boards stared at each other, and were obliged to ask "Sir, your name?" "Sir, you have the advantage of me," "Vir Such a-one, I beg a thousand pardons" I venture to say it did so happen, that persons had a single office divided between them, who had never spoke to each other in their lives, until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle bed

## From the Speech on Conciliation with America 1775

Mr Speaker, I cannot prevail on myself to hurry over the great consideration. It is good for us to be here We stand where we have an immense view of what is, and what is past. Clouds, indeed, and darkness, rest. upon the future Let us, however, before we descend from this noble eminence, reflect that this growth of our national prosperity has happened within the short period of the life of man. It has happened within sixty eight years. There are those alive whose memory might touch the two extremities. For instance, my Lord Bathurst [the first Earl, 1684-1775] might re member all the stages of the progress. He was in 1704 of an age at least to be made to comprehend such things He was then old enough acta parentum jam legere, et qua sit folerit cognoscere virtus Suppose, sir, that the angel of this auspicious youth, foreseeing the many virtues which made him one of the most annable, as he is one of the most fortunate men of his age, had opened to him in vision, that, when in the fourth generation, the third prince of the house of Brunswick had sat twelve years on the throne of that nation, which-by the happy issue of moderate and healing councils-was to be made Great Britain, he should see his son, lord chancellor of England, turn back the current of hereditary dignity to its fountiin, and ruse him to a higher rank of peerage, whilst he enriched the family with a new one. If amidst these bright and happy seenes of domestic honour and prosperity that angel should have drawn up the curtain, and unfolded the rising glories of his country, and whilst he was gazing with admiration on the then commercial grandeur of England, the Genius should point out to him a little speck, scaree visible in the mass of the national interest, a small seminal principle, rather than a formed body, and should tell him 'Young man, there is \merica-which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners, yet shall, before you taste of death, show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world Whatever Lugland has been growing to by a progressive increase of improvement, brought in by varieties of people, by succession of civilising conquests and civilising settlements in a series of seventeen hundred years, you shall see as much added to her by America in the course of a single life!' If this state of his country had been foretold to him, would lt not require all the sanguine credulity of youth, and all the fervid glow of enthusiasm, to make him believe it? Fortunate man, he has lived to see it! Fortunate,

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indeed, if he lives to see nothing that shall vary the prospect and cloud the setting of his day!

You cannot station gard ons in every part of these If you drive the people from our place, they will carry on their annual tillage, and remove with their flocks and hards to another. Many of the popte in the lack settlements are already little affect I to particular situations. Alterly they have topp I the Apprehenn mountains From thence this behill before them an immense plans one rast rich level mendow a square of five hundred miles Our thi they would win ler without a possibility of re-traint they would change their manners with the halors of would soon for it is governmen by which they were drowned would become horde of Leglish and pairing down upon soir unfutit al frontier a ficree and arrestable enales, become min ers of your proveinors and your counsellers with collector and comptroller, and all the slave the adhere to them. Such would and in no lette anie must, be the effect of attempting to forled as a crime and to suppress as an evil the command and H sir, of Providence-increase and multiple. Such would be the happy result of an enleave r to keep a la far ! of wild beasts that earth which God, by an exprecharter, ha given to the clifften et them. I'r different and surely much were has been or police. Hitheito we have myded our people is every find of bounty to fixed etablishments. We f have marted the husbandman to tool to a though for in title We have trught him p unds to believe in the injection virtue of the only precliment. We have thrown each true of had a reachestel into districts that the ruling power feuld never I wholly out of sight. We have settled all we could, and we have carefully attended every settlemen with government. Adhering, sir, a. I do to this police, a well as for the reasons I have just know I think the new project of hedging in population to be a ther t pradent nor practicable

To impoverish the colonies in general, and in particular to arrest the noble course of their trainenterprise, would be a more cass tack. I freely can a fees it. We have shown a disposition to a system of this kind, a disposition even to continue the restrain after the offence looking on ourselve a rivals to our colonies, and persuaded that of course we must gain all that they shall lose. Much mischief we man certainly do. The power inadequate to all other things is often more than sufficient for this. I do no look on the direct and immediate power of the colomes to resist our violence as very formulable. In this, housever, I may be mistaken. But when I consider that we have colonies for no purpose but to be serviceable to us, it seems to my poor understanding a little preposterous to male them unserviceable in order to keep them obedient. It is, in truth, nothing more than the old and, as I thought, exploded problem of termina which proposes to beggar its subjects into submission But remember, when you have completed your system of impoverishment, that nature still proceeds in her ordinary course, and that discontent will increase with misery, and that there are entical moments in the for tunes of all states, when they who are too weak to contribute to your prosperity may be strong enough to complete your run Spoliatis arma sufersuit The

temper of character to by exact not reference, I am afrail, another the layon, horsons. We consider the layon, horsons. We consider the layon, horsons. We consider the fear fat its the people of the fear of people and periods in the them that its variety from a color of the layon make a somether that the form the transfer the transfer to the respective of the respective

My I Alifthere a ray in the of a affection whole com language or a from I be to sel foremirr, mil e antepolicet - Timer es which this hill to make now come as entrees ir a let tie colone lass keep the eles of the end refree to enclose to referent them the e clim and street to make a direct on a feet forton till look promise anthroping that the arm my te ere the - like pare - de the there to a the end a state of any research at refute a. dearen products out worker con thin later tades or deal seq. A to mate liste Into I to keep the eers to a books perty en note to the san to the filler of the partet ter , a enumentaria comunifot le comité de mante me la forte de mante de la familia de la forte de la male tem that fore to talk it. The min there into the new of from he and a she trape the som or or feeth, their lese liber the nive perfect will be their obelien a This is then con his inspire to his very it grous in early 1. They all tare it from the they may lase it from line is to be it we done lette - "I feeling of a get a series of a fewer wal dim a, front is they can have form in the are The title employing te full bysal sector men july. The is the termination measurement of linis just to the element of the reform or throw h them seemes to you the commerce of the worth. Then them this period to a of freedom on laws from the estalland at the or, inally made and mere authorized the in that the empte. Do no entertain so weak an uniquiated to that 30 range ers on 3 your bends your affolists and some stermers same copies to stems certificates] and your elearances are must foun the great security and anire elemented. The not dream that area letter efoster and a prins rection, and yours spend is a classic are the things that bold to, other the great con exture of this mas en sus whole. The e thing do not make to it i norment. Bead instruments pissite tools as they are, it is the spirit of the linglish communion that give all their life and effects to them. It is the spirit of the English constitution which infa ed through the mights in a pervades feed unites, invigorates sisting even part of the empire even down to the numitest member

Magnanimity in policies is not seldom the trues, wisdom and a great empire and little minds go ill to gether. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with real to till our places as becomes our station and ourselve, we ought to anspirate all our public proceedings on America with the old warning of the church, sursuit cents. We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this light calling, our nincestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire and have made the most exten

sive and the only honourable conquests, not by de stroying but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race. Let us get an American revenue as we have got an American empire. English privileges have made it all that it is, English privileges alone will make it all it can be. In full confidence of this unalterable truth, I now (quod felix fau tumque sit) lay the first stone of the temple of peace.

## Destruction of the Carnatic.

When at length Hyder Alı found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of ven geance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no pro ection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatever of his dreadful resolution. Having termi nated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter v hatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction, and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hing for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing me eor which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple The miserable inhabi tants flying from the flaming villages, in part were slaughtered others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacreduess of function, fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities, but, escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famme.

The alms of the settlement, in this dreadful exigency, were certainly liberal, and all was done by charity that private charity could do but it was a people in beggary, it was a nation that stretched out its hands for food. For months together these creatures of sufferance, whose very excess and luxury in their most plenteous days halfallen short of the allowance of our austerest fasts, silent, patient, resigned, without sedition or disturbance, almost without complaint, perished by a hundred a day in the streets of Madras, every day seventy at least laid their bodies in the streets, or on the giacis of Tanjore, and expired of famine in the granary of India. I was going to awake your justice towards this nnhappy part of

our fello--citizens, by bringing before you some of the circumstances of this plague of hunger. Of all the calamities which beset and waylay the life of man, this comes the nearest to our heart, and is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is but I find myself unable to manage it with decorum, these details are of a species of horror so nauseous and disgusting, they are so degrading to the sufferers and to the hearer, they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that, on better thoughts, I find it more advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and to leave it to your general conceptions.

For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Vadras to the gates of Tanjore, and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Alı and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march did they not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four footed beast of any description whatever One dead uniform silence reigned over the The Carnatic is a country not much whole region inferior in extent to England Figure to yourself, Mr Speal er, the land in whose representative chair you sit, figure to yourself the form and fashion of your sweet and cheerful country from Thames to Trent, north and sonth, and from the Irish to the German Sea, east and west, emptied and embowelled (may God avert the omen of our crimes ') by so accomplished a desolation '

(From speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts, 1785.)

## Marie Antoinette.

It is now stateen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles, and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move m-glittering like the morning star full of life, and splendour, and joy Oh! what a revolution! and what an heart must I have to contem plate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of venera tion to that enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote agains' disgrace concealed in that bosom, little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, m a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to aveuge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of Enrope is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nnrse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it tonched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness

(From Reflections on the Revolution in France)

# The British Monarchy

The learned professors of the rights of man regard prescription not as a title to bur all claim it up a, ainst old possession, but they look on the cription itself a " har against the pose sor and propiletor They lield an immemorial possion to be no more than a long em tinued and therefore an aggressated injustice. Such are their ideas, such their religion, and such their law as to our country and our race, as long as the well compacted s ructure of our church and the, the same turry, the holy of holies of that ancient law, defended by reverence, defended by power a fortie and once at la temple, shall stand inviolate on the brist of the British Sion-as long as the British monarchy no more limited than fenced by the order of the state shall like the proud keep of Wind or, rising in the inner to of proportion, and girt with the double light of its hinted and coural towers—a long as this as ful structure shall oversee and guard the subjected land of the the mounds and dike of the low for Pelf of Level will have nothing to fear from all the pickaxes of all th levellers of I rance. As long as our sevenim land the king, and his faithful subjects, the left and coming s of this realin-the triple cord which no man can breat the solenin sw rn continuing all fearlight e of this the firm surrentee of each other, being rid each others rights the joint and everal security yearsh in its place and order for every land and every quality of property and of dignity - as long as the endire, so long the Duke of Bedford is afe, and we are all safe to, other—the high from the blight of envi and the spolintions of rapperty the law from the fron hand of oppression and the insolent sparn of coastings

(From the Left to no)

# From Burke's 'Letter to a Noble Lord' (the Duke of Bedford who had ep. self burke of a man a A.

I was not like his forace of Belford, swaddled, and rocked, and dandled into a legislatur -- A rive for sum is the motto for a man like me. I person ed no one of the qualities, nor cultivated one of the acts, that recommend men to the favour and protection of the creat I was not made for a minion or a tool. As little did I follow the tryle of winning the hearts by important on the understandings of the people. At every step of my progress in life-for in every step was I traver ed and opposed-and at every turnpike I met, I was obliged to shew my passport, and again and again to prove my sole title to the honour of being useful to my country, by a proof that I was not wholly unacquainted with its laws and the whole system of its interests both abroad and at home. Otherwise, no rank no toleration even for me I had no arts but manh arts. On them I have stood, and, please God, in spite of the Dule of Bedford and the Larl of Lauderdale, to the last gasp vill I stand

I know not how it has happened, but it really eems that, whilst his Grace was meditating his well considered consure upon me, he fell into a sort of sleep. Homer nods, and the Dule of Bedford may dream and as dreams—even his golden dreams—are apt to be ill piecel and incongrnously put together his Grace preserved his idea of reproach to me, but took the subject matter from the crown grants to his own family. This is 'the stuff of which his dreams are inade.' In that way of putting things together, his Grace is perfectly in the right. The grants to the liouse of Russell were so enormous as not

ends to out a electrony by control of engine of the form of the fo

In the normal a tree mess of a company the tween the public rien efficience in mill the prince the graphs he i if and the net textile entitle from the course of the Albert of what In the ental it gener legens it list ior at all the line or or signal a continue to the Das la Ingi tipe i z i contra e r tida that had the decimal times a for et le retuer al a l'astr, la morne. aby, tally, as all a land and a to have a resented cours t and off on the south the same the same terminal my dis a he for a he le Die Cleifer than to use the lower on the state and ma Mirror to I and the atemy s to be - s abutit in the state of the trace public next of be over to ke processes of the ms c 1 ald like tintify the more a total "Is now he were the ere are en analyers exhe are denoused I to It mainting the lengths personer, hit to I timb in the b factor ment of direct but it is of de the and the certain a tille ne of all a c petites of the crown. Halle perrotted me to remer request, I shall lose I this has ate the en L H ich cheles, who have I take with a rack to em?" He voil tainaly I ve a ten li x le "To th maisto una lle is capitati ne i car in tract two line feel and fire year ego. In his near man with sers off y non- he is an el' run wit sens your pensions the Sall

Who will his Copie to attacking in the mere reliefal the compare in the next with the filled obtained from the crown the expression of professional training by which he is implied on the modern's established have war in least them by the old and that the word of the exercise is not to be taken let us turn our eye to bistory, in which great non-have always a pleasure in contemplating the here e-origin of their house.

The tire peer of the name, the first pure laser of the trants was a Mr I weell a person of an ancient gentle man's family, reised by being a minion of Henry VIII. As there penerally is some resemblance of character to create these relations the favourite was in all likelihood much such another as his inaster. The first of those immoderate prants was not taken from the ancient demesne of the croyin, but from the recent confidence of the ancient nobility of the land. The first hiving sucked the blood of his prey, threw the offil carcass to the jackal in waiting. Having tasted once the food of confiscation, the favourites became fierce and revenous. This worthy favourites first grant was from the lay nobility. The second, infinitely improving on the enormity of the first was from the plunder of the church

In truth, his Grace is somewhat excusable for his nishike to a grant like mine, not only in its quantity, but in its kind, so different from his own

Mine was from a mild and benevolent sovereign, his, from Henry VIII. Mine had not its fund in the murder of any innocent person of illustrious rank, or in the pillage of any body of unoffending men, his grants were from the aggregate and consolidated funds of judgments iniquitonsly legal, and from possessions voluntarily surrendered by the lawful proprietors with the gibbet at their door

The ment of the grantee whom he derives from, was that of being a prompt and greedy instrument of a levelling tyrant, who oppressed all descriptions of his people, but who fell with particular fury on everything that was great and noble. Mine has been in endeavouring to screen every man, in every class, from oppression, and particularly in defending the high and eminent, who in the bad times of confiscating princes, confiscating chief governors, or confiscating demagogues, are the most exposed to jealousy, avarice, and envy

The merit of the original grantee of his Grace's pensions was in giving his hand to the work, and par taking the spoil with a prince who plundered a part of the national church of his time and country. Mine was in defending the whole of the national church of my own time and my own country, and the whole of the national churches of all countries, from the principles and the examples which lead to ecclesiastical pillage, thence to a contempt of all prescriptive titles, thence to the pillage of all property, and thence to universal desolation.

The ment of the origin of his Grace's fortune was in being a favourite and chief adviser to a prince who left no liberty to his native country. My endeavour was to obtain liberty for the municipal country in which I was born, and for all descriptions and denominations in it. Mine was to support, with unrelaxing vigilance, every right, every privilege, every franchise, in this my adopted, my dearer, and more comprehensive country, and not only to preserve those rights in this ebief seat of empire, but in every nation, in every land, in every elimate, language, and religion in the vast domain that still is under the protection, and the larger that was once under the protection, of the British crown

Had it pleased God to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been, according to my medi ocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family, I should have left a son, who, in all the points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honour, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment and every liberal accomplishment, would not have shewn himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or to any of those whom he traces in his line. His Grace very soon would have wanted all plausibility in his attack upon that provision which belonged more to mine than to me He would soon have supplied every deficiency, and symmetrised every disproportion. It would not have been for that successor to resort to any stagnant wast ing reservoir of ment in me, or in any ancestry had in himself a salient living spring of generous and manly action. Every day be lived, he would have repurchased the bounty of the crown, and ten times more, if ten times more he had received. He was

made a public creature, and had no enjoyment whatever but in the performance of some duty. At this exigent moment the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied

But a Disposer, whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behoves us not at all to dispute, has ordained it in another manner, andwhatever my querulous weakness might suggest-a far better The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered I am stripped of all my honours, I am about me torn up by the roots, and he prostrate on the earth! There, and prostrate there, I must unfeignedly recognise the divine justice, and in some degree submit to it. But whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men The patience of Job is proverbial After some of the convulsive struggles of our irritable nature, he submitted himself, and repented in dust and But even so, I do not find him blamed for reprehending, and with a considerable degree of verbal asperity, those ill natured neighbours of his who visited his dunghill to read moral, political, and economical lectures on his misery I am alone I have none to meet my enemies in the gate Indeed, my lord, I greatly deceive myself if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in the world. This is the appetite but of It is a luxury, it is a privilege, it is an indulgence for those who are at their ease. But we are all of us made to shun disgrace, as we are made to shrink from pain, and poverty, and disease. It is an instinct, and under the direction of reason, instinct is always in the right. I live in an inverted order ought to have succeeded me have gone before me, they who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors. I one to the dearest relationwhich ever must subsist in memory—that act of piety which he would have performed to me, I owe it to him to shew that he was not descended, as the Duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent.

A collected edition of Burke's works appeared in 1792-1827 another with his Correspondence in 1852 (8 vols.) the Select Works' in 1874-78 (3 vols. ed. Payne) his writings on Irish affairs in 1881 (ed. Matthew Arnold). See the Life by Prior (1824 5th ed. 1854), J. Worley's longer (1867) and shorter (1879) monographs and Lecky's History of Fugland in the Eighteenth Century

George Steevens (1736-1800), dramatic critic and biographer, was associated with Johnson in the second edition of his Shakespeare (1773), which was republished with additions by Malone in 1780 In 1793 he published a completely new edition of Shakespeare, in which, instead of showing 'servile adherence to the ancient copies,' he took large liberties with the text, such as 'the expulsion of useless and supernumerary syllables, and an occasional supply of such as might fortuitously have been omitted.' He was acute and well read in dramatic literature, but prone to literary mystification, and, according to Johnson, was mischievous though not malignant. He it was who concocted the famous legend of the death dealing terrors of the upas-tree, which so completely hoaxed Erasmus Darwin (see page 576)

# Edward Gibbon,

historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, was by birth, education, and social standing distinctively an English gentleman, his father's family being an ancient Kentish house, though not (as Sir Egerton Brydges argued) descended from the Barons Say and Seale Born at Putney, 27th April 1737, Gibbon was at first, on account of delicate health, privately educated, at fifteen he was entered of Magdalen College, Oxford Almost from infancy he was a close student, but his indiscriminate appetite for books 'subsided by



EDWARD GIBBON

From an Engraving after the Portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

degrees in the historic line.' He arrived at Oxford, he line himself told us, with a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy would have been ashamed, and he spent fourteen months at college idly and unprofitably. At no period in its history had Oxford reached such a depth of degeneracy.' The fellows of my time,' says Gibbon, 'were decent easy men who supinely enjoyed the gifts of the founder, their days were filled by a series of uniform employments, the chapel and the hall, the coffee-house and the common room, till they retired, wears and well satisfied, to a long slumber I rom the toil of reading, or thinking, or writing, they had absolved their conscience, and the first

shoots of learning and ingenuity withered in the ground, without yielding any fruits to the owners Their conversation stagnated or the public in a round of college business, Tory politics, personal anecdotes, and private scandal, their dull and deep potations excused the brisk intemperance of youth, and their constitutional toasts were not expressive of the most lively loyalty for the house of Hanover' After studying Bossuet and Parsons the Jesuit, young Gibbon became a convert to the Roman Catholic religion, and at the feet of a priest in London, on the 8th of June 1753, he 'solemnly, though privately, abjured the errors of heresy' In order to reclaim him his father placed him under the care of the deist and poet Mallet, by whose philosophy the young inquirer was rather scan dalised than reclaimed He was next sent for some years to Lausanne to be under the charge of M Pavilliard, a Calvinist clergyman, whose judicious guidance brought his pupil back to Protestantism, and on Christmas Day 1754 he received the sacrament in the Protestant church at Lausanne. 'It was here that I suspended my religious inquiries, acquiescing with implicit belief in the tenets and mysteries which are adopted by the general consent of Catholics and Protestants' Here he began and carried out with rare stead fastness of purpose those studies in French litera ture and in the Latin classics which, aided by his prodigious memory, made him a master of erudition without a superior And here too he fell in love with Mademoiselle Suzanne Curchod, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the minister of Crassy, who lived to become the wife of the great French Minister and financier, M Necker, and the mother of the gifted Madame de Stael He found on his return to England that his father would not hear of the 'strange alliance,' and, like the more emotional Chateaubriand in the same case, submitted meekly to the family law. In the calni reflection of thirty years later he adds, 'After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate, I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son, my wound was insen sibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life.' The pair remained constant friends in

later life. In 1758 Gibbon returned to England, and three years afterwards appeared as an author in a slight French treatise on the study of literature. accepted the commission of captain in the Hampshire militia, and though his studies were interrupted, 'the discipline and evolutions of a modern battle gave me a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legion, and the captain of the Hampshire grenadiers was not useless to the historian of the Roman Empire' Released from his military duties at the peace of 1762, he paid a visit to France and Italy He had long been meditating some historical work, and whilst at Rome in 1764 'As I sat musing his choice was determined amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare footed friars were singing vespers in the temple of

Jupiter, the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started into my mind, but years were to clapse before he realised his intentions On returning to England in 1765 he seems to have been fish onable and idle, his father died in 1770, and he then began to form the plan of an independent life. The Hampshire estate of Buriton, his home off and on for the last twenty years, was left by his father much in debt, so that he deter mined to quit the country and live in London and it was then he undertook the first volume . It the outset all was dark and of his history doubtful even the title of the vork, the true err of the decline and fall of the empire, the limits of the introduction, the division of the chapters, and the order of the narrative, and I was often tempted to cast away the labour of seven years The style of an author should be the image of his mind, but the choice and command of language is the fruit of evereise Many experiments were made before I could but the middle tone between a dull chronicle and a rhetorical declaration three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect?

In 1774 he was returned for the borough of Liskeard, and sat in Parliament eight sessions during the memorable contest between Great Britain and Anierica Prudence he says, condemned him to acquiesce in the humble station of a mute, the great speakers filled him with despair, the bad ones with terror But he supported by his vote the administration of Lord North, by whom he was appointed one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantations In 1776, after seven years of unremitting toil and much fastidious polishing of the style, the first quarto volume of his history was given to the world. For a grave 1 historical work its success was almost unprece dented. 'The first impression was exhausted in a few days, a second and third edition were scarcely adequate to the demand, and the bookseller's property was twice invaded by the pirates of Dublin the book was on every table, and almost His elder brother historians, on every toilette." Hume and Robertson generously greated him with warm applicase 'Whether I consider the dignity of your style,' said Hume, 'the depth of your matter, or the extensiveness of your learning I must regard the work as equally the object of esteem' [There was another bond of sympathy between the English and the senior of the Scottish historians Gibbon had unmistakably worked from quite anti-orthodox views as to the origins of 'The various modes of worship Christianity which prevailed in the Roman world were all considered by the people as equally true, by the philosopher as equally false, and by the magistrate as equally useful? This dictum pretty clearly in dicates Gibbon's own religious belief the philoso phers of France had triumphed over the Calvinist divinity of Lausanne Gibbon treated the growth of

Christianity as he did other historical phenomena, without reference to supernatural guidance, and his own temperament intensified the eighteenth century distrust and dislike of 'enthusiasm self devoting zeal was hardly distinguished from functions. It was not for some time that the religious world awakened to the very far reaching issues of Gibbon's view of the growth and spread of Christianity in the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters, which, while not formally denying the 'convincing evidence of the doctrine itself, and the ruling providence of its great author,' nevertheless accounted for the rapid growth of the early Christian Church by 'secondary' or merely human causes. Of these Cabbon reckoned five the inflexible and intolerant zeal of the Christians, the doctrine of a future life, the miraculous powers ascribed to the primitive Church, the virtues of the primitive Christians, and the union and discipline of the Christian republic. Ere long fierce controversy mevitably arose, and, as in the debates about Darwinism in the next century, thousands took i keen interest in the discussion and a strong side against the innovator who never had in their hands the book that raised the questions supposed to have been routed from the field by the orthodox had reasserted itself in a more formidable shape, and multitudes of 'answers' to Gibbon were written-perhaps the most noteworthy that by Watson Bishop of Llandaff Gibbon deigned to reply only when a critic—the unfortunate 'Mr Davies of Oxford'-impugned 'not the futh but the fidelity of the historian'?

The authors modest claim for himself in the matter of style was amply justified the statch and rhythmical roll of his sonorous periods stood out in contrast to anything yet attempted in Ling lish prose, though antithesis of sense and balance of phrase were at times too insistent, the style, in wonderful accord with the majestic and continuous march of the story, was at once less artificial and more English than Johnson's, more harmonious, more varied, and less tedious than Johnson is apt to become

The second and third volumes of the history did not appear till 1781 After their publication, being disappointed of a place looked for from Ministerial patronage, Gibbon resolved to retire to Lausanne, where he was offered a residence by a friend of his youth, W. Deyverdun hard very happily for about four years, devoting his mornings to composition, and his evenings to the enlightened and polished society which had gathered in that city and neighbourhood completion of the history must be described in his own memorable words 'It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer house in my garden After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a herceau, or covered walk of acaci is, which commands a prospect of the country,

future state, there is nothing except a divine revelation that can ascertain the existence and describe the condition of the invisible country which is destined to receive the souls of men after their separation from the body

(From The Decline and Full, Chap as )

# The Magnificonce of the Caliphs

Almansor, the brother and successor of Saffali, Ind the foundations of Bagdad (762 A D), the imperial seat of his posterity during a reign of five hundred years The chosen spot is on the eastern bank of the Tigris, about fifteen miles above the runs of Modain the double wall was of a circular form, and such was the rand increase of a capital now dwindled to a provincial town, that the funeral of a popular saint might be attended by eight hundred thousand men and sixty thousand women of Bagdad and the adjacent villages. In this eity of peace, amidst the riches of the east, the Abba sides soon disdrined the abstinence and frigality of the first caliplis and aspired to emulate the magnificence of the Persian kings. After his wars and buildings, Almansor left behind him in gold and silver about thirty millions sterling, and this treasure was exhausted in a few years by the vices or virtues of his children His son Milhadi in a single pilgrimage to Mecca expended six millions of dinars of gold. A pious and charitable motive may sanetify the foundation of cisterns and carryinseris, which he distributed along a measured road of seven hundred miles, but his trun of camels, laden with snow, could serve only to astonish the natives of Arabia, and to refresh the fruits and liquors of the royal banquet. The courtiers would surely praise the liberality of his grandson Alinamon, who gave as ay four fifths of the income of a province-a sum of two millions four hundred thousand gold dinars-before he drew his foot from the stirrup. At the nuptials of the same prince, a thousand pearls of the largest size were showered on the head of the bride, and a lottery of lands and houses displayed the capricious bounts of fortune The glories of the court were brightened rather than impaired in the decline of the empire, and a Greek ambassador might admire or pity the magnificence of the feeble Moctader 'The caliph's whole army' says the historian Abulfeda, 'both horse and foot, was under arms, which together made a body of one hundred and sixty thousand men His state officers, the favourite slaves, stood near him in splendid apparel, their belts glittering with gold and gems. Near them vere seven thousand cunuehs, four thousand of them white, the remunder black. The porters or door keepers were in number seven hundred Barges and bonts with the most superb decorations were seen swimming upon the Nor was the prince itself less splendid, in which were hung up thirty eight thousand pieces of tapestry, twelve thousand five hundred of which were of silk embroidered with gold. The carpets on the floor were twenty two thousand. A hundred hons were brought out, with a keeper to each hon. Among the other spectacles of rare and stupendous luxury was a tree of gold and silver spreading into eighteen large branelies, on which, and on the lesser boughs, sat a variety of birds made of the same precious metals, as well as the leaves of the tree. While the machinery affected spontaneous motions, the several birds warbled their natural harmony Through this seene of magni ficence the Greek ambassador was led by the virier to

the foot of the caliph's throne. In the west, the Ommiades of Spain supported with equal point the title of commander of the faithful. Three rules from Cordova, in honour of his favourite sultana, the third and greatest of the Ablahalmans constructed the cuy pulace, and gardens of John. Twenty five years, and above three nullions sterling, were employed by the founder his liberal to to invited the artists of Constantinople, the mot skilful seulptors and architects of the age, and the buildings were sustained or adorned by twelve hundred columns of Spanish and African, of Greel and Italian marble. The hall of audience was ineristed with gold and pearls and a great lessin in the centre was surrounded with the curious and costs figures of birds and quadrupeds. In a lofty pavilion of the pardens one of these basins and founturs, so delightful in a sultry climate, vas replenished not with water but with the purest quiel silver. The scraplio of Abdalrahman, his vives, concubines and black conuchs amounted to six thousand three hundred persons, and he was attended to the field by a guard of ty elve thon sand hor e, who e lights and scimitar were studded with

In a private condition, our deares are perpetually repressed by poverty and subordination, but the lives and labours of millions are devoted to the service of a despotie prince, while laws are blindly obeyed and whose wishes are instantly gratified. Our imagination is drazled by the splendid pieture, and whiteser may be the cool dictates of rea on, there are few among us who would obtinately refuse a trial of the comforts and the cares of royalts. It may therefore be of some use to borrow the experience of the same Abdalrahman, whose magnificence has perhaps excited our admiration and envy and to transcribe an authentic memorial which was found in the closet of the deceased caliph 'I have now reigned above fifty years in victory or peace, beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honours, power and pleasure, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly bles ing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot they amount to fourteen. O man! place not the confidence in this present world'

(From The Dec'ine and Fall, Chap In)

# Conquest of Jerusalem by the Crusaders.

Jerusalem has derived some reputation from the number and importance of her memorable steges. It was not till after a long and obtinate contest that Bibylon and Kome could prevail against the obstinacy of the people, the eraggy ground that might supersede the necessity of fortifications, and the walls and towers that would have fortified the most accessible plain These obstacles were diminished in the age of the crusades. The bulwarks had been completely destroyed and imperfectly restored the Jews, their nation and worship, were for ever banished, but nature is less changeable than man, and the site of Ierusalem, though somewhat softened and somewhat removed, was still strong against the assaults of an enemy. By the experience of a recent siege, and a three years' possession, the Sarreens of Egypt had been taught to discern, and in some degree to remedy, the defects of n place which religion as well as honour forbade them to resign.

Aladin or Iftikhar, the caliph's lieutenant, was intrusted with the defence, his policy strove to restrain the native Christians by the dread of their own ruin and that of the holy sepulchre, to animate the Moslems by the assurance of temporal and eternal rewards. His garri son is said to have consisted of forty thousand Turks and Arabians, and if he could muster twenty thousand of the inhabitants it must be confessed that the besieged were more numerous than the besieging army diminished strength and numbers of the Latins allowed them to grasp the whole circumference of four thousand yards-about two English miles and a half-to what useful purpose should they have descended into the valley of Ben Himmon and torrent of Cedron, or approached the precipices of the south and east, from whence they had nothing either to hope or fear? Their siege was more reasonably directed against the northern and western sides of the city Godfrey of Bouillon erected his standard on the first swell of Mount Calvary, to the left, as far as St Stephen's gate the line of attack was continued by Tancred and the two Roberts, and Count Raymond established his quarters from the citadel to the foot of Mount Sion, which vas no longer included within the precincts of the city. On the fifth day the crusaders made a general assault, in the fanatic hope of battering down the walls without engines, and of scaling them without ladders. By the dint of brutal force, they burst the first barrier, but they were driven back with shame and slaughter to the camp the influ ence of vision and prophecy was deadened by the too frequent abuse of those pious stratagems, and time and labour were found to be the only means of victory time of the siege was indeed fulfilled in forty days, but they were forty days of calamity and anguish petition of the old complaint of famine may be imputed in some degree to the voracious or disorderly appetite of the Franks, but the stony soil of Jerusalem is almost destitute of water, the scanty springs and hasty torrents were dry in the summer season, nor was the thirst of the bestegers relieved, as in the city, by the artificial supply of cisterns and aqueducts. The circumjacent country is equally destitute of trees for the uses of shade or building, but some large beams were discovered in a cave by the crusaders a wood near Sichem, the enchanted grove of Tasso, was cut down necessary timber was transported to the camp by the vigour and dexterity of Tancred, and the engines were framed by some Genoese artists, who had fortunately landed in the harbour of Jassa. Two movable turrets were constructed at the expense and in the stations of the Duke of Lorraine and the Count of Tholouse, and rolled forwards with devout labour, not to the most accessible, but to the most neglected parts of the fortifi cation Raymond's tower was reduced to ashes by the fire of the besieged, but his colleague was more vigilant and successful, the enemies were driven by his archers from the rampart, the drawbridge was let down, and on a Friday, at three in the afternoon, the day and hour of the Passion, Godfrey of Bouillon stood victorious on the walls of Jerusalem His example was followed on every side by the emulation of valour, and about four hundred and sixty years after the conquest of Omar, the holy city was rescued from the Mohammedan yoke. In the pillage of public and private wealth, the adventurers had agreed to respect the exclusive property of the first occupant, and the spoils of the great mosqueseventy lamps and massy vases of gold and silverrewarded the diligence and displayed the generosity of Tancred. A bloody sacrifice was offered by his mistaken votaries to the God of the Christians resistance might provoke, but neither age nor sex could mollify their implacable rage, they indulged themselves three days in a promiscuous massacre, and the infection of the dead bodies produced an epidemical disease. After seventy thousand Moslems had been put to the sword, and the harmless Jews had been burnt in their synagogue, they could still reserve a multitude of captives whom interest or lassitude persuaded them to spare. Of these savage heroes of the cross, Tancred alone betrayed some senti ments of compassion, yet we may praise the more selfish lenity of Raymond, who granted a capitulation and safe conduct to the garrison of the citadel. sepulchre was now free, and the bloody victors prepared to accomplish their vow Bareheaded and barefoot, with contrite hearts, and in a humble posture, they ascended the hill of Calvary amidst the loud anthems of the clergy, lassed the stone which had covered the Saviour of the world, and bedewed with tears of joy and penitence the monument of their redemption

(From The Decline and Fall, Chap lviii )

## Mohammed.

According to the tradition of his companions, Moham med was distinguished by the beauty of his person-an outward gift which is seldom despised, except by those to whom it has been refused. Before he spoke, the orator engaged on his side the affections of a public or private audience. They applauded his commanding presence, his majestic aspect, his piercing eye, his gracious smile, his flowing beard, his countenance that painted every sensation of the soul, and his gestures that enforced each expression of the tongue. In the familiar offices of life he scrupulously adhered to the grave and ceremonious politeness of his country lus respectful attention to the rich and powerful was dignified by his condescension and affability to the poorest citizens of Mecca, the frankness of his manner concealed the artifice of his views, and the habits of courtesy were imputed to personal friendship or universal benevolence. His memory was capacious and retentive, his wit easy and social, his imagination sublime, his judgment clear, rapid, and decisive. He possessed the courage both of thought and action, and although his designs might gradually expand with his success, the first idea which he entertained of his divine mission bears the stamp of an original and superior genius. The son of Abdallah was educated in the bosom of the noblest race, in the use of the purest dialect of Arabia, and the fluency of his speech was corrected and enhanced by the practice of discreet and seasonable silence. With these powers of eloquence, Mohammed was an illiterate barbarian, his youth had never been instructed in the arts of reading and writing, the common ignorance exempted him from shame or reproach, but he was reduced to a narrow circle of existence, and deprived of those faithful mirrors which reflect to our mind the minds of sages and heroes, Yet the book of nature and of man was open to his view, and some fancy has been indulged in the political and philosophical observations which are ascribed to the Arabian traveller. He compares the nations and religions of the earth, discovers the weakness of the Persian and Roman monarchies, beholds with pity and

indignation the degeneracy of the times, and resolves to unite, under one God and one king, the invincible spirit and primitive virtues of the Arabs. Our more accurate inquiry will suggest, that instead of visiting the courts, the camps, the temples of the east, the two journeys of Mohammed into Syria were confined to the fairs of Bostra and Daniascus, that he was only thirteen years of age when he accompanied the caravan of his uncle, and that his duty compelled him to return as soon as he had disposed of the merchandise of Cadipale In these hasty and superficial excursions, the eve of genius niight discern some objects invisible to his grosser companious, some seeds of I nowledge might be east upon a fruitful soil, but his ignorance of the Syrac language must have eliceked his euriosity, and I cannot perceive in the life or writings of Mohammed that his prospect was far extended beyond the limits of the Arabian world I rom every region of that solitary world the pilgrims of Mecca were annually assembled by the calls of devotion and commerce in the free concourse of multitudes, a simple citizen, in his native tongue, might study the political state and character of the tribes, the theory and practice of the Jews and Christians. Some useful strangers might be tempted or forced to implore the rites of hospitality, and the enemies of Mohammed have named the Jew, the Persian. and the Syrian monk, whom they accuse of lending their secret aid to the composition of the Koran. Convenation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius, and the uniformity of a worl denotes the hand of a single artist. From his earliest youth Mohammed was addicted to religious contemplation each verr, during the month of Runadan, he withdrew from the world and from the arms of Cadijali in the cave of Hera, three miles from Mecca, he consulted the spirit of fritid or enthusiasm, whose abode is not in the hervens but in the mind of the prophet. The futh which under the name of Islam lie preached to his family and nation, is compounded of an eternal truth and a necessary fiction -that there is only one God, and that Mohammed is the apostle of God (From The Decline and I all, Chap. 1)

## Timour the Tartar

The standard was unfurled for the invasion of China, the emirs made their report of two hundred thousand veteran soldiers of Iran and Touran, their baggage and provisions were transported by five hundred great wagons, and an immense train of horses and camels, and the troops might prepare for a long absence, since more than six months were employed in the trinquil journey of a caravan from Samarcand to Pekin Neither age nor the severity of the winter could retard the im patience of famour, he mounted on horseback, passed the Sihoon on the ice, marched seventy six parasangs (three hundred miles) from his capital, and pitched his last camp in the neighbourhood of Otrar, where he was expected by the angel of death Tatigue, and the indiscreet use of iced water, accelerated the progress of his fever, and the conqueror of Asia expired in the seven tieth year of his ago, thirty five years after he had ascended the throne of Zagatu His designs were lost, his armies were disbanded, China was saved, and fourteen years after his decease, the most powerful of his children sent an embassy of friendship and com merce to the court of Pekin.

The fame of Timour has pervaded the ext and west; his posterity is still invested with the imperial title, and the admiration of his subjects, who revered him almost as a deity, may be justified in some degree by the praise or confession of lus bitterest enemles. Although he was Irme of a hand and foot, his form and stature i ere not unworthy of his rank, and his vigorous health, so essential to himself and to the world, was corroborated in temperance and exercise. In his familier di course, he vas grave and modest, and if he was ignorant of the Arabic language, he spike with fluence and elegance the Persian and Turkish idioins. It is his delight to converse with the learned on topic of history and science, and the amu ement of his leisure hours was the game of the , which he improved or corrul ea with new refinements. In his religion he was a realous, though not perhaps on or hodox, Mussulman, but his sound understanding may tempt us to believe that a superstitious reservace for omens and prophecies for saints and astrologers, was only affected as an instrument of policy. In the povernment of a vast empire le stood alone and absolute, without a relief to appose his power, a favourite to seduce his affectious, or a mini. er to inistend his judgment. It was his firme to maxim that whatever might be the consequence, the word of the prince should never be disputed or realled, but his foes have maliciously observed that the commands of anger and destruction were more strictly executed than those of beneficence and favour. His cons ar I grand sons, of whom Timour left six and thirty at his decease, vere his first and most submissive subjects, and when ever they deviated from their duty, they were en rected, according to the laws of Zingis, with the bastonade and afterwards restored to honour and command his heart was not devoid of the social ristues, perhaps lie was not incapable of loving his friends and pardon ing his enemies, but the rules of morthly are founded on the public interest, and it may be sufficient to appland the wisdom of a monarch for the hierality by which he is not impoverished, and for the justice by which he is strengthened and enriched the harmony of authority and obedience to chastise the proud, to protect the weak, to reward the deserving to banish vice and idleness from his dominions, to secure the traveller and merchant, to restrain the depredations of the soldier, to elerish the labours of the husbandman, to encourage industry and learning, and, by an equal and moderate assessment, to increase the revenue with out increasing the taxes, are indeed the duties of a prince, but, in the discharge of these duties, he finds an ample and immediate recompense. Timour might boast that, at his accession to the throne, Asia was the prey of anarchy and rapine, whilst under his prosperous nion archy, a child, fearless and unhurt, might carry a purse of gold from the east to the west. Such was his confi dence of ment, that from this reformation he derived an excuse for his victories, and a title to universal dominion The four following observations will serve to appreciate his claim to the public grititude, and perhaps we shall conclude that the Mogul emperor was rather the sconrge than the benefactor of mankind 1 If some partial disorders, some local oppressions, were healed by the sword of Timour, the remedy was far more permicious than the disease By their rapine, cruelty, and discord, the petry tyrants of Persia might afflict their subjects, but whole nations were crushed under the footsteps of

the reformer The ground which had been occupied by flourishing cities was often marked by his abominable trophies-by columns or pyramids of human heads. Astracan, Carizme, Delhi, Ispahan, Bagdad, Aleppo, Damascus, Boursa, Smyrna, and a thousand others, were sacked, or burned, or utterly destroyed in his presence, and by his troops, and perhaps his conscience would have been startled if a priest or philosopher had dared to number the millions of victims whom he had sacri ficed to the establishment of peace and order 2. His most destructive wars were rather inroads than con quests He invaded Turkestan, Kipzak, Russia, Hindostan, Syna, Anatolia, Armenia, and Georgia, without a hope or a desire of preserving those distant provinces From thence he departed laden with spoil, but he left behind him neither troops to awe the continuacious, nor magistrates to protect the obedient natives he had broken the fabric of their ancient government, he abandoned them to the evils which his invasion had aggravated or caused, nor were these evils compensated by any present or possible benefits. 3 The kingdoms of Transoxiana and Persia were the proper field which he laboured to cultivate and adorn, as the perpetual inheritance of his family But his peaceful labours were often interrupted, and sometimes blasted, by the absence of the conqueror While he triumphed on the Volga or the Ganges, his servants, and even his sons, forgot their master and their duty. The public and private injuries were poorly redressed by the tardy rigour of inquiry and punishment, and we must be content to praise the institutions of Timour as the specious idea of a perfect monarchy 4. Whatsoever might be the blessings of his administration, they evaporated with his life. To reign, rather than to govern, was the ambition of his children and grandchildren, the enemies of each other and of the people. A fragment of the empire was upheld with some glory by Sharokh, his youngest son, but after his decease, the scene was again involved in darkness and blood, and before the end of a century, Transoviana and Persia were trampled by the Uzbeks from the north, and the Turkmans of the black and white The race of Timour would have been extinct, if a hero, his descendant in the fifth degree, had not fled before the Uzbek arms to the conquest of Hindostan His successors-the great Moguls-extended their sway from the mountains of Cashmir to Cape Comonn, and from Candahar to the Gulf of Bengal. Since the reign of Aurungzebe, their empire has been dissolved, their treasures of Delhi have been rifled by a Persian robber, and the richest of their kingdoms is now possessed by a company of Christian merchants, of a remote island in the northern ocean (From The Decline and Fall Chap. Ixv)

# Death of Julian.

While Julian stringsled with the almost insuperable difficulties of his situation, the silent hours of the night were still devoted to study and contemplation. When ever he closed his eyes in short and interrupted slumbers, his mind was agitated with punful anxiety, nor can it be thought surprising that the Genius of the empire should once more appear before him, covering with a funeral veil his head and his horn of abundance, and slowly retiring from the Imperial tent. The monarch started from his couch, and stepping forth to refresh his wearied spirits with the coolness of the midnight

air, he beheld a fiery meteor, which shot athwart the sky and suddenly vanished. Julian was convinced that he had seen the menacing countenance of the god of war, the council which he summoned, of Tuscan Harus pices, unanimously pronounced that he should abstain from action, but on this occasion necessity and reason were more prevalent than superstition, and the trum pets sounded at the break of day. The army marched through a hilly country, and the hills had been secretly occupied by the Persians. Julian led the van with the skill and attention of a consummate general, he was alarmed by the intelligence that his rear was suddenly The heat of the weather had tempted him attacked to lay aside his cuirnss, but he snatched a shield from one of his attendants, and hastened, with a sufficient reinforcement, to the relief of the rear guard A similar danger recalled the intrepid prince to the defence of the front, and, as he galloped between the columns, the centre of the left was attacked, and almost overpowered, by a furious charge of the Persian cavalry and elephants. This huge body was soon defeated by the well timed evolution of the light infantry, who aimed their weapons with desterity and effect against the backs of the horse men and the legs of the elephants. The Barbarians and Julian, who was foremost in every danger, animated the pursuit with his voice and gestures. His trembling guards, scattered and oppressed by the dis orderly throng of friends and enemies, reminded their fearless sovereign that he was without armour, and conjured him to decline the full of the impending ruin As they exclaimed, a cloud of darts and arrows was discharged from the flying squadrons, and a javelin, after razing the skin of his arm, transpierced the ribs, and fixed in the inferior part of the liver Julian attempted to draw the deadly weapon from his side, but his fingers were cut by the sharpness of the steel, and he fell senseless from his horse. His guards flew to his relief, and the wounded emperor was gently raised from the ground, and conveyed out of the tumult of the battle into an adjacent tent. The report of the melan cholv event passed from rank to rank, but the grief of the Romans inspired them with invincible valour and the desire of revenge. The bloody and obstinate conflict was maintained by the two armies till they were separated by the total darkness of the night. The Persians derived some honour from the advantage which they obtained against the left wing, where Anatolius, master of the offices, was slain, and the præfect Sallust very nar rowly escaped But the event of the day was adverse to the Barbarians They abandoned the field, their two generals, Meranes and Nohordates, fifty nobles or satraps, and a multitude of their bravest soldiers [fell] and the success of the Romans, if Julian had survived, might have been improved into a decisive and useful victory

The first words that Julian intered, after his recovery from the fainting fit into which he had been thrown by loss of blood, were expressive of his martial spirit. He called for his horse and arms, and was impatient to rush into the battle. His remaining strength was exhausted by the painful effort, and the surgeons who examined his wound discovered the symptoms of approaching death. He employed the awful moments with the firm temper of a hero and a sage, the philosophers who had accompanied him in this fatal expedition compared the tent of Julian with the prison of Socrates, and the spectators whom duty, or friendship, or curiosity, liad

assembled round his couch listened with respectful grief to the fineral oration of their dying emperor Triends and fellow soldiers, the seasonable period of my departure is now arrived, and I discharge with the cheerfulness of a ready debtor the demands of nature I have learned from philosophy how much the soul is more excellent than the body, and that the separation of the nobler substance should be the subject of joy rather than of affliction. I have learned from religion that an early death has often been the reward of piety and I accept as a favour of the gods the mortal stroke that secures me from the danger of disgracing a character which has lutherto been supported by virtue and fortitude. I die without remorse as I have lived without guilt. I am pleased to reflect on the innocence of my private life, and I can affirm with confidence that the supreme authority, that emana tion of the Divine Power, has been preserved in my hands pure and immaculate Detesting the corrupt and destructive maxims of despotism. I have considered the happiness of the people as the end of government Submitting my netions to the laws of prudence, of justice, and of moderation, I have trusted the event to the care of providence Peace was the object of my counsels, as long as peace was consistent with the public welfare. but when the imperious voice of my country summoned me to arms. I exposed my person to the dangers of war, with the clear fore knowledge (which I had acquired from the art of divination) that I was destined to fall by the sword. I now offer my tribute of gratitude to the Eternal Being who has not suffered me to perish by the erucity of a tyrant, by the secret dagger of conspiracy, or by the slow tortures of lingering disease given me in the midst of an honourable career a splendid and glorious departure from this world, and I hold it equally absurd, equally base, to solicit or to decline the stroke of fite. Thus much I have attempted to say, but my strength fails me, and I feel the approach of death -I shall cautiously refrain from any word that mny tend to influence your suffrages in the election of an emperor My choice might he imprudent or injudi cious, and if it should not be ritified by the consent of the army, it might be fital to the person whom I should recommend I shall only, as a good citizen, express my hopes that the Romans may be blessed with the government of a virtuous sovereign' After this discourse, which Juhan pronounced in a firm and gentle tone of voice, he distributed by a military testament the remains of his private fortune, and inaking some inquiry why Anatolius was not present, he understood from the answer of Sallust that Anntohus was killed, and bewniled with annible inconsistency the loss of his friend At the same time he reproved the im moderate grief of the spectators, and conjured them not to disgrace by unmanly tears the fate of a prince who in a few moments would be united with heaven and with the stars The specintors were silent, and Julian entered into a metaphysical argument with the philoso phers Priscus and Maximus on the nature of the soul The efforts which he made, of mind as well as body, most probably hastened his death. His wound begin to bleed with fresh violence his respiration was embar rassed by the swelling of the veins lie called for n draught of cold water, and, as soon as he had drank it, expired without pain, about the hour of midnight. Such was the end of that extraordinary man, in the thirty

second year of his age, after a reign of one year and about eight months from the death of Constantius. In his last moments he displayed, perhaps with some osten tation, the love of virtue and of fame which had been the ruling passions of his life.

(I rem The De line and Fall, Chap. xxii )

# From the 'Autobiography'

Wherever the distinction of farth is alloyed to form a superior order in the state, education and example should always, and will often, produce among them a dignity of sentiment and propriety of conduct, a luch is guarded from dishonour by their own and the public If we read of some illustrious line so ancient that it has no beginning, so worthy that it ought to have no end, we sympathize in its various fortures nor can we blame the generous enthusiasm, or cren the hamiless vanity, of those who are allied to the honours of its name. For my own part, could I draw my pedipree from a peneral, a statesman, or a celebrated author I should study their lives with the diligence of filial love In the investigation of past events, our currosity is stimulated by the immediate or indirect reference to ourselves, but in the estimate of honour we should learn to value the gifts of Nature above those of Fortune, to esteem in our ancestors the qualities that best promote the interests of society and to pronounce the descendant of a king less truly noble than the offspring of a man of genius, whose writings will instruct or delight the latest postenty The family of Confucius is, in my opinion, the most illustrious in the world. After a painful ascent of eight or ten centuries our larons and princes of Lurope are lo t in the darknes of the middle ages, but, in the vist equality of the empire of Clinia the posterity of Confucius have maintained above two thousand two hundred years their peaceful honours and perpetual succession. The chief of the family is still revered by the sovereign and the people as the lively image of the wrest of mankind. The nobility of the Spencers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough, but I exhort them to con sider the Fairy Queen as the most precious jewel of their coronet Our immortal Fielding was of the younger branch of the Larls of Denbigh, who draw their origin from the Counts of Halsburg, the lineal descendants of Flirico, in the seventh century, Duke of Alsace [an error, see page 347, note] Far different have been the fortunes of the Inglish and German divisions of the family of Habsburg the former, the knights and sheriffs of Leicestershire, have slowly risen to the dignity of a peerige the latter, the Emperors of Germany and Lings of Spain have threatened the liberty of the old, and invaded the treasures of the new The successors of Charles the Fifth may disdain world their brethren of Ligland, but the romance of Tom Jones, that exquisite picture of human manners, will outhve the palace of the Escurni and the imperial eagle of the house of Austria.

That these sentiments are just, or at least natural, I am the more inclined to believe, as I am not myself in terested in the cause, for I can derive from my anecstors neither glory nor shame. Yet a sincere and simple narrative of my own life may amuse some of my leisure hours, but it will subject me, and perhaps with justice, to the imputation of vanity. I may judge, however,

from the experience both of past and of the present times, that the public are always eurious to know the men who have left behind them any image of their minds the most scanty accounts of such men are compiled with diligence and perused with caterness, and the student of every class may derive a lesson or an example from the lives most similar to his own My name may hereafter be placed among the thousand articles of a Biographia Britannica, and I must be conscious that no one is so well qualified as myself to describe the series of my thoughts and actions The authority of my master, of the grave Thuanus and the philosophic Hume, might be sufficient to justify my design, but it would not be difficult to produce a long list of ancients and moderns who in various forms have exhibited their own portraits. Such portraits are often the most interesting, and sometimes the only interesting parts of their writings, and if they be sincere, we seldom complain of the minuteness or prolixity of these personal memorials. The lives of the younger Plmy, of Petrareh, and of Lrusmus are expressed in the epistles which they themselves have The essays of Montaigne and given to the world Sir William Temple bring us home to the houses and bosoms of the authors we smile without contempt at the headstrong passions of Benvenuto Cellini and the gay follies of Colley Cibber The confessions of St Austin and Rousseau disclose the secrets of the human heart the commentaries of the learned Huet have sur vived his evangelical demonstration, and the memoirs of Goldoni are more truly dramatic than his Italian comedies. The heretic and the churchman are strongly marked in the characters and fortunes of Whiston and Bishop Newton, and even the dulness of Michael de Marolles and Anthony Wood acquires some value from the faithful representation of nien and manners. That I am equal or superior to some of these, the effects of modesty or affectation cannot force me to dissemble

Lord Sheffield collected Gibbon's Muscellaneous Borl's (2 vols 1766 enlarged ed. 5 vols. 1814). The Pacline and Fall had the honour of heins bowdlensed by the original Mr Houdler in his last years and was published (12.6) after his death, "with the care ful omis ion of all passages of an irreligious or immoral ten lency Sir W Smith's edition of the Decline at 4 Fall (8 vols. 1854-55) contains the notes of Guizot and Milman a magnetral edition, in 7 vols, edited by Mr J D Bury was published in 1899-1909 A German translation in 1805-7 anticipated the French one, and there was a new one by Sporschil (4th ed. 1865). There have also been two German translations (1-96 and 1801) of the Autvergraft's There are Italian Magyar and modern Greek tran lations of the In 1897 another Lord Sheffield published the six ver sions of the Autobi graphy, from which Mis Helioyd pieced together the text till then accepted. Mr Birkbeck Hill gave us another edition in 1901 and two volumes of the letters were edited by I rofes or Protlero. See the monograph by J. C. Morison (1878) Frederic Harrison's address at the Gil bon Commemorat in (1875) Sainte Beure's two essays in the eighth volume of the Cameries in Luise and The Cirle for Maria Joseph's Holered (1 1).

Thomas Paine wis for a century and more the most abhorred name in England and was almost universally cited by way of assumed contempt is 'Tom Paine This most formidable of deists and Radicals-he was called atheist and held to be the most destructive of revolution irres - nas born at Theiford in Norfolk on 29th January 1737, the son of a Quaker stasmaker The son surely the most ur friendly of those that he was much influenced by Quaker viewsas does the revolutionity novelist Robert Bant, who, though 'barely a Christian,' retained a strong affection for the Quaker faith in which he was brought up. Tom Prine was by turns starmiker and marine, schoolm ister, excisenian, and tobacco nist. His first publication was a truet in aid of the excisemen's agitation for increase of wages in He had married twice, losing his first wife. and soon separating from the second, when in 1774, with introductions from Franklin, he sailed for Philadelphia. On 10th January 1776 appeared his pamphlet Common Sense, which argued simply but strongly for complete independence and which, in Washington's words, 'worked a powerful change in the minds of many men? His Crisis, a twelve month later, gave the battle cro, 'These are the times that try men's souls,' for the Americans' first victory at Trenton, where Paine himself was serving as a private, and Congress rewarded him with the post of Secretary to the Committee of Foreign Affairs He wrote fifteen Crises in all before 1783 to keep up the hearts of the rebels. He lost his post in 1779 for polemically discussing-and so divulging-State secrets about French supplies in a Pennsylvinia paper, but was appointed clerk of the Pennsylvania legislature. In 1781 he was secretary of a mission to France, which returned with 2,500,000 livres and military stores and soon after he received a public salary, and from the State of New York 1 gift of the confiscated farm of New Rochelle.

In 1787 he returned, by way of Paris, to England, where in 1791-92 he published The Rights of Man, most famous of all the replies to Burke's Reflections upon the Frence Revenution The work, of which a million and a half copies were sold in England alone involved many in heavy penalties, Thomas Muir, for instance for circulating it got fourteen years' transportation Paine, however, had slipped off to Paris, hising been elected by the department of Pas de C las its deputy to the National Convention. Here he voted with the Girondists, and at Louis XVI s trial he 'alone,' says Midame de Stack, proposed what would have done France honour-the offer to the king of an asylum in America? He thereb, offended the Robespierre faction, and in 1794 was thrown into prison -possibly by the procurement of the American Minister Gouverneur Morris, who dishked the French Revolution and the alliance between the new republics- just before his arrest bring written Part I of Lie Leofheric a anst atheism and against Christianity and in fivour of deism. Part II appeared in 1705 and a port on of Part III in 1807. The book all enated most of his old friends, and it is no full after an impressament of eleven months that he is released as he request of Monroe, the new Imerican Marker and resored to his sent in the Conventor. he som became disjusted with French politics descended from the Friends expressly testifies t and occupied lumself chiefly with the early of

finance, and, irite at the long acquiescence of the American Government in his imprisonment, he violently attacked Washington as a comminder and as a statesman In 1802 he returned to America, refusing to go by a ship placed at his service by President Jefferson In America he was welcomed by his own party, but hooted by orthodox mobs and tabooed by society. He was embarrassed in finances, constintly embroiled in controversy theological and political, and scems to have taken to drinking—though doubtless the stories about his intemperance were greatly exag-He died at New York 8th June 1809 In 1819 his bones were removed by Cobbett (q 1) from New Rochelle to England, they were serred as part of the property of Cobbett's son, a bank rupt, in 1836, their whereabouts since 1844 is unknown

Replies to Prine's theological views were much fiercer than those against his political doctrines-Gilbert Wakefield's and Bishop Watson's being famous As in apologist for the American rebels, 'Tom' was hated by patriotic Englishmen, his Rights of Man was the text book of all the extreme Radicals and sympathisers with the I rench Revolution - another ground for hatred, and his deism was hiteful to many who shared his Radicalism He was sincere and courageous, but vain and bigoted, he held that his pen had done as much for the United States as Washington's sword, he thought his opponents knives and fools, and his attacks on revelation are rather shrewd and bold than scholarly or profound Paine's ignorance,' says Mr Leslie Steplien, 'was vast and his language brutal, but he had the gift of a true demagogue—the power of wielding a fine vigorous English' The two following sciections are from the Rights of Man

# Order due to Society, not to Government.

Great part of that order which reigns among mankind is not the effect of government. It has its origin in the principles of society and the natural constitution of man It existed prior to government, and would exist if the formality of government was abolished The inutual dependence and reciprocal interest which man has upon man, and all the parts of a civilised community upon each other, create that great chain of connection which holds it together The land holder, the farmer, the manufacturer, the merchant, the tradesman, and every occupation prospers by the aid which each receives from the other and from the whole Common interest regu lates their concerns and forms their law, and the laws which common usage ordains have a greater influence than the laws of government. In fine, society per forms for itself almost everything which is ascribed to

To understand the nature and quantity of government proper for man, it is necessary to attend to his character. As Nature created him for social life, she fitted him for the station she intended. In all cases she made his natural wants greater than his individual powers. No one man is capable, without the aid of society, of supply

ing his own vants, and those wants acting upon every individual impel the whole of them into society, as naturally as gravitation acts to a center

Put she has gone further. She has not only forced man into society by a diversity of wants which the reciprocal aid of cach other can supply, but she has implanted in him a system of social affections, which, though not necessary to his existence, are essential to his happine. There is no period in life when this love for society ceases to act. It begins and ends with our being

If we examine with attention into the composition and constitution of man, the diversity of his wants, and the diversity of talents in different men for reciprocally accommodating the wants of each other, his propensity to society, and consequently to preferve the advantages resulting from it, we shall easily discover that a great part of a hat is called government is mere imposition.

Government is no farther neces any than to supply the few cases to which society and civilization are no een veniently competent, and instances are not wanting to show that everything which government can a efully add there'o has been performed by the common consent of society, without government

For upwards of two vers from the commencement of the American war, and to a fonger per oil in exercial of the American States, there were no established forms of government. The old governments had been abolished, and the country was too much occupied in defence to employ its attention in each belong new governments yet during this interval order and harmony were preserved as inviolate as in any country in Lurope. There is a indured aptress in man, and more so in society, because it embraces a greater variety of abilities and resource, to accommodate itself to whatever situation it is in. The instant formal government is aboliched, society begins to act. A general as occation takes place, and common interest produces common security.

So far is it from being true, as his been pretended, that the abolition of any formal government is the dissolution of society, that it acts by a contrary impulse and brings the latter the closer together. All that part of its organization which it had committed to its government devolves again upon itself, and acts through its inedium. When men, as well from natural instinct as from reciprocal benefits, ha e habitanted themselves to social and civilized life, there is always enough of its principles in practice to carry them through any changes they may find necessary or convenient to make in their government. In short, man is so naturally a creature of society that it is almost impossible to put him out of it.

Formal government makes but a small part of evalued life, and when even the best that human wisdom can devise is established, it is a thing more in name and idea than in fact. It is to the great and findamental principles of society and evaluation—to the common usage universally consented to, and inutually and recipro cally maintained—to the uncersing circulation of interest which, passing through its million channels, invigorates the whole mass of civilized man—it is to these things, infinitely more than to anything which even the best instituted government can perform, that the safety and prosperity of the individual and of the whole depends

The more perfect civilization is, the less occasion has it for government, because the more does it regulate its own affairs and govern itself, but so contrary is the

practice of old governments to the reason of the case, that the expences of them increase in the proportion they ought to diminish. It is but few general laws that civilized life requires, and those of such common useful ness, that whether they are enforced by the forms of government or not, the effect will be nearly the same. If we consider what the principles are that first condense men into society, and what the motives that regulate their mutual intercourse afterwards, we shall find, by the time we arrive at what is called government, that nearly the whole of the business is performed by the natural operation of the parts upon each other

## The Landed Interest.

It is difficult to discover what is meant by the landed interest, if it does not mean a combination of aristocratical land-holders opposing their own pecuniary interest to that of the firmer and every branch of trade, commerce, and manufacture. In all other respects it is the only interest that needs no partial protection enjoys the general protection of the world Every indi vidual, high or low, is interested in the fruits of the earth, men, women, and children, of all ages and degrees, will turn out to assist the farmer, rather than a harvest should not be got in, and they will not act thus by any other property It is the only one for which the common prayer of mankind is put up, and the only one that can never fail from the want of means. It is the interest, not of the policy, but of the existence of man, and when it ceases, he must cease to be No other interest in a nation stands on the same united support Commerce, manufactures, arts, sciences, and everything else, compared with this, are supported but in parts Their prosperity or their decay has not the same uni versal influence. When the valleys laugh and sing, it is not the farmer only, but all creation that rejoices. It is a prosperity that excludes all envy, and this cannot be said of anything clse.

The completest editions of Paine's works are those by Mendum (3 vols. Boston, 1850) and Mr Moncure D Conway (4 vols. London 1895-96) of his numerous biographies may be mentioned those by 'Francis Oldys' (i.e. George Chalmers, 1791) Cheetham (1809), Rickman (1814) Sherwin (1819), Vale (1842) Blanchard (1860), and especially that hy Moncure D Conway (2 vols. 1892). See also Leslie Stephens History of English Thought in the Eighteeith Century (1880) and Alger's Englishmen in the French Revolution (1889).

George Colman 'the Elder' (1732-94), playwright and manager, was the son of the English envoy at Florence, was educated at Westminster and Oxford, and called to the Bar in 1755 theatrical proclivities were much hampered by his mother's aristocratic connections, the Earl of Bath and General Pulteney, but in 1760 his first piece, Polly Honeycombe, was produced at Drury Lane with great success, next year came The Jealous Wife, and in 1766 The Claudestine Marriage, written in conjunction with Garrick In 1767 he purchased, with three others, Covent Garden Theatre, and held the office of manager for seven years, when he sold his share. During his management he had quarrels with his partners, and with Garrick and Macklin, a pamphlet war and a succession of lawsuits followed. In 1776 he purchased the Haymarket Theatre from Foote. He wrote many minor comedies, produced

'acting' versions of plays by Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Terence, of Milton's Comus, and of some French pieces own translation of Terence was received with enthusiasm, and so was his translation, with notes, of Horace's De Arte Poetica essays, edited Beaumont and Fletcher's works, and Ben Jonson's, and was author of some poems, criticisms, and other prose pieces (published in Many of his plays are not merely 3 vols 1787) clever, but brilliant, and though a collection of his Dramatic Works was published in four volumes in 1777, many of his things have never been printed Peake's Memoirs of the Colman Family (1841) and his own son's Random Recollections (1830) contain biographical materials, and Some Particulars of the Life of the Late George Colman (1795) is largely autobiographical 1785 he had a stroke of paralysis, and he died in confinement. His son, George Colman 'the Younger,' was perhaps even more famous on the same lines well into the next century

Richard Cumberland (1732-1811), novelist and essavist, was the son of the Bishop of Clonfert and great grandson of Dr Richard Cumberland (see page 47), and was born in the lodge of Trinity College, Cambridge His mother was Joanna, daughter of Dr Bentley, crroneously said to be the Phæbe of Byrom's pastoral (see page 279), and he inherited not a little of his grandfather's combative temper From Bury St Edmunds and Westminster, where he was contemporary with Cowper, Churchill, and Warren Hastings, he passed to Trinity College, Cambridge, and was a Fellow at twenty Becoming private secretary to Lord Halifax, he gave up his intention of taking orders Through the influence of his patron, he was made Crown agent for the province of Nova Scotia, and he was afterwards appointed, by Lord George Germain, secretary to the Board of Trade. His popularity as a writer of plays introduced him to all the literary and distinguished society of his day In 1780 he was employed on a secret mission to Spain, in order to endeavour to detacli that country from the hostile confederacy against England, but after a twelvemonth at Madrid lie was recalled, and payment of his drafts refused A sum of £5000 was due to him, but as Cumberland had failed in the negotiation, and had exceeded his commission through excess of zeal, the Minister refused to reiniburse him fortunate dramatist diplomatist was accordingly compelled to sell his paternal estate and retire into private life He took up his abode at Tunbridge, and there poured forth farces, comedies, tragedies, pamphlets, essays, and poems, among them two epics, Calvary and The Exodiad, the latter written in conjunction with Sir James Bland Burgess None of these was above mediocrity the vivifying power of genius was shown only in two or three of his plays In the Memoirs of his Own Life

Cumberland is graphic and entertining but too many of his ancedotes of contemporaries are imperfectly authenticated. His fime rests on two or three of his plays, which include The West Indian (1771)—his best, produced with much success by Garrick, The Brothers (1769), The Lashionable Lover (1772), The Jew and The Wheel of Lorume

One would have thought that the inquestion ible dramatic gift manifested in the best place his I nowledge of life and manners at home and ibroad, would have made Cumberland a notable But it was not so His first novel, novelist Arundel (1789) was hurrically composed, but the scene being partly in college and at court, and dealing with high life, the author drea upon his recollections, and painted vigorously what he had felt and witnessed. His second work, Henry (1795), carefully elaborated in imitation of Fielding was less happy, Cumberland was not it home in the humbler walks of life and his portraits are grossly overcharged The character of Ezekiel Dow, a Methodist preacher, was praised by Sir Walter Scott as exquisite and just resemblance to Lielding's Parson Adams as too marked, and the Methodistic clements are less convincing than the learned simplicity and bonhomic of the worths parson. And is Scott said 'He had a peculiar tiste in love affairs, which induced him to reverse the natural and usual practice of courtship, and to throw upon the softer sex the task of woong, which is more gracefully, as well as naturally, the province of the man'. In these woring scenes there is inevitably a lack of delicacy, Scott, who ranked his comedies next to Sheridan's, thought his romances indecent third novel, John de Lancaster was the inferior work of his advanced years. In the Retaliation Goldsmith somewhat hyperbolically prused him as

The Terence of Lngland, the mender of hearts

-surely one of the finest compliments over paid by one author to another, were it not obviously saturical, though not perhaps unkindly meant Actually Goldsmith does not seem to have been drawn to him, thought he had over refined coniedy, and set himself to succeed by avoiding his mal's defect, while Sheridan made the world laugh at him as 'Sir Fretful Plagian' The West Indian is a comedy of intrigue, and its scheme of honour and morals is by no means unexceptionable The hero, arriving rich and libertine from Jamaica, falls in love with a beautiful girl, addresses her in the street, pursues her to her lodging, and importunes her to a dishonourable alliance. Some trouble ensues, but so soon as the hero has had an opportunity of explaining in a dignified manner that a disreputable landlady had hinted to him that the lady was not the sister but the mistress of the secondary hero, the mistake is at once seen to be natural and venial, the lady, her brother and futher, and friends on both sides regard the prin cipal hero's conduct on the whole as generous and | admirable in a high degree, and the insulted lady recepts, not increly without heat thou but with outhusiasm, his formal suit for her hand

## Mr Johnson and Tea-Drinking

At the tea table he made considerable demand upon his favorate beverage, and I remember then Sir Joshua Keynolds at my house reminded him that is had drunk eleven cups, he rephel "Sir, I did not count your plasses of time why should you number up my cupe of tea? And then, laughner in perfect good humour, he added "Sir, I should have released the lady from any further trouble if it had not been for your remarl, but you have reminded me that I a cut one of the dozen, and I must reque t Mr. Cumberland to room! up my number? When he are the readiness and complacency with which my wife obeyed his call, he turned a kind and cheerful look on her, and said. 'Madam, I must tell you for your comfor you have escaped much better than a certain lade did a while ago, upon where patience I introded greatly more than I have slone on yours but the Indiansked me for no other purpose than to make a rang of me, and set me galiding to a parcel of people I have no lung of so, malam I lad my revenue on her, for I swallowed five and twent cups of her tea, and did not treat her with as many words."

(Ir in the Meir 1)

## From 'The West Indian.'

Mrs Fulner Why, how you cit, mu ing and mopmg, sighing and desponding! I m ashamed of rou, Mr I olmer is this the country you described to me, 2 second I ldorado rivers of gold and rocks of diamones? You found me in a pretty snug retird way of 1 k at Boulogne, out of the noise and buttle of the world and wholly at my eac, you indeed was upo the sung with a fiery persecution at your lack. but life a true son of I evola, to thad then a thou and ingenious devi ex to repair your foitune, and this your native country was to be the scene of noir performances fool that I was to for what have we got, be invergled into it by you whom have we gull d but ourselves? which of all your truns has taken fire? even this poor expedient of your boolsellers shop seems abandoned, for if a chance customer drops in, who is there, pray, to help him to what he wants?

In there Party, you know it is not upon sligh grounds that I despair, there had us'd to be a hychhood to be pick'd up in this country, both for the honest and dishonest. I have tried each walk, and am likely to starve at last, there is not a point to which the wat and freality of man can turn, that I have not set mine to but in yain, I am beat through every quarter of the compass

Mrs Ful. All common efforts all strike me a master stroke, Mr I tilmer, if you wish to male any figure in this country.

Ful But where, how, and what? I have bluster d for prerogative I have bellowed for freedom. I have offer'd to serve my country. I have engaged to betray it—a master stroke truly, why, I have talked treason, writ treason, and if a man can't live by that he can live by nothing. Here I set up as a bookseller, why men left off reading, and if I was to turn butcher, I believe o' my conscience they'd leave off cating

Mrs Iul Why, there now's your lodger, old Captain Dudley, as he calls lumiself there's no flint without fire,

something might be struck out of him, if you'd the wit to find the way

Ful Hang him, an old dry skin'd curmudgeon, you may as well think to get truth out of a courtier, or candour out of a critic. I can make nothing of him, beside, he's poor, and therefore not for our purpose.

Mrs Ful The more fool he' Won'd any man be poor that had such a prodigy in his possession?

Ful His daughter, you mean, she is, indeed, nincom monly beautiful.

Mrs Ful. Beantiful! Why, she need only be seen, to have the first men in the kingdom at her feet Egad, I wish I had the leasing of her beauty, what would some of your young Nabobs give——?

Ful Hush! here comes the captain, good girl, leave us to ourselves, and let me try what I can make of him.

Mrs Ful Captain, trult! i' faith I'd have a regiment, had I such a daughter, before I was three months older

[Exit as Captain Dudles enters

Ful Captain Dudley, good morning to you

Dudley Mr Fillmer, I have borrowed a book from your shop, 'its the sixth volume of my deceased friend Tristram be is a flattering writer to us poor soldiers and the divine story of Le Fevre, which makes part of this book, in my opinion of it, does honour not to its author only, but to human nature

Ful He's an anthor I keep in the way of trade, but one I never relish'd he is much too loose and profligate for my taste.

Dud That s being too severe I hold him to be a moralist in the nohlest sense, he plays indeed with the fancy and sometimes perhaps too wantonly, but while he thus designedly makes his main attack, he comes at once upon the heart, refines, amends it, softens it, beats down each selfish barrier from about it, and opens every sluice of pity and benevolence.

Ful We of the catholic persuasion are not much bound to him —Well, Sir, I shall not oppose your opinion, a favourite author is lile a favourite mistress, and there you know, Captain, no man likes to have his taste arranged

Dud Upon my word, Sir, I don't know what a man likes in that case, 'tis an experiment I never made

Ful Sir '-Are you serious

Dud 'Tis of little consequence whether you think so ful What a formal old prig it is! [aside]. I appreliend you, Sir, you speak with cautiou, you are married? Dud I have been

Ful And this young lady, which accompanies you— Dud Passes for my daughter

Ful Passes for his daughter 'humph—[aside] She is exceedingly beautiful, finely accomplished, of a most enchanting shape and air

Dud I ou are much too partial, she has the greatest defect a woman can have.

Ful How so, pray?

Dud. She has no fortune.

Ful Rather say that you have none, and that's a sore defect in one of your years, Captain Dudley you've served, no doubt?

Dud Familiar coxcomb! But I'll humour him [ande].

Ful A close old fox! But I'll unkennel him [aside].

Dud Above thirty years I've beeu in the service,

Mr Fulmer

Ful I guess'd as much I laid it at no less why,

'tis a wearisome time, 'tis an apprenticeship to a profes sion fit only for a patriarch. But preferment must be closely followed you never could have been so far behind hand in the chace unless you liad palpably mistaken your way. You'll pardon me, but I begin to perceive you have lived in the world, not with it.

Dud It may be so, and you, perhaps, can give me better counsel I'm now soliciting a favour, an exchange to a company on full pay, nothing more, and yet I meet a thousand bars to that tho', without boasting, I should think the certificate of services which I sent in might have purchased that indulgence to me.

Ful Who thinds or cares about 'em? Certificate of services, indeed! Send in a certificate of your fair daughter, carry her in your hand with you

Dud What! Who! My daughter! Carry my daughter! Well, and what then?

Ful Why, then your fortune's made, that's all.

Dud I understand you and this you call knowledge of the world? Despicable knowledge, but, sirrali, I will have you know—[threatening him]

Ful Help! Who's within? Wou'd you strike me, Sir, wou'd you lift up your hand against a man in his own house?

Dud In a church, if he dare insult the poverty of a man of honour

*Ful* Have a care what von do, remember there is such a thing in law as an assault and battery, ay, and such trifling forms as warrants and indictments.

Dud Go, Sir, you are too mean for my resentment 'tis that, and not the law, protects you. Hence!

Ful An old, absurd, incorrigible blockhead! I'll be reveng'd of him [aside]

See his Memoirs (2 vols. 1807) and George Paston's Little Memoirs of the Eighteenth Century (1901). His plays are in Mrs Inchhald's British Theatre.

## Richard Brinsley Sheridan,

dramatist and political orator, was the most brilliant of a gifted family representing an old native Irish clan in County Cavan His great-grandson, Lord Dufferin, reckoned that in two hundred and fifty years the family had produced twenty seven authors and upwards of two hundred books, and the author of Letters from High Latitudes was fully entitled to include himself and his gifted mother, the author of The Lament of the Irish Emigrant Thomas Sheridan, DCL and Jacobite historical writer, suffered for the cause of James II., and was father of the Chevalier Sheridan, Prince Charlie's tutor and comrade in arms, Thomas's nepliew, another Thomas, D D and friend of Swift, was a schoolmaster in Dublin, and translator His son, a third Thomas (1719-88), became a teacher of elocution in Dublin and author of a Life of Swift, but was first an actor and playwright, and at this stage of his career married the poetess Frances Chamberlaine, who as Mrs Frances Sheridan (1724-66) was to be a notable novelist and dramatist, her works comprise three unimportant comedies and two novels-The Memoirs of Miss Sidney Biddulph (1761), which was praised by Johnson, approved by the public, and translated into French by the Abbé Prevost, and The

History of Nourjahad, an Oriental tale adapted for the stage by Sophia Lee (see page 653) The son of this couple was the brilliant dramatist, who also attained his ambition of becoming a statesman

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was born in Dublin on the 30th of October 1751, and was educated partly in Dublin and then at Harrow, his parents had settled in London, and Richard never revisited his old home. After leaving school, he and a school friend named Hallied wrote a three act farce

called Jupiter, and he tried a verse translation of the Epistles of Arista netus In 1771 the Sherid ins removed to Bath, where they made acquaintance with the fimily of Linley the com poser, and, after a romantic courtship, Richard married Elizabeth Linley in 1773 The young couple settled in London to a life much beyond their means, and Sheri dan now made more serious efforts at dramatic composition In 1775 The Rivals was pro duced at Covent Garden, and, though at first it failed, was after some revision universally recognised as a great and admirable comedy In the same year appeared the poor farce called

Patrick's Day, and also The Duenna, which had a run of over seventy nights in the first season. In 1776 Sheridan, with the aid of Linley and another friend, bought half the patent of Drury Lane Theatre for £35,000 from Garrick, and in 1778 the remaining share for £45,000, the money being largely raised on mortgage. His first production was the Rivals, his second a purified edition of Vanbrugh's Relapse, under the title of A Irip to Scarborough Three months later appeared his greatest work, The School for Scandal, which, if somewhat lacking in cohesion, presents a series of extraordinarily brilliant scenes and a succession of wonderfully witty dialogues The Critic (1779), teeming with sparkling wit, was Sheridan's last dramatic effort, with the exception of a poor tragedy, Pizarro, much altered from the German of Kotzebuc. On the dissolution of Parliament in

1780 Slicridan was elected for Stafford, and in 1782 became Under-Scerctary for 1 oreign Affairs under Rockingham, he was afterwards Secretary to the Treasury in the Coalition Ministry (1783) parliamentary reputation dates from his great speeches in the imperchanent of Warren Hastings (1787-94) In 1794 he again electrified the House by a magnificent oration in reply to Lord Morning ton's denunciation of the I rench Revolution, but lic urged uncondition il resistance to Bonaparte,

sympathused with the Spaniards and others who rose against French tyranny mained till the end the devoted frierd and adherent of Fox, and was also the defender and spol esman of the Prince Regent On For's death (180) he was disappointed in his hope of being made leader of the Whigs but under the 'Ministry of all the Talents' he vas made treasurer to the navy In 1807 he was defeated at Westminster, and though he found a seat for Ilchester, parliamentara career came to an end in 1812 1792 his first wife and three died. later 1 ears married a daughter of the Dean of

who Winchester, The affairs of the theatre had

survived him The old building had to be closed gone badly as unfit to hold large audiences, and a new one, opened in 1794, was burned in 1809. This last calumity put the finishing touch to Sheridan's pecuniary difficulties, which had long been serious He died 7th July 1816, but Mr Friser Rae has proved that the story is not true that at the end he suffered severe privation or was in want of His funeral in Westminster ordinary comforts Abbcy was exceptionally magnificent

His inconsiderate and happy-go-lucky ways led all his life long to greatly exaggerated or unfounded stories about his convivial excesses But it was always acand other extravagances knowledged that as a politician he was incorrupt in a corrupt age, independent, and intrepid He eagerly opposed the war with America and the



RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN From the Crayon Portrait by John Russell, R.A., in the National Portrait

Irish Union, and zealously defended the liberty of the press. On Dr Johnson's motion, he was made a member of the famous Literary Club, and he was a member of Brooks's, and eminently popular in society. His political orations, if they erred on the side of exuberance, were many of them great oratorical triumphs. His bitterness against Warren Hastings was doubtless the outcome of sincere conviction that the Indian proconsul merited the worst that could befall him, for 'Sherry' was always transparently free from envy or malice, and was charitable to a fault.

As dramatist, he ranks in popularity next to Shakespeare, and is the last great writer of English He represents that comedy of manners, of wit and repartee, of which Etherege and Wycherley were the first notable exponents, Congreve the supreme master, and Goldsmith the reviver And if in sheer brilliancy of wit Congreve surpasses all of them, Sheridan is surpassed by none in truly mirth-provoking situations and collocations, in entertaining dialogue, or in the fascination which is the dramatist's highest triumph satire is not that of the moralist, indeed, it has been objected to the School for Scandal that, as in Tom Jones-with which it has some points of resemblance—the extravagant libertine is generous and warm-hearted, the grave and decorous character a mean hypocrite If the School for Scandal has borrowed some features from Tom Jones and Blifil, the Rivals owes not a little to Humphry Clinker Captain Absolute has a prototype in testy Matthew Bramble, and Mrs Malaprop's immortal allegory on the banks of the Nile has not a few congeners in Mrs Winifred Jenkins's derangement On the other hand, some of the of epitaphs speeches in Pizarro were said to have a closer resemblance to Sheridan's own oratory in the House of Commons than to that of the sixteenth century Spaniards or Kotzebue's Peruvians the maiden of bashful fifteen,' sung in the School for Scandal, became a standard English song 'Had I a heart for falsehood framed' is the only one in the score of songs and 'airs' in the Duenna that is still remembered. 'I own the soft impeachment' is another of Mrs Malaprop's sayings which, in whole or in part, is now an essential part of the Philistine vocabulary, and it was Sir Benjamin Backbite who first spoke of 'a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin' 'The malice of a good thing is the barb that makes it stick,' and 'When ingratitude barbs the dart of injury, the wound has double danger in it,' occur both in the School for Scandal 'Love gilds the scene and women guide the plot' is from the epilogue to the Rivals, and at least one saying of the playwrightpolitician in his own proper character has become proverbial 'The right honourable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests and to his imagination for his facts' was a retort by Sheridan to Dundas in the House of Commons It rarely

happened that Sheridan's stage characters were identified with actual persons, but it was universally taken for granted that Sir Fretful Plagiary was a caricature of Cumberland the dramatist. Pizarro is forgotten, but no comedies have a stronger hold on modern play going Englishmen of all classes than the Rivals and the School for Scandal, as strong as in the days when Kemble and Mrs Siddons were still playing for the genial dramatist-manager

# Song from 'The Duenna'

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could myure you,
For though your tongue no promise claim'd,
Your charms would make me true.
To you no soul shall bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong,
But friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And lovers in the young

But when they learn that you have blest Another with your heart, They 'll bid aspiring passion rest, And act a brother's part Then, lady, dread not here deceit, Nor fear to suffer wrong, For friends in all the aged you 'll meet, And brothers in the young

## From 'The Critic.'

Servant [entering] Sir Fretful Plagiary, sir

Dangle Beg him to walk up -Now, Mrs Dangle,
Sir Fretful Plagiary is an author to your own taste.

Mrs Dangle I confess he is a favourite of mine, be cause everybody else abuses him

Sneer Very much to the credit of your charity, madam, if not of your judgment

Dan But, egad ' he allows no ment to any author but himself, that's the truth on 't, though he's my friend

Sneer Never He is as envious as an old maid verging on the desperation of six and thirty, and then the insidious humility with which he seduces you to give a free opinion on any of his works, can be exceeded only by the petulant arrogance with which he is sure to reject your observations.

Dan Very true, egad I though he's my friend Sneer Then his affected contempt of all newspaper strictures, though, at the same time, he is the sorest man alive, and shrinks like scorehed parchment from the fiery ordeal of true criticism vet is he so covetous of popularity, that he had rather be abused than not mentioned at all

Dan There's no denying it, though he's my friend Sneer You have read the tragedy he has just finished, haven't you?

Dan O yes, he sent it to me yesterday

Sneer Well, and you think it execrable don't you?

Dan Why, between ourselves, egad! I must own—
though he's my friend—that it is one of the most—
he's here!—[Aside]—finished and most admirable per
form——

Sir Fretful Mr Sneer with him, did you say? [Enters]
Dan Ah, my dear friend! Egad! we were just
speaking of your tragedy Admirable, Sir Fretful,
admirable!

66

Sucer You never did anything beyond it, Sir I retful, ever in your life

Sir I You make me extremely happy, for, without compliment, my dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the orld whose judgment I value as I do yours, and Mr angle's

Mrs D They are only laughing at you, Sir Pretful, er it was but just now that----

Dan Mrs Dangle '- Mr Sir Fretful, you I now Mrs My friend Sneer was rallying just now ringle nows how she admires you, and-

Str I O I ord ' I am sure Mr Succe has more taste and ncerity than to --- A double freed fellow! Dan Yes, yes, Sneer will jest, but a better umoured--

Sir I Oli, I know

Dan He has a ready turn for ridicule, his wit costs ını nothung

Su F No, egad or I should wonder how he came Mis D. Because his jest is always at the expense of his icnd

Dan But, Sir I retful, have you sent your play to the anagers yet? or can I be of any service to you?

Sir I Sincerely, then, you do like the piece? Sucer Wonderfully!

Sir I But, come now there must be something that on think might be mended, ch's-Mr Dangle has othing struck you?

Dan Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing for the iost part to-

Sir I With most authors it is just so indeed they e in general strangely tenacious but, for my part, I m never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points. ut any defect to me, for what is the jurpose of shewing work to a friend if you don't mean to profit his his f notatd

Sucer Very true Why, then, though I seriously dmire the piece upon the whole yet there is one small bjection which, if you Il give me leave, I Il mention

Sir T Sir, you can t oblige me more Sneer I think it wants incident

Sir  $\Gamma$  Good God! you surprise me! wants meident?

Sneer Yes, I own I think the incidents are too

Sir I Good God! Believe ine, Mr Sneer, there is o person for whose judgment I have a more implicit eference, but I protest to you, Mr Sneer, I am only ppreheusive that the incidents are too crowded - 1/3 ear Dangle, how does it strike you?

Dan Kerlly, I can't agree with my friend Sneer hink the plot quite sufficient, and the four first nets by nany degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life Ιſ might venture to suggest anything, it is that the interest ather falls off in the fiftle,

Sir I Rises, I believe you mean, sir

Dan No, I don't, upon my word

Sir I I cs, yes, you do, upon my soul, it certainly ion't full off, I assure you, no, no, it don't fall off

Dan Now, Mrs Dangle, didn't you say it struck you n the same light?

Mrs D No, indeed, I did not I did not see n fault n any part of the play from the beginning to the end

Sir I Upon my soul, the women are the best judges ifter all !

to nothing in the pice, but the I was afraid e was, on the whole, a little too lon

Sir J. Pray, m. lam, do you speak at to dir tion of time, or do you to an that the tony is ted with a n

Mrs D O lelt no I speak only vitte reference to the u and length of niting place

sir / Then I air very high sonvery high meters, Lecture the plant of a stort plan, a remark at you for your I should not ven ure to differ with a lady en a year of taste, but on the cloce wins the latch y a in a is the critic

ifer D. Then, I cappo out a art land teen Mr Danates. drawling inanner of realing it to rie

Sir P. Oh if Mr Dungle not i iller's quie and ter affair, but become you, this blande, the for exempt you can spire me three loans and a helt. I'll an tertale to read so a the whole from becoming to early as the prolonic and eplonie, at I after the for the more between the nets.

Met D. I hope to see a on the sing next. Din Well Sir Freifal I was you my let at a to get rid a seath of the new spaper entire on a months of ours

Sir I The new palers, sur, this are time. 1 (500 out litentia , als min-1'e, infe na'-1 a th read than, no I make it a rule near to like into a דיקוק וית

Dur You are quite right for it or a ally must bert on nuther of delicate feelings to are the liber is they

Sir I No quite the contrary the ralase is in last, the best panez me. I like it of all thirps. Ar ard cra reputation is only in danger from their upport

Second What shat a true, and that a tau, non, en 300 the o her day-

Sir 1 What? where?

1), you mean in a paper of Thursday it was completely ill natured to be aire

Srl On, so much the better for ha har I wouldn't have it otherwise

Don Certainly, it is only to be I which at, for-

Sir F You don't happen to recollect what the fellow sud, do ma?

hir Freiful seems n little Snear Pray, Danyle anvious...

Sir I O lud, no' anxio is? not I, no' the least-Ibut one may as well hear, you know

Sneer, do j i recollect? Make out some Seer I will [To Dangle] Les, ve, I remember

perfectly Sir F Well, and priv now-not that it signifieswhat night the gentleman say?

Steer Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or original penius whatever, though you are the greatest traducer of all o her authors living

Sir I IIn ha, ha! very good!

Succe That, as to comedy you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your commonplace book, where stray jokes and pilfered wittiersms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the Lost and Stolen Office

Sir F Ha, ha, ha t very pleasant t

Sucer Nav. that you are so unlinely as not to have Mrs D Or if I made any objection, I am sure it was I the skill even to stail with taste, but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagranists have been before you, so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments, like a bid tavern's worst wine.

Ser F Ha, hal

Sneer In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable if the thoughts were ever suited to the expressions, but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic encumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms

Sir F Ha, ha !

Sneer That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey woolsey, while your imita tions of Shakespeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

Sir I IIa !--

Sneer In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you, for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating, so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilise

Sir F [After great agitation] Now, another person would be vexed at this

Sneer. Oh, bat I wouldn't have told you, only to divert you

Str F I know it I am diverted—ha, ha, ha ' Not the least invention' ha, ha, ha '—very good, very good'

Sneer Yes, no genius! ha, ha, ha!

Dan A severe rogue, ha, ha, ha !-but you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

Sir I' To be sure, for if there is anything to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it, and if it is abuse, why, one is always sure to hear of it from one d—d good natured friend or another!

## From The School for Scandal'

Lady Sneervell Maria, my dear, how do you do? What's the matter?

Maria Oh, there is that disagreeable lover of mine, Sir Benjamin Backbite, has just called at my guardian's with his odious uncle, Crabtree, so I slipt out, and ran hither to avoid them.

Lady S Is that all?

Joseph Surface If my brother Charles had been of the party, madam, perhaps you would not have been so much alarmed

Lady S Nay, now you are severe, for I dare swear the truth of the matter is, Maria heard you were here—But, my dear, what has Sir benjamin done that you should avoid him so?

Maria Oh, he has done nothing—but 'tis fer what he has said his conversation is a perpetual libel on all his acquaintance

Joseph Ay, and the worst of it is, there is no advantage in not knowing him—for he'll abuse a stranger just as soon as his best friend, and his uncle Crabtree's as lead

Lady S Nay, but we should ninke allowance. Sir Benjamin is a wit and a poet

Maria For my part, I own, madam, wit loses its respect with me when I see it in eo npany with maliee—What do you think, Mr Surface?

Just Certainly, madam, to smile at the jest which I

plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the misch of

Lady S Pshaw!—there's no possibility of being with without a little ill nature the malice of a good thing is the barb that males it stiel —What's your opinion, Mr Surface?

Joseph To be sure, madam, that conversation vilere the spirit of rullery is suppressed will ever appear tedious and insignd

Maria Well, I ll not debate how far scandal may be allowable, but in a man, I am sure it is always contemptible. We have pride, envy, rivalship, and a thousand little motives to depreciate each other, but the male slanderer must have the cowardice of a woman before he can triduce one.

Ser-ant [enterin,]. Madam, Mrs Candour is below, and if your ladyship's at leisure, will leave her carriage.

Indy S Beg her to walk in -Now, Marra, however, here is a character to your taste, for though Mrs Candour is a little talkative, everybody allows her to be the best natured and best sort of woman

Maria Yes-with a very gross inflictation of good nature and benevolence, she does more mischief than the direct malice of old Crabtree.

Joseph 1' faith, that's true, Lady Sneerwell, when ever I hear the current running against the characters of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candour undertakes their defence.

Lady S Hush !-here she is !

Mrs Candour [entering] My dear Lady Sneerwell, how have you been this century?—Mr Surface, what news do you hear?—though indeed it is no matter, for I think one hears nothing else but scandal

Joseph Just so, indeed, ma'am

Mrs C O Maria! child—what! is the whole affair off between you and Charles! His extravagance, I presume—the town talks of nothing else

Maria I am very sorry, ma am, the town has so little to do

Mrs C Irue, true, child but there's no stopping people's tongues. I own I was hurt to hear it, as I indeed was to learn, from the same quarter, that your guardian, Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, have not agreed lately as well as could be wished.

Maria 'Tis strangely impertment for people to busy themselves so

Mrs C Very true, child but v hat s to be done? People will talk—there's no preventing it. Why, it was but yesterday I was told that Miss Gadabout had cloped with Sir Filligree I hit. But there's no minding what one hears, though, to be sure, I had this from very good authority.

Maria Such reports are highly scandalous

Mrs C So they are, child—shameful, shameful! Lut the world is so censorious, no character e-capes. Well, now, who would have suspected your friend, Miss Prim, of an indiscretion? Yet, such is the ill nature of people that they say her uncle stopt her last week, just as she was stepping into the York mail with her dancing master.

"Maria I'll answer for 't there are no grounds for that

Mrs C. Ali, no foundation in the world, I dare swear no more, probably, than for the story circulated in a month of Mrs. Festino's affair with Colonel Cassino

though, to be sure, that matter was never rightly cleared up

Joseph. The license of invention some people take is monstrous indeed

Maria 'Ti so-but in my opinion, tho e who report

such things are equally culpable.

Mrs. C. To be sure they are tale bearers are as Irid as the tale maler—tis an old observation, and a very true one. But what is to be done, as I said before? how will you prevent people from talling? To day Mrs. Clackitt assured me Mr and Mrs. Honeymoon were at last become mere man and wife like the rect of their acquaintance. No not tale bearers, as I said before, are just a bad as the tale makers.

for the Mr. Mrs Candour, if everybody had your forbearance and good nature!

Mrs. C. I confess. Mr. Surface. I cannot bear to hear people attacked behind their backs, and when nelly circumstances come out again tour acquaintance. I own I always love to think the best. By the live, I hope its not true that your brother is absolutely ruined?

foreph. I am afraid his circumstances are very b.d. indeed, ma am

Mrs. C. Alt. I heard so-but you must tell him to keep up in spirits, everybody almost i in the same way -1 ord spindle. Sir. Thomas splint, Captain Quin e and Mr. Nickit -all up. I hear, within the week, so if Charles is undone he. Il find half his acquaintance ruined too, and that, you I now is a consolution.

Josef! Doubtles manm-a very great one

Ser int [entern ] Mr Crabtice and Sir Banjamin Packbite

Ladi & So Minn, you see your lover pursue, you positively you shan t escape

Leady Specific (with Sir Bi Sjamis Backettet) Lady Specifically, I kiss your hand—Mrs Candour, I don't believe you are requested with my nephet, Sir Benjamin Bael bite. Thad I ma'am he has a pretty with and is a pretty poet too.—Isn't he, Lady Specifically.

Sir Benjan in O fie, uncle !

Sir B Uncle, now-prithee-

Crab I' faith, ma'am, 'twould surprise you to hear how ready lie is at all these sort of things

Lady S. I wonder, Sir Benjamin, you never publish anything

Sir B To say truth, ma'am, 'tis very vulgar to print, and as my little productions are no thy satures and lampoons on particular people, I find they circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties. However, I have some love elegies, which, when favoured with this lady's smiles, I mean to give the public. [Pointing to Maria]

Crab 'Fore heaven, ma'am, they'll immortalise you! I on will be handed down to posterity, like Petrarch's

Laura or Waller's Sacharisea

Sir B [To Maria] Yes, madam, I think you will like them, when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander

through a mendow of crargin. There god there will be the most elegant thin, of their kind?

Crab But, little, but a true-have you heard the news?

Wrs C. What is r, do you mean the report of-

tral. No, making that some te-Miss Nicely is going to be married to be own fastman.

Wr & Inposite!

Cal Ask Sir Benjamin

Sir A. To very true manner everything is fixed, and the vielding liveries bespoke

Cr. l. Yes, and they do east the vere presong reason for it

Lide 5. Why I have heard something of this before

Mr. C. It can't be and I waster any one stools believe such a story of so juiden a fady as Mr.s. Nie.ls.

Sin A. O had? mades the some recoin two bliesed at once. She has always been so can income so reserved the energy of some time was some reson for it. I be tom.

Mest. Why to be size a tide of scar labels as fall to the credit of a prefent boly of her simply a ferrill to the credit of the sconges, conditional. But there is a sort of pury likely top their in that is alway along yet will outlike the robuster characters of a bundled you?

See I have in doing there are valed his areas to reputation as well as constructed his being constructed them, call part avoid the least health of air and supply their want of same a live at and circumspace of

Mexic Well he this may be all note the Anknow, Sir Isenstonia very tribing cream traces often give me to the most injunous tales.

Ond That they do I like from manual O lad. Mr Surface parts is a true that your understrolliver, recoming higher

JOY Northat I know of in leed or

Crat. He has been in the last Indice a long time You can searcely remember him I believe. Sail comfort, whenever he resums, to hear how your brother has fone on

Joseph Charles has been improdent six to be strebut I hope no base people have already projudiced Six Observagain thin. He may reform

Sir B. To be sure he may for my part, I never believed him to be so utterly void of principle as people say, and though he has lost all his friends, I am told nobody is better spoken of hy the Jews.

Cral That strue, egad! nephew If the Old Jewry was a ward I believe Charles would be an alderman no man more popular there! I hear he pays as many annuities as the Irish tontine and that, whenever he is sick, they have prayers for the recovery of his health in all the synagogues.

Sir B. Vet no man lives in greater splendour. They tell me, when he entertains his friends he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities. have a score of tradesmen waiting in the antechamber, and an officer behind every guest's chair.

Joseph This may be entertainment to you, gentlemen, but you pay very little regard to the feelings of a brother

Maria [Ande] Their malice is intolerable [Alond] Lady Sneerwell, I must wish you a good morning. I in not very well [Evit Maria

Mrs C O dear' she changes colour very much
Lady S Do, Mrs Candour, follow her she may want
your assistance.

Mrs C That I will, with all my soul, ma'am Poor dear girl, who knows what her situation may be '

#### Rolla to the Peruvian Army -From 'Pizarro'

My brave associates! partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame 1 Can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? No 1 jou have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate ther minds and They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule IVe, for our country, our altars, and our homes They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and a power which they hate serve a monarch whom we love-a God whom we adore! Where'er they move in anger, desolution tracks their progress, where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error Yes, they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride ' They offer us their protection, yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs-covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our plain The throne we honour is the people's answer this choice, the laws we reverence are our brave fithers' legacy, the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hopes of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your inviders this, and tell them, too, we seek no change, and least of all such change as they would bring us

#### From the Speech against Warren Hastings

Filial Piety! It is the primal bond of society—it is that instinctive principle which, panting for its proper good, soothes, unbidden, each sense and sensibility of man 1-it now quivers on every lip 1-it now beams from every eye '-it is an emanation of that gratitude which, softening under the sense of recollected good, is eager to own the vast countless debt it ne'er, alas ' can pay, for so many long years of unceasing solicitudes, honourable self denials, life preserving cares '-it is that part of our practice where duty drops its awe '-where reverence refines into love! It asks no aid of memory! -it needs not the deductions of reason '-pre existing, paramount over all, whether law or human rule, few arguments can increase, and none can diminish it '-it is the sacrament of our nature '-not only the duty, but the indulgence of man-it is his first great privilege-it is amongst his last most endearing delights !-it causes the bosom to glow with reverberated love '-it requites the visitations of nature, and returns the blessings that have been received !-- it fires emotion into vital principle! -it renders habituated instinct into a master passionsways all the sweetest energies of man-hangs over each vicissitude of all that must pass away—rids the melan choly virtues in their last sad tasks of life, to cheer the languors of decrepitude and age-explores the thoughtelucidates the asking eye '-and breathes sweet consola tion even in the awful moment of dissolution !

O Faith 1 O Justice 1 I conjure you by your sacred names to depart for a moment from this place, though it be your peculiar residence, nor hear your names profaned by such a sacrilegious combination as that which I am now compelled to repeat 1-where all the fur forms of nature and art, truth and peace, policy and honour, shrunk back aghast from the deleterious shade ! -where all existences, nefamous and vile, had sway where, amidst the black agents on one side, and Middle ton with Impey on the other, the toughest head, the most unfeeling heart! the great figure of the piece, characteristic in his place, stood aloof and independent from the puny profligacy in his train !- but far from idle and mactive-turning a malignant eye on all mischief that awaited him '-the multiplied apparatus of tem porising expedients, and intimidating instruments! now cringing on his prey, and fawning on his vengeance!now quickening the limping pace of craft, and forcing every stand that returing nature can make in the heart! violating the attachments and the decorums of life I sae rificing every emotion of tenderness and honour i and flagitiously levelling all the distinctions of national characteristics with a long catalogue of crimes and aggravations, beyond the reach of thought, for human malignity to perpetrate, or human vengeance to punish!

Sheridan's son Tom, who was Colonial treasurer at the Cape of Good Hope was something of a poet and two of his three beau tiful and accomplished daughters attained literary fame Lady Dufferin and Mrs Norton (Lady Surling Maxwell). Memoirs were prefixed to editions of Sheridan's works by Leigh Hunt (1840), Browne (1873-75) and Stainforth (1874) and there were Lives by Walkins (1817) and Thomas Moore (1825). See also Sheridan and his Times (1859) Memoirs of Mrs Frances Sheridan, by her granddaughter Alicia Le Fanit (1824) short Lives by Mrs Oliphant (1883) and Lloyd Sanders (with a full bibliography 1891) Percy Fitzgerald Lives of the Sheridaus (1887). It should be added that most of the earlier Lives according to Mr Fraser Rae, retail many facts as fictions. Sheridan's representatives (including Lord Dufferin who wrote an introduction to it) recognised as authori tative only the Memoir by Mr Fraser Rae (2 vols. 1896). The editions of the works and of the principal plays are innumerable

Thomas Holcroft (1745-1809), author of the Road to Ruin, and the first to introduce the melodrama into England, was born in London was six years old,' says Holcroft, 'my father lept a shoemaker's shop in Orange Court, and I have a faint recollection that my mother dealt in greens and oysters' Humble as this condition was, it seems to have been succeeded by greater poverty, and the future dramatist and comedian was employed in the country by his parents to liawk goods as a pedlar When he attained to the dignity of a Newmarket stable boy, he was proud of his new livery, and during the three years he spent there, a charitable person who kept a school taught him to read. Returning at sixteen years to London, he worked with his father as a shoemaker, but now a passion for books was predominant, and as the confinement of the shoe maker's stall did not agree with him, he attempted to start a school in the country Becoming in 1770 a provincial actor, he spent seven years in strolling about England in every variety of wretchedness, then settling in London lie took gradually to authorship Alwan, or the Gentleman Comedian (1780), was the first of four novels the

comedy Duplicity (1781) the first of upwards of thirty plays. It was acted with great success it Covent Garden, and among its successors were The Follies of a Pay (1784), adapted from Beiti marchais' Mariage de Figure, and The Road to Rum (1792), which brought him £600 and £1300 'The Road to Ruin,' said Mrs Inchbild, 'rinks amongst the most successful of modern plays There is merit in the writing, but much more in that dramatic science which disposes character scenes, and dialogue with minute attention to theatric exhibition? Holeroft also v rote A Tour in Germany and I raice (the fruit of a four years' stay in H imburg and Pans, 1709 1803) and numerous translations from German French, and Italian During the period of the French Revolution he was a zealous reformer, and in 1794 on hearing that his name was included in the same bill of indictment with looke and Hardy he surrendered himself in open court, but wis discharged vithout being brought to trial. The great sorrow of his life was the death of his eldest son, William (1773-89), who, liaving robbed his father of £40, and being found by him on an American bound vessel, shot himself for a twelve month the stern, strong man hardly quitted the house. The Road to Kurr is still a stock icting piece, and Holcrost is also remembered by this song from his third novel, High Trever

#### Gaffer Gray

Hol why dost thou shiver and shalle,
Gaffer Grav?

And why does the nose look so blue?
"Tis the weather that's cold,
"Tis I'm grown very old

And my doublet is not very new,
Well a day!"

Then line thy worn doublet with ale, Gaffer Gray,
And warm thy old heart with a glass,
'Nay, but credit I we none,
And my money's all gone

Then say how may that come to pass ! Well a day!'

Hie away to the house on the brow, Gaffer Gray,

And I nock at the jolly priest's door 'The priest often preaches Against worldly riches,

But no er gives a nute to the poor, Well a day !'

The lawyer lives under the hill, Gaffer Gray

Warmly senced both in back and in front.
'He will fasten his locks,
And will threaten the stocks

Should be ever more find me in want,
Well a day "

The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
Gaffer Gray,

And the season will welcome you there

'The fat beese, and I herr, And his merry new year, Are all for the duch and the feir, Well a day."

sly legger that he specifies,

Coffee Gray,

What I and WI lear he specifies, man, ye ill like,

I he post mone along.

When he less the per mann,
Of his morel a rivel all lare,
Well aday?

# From The Road to Rain\* Mr Det To SH i

Dinter Sull the sine harr the sine & es.J. Mr. Snu he

Mr Smith Much the some, or the her moser experience I and a like this "-Mr School halo we follow rest through

Peri 1 Milford tat en e

Mrsiul No, 1

Premal in proceed for the 12 -Ms some over his run to him afore which is the first for

All the Management of the number status D in bid the name it. All the own factory of a food felly to D med him no high twent in ed him to spend

de Se the precentary. This way, for locate Deer Zo at 1 what are new took to though los preligion !

Service (7 Mr. D. enten.) You see writed in the country house in

D n Very well -I il be with you in a noment, pentlemn --- Mandar A spent but?

Den [renein] Your servent parlemen, your servent—Prix, how happens it that you being your recounts in here?

1 Traferian We received notice, sir

D rn I understand was '-- and a list are you say, who seem to stand apar from the res?

If ter A hover, sir I am invorted the comp ny of the chonet pentlemen, who had mostle. I never affront a pointing parameter, no I and, what they will think strange, I get more be those who do look over their bills than the c who do not!

Drn And what may be the amount of your ball, sir?

Honer A trifle, for which I have no right to ask Dern No right!-What do you mean?

Hister Your son, sir, made me what I am redeemed me on I my family from ruin, and it would be an ill regultal of his goodness to come here, like a dun, at such a time as this, when I would rather, if that could help him, give him every shilling I have in the world

Drn Would you? Would you? [Greath affected]
—You look like an honest man!—But what do you
do here then?

Hester Mr Durnton sir, knew I should be unwilling to come, and sent me word he would never speak to me more if I did not, and, rather than offend him, I would even come here on a business like this.

Dern [Stakes tim to the aand] You are an honest fellow! An unaccountable!—And so Harry has been your friend?

Houser Yes, sir, a liberal minded friend, for he lent

me money, though I was sincere enough to tell him of

Dorn Zounds, sir! How came you to be a weaver of stockings?

Hosser I don't know, sir, how I came to be at all, I only know that here I am

Dorn A philosopher!

Hoster I am not fond of title, sir-I'm a man

Dorn Why, is it not a shame, now, that the soul of Socrates should have crept and hid himself in the body of a stocking weaver? Give me your bill!

Ho ier Ercuse me, sir

Dorn Give me your bill, I tell you! I'll pay this bill my self

Hoster I cannot, must not, sir

Dorn Sir, I insist on \_\_\_ [Enter HARPI DORNTON ] So, sir' [Turning angrily round] Why have you assembled these people into whose debt you have dishonestly run, wanting the power to pay, and who have as dishonestly trusted you, hoping to profit exor bitantly by your extravagance?

Harry O sir, you don't know them! They are very complaisant, indulgent kind of people Are not you, gentlemen?

1 Trades Certainly, sir

Omnes Certainly

Harry Be kind enough to wait a few minutes with out, my very good friends [Exeunt Tradesmen ] Mr [Takes his nand Williams-

Hoster Sir-

[Lxit

Dorn How dare you introduce this swarm of locusts here? How dare you?

Harry [With continued good humour ] Despair, sir, is a druntless hero

Dorn Have you the effrontery to suppose that I can or shall pay them?-What is it you mean?

Harry To let you see I have creditors.

Dorn Cheats! Bloodsuckers!

Harry Some of them but that is my fault-They must be paid

Dorn Paid!

Harry The indocent must not suffer for the guilty Dorn You will die in an alms house I

Harri May be so, but the orphan's and the widow's curse shall not meet me there !

Dorn Harry ' Zounds ' [Checking his fondness] Paid! Whom do you mean to rob?

Harry My name is Dornton, sir Dorn Are you not-

[Wanting words

Harry Yes, sir

Dorn Quit the room! Begone!

Harry You are the best of men, sir and I-But I hate whining Repentance is a pitiful secondrel, that never brought back a single yesterday. Amendment is a scllow of more mettle-But it is too late-Suffer I ought, and suffer I must-My debts of honour discharged, do not let my tradesmen go unpud

Dorn You have ruined me !

Harry The whole is but five thousand pounds!

Dirn But?-The counter is loaded with the destruc tion you have brought upon us all?

Harry No, no-I have been a sad fellow, but not even my extravagance can shake this house.

Wr Smith [ent ring in constirnation] Bills are pouring in so fast upon us, we shall never get through I

Harry [Struck with horror] What '-What is that

Mr Smith We have paid our light gold so often over that the people are very surly!

Dorn Pay it no more!-Sell it instantly for what it is worth, disburse the last guiuea, and shut up the doors '

Harry [Taking Mr Smith aside] Are you serious? Mr Smith Sir!

Harry [Impatiently ] Are you serious, I say ?-Is it not some trick to impose upon me?

Ur Smith Look into the shop, sir, and convince yourself!-If we have not a supply in half an hour, we must stop !

[Wildly ] Tol de rol - My father! - Sir! Harrs Turning array ] Is it possible?—Disgraced?—Ruined? -In reality ruined '-By me -Are these things so?-Tol de rol-

Dorn Harry '-How you look '-1 ou frighten me '

Harry [Starting] It shall be done!

Dorn What do you mean ?- Calm yourself, Harry !

Harry Ay! By Heaven!

Dorn Hear mc, Harry!

Harry This instant! Dorn [Calling] Harry! [Going

Harry Don't droop [Returning] Don't despair! I'll find relief-[Aside] I irst to my friend-He can not fail? But if he should! Why, ay, then to Megrera! -I will marry her, in such a cause! were she fifty

Dorn Calm yourself, Harry!

widows and fifty furies !

Harry I am calm '-Very calm '-It shall be done! Don't be dejected-You are my father-You were the first of men in the first of cities-Revered by the good, and respected by the great-You flourished prosperously! -But you had a son '-I remember it '

Dorn Why do you roll your eyes, Harry?

Harry I wont be long away

Dorn Stay where you are, Harry! [Catching his hand ] All will be well! I am very happy! Do not leave me '-I am very happy '-Indeed, I am, Harry '-Very happy 1

Harry Tol de rol-Heaven bless you, sir! You are a worthy gentleman '-I'll not be long!

Dorn Hear me, Harry '-I am very happy !

See Holcroft's interesting Memoirs written by himself and continued by Hazlitt (1815) also kegan Paul's Life of Godwin (1876). Gifford treated him with contempt, real or assumed.

Hugh Kelly (1739-77), the son of a Dublin publican, was bred a staymaker, and in London from 1760 on was successively staymaker, attorney's clerk, writer for the newspapers, essavist, and scurnlous theatrical critic. He had written a novel, Memoirs of a Magdalen (1767), which had the honour of translation into French, when in 1768 he surprised the public by producing a sentimental comedy, False Delicacy, which, though without much point or power, had a remarkable influence both on the fortunes and character of the author, the profits of his first third night realised £150—the largest sum of money he had ever before seen-'and from a low, petulant, absurd, and ill-bred censurer' says Davies, 'Kelly was transformed to the humane, affible,

good natured, well bred man? The play had the benefit of a prologue and epilogue from Garrick, it was repeated twenty times in the same season that produced Goldsmith's Good Natur'd Man, and a printed edition of ten thousand copies was sold within the year, so that kelly netted £700 by his lineky stroke. I rench, German, and Portuguese translations made his name known on the Continental stage. This other coincides, I Word to the Wise, I School for II was, and The Man of Reason, and a tragedy, Clementina had little or no success. Kelly had withdrawn from stage work in 1774, and became an unsuccessful burister. An edition of his works, with a Life, by Hugh Humilton, was published the year after his de th

Robert Bage (1728-1801) had as a novelist many points in common with Holcroft, like him he lind adopted the principles of the French ke volution, which he inculcated in a series of worl's Bage was born of Quaker parentage it Durley, Derbyshire, and become like his father, a piper maker. His manufactory was at Elford near 1 un worth, and there he realised a decent competence During the last eight years of his life he had in Timworth His works are Mount Kenreth (1781), Barham Dorous (1784), Lie Lair Syriai (1787), James II allace (1788), Man as He is (1792), and Hermsprong, or Man as He is Not (1796) Baye's novels are distinctly inferior to those of Holcroft, and it can only surprise us that Sir Walter Scott should have admitted them into his British Novelists when he was excluding so many better stories Barham Dorons and Hermsfrong, upon the whole the most interesting contain good i saturical portraits, though the plots of both are crude and defective

Erasmus Darwin (1731-1802) born at Elston Hall, Newark, was educated at Chesterfield and St John's College, Cambridge, and then studied medicine at Edinburgh After trying a practice for two months in Nottingham, he removed (Novem ber 1756) to Lichfield, where he long remained a successful and distinguished physician After his first wife's death (1770) he devoted himself largely to botanical and literary pursuits, though at first afraid that the reputation of poet would injure him in his profession. At this time he hired in a pretty villa in the neighbourhood of Lichfield, with a grotto and fountain, and here he began to arrange a botanic garden in a spot he described as 'adapted to love seenes, and as being thence a proper residence for the modern goddess of botany' His Botanic Garden, a poem in polished heroic verse, was designed to describe, glorify, and allegorise the Linn can system of botany Rosicrucian doctrine of gnomes, sylphs, nymplis, and salamanders seemed to 'afford a proper machinery for a botanic poem, as it is probable they were originally the names of liveroglyphic figures representing the elements. In 1778 the poet was called to attend the children of Colonel |

Chindos Pole of Radbourne Hill, Derby, and i year after the colonel's death (1786) Dr. Durain married the widow, who po so red a jointure of 1600 per minim. He was now released from all prodential fears and restrants about his poetical In 1789 appeared the second part of ambitions his poem, The Lories of the Plants the first part. the Leonomy of Legelation, did not appear till 1792 Oddly enough, he incorporated at the beginning of this part authorit of nowledgment, so he fifty already published verses by Miss Sevard which had suggested to lum the idea of the perm. This he did he said, in compliment to the fads, who however in her memoir of Dirwin comply and gently of his not relianded and the judior hip m some vay as Mr Edge vorth said he was the list man who in this department needed 'to bug, borrow or steal from any per on oa cartle!

Ovid laying by poche art transmitted meawomen and even gods and goddesses into trees and flovers. Darwin explained that in the Levis of the Plants he had 'undertalen, be similar art, to restore some of them to their original animality, after having remained prisoners so long in their vegetable manisions."

I rom giant oaks, the mase their branelies dark In the diarfin in that there up in their bank, Who beare and beauties from I the fat is groves, And woo ri d win their vey etable loves How snowdrops cold, and blue eyed harehells blend Their temler terrs as o er the streams they lead The love sick viole, and the primite a pale Pow their sweet I ends, on I who ser to the gale With secret sighs the virgin lily dr hips, And jealous conships hang their tawns our How the join, rose in bearty colour sk prole, Drinks the warm blushes of his la liftil bride With honeyed hip enamoure I woodbines meet, Clasp with food arms, and mix their kisses sweet Stay the soft murmuring water gentle fill Hush, whispering winds we rusthing leaves be still Kest, silver butterflies your quivering wings Alight, we beetle from your any rings Le printed moths, your gold evel plumage full Blow your wide horns, your spiral trunks uncurl Clutter ve glow worms on your mossi beds Descend, ye spiders, on your lengthened threads, Slide here, we horned simils, with variashed sliells, Te lac nymplis, listen in your waven cells! (I som the opening of Canto it )

To such ingenious funcies in next couplets, some passages add lofts thoughts in dignified verse

Roll on, ye stars! exult in youthful prime, Mark with bright curves the printless steps of time, Near and more near your beams cars approach. And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach, Flowers of the sky! we too to age must yield. I rail as your silken sisters of the field! Star after star from heaven a high arch shall rush, Suns sink on suns, and sistems systems crush. Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall. And death, and night, and chaos mingle all!

Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm, Immortal nature lifts her changeful form, Mounts from her fineral pyre on wings of flame, And soars and shines, another and the same <sup>1</sup>

(From the Economy of Vegetation, Canto iv)

A description of the cassia plant, 'cinctured with gold,' committing its 'infant loves,' or seeds, to be borne by Ontario's floods and sea-currents to the coasts of Norway, naturally suggests Moses in his Nile cradle, as that does African slavery

## Moses on the Nile and Slavery

So the sad mother at the noon of night, From bloody Memphis stole her silent flight, Wrapped her dear babe beneath her folded vest, And clasped the treasure to her throbbing breast, With soothing whispers hushed its feeble cry, Pressed the soft kiss, and breathed the secret sigh. With dauntless step she seeks the winding shore, Hears unappalled the glimmering torrents roar, With paper flags a floating cradle weaves, And hides the smiling boy in lotus leaves, Gives her white bosom to his eager lips, The salt tears mingling with the milk he sips, Waits on the reed crowned brink with pious guile, And trusts the scaly monsters of the Nile Erewhile majestic from his lone abode, Embassador of heaven, the Prophet trod, Wrenched the red scourge from proud oppression's hands, And broke, curst slavery, thy iron bands

Hark! heard ye not that piercing cry, Which shook the waves and rent the sky? E'en now, e en now, on yonder western shores Weeps pale despair, and writhing anguish roars, E'en now in Afric's groves, with hideous yell, Fierce slavery stalks, and slips the dogs of hell, From vale to vale the gathering cries rebound, And sable nations tremble at the sound 1 Le band of senators! whose suffrage sways Britannia's realms, whom either Ind obeys, Who right the injured and reward the brave, Stretch your strong arm, for ye have power to savel Throned in the vaulted heart, his dread resort, Inexorable conscience holds his court, With still small voice the plots of guilt alarms, Bares his masked brow, his lifted hand disarms, But wrapped in night with terrors all his own, He speaks in thunder when the deed is done. Hear him, ye senates ! hear this truth sublime, 'He who allows oppression, shares the crime 13

(From The Loves of the Plants, Canto sil.)

The two halves of the poem have no very close connection, Part II only justifies the general and special title of the book, and in Part I the section of Canto iv addressed to the sylphs, the first three cantos of Part I (addressed to fire-spirits, gnomes or earth-spirits, and water-nymphs respectively) deal with the forces of nature in general, and specially with the formation of the world. The plan of the book thus allows Darwin to bring in any subject he likes—'Lock lomond by Moonlight,' Montgolfier's balloon, the pictures of Wright of Derby, compliments to Wedgwood and Brindley the canal-maker, and a really eloquent tribute to

John Howard, the prisoners' friend The following passage on the power of the steam engine (written about 1780 in an invocation to the nymphs of fire, who are responsible for many chemical, electrical, and industrial inventions) goes beyond the achievements of M Santos-Dumont and almost rivals in brief the visions of Mr H G Wells

Nymphs! you erewhile on simmering cauldrons play'd, And call'd delighted Savery to your aid, Bade round the youth explosive Steam aspire, In gathering clouds, and wing'd the vave with fire, Bade with cold streams the quick expansion stop, And sink the immense of vapour to a drop—Press'd by the ponderous air the Piston falls Resistless, sliding through its iron walls, Quick moves the balanced beam, of giant birth, Wields his large limbs, and nodding shakes the earth



ERASMUS DARWIN
From the Portrait by Joseph Wright in the National Portrait
Gallery

Soon shall thy arm, Unconquered Steam ' afar Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car, Or on wide waving wings expanded bear The flying-chariot through the fields of air—Fair crews triumphant, leaning from above, Shall wave their fluttering kerchiefs as they move, Or warnor bands alarm the gaping crowd, And armies shrink beneath the shadowy cloud.

Darwin's parallels are sometimes both extravagant and gross, there is a constant throng of startling metaphors, and the descriptions are worked out with tiresome minuteness. A third part of the *Botanic Garden* was added in 1792, for the copyright of the whole he received £900 Darwin next published *Zoonomia*, or the Laws of Organic Life (1794-96), partly written long before, a curious and original physiological prose treatise. Sympathising with his aim here to establish the

physiological basis of mental phenomena, G H Lewes credits him with 'a profounder insight into psychology than any of his contemporaries and the majority of his successors' Johannes Muller quotes and corrects him, and the Zoonomia directly influenced medical science by insisting on the (only recently recognised) importance of stimulants in fever, and on the rational treatment of the insine In 1801 Dirwin issued another philosophical disquisition, Phytologia, or the Philosophy of Agriculture and Gardening He also wrote a short treatise on Fimale Lducation, intended for the instruction and assistance of part He praised, practised, and of his own family preached teetotalism, and died of gout in his seventy-first year. Shortly after his death was published a poem, The Temple of Nature, which is even more didactic than the Botanic Garden, and more inverted in style and diction

The poetical reputation of Darwin was as bright and transient as the blooming of his plants and flowers. Cowper said his verse was as 'strong' as it was 'learned and sweet'. He really evercised an influence which may be traced in the Pleasures of Hope and other poems of the closing century His command of poetic diction, elaborate metaphors, and sonorous versification was well seconded by his curious and multifarious knowledge, but the effect of the whole was artificial. The Rosicrucian machinery of Pope gave scope for wit and satire in the delineation of human passions and pursuits, but who can sympathise with the loves and metamorphoses of the plants? Multitudinous metaphors are less trying to faith and patience than long-drawn-out and fantastic allegory such as But it seems generally admitted that it was an external accident that mainly blasted Darwin's fair fame. The personification of the plants and their 'pledging their nuptial vows' (not uncomplicated by polygrmy and polyandry) gave a fital opportunity to a parodist, and in the 'Loves of the Triangles' in George Canning's Anti-Jacobin (1799-1801) was too obviously and mercilessly burlesqued Friends and critics, from Miss Seward to Charles Darwin, agree that the sudden collapse of Darwin's poctic credit was due to the ingenuity and pro digious popularity of the burlesque.

Horace Walpole in his letters repeatedly alludes with admiration to Dr Darwin's poetry, and writes thus in a letter of May 14, 1792

The 'Triumph of Flora,' beginning at the fifty ninth line, is most beautifully and enchantingly imagined, and the twelve verses that by miracle describe and comprehend the creation of the universe out of chaos, are in my opinion the most sublime passages in any author, or in any of the few languages with which I am acquainted. There are a thousand other verses most charming, or indeed all are so, crowded with most poetic imagery, gorgeous epitheis and style and yet these four cantos do not please me equally with the Loves of the Plants

The 'Triumph of Flora' begins with the line 'She comes' the goddess' in the passage quoted

below, the other twelve verses commended are last in the same extract, from 'Let there be light' on

## Invocation to the Goddess of Botany

'Winds of the north' restrain your icy gales Nor chill the bosom of these happy vales I Hence in dark heaps, ye gathering clouds, revolve! Disperse, ye lightnings, and ye mists, dissolve! Hither, emerging from you orient skies, Botanic goddess, bend thy radiant eyes, O'er these soft seenes assume thy gentle reign, Poniona, Ceres, Flora in thy train, O'er the still dawn thy pineid sinile effuse, And with thy silver sandals print the dews, In noon's bright blize thy vermeil vest unfold, And wave thy emerald banner starred vith gold 1 Thus spoke the genius as he stept along, And bade these lawns to peace and truth belong, Down the steep slopes he led vith modest skill The villing pathway and the truant rill, Stretched o'er the marshy vale you willowy mound, Where shines the lake amid the tufted ground, Raised the young woodland, smoothed the wavy green, And gave to beanty all the quiet seene She comes! the goddess! through the whispering air, Bright as the morn descends her blushing car, Lach circling wheel a wreath of flowers enty ines, And, gemmed with flowers, the silken harne's shimes, The golden bits with flowery study are decked, And knots of flowers the crimson reins connect. And now on earth the silver axle rings, And the shell sinks upon its slender springs, Light from her airy seat the goddess bounds, And steps colestial press the pansied grounds. Fair Spring advancing calls her feathered quire, And times to softer notes her laughing lyre, Bids her gay hours on purple pinions move, And arms her zephyrs with the shafts of love. Pleased gnomes, ascending from their carthly beds, Play round her graceful footsteps as she treads, Gay sylphs attendant beat the fragrant air On winnowing wings, and wast her golden liair, Blue nymphs emerging leave their sparkhug streams, And fiery forms alight from orient beams, Musi 'd in the rose's lap fresh dews they shed, Or breathe celestial lustres round her head Tirst the fine forms, her dulcet voice requires, Which bitlie or bask in elemental fires, From each bright gem of day's refuigent car, From the pale sphere of every twinkling star, From each nice pore of ocean, earth, and air, With eye of flame the sparkling hosts repair, Mix their gav hues, in changeful circles play, Like motes, that tenant the meridian May-So the clear lens collects with magic power The countless glories of the midnight hour, Stars after stars with quivering lustre fall, And twini ling glide along the whitened will-Pleased as they pass, she counts the glittering bands, And stills their murmur with her waving hands, Each listening tribe with fond expectance liurns, And now to these, and now to those, she turns 'Nymphs of primeval fire ' your vestal train Hung with gold tresses o'er the vast mane, Pierced with your silver shafts the throne of night, And charmed young Nature's opening eyes with light,

When love divine, with brooding wings unfurled, Called from the rude abyss the living world. 'Let there be light!' proclaimed the Almighty Lord, Astomshed Chaos heard the potent word, Through all his realms the kindling ether runs, And the mass starts into a million suns. Earths round each sun with quick explosions hurst, And second planets issue from the first, Band, as they journey with projectile force, In bright ellipses their reluctant course, Orbs wheel in orbs, round centres centres roll, And form, self balanced, one reluctant whole, Onward they move amid their bright abode, Space without bound, the bosom of their God.

(From exordium of the Economy of Vegetation) The thirt, eight lines that immediately precede this passage are almost verbatim Mrs Seward's and in this extract the eight lines from Thus spoke are also hers. The rest is Darwin's

#### Destruction of Senacherib's Army by a Pestilential Wind.

From Ashnr's vales when proud Senacherih trod, Poured his swoln heart, defied the living God, Urged with incessant shouts his glittering powers, And Judah shook through all her massy towers Round her sad altars press the prostrate crowd, Hosts beat their breasts, and suppliant chieftains bowed, Lond shricks of matrons thrilled the troubled air, And trembling virgins rent their scattered hair High in the midst the kneeling king adored, Spread the blaspheming scroll before the Lord, Raised his pale hands, and breathed his pausing sighs, And fixed on lieaven his dim imploring eyes 'O mighty God, amidst thy scraph throng Who sit'st sublime, the judge of right and wrong, Thine the wide earth, bright sun, and starry zone, That twinkling jonrney round thy golden throne, Thine is the crystal source of life and light, And thine the realms of death's eternal night. O bend thine ear, the gracious eye incline, Lo! Ashur's ling blasphemes thy holy shrine, Insults our offerings, and derides our vows O strike the diadem from his impious brows, Tear from his murderous hand the bloody rod, And teach the trembling nations "Thou art God "" Sylphs 1 m what dread array with pennons broad, Onward ve floated o er the ethereal road, Called each dank steam the reeking marsh exhales, Contagious vapours and volcanic gales, Gave the soft sonth vith poisonous breath to blow, And rolled the dreadful whirlwind on the foe ! Hark 1 o'er the camp the venomed tempest sings, Man falls on man, on buckler buckler rings, Groan answers groan, to anguish anguish yields, And death s loud accents shake the tented fields! High rears the fiend his grinning jaws, and wide Spans the pale nations with colossal stride, Waves his broad falchion with uplifted hand, And his vast shadow darkens all the land (From the Economy of Vegetation, Canto iv )

#### Eliza at the Battle of Minden.

So stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height, O er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight, Songht with bold eye amid the bloody strife Her dearer self, the partner of her life, From hill to hill the rushing host pursued, And viewed his banner, or believed she viewed

Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led, And one fair girl amid the loud alarm Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm, While round her brows bright beams of Honour dart, And Love's warm eddies circle round her heart Near and more near the intrepid beanty pressed, Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest, Saw on his helm her virgin hands inwove Bright stars of gold, and mystic knots of love, Heard the exulting shont, 'They run ' they run ' 'Great God '' she cried, 'he 's safe ! the battle 's won!' A ball now hisses through the airy tides, (Some fury winged it, and some demon guides!) Parts the tine locks her graceful head that deck, Wounds her fur ear, and sinks into her neck, The red stream, issuing from her aznre veins, Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains. 'Ah me'' she cried, and sinking on the ground, kissed her dear babes, regardless of the wound, 'Oh cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn 1 Wait, gushing life, oh wait my love s return ! Hourse banks the wolf, the vulture screams from far 1 The angel Pity shuns the walks of war ! Oh spare, ye war hounds, spare their tender age, On me, on me,' she cried, 'exhrust your rige!' Then with weak arms her weeping babes caressed, And, sighing hid them in her blood stained vest

From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies, Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes, Eliza's name along the camp he calls 'Eliza' echoes through the ennuas walls, Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps tread, O'er groaning licaps, the dving and the dead, Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood, Lo! dead Eliza weltering in lier blood 1 Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds, With open arms and sparkling eye he hounds 'Speak low,' he cries, and gives his little hand, 'Eliza sleeps upon the dew cold sand,' Poor weeping babe with bloody fingers pressed And tried with ponting lips her milkless breast, 'Alas ' we both with cold and hunger quake-Why do yon weep?—Mama will soon awake.' 'She'll wake no more 'the hapless mourner cried, Upturned his eyes, and clasped his hands and sighed, Stretched on the ground, a while entranced he lay, And pressed warm kisses on the lifeless clay, And then upsprung with wild convulsive start, And all the father kindled in his heart, "O heavens "he cried, 'my first rash yow forgive, These bind to earth, for these I pray to live I' Round his chill babes he wrapped his crimson vest, And clasped them sobbing to his aching breast.

(From The Loves of the Plants, Canto III.)

#### Song to May

Born in you blaze of orient sky, Sweet May, thy radiant form unfold, Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye, And wave thy shadowy locks of gold

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow, For thee descends the sunny shower, The rills in softer murmurs flow, And brighter blossoms gem the bower Light graces dressed in flowers wreaths And tiptoe joys their hands combine, And Love his sweet contagion breathes, And laughing dances round thy shrine

Warm with new life the glittering throngs
On quivering fin and rustling wing
Delighted join their votive songs,
And hail thee Goddess of the spring!

(From The Loves of the Plants, Canto n.)

#### Song to Echo

Sweet Echo! sleeps thy vocal shell, Where this high arch o'erhangs the dell, While Tweed, with sin reflecting streams, Checkers thy rocks with dancing beams?

Here may no clamours harsh intrude, No brawling hound or clarion rude, Here no fell heast of midnight prowl, And teach thy tortured cliffs to bowl

Be thine to pour these vales along Some artless shepherd's evening song, While night's sweet bird from you high spray Responsive listens to his lay

And if, like me, some love form maid Should sing lier sorrows to thy shade, Oh, soothe her breast, ye rocks around, With softest sympathy of sound

(From The Loves of the Plants, Canto sv )

Naturally it is 'fair Avena (i.e. oats) that brings the poet to the brinks of Tweed

If Darwin's poetic glories have been allowed to rest in oblivion, full justice has of late been done to his singular scientific and speculative insight Dr Ernst Krause in his work on the subject compares him thus with his famous grandson

Almost every single work of the younger Darwin may be paralleled by at least a chapter in the works of his ancestor, the mystery of heredity, adaptation, the pro tective arrangements of animals and plants, sexual selection, insectivorous plants, and the analysis of the emotions and sociological impulses, nay, even the studies on infants are to be found already discussed in the writings of the elder Darwin But at the same time we remark a material difference in their interpreta tion of nature. The elder Darwin was a Lamarckian, or, more properly, Jean Lamarck was a Darwinian of the older school, for he has only carried out further the ideas of Erismus Darwin, although with great acumen, and it is to Darwin, therefore, that the credit is due of having first established a complete system of the theory of evolution. The evidence of this I shall adduce here after

The unusual circumstance that a grandfather should be the intellectual precursor of his grandson in questions which nowadays more than any others move the minds of men, must of itself suffice to excite the liveliest interest. But at the same time it must be pointed out that in this fact we have not the smallest ground for depreciating the labours of the man who has shed a new lustre upon the name of his grandfather. It is one thing to establish hypotheses and theories out of the fullness of one's fancy, even when supported by a very considerable knowledge of nature, and another to demonstrate them

by an enormous number of facts, and carry them to such a degree of probability as to satisfy those most capable of judging. Dr Erasmus Darwin could not satisfy his contemporaries with his physio philosophical ideas, he was a century ahead of them, and was in consequence obliged to put up with seeing people, shrug their shoulders when they spoke of his wild and eccentric fancies, and the expression 'Darwinising' (as employed, for example, by the poet Coleridge when writing on Stillingflect) was accepted in England nearly as the antithesis of sober biological investigation

Darwin had the inisfortune to be one of the many victims of the 'practical' and mischievous jokes of George Steevens the Shakespearean commentator. In the fourth canto of the Loves of the Plants Darwin gives rather an extrivagant version of the upas tree superstition and prints as pièce justificative a long article in the London Magazine for 1783, said to be from the Dutch of a physician resident in Java, but subsequently discovered to be a pure fabrication by Steevens.

See Krause's essay on Darwin's scientific works translated by Dallas, and the prefatory Life by Charles Darwin (1879) and ed 1887). The earliest Life was that by Miss Seward

Anna Seward (1747–1809), born at Evam rectory, Derbyshire, was the daughter of the Rev Thomas Seward, from 1754 canon residentiary of Lichfield, who, himself a poet, was one of the editors of Beaumont and Fletcher She was early trained to a taste for poetry, and before she was nine could repeat the first three books of Paradise Her own earliest verses were elegate poems -on Captrin Cook, Garrick, Major André, and others—which, spite of their artificial and inflated style, attained some measure of celebrity complimented her as 'the inventress of epic elegy,' Johnson highly praised some of her things, and she was known by the name of the Swan of Lich Miss Mitford, less complimentary, called her 'a sort of Dr Darwin in petticoats,' but she had more in common with Hayley and Gifford's other victims in the Baviad A poetical novel, Louisa (1782), passed through several editions Her Memoir of Di Darwin appeared in 1804. After bandying compliments with the poets of one generation, Miss Seward in the next engaged Sir Walter Scott in a literary correspondence, and bequeathed to him for publication three volumes of her poetry, which he issued, with a memoir, in 1810-not without misgivings. At the same time she left her correspondence to Constable, who published the letters from 1784 and 1807 (6 vols 1811) Both collections were unsuccessful applauses of Miss Seward's early admirers were only calculated to excite ridicule, and the vanity and affectation which were her besetting sins destroyed alike her poetry and her prose. Some of her letters, however, are written with spirit and discrimination, and Macaulay, writing to his sister Hannah, reported, 'The books which I had sent to the binder are come, and Miss Seward's letters are in a condition to bear twenty more reperusals?

Hannah More (1745-1833), adopting fiction as a means of conveying religious instruction, can scarcely be said to have been ever 'free of the corporation' of no class, non vould she perhaps ha e cared to ove her distinction solely to her con rection "7th so motles and "arrous a band uthdrew from the fascinations of London society, the theatres and opera, in obedience to what she concer ed to be the call of duty, and, latterly at any rate, much of contemporary literature became taboo to her This lovable woman was the fourth of the five daughters of Jacob More, who taugh, a school in the Gloucestershire village of Stapleton (now absorbed in Bristol, where Hannah was At t elve she was sent to a boardingschool just started by her eldest sister in Bristol. In 1773 she published a pastoral drama, The Search after Happiness, which by 1796 had reached an ele enth edition, in 1774 she brought out a tragedy, The Inflexible Captive In 1773 or 1774 she made her entrance into the society of Lordon, and as domest cated ath Garrick, who proved one of her lindest and s'eadiest friends She vas received with favour by Johnson, Reynolds, Burie, and heir set. In 1777 Garrick brought out her tragedy of Percy at Drury Lane, where it had a run of tventy one nights, the theatrical profits amounted to £600, and for the copyright of the play she got £150 more. She had already published two legendary poems, Sir Eldred of the Bower and The Bleeding Ro F, and in 1779 her third and last tragedy, The Fatal Falsehood was acted, but only for three nights this time she lost her friend Garrick by death In 1782 appeared a volume of Sacred Dramas, vith a poem Sensibility All her works were successful, and Johnson, with a friend's partiality, declared she was 'the mos por crful versificatrix in the English language.' Her poetry is non forgotten, but Percy has so many good points that one cannot help thinking the venerable Mrs Hannah More might have been remembered as i a playwright had she settled down seriously to dramatic vorl. In 1786 she issued another olume of verse, Florio, a Tale for Fine Gentlemen and I'me Ladies, and The Bas Bleu, or The latter-v luch Johnson com-Conversation plimented as 'a great performance' - was an claborate culogs on the Bas Bleu Club, a literary assembly that met at Mrs Montagu's (see page 418) About this time Hannah resolved to devote her abundant good sense and keen observation exclusively to high objects. The gay life of the fashionable vorld had lost its charms, and, having published her Bas Blen, she retired to the small cottage of Covslip Green in Blandon parish in Somerset. Her first prose publication was Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society (1788), and, published anonymously, was by Co vper assumed to be the production of one of the most scholarly and tell-born men of the

time, presumably Wilberforce. This was followed in 1791 by an Estimate of the Religion of the Tashionable World As a means of counteracting the political tracts and evertions of Jacobins and levellers, 'Mrs' More (for so she came, in the fashion of the day, to be styled) in 1795-98 wrote a number of tales, published monthly under the title of The Cheap Repository, which attained to a sale of about a million each number, of these the best-known has The Slepherd of Salisbury Plain With the same object, she published a volume on I illage Politics Her other principal works were Strictures on the Modern System of Lemale Education (1799), Hints towards forming the Chara ter of a Young Princess (1805, written at the queen's request for belioof of the Princess Charlotte), Cahbs in Search of a 11 ife (1809), Practical Piets (1811), Christian Morals (1812), Lssay on the Character and Writings of St Paul 1815), and Moral Stetches of Prevailing Opinions and Manners, Foreign and Domistic, with Reflections on Prayer (1819: Her collected works (1830) fill cleven volumes octavo Of Calebs ten editions were sold in one year. The tale has a fine yein of delicate iron and sarcasm, and some of the characters are admirably drawn, but the didactic aim and tone repel ordinary novel readers, the story vas not unfairly called 'a dramatic sermon'

The popularity of her books enabled her to live in ease, and to dispense charities generously sisters also secured a competency, and they all lived together at Barley Wood, a house in the neighbouring parish of Wrington, Locke's birth place, whither Hannah moved in 1802 'From the day that the school was given up, the existence of the whole sisterhood appears to have flowed on in one uniform current of peace and contentment, diversified only by new appearances of Hannah as an authoress, and the ups and downs which she and the others met with in the prosecution of a most brave and human experiment-namely, their zealous effort to extend the blessings of education and religion among the inhabitants of certain villages situated in the wild Cheddar district some ten miles from their abode, who, from a concurrence of unhappy local and temporary circumstances, had been left in a state of ignorance hardly conceivable at the present day? And their labours so prospered that ere long the sisterhood had the pleasure of vitnessing a yearly festival celebrated on the hills of Cheddar, where above a thousand children, with the members of women's industrial clubs-also established by them-after attending church service, were regaled at the expense of their benefactors. In Hannah's latter days there was perhaps a tincture of supercrogatory severity in her religious views. But her unfeigned sincerity, her exertions to instruct miners and cottagers, and the untiring zeal with which she laboured, even amidst severe bodily infirmities. to spread sound principles and intellectual culture from palace to cottage, entitle her to rank amidst

the self devoting benefactors of her time and her country. In 1828, nine years after the death of her fourth sister, Hannah More moved to Clifton, and here she died at the age of eighty-eight. They are all five buried at Wrington 'Mrs More' formed a link with the earlier Victorian age it was this revered friend of his father and the Clapham sect that little Tom Macaulay, alone at the moment in the house, asked 'if he might not have the pleasure of offering a glass of old spirits'—having at four read that this was one of the customary refreshments of Robinson Crusoe. She left about £30,000, chiefly in legacies to charitable and religious institutions



HANNAH MORE.
From an Engraving by Worthington after Pickersgill

The third sister, Sally (1743-1817), thus described Hannah's first interview—which founded a warm friendship—with the great English moralist during her London sojourn in 1773-74

We have paid another visit to Miss Reynolds, she had sent to engage Dr Percy-Percy's Collection, now you know him-quite a sprightly modern, not a rusty antique, as I expected, he was no sooner gone than the most amiable and obliging of women, Miss Reynolds, ordered the coach to take us to Dr Johnson's very own house yes, Abyssinia's Johnson! Dictionary's Johnson! Rambler's, Idler's, and Irene's Johnson 1 Can you pic ture to yourselves the palpitation of our hearts as we approached his mansion? The conversation turned on a new worl of his just going to the press-the Tour to the Hebrides-and his old friend Richardson Mrs Williams, the blind poet who lives with him, was introduced to us. She is engaging in her manners, her conversation lively and entertaining Miss Reynolds told the doctor of all our rapturous exclamations on the road He shook his scientifie head at Hannah, and said 'she was a silly thing!' When our visit was ended, he called for his

hat, as it rained, to attend us down a very long entry to our coach, and not Rasselas could have acquitted himself more en cavalter. We are engaged with lim at Sir Joshua's, Wednesday evening. What do you think of us? I forgot to mention, that not finding Johnson in his little parlour when we came in, Hannah seated hirself in his great chair, hoping to catch a little ray of his genus when he heard it he laughed heartily, and told her it was a chair on which he never sat. He said it reminded him of Boswell and himself when they stopped a night, as they imagined, where the weird sisters appeared to Macbeth. The idea so worked on their enthusiasm, that it quite deprived them of rest. However, they learned the next morning, to their mortification, that they had been deceived, and were quite in another part of the country

In a later letter (1776), after the publication of Hannah's Sir Eldred, the same lively writer Boswellised still further

If a wedding should take place before our return, don't be surprised—between the mother of Sir Eldred and the father of my much loved Irene, may, Mrs Montagu says if tender words are the precursors of connulnal engage ments, we may expect great things, for it is nothing but 'child,' 'little fool,' 'love,' and 'dearest' After much eritical discourse, lie turns round to me, and with one of his most annable looks, which must be seen to form the least idea of it, he says 'I have heard that you are engaged in the useful and honourable employment of teaching young ladies ' Upon which, with all the same erse, familiarity, and confidence we should have done had only our own dear Dr Stonehouse been present, we entered upon the history of our birth, parentage, and education, showing how we were born with more desires than guineas, and how, as years increased our appetites, the cupboard at home began to grow too small to gratify them, and how, with a bottle of water, a bed, and a blanket, we set out to seek our fortunes, and how we found a great house with nothing in it, and how it was like to remain so till, looking into our know ledge boxes, we happened to find a little larning, a good thing when land is gone, or rather none, and so at last, by giving a little of this little larning to those who had less, we got a good store of gold in return, but how, alas! we wanted the wit to keep it 'I love you both,' cried the inamorato-'I love you all five. I never was at Bristol-I will come on purpose to see you five women live happily together! I will come and see you-I have spent a happy evening-I am glad I came -God for ever bless you I you live lives to shame He took his leave with so much warmth duchesses.' and tenderness, we were quite affected at his manner If Hannah's head stands proof against all the adulation and kindness of the great folks here, why then I will venture to say nothing of this kind will hurt her here A literary anecdote Mrs Medalla-Sterne's daughter-sent to all the correspondents of her deceased father, begging the letters which he had written to them, among other wits, she sent to Wilkes with the same request He sent for answer, that as there happened to be nothing extraordinary in those he had received, he had burnt or lost them On which the faithful editor of her father's works sent back to say, that if Mr Wilkes would be so good as to write in few letters in imitation of her father's style, it would do just as well, and she would inscrt them

## In a letter Hannah thus comments on

#### Garrick's Death

From Dr Cadogan's I intended to have gone to the Adelphi, but found that Mrs Garrick was at that moment quitting her house, while preparations were making for the last sad ceremony, she very wisely fixed on a private friend's house for this purpose, where she could be at her ease. I got there just before her, she was prepared for meeting me, she ran into my arms, and we both re mained silent for some initutes, at last she whispered \*I have this moment embraced his coffin, and you come next.' She soon recovered herself, and said with great composure 'The goodness of God to me is inexpres sible, I desired to die, but it is his will that I should live, and He has convinced me He will not let my life be quite miserable, for He gives astoni hing strength to my body, and grace to my heart, neither do I deserve, but I am thankful for both' She thanked me a thousand times for such a real act of friendship, and hade me be comforted, for it was God's will She told me they had just returned from Althorp, Lord Spencer's, where he had been reluctantly dragged, for he had felt unwell for some time, but during his visit he was often in such fine spirits, that they could not believe he was ill his return home, he appointed Cadogan to meet him, who ordered him an emetic, the warm bath, and the usual remedies, but with very little effect Sunday he was in good spirits and free from pain, but as the suppression still continued, Dr Cadogan became extremely alarmed, and sent for Pott, Heberden, and Schomberg, who gave him up the moment they saw Poor Garrick stared to see his room full of doctors, not being conscious of his real state change happened till the Tuesday evening, when the surgeon v ho was sent for to blister and bleed him made light of his illness, assuring Mrs Garrick that he would be well in a day or two, and invisted on her going to lie Towards morning, she desired to be called if there was the least change. Every time that she ad ministered the draughts to him in the night, he always squeezed her hand in a particular manner, and spoke to her with the greatest tenderness and affection. Immediately after he had taken his last medicine, he softly said 'O dear' and yielded up his spirit with a groan, and in his perfect senses. His behaviour during the night was all gentleness and patience, and he frequently made apologies to those about him for the trouble he I paid a melancholy visit to the coffin gave them yesterday, where I found room for meditation till the mind 'burst with thinking' His new house is not so pleasant as Hampton, nor so splendid as the Adelphi, but it is commodious enough for all the wants of its inhabitant, and, besides, it is so quiet that he never will be disturbed till the eternal morning, and never till then will a sweeter voice than his own be heard. May he then find mercy! They are preparing to liang the house with black, for he is to lie in state till Monday dislike this pageantry, and cannot help thinking that the disembodied spirit must look with contempt upon the farce that is played over its miscrable relics. But a splendid funeral could not be avoided, as he is to be laid in the Abbey with such illustrious dust, and so many are desirous of testifying their respect by attend ing I can never cease to remember with affection and gratitude so warm, steady, and disinterested a friend. and I can most truly bear this testimony to his memory, that I never witnessed in any family more decorum, propriety, and regularity than in his, where I never saw a card, nor even met—except in one instance—a person of his own profession at his table, of which Mrs Garnek by her elegance of taste, her correctness of manners, and very original turn of humour, was the brightest ornament. All his pursuits and tastes were so decidedly intellectual, that it made the society and the conversation which was always to be found in his circle interesting and delightful

The following couplets from Bas Bhu have been often quoted and are still remembered

In men this blunder still you find, All think their little set mankind Small habits well pursued, betimes May reach the dignity of crime.

This is a fragment from Piris

If there's a sin more deeply black than others, Distinguished from the list of common crimes, A legion in itself and doubly dear To the dark Prince of Hell, it is—Hypocrisv

From the Ode to Charity comes

O Charity, divinely wise, Thou meek eved daughter of the skies

In Calebs (1809, 16th ed 1826) a young northcountry squire loses in succession a revered fither and an adored mother, and setting forth into the world on his quest of a wife, endeavours to keep their maxims constantly in mind He reports on a perfect galaxy of excellent women, young and older, set off by a much larger number who have very pronounced or less conspicuous faults or foibles, and has room for disquisitions not increly on women's duties and rights and women's education, but on the indispensable qualifications of a model clergyman, Antinomianism, and the beauties of Akenside's verse (than some of which 'there is nothing more splendid in the whole mass of our poetry,' and from which Thomson might to his advantage have learnt melody and rhythm) In the midst of amusing, lively, and witty accounts of his experiences, he sometimes interpolites a page or two on such somewhat irrelevant topics as grace and works, or the true principles of Sabbath keeping Mrs Hannah's mouthpiece, he is more severe on 'high professors' who are selfish inconsistent, and censorious than on kindly worldlings, and while disapproving 'irreligion' in all shapes, reserves the hottest indignation for what is really base and contemptible. We learn that children are now brought too much forward, that too much time is wasted by girls on music, that dozens of superfluous subjects are taught them (including a smattering of Italian and of German), while from the heiress of the man of rink to the daughter of the opulent tradesman there is no one subject in which young women are so generally deficient as in domestic economy? The following quotations are from Calits

# Conversation at Dinner

From my fondness for conversation, my imagination had been early fired with Dr Johnson's remark, that there is no pleasure on earth comparable to the fine full flow of London talk I who, since I had quitted college, had seldom had my mind refreshed but with the petty rills and penurious streams of knowledge which country society afforded, now expected to meet it in a strong and rapid current, fertilizing wherever it flowed, producing in abundance the rich fruits of argument and the gay flowers of rhetoric. I looked for an uninterrupted course of profit and delight I flattered myself that every dinner would add to my stock of images, that every debate would clear np some difficulty, every discussion elucidate some truth, that every allusion would be purely classical, every sentence abound with instruction, and every period be pointed with wit

On the tiptoe of expectation I went to dine with Sir John Belfield in Cavendish square I looked at my witch fifty times. I thought it would never be six I did not care to shew my country breeding by going too early, to incommode my friend, nor my town breeding by going too late, and spoiling his dinner Sir John is a valuable, elegant minded man, and, next to Mr Stanley, stood highest in my father's esteem for his mental accomplishments and correct As I knew he was remarkable for assembling at his table men of sense, taste, and learning, my expectations of pleasure were very high 'Here at least,' said I, as I heard the name of one elever man announced after another, 'here at least I cannot fail to find

# "The feast of reason and the flow of soul"

here, at least, all the energies of my mind will be brought into exercise. From this society I shall carry away documents for the improvement of my taste, I shall treasure up hints to enrich my understanding, and collect aphorisms for the conduct of life.'

At first there was no fair opportunity to introduce any conversation beyond the topics of the day, and to those, it must be confessed, this eventful period gives a new and powerful interest. I should have been much pleased to have had my country politics rectified, and any prejudices which I might have contracted removed or softened, could the discussion have been carried on without the frequent interruption of the youngest man in the company. This gentleman broke in on every remark, by descanting successively on the merits of the various dishes, and, if it be true that experience only can determine the judgment, he gave proof of that best right to peremptory decision by not trusting to delusive theory, but by actually eating of every dish at table

His animadversions were uttered with the gravity of a German philosopher and the science of a French cook. If any of his opinions happened to be controverted, he quoted, in confirmation of his own judgment, I Almanac des Gourmands, which he assived us was the most valuable work that had appeared in France since the revolution. The author of this book he seemed to consider of as high authority in the science of eating as Coke or Hale in that of jurisprudence, or Quintihan in the art of criticism. To the credit of the company, however, be it spoken, he had the whole of this topic to himself. The rest of the party were, in general, of quite a different

calibre, and as little acquainted with his favourite author as he probably was with theirs

The lady of the honse was perfectly amnable and well bred. Her dinner was excellent, and everything about her had an air of elegance and splendour of course she completely escaped the disgrace of being thought a scholar, but not the suspicion of having a very good taste. I longed for the removal of the cloth, and was eagerly anticipating the pleasure and improvement which awaited me.

As soon as the servants were beginning to withdraw, we got into a sort of attitude of conversation, all except the eulogist of l'Almanac des Gourmands, who, wrapping himself up in the comfortable consciousness of his own superior judgment, and a little piqued that he had found neither support nor opposition, (the next best thing to a professed talker,) he seemed to have a perfect indifference to all topics except that on which he had shewn so much eloquence with so little effect

The-last tray was now carried out, the last lingering servant had retired. I was beginning to listen with all my powers of attention to an ingenious gentleman who was about to give an interesting account of Egypt, where he had spent a year, and from whence he was lately returned. He was just got to the catacombs,

'When on a sudden open fly, With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,'

the mahogany folding doors, and in at once, struggling who should be first, rushed half a dozen children, lovely, fresh, gny, and noisy This sudden and violent irruption of the pretty barbanans necessarily caused a total inter ruption of conversation The sprightly creatures ran round the table to chuse where they would sit length this great difficulty of courts and cabinets, the choice of places, was settled The little things were jostled in between the ladies, who all contended who should get possession of the liftle beauties. One was in rapthres with the rosy cheeks of a sweet girl she held in her lap A second exclained aloud at the beautiful lack with which the frock of another was trimmed, and w g h she was stre-mamma had given her for being gotivi A profitable, and doubtless a lasting and insepar ab wassociation was thus formed in the child's mind between lace and goodness A third cried out, 'Look at the pretty angel !--do but observe-her bracelets are as blue as her eyes Did you ever see such a match?" 'Surely, Lady Belfield,' cried a fourth, 'you carried the eyes to the shop, or there nust have been a shade of difference' I myself, which am passionately fond of children, eyed the sweet little rebels with compla cency, notwithstanding the nnseasonableness of their interruption

At last, when they were all disposed of, I resumed my enquiries about the resting place of the mummies. But the grand dispute who should have oranges and who should have almonds and raisins, soon raised such a clamour that it was impossible to hear my Egyptiun friend. This great contest was, however, at length settled, and I was returning to the antiquities of Memphis, when the important point, who should have red wine and who should have white, who should have half a glass and who a whole one, set us again in an uproar. Sir Joha was visibly uneasy, and commanded silence. During this interval of peace, I gave up the catacombs and took refuge in the pyramids.

But I hal no sooner proposed my question about the serpent said to be found in one of them, than the son and heir, a fine little fellow just six years old, reaching out his arm to dart an apple across the table at his sister, roguishly intending to overset her glass, unlinkily overthrew his own, brimful of port wine. The whole contents were discharged on the elegant drapery of a white robed nymph.

All was now agitation and distress, and disturbance and confusion, the gentlemen ringing for napkins, the ladies assisting the dripping fair one, each vying with he other who should recommend the most approved specific for getting out the stain of red wine, and com forting the sufferer by stories of similar misfortunes. The poor little culprit was dismissed, and all difficulties and disasters seemed at last surmounted But you cannot heat up again an interest which has been so often cooled. The thread of conversation had been so frequently broken that I despaired of seeing it tied together again. I sorrowfully gave up catacombs, pyramids, and serpent, and was obliged to content myself with a little desultory chat with my next neighbour, sorry and disappointed to glean only a few scattered ears, where I had expected so abundant a harvest, and the day from which I had promised myself so much benefit and delight passed away with a very slender acquisition of either

# The Majesty and Meanness of Man.

I returned to town at the end of a few days. To a speculative stranger, a London day presents every variety of circumstance in every conceivable shape of which human life is susceptible. When you trace the solicitude of the morning countenance, the anxious exploring of the morning paper, the eager interrogation of the morning guest, when you hear the dismal enumeration of losses by land and perils by sea—taxes trebling, dangers multiplying, commerce annihilating, war protracted, invasion threatening, destruction impending—your mind catches and communicates the terror, and you feel yourself 'falling with a falling state'

But when, in the course of the very same day, you meet these gloomy prognosticators at the simptious, not 'dinner but Hecatomb,' at the gorgoous fite, the splendid spectacle, when you hear the frivolous discourse, witness the luxurious dissipation, contemplate the boundless indulgence, and observe the ruinous gaming, you would be ready to exclaim, 'Am I not supping in the Antipodes of that land in which I breakfasted' Surely this is a country of different men, different characters, and different circumstances. This at least is a place in which there is neither fear nor danger, nor want, nor miscry, nor war'

If you observed the overflowing subscriptions raised, the innumerable societies formed, the committees appointed, the agents employed, the royal patrons engaged, the noble presidents provided, the palace like structures erected, and all this to alleviate, to cure, and even to prevent every calamity which the indigent can suffer or the affluent conceive, to remove not only want but ignorance, to suppress not only miscry but vice—vould you not exclaim with Hamlet, 'What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In action how like an angel! in compassion how like a God!'

If you look into the whole comet like eccentric orb of

the human character, if you compared all the struggling contrariety of principle and of passion, the clashing of opinion and of action, of resolution and of performance, the victories of evil over the propensities to good, if you contrasted the splendid virtue with the disorderly vice, the exalted generosity with the selfish narrowness, the provident bounty with the thoughtless produgality, the extremes of all that is dignified, with the excesses of all that is abject, would you not exclaim, in the very spirit of Pascal, O' the grandeur and the littleness, the excellence and the corruption, the majesty and the meanness of man'

#### The Music Nuisance

'I look upon the great predominance of music in female education,' said Mr Stanley, 'to be the source of more mischief than is suspected, not from any evil in the thing itself, but from its being such a gulph of time as really to leave little room for solid acquisitions I love music, and were it only cultivated as an amuse ment should commend it. But the monstrous propor tion, or rather disproportion of life which it swallows up, even in many religious families, and this is the chief subject of my regret, has converted an innocent diversion into a positive sin. Only figure to your self my six girls daily playing their four hours a picce, which is now a moderate allowance! As we have but one instrument they must be at it in succession, day and night, to keep pace with their neighbours. If I may compare light things with serious ones, it would resemble,' added he, smiling, 'the perpetual psalmody of good Mr Nicholas Terrar, who had relays of musicians every six hours to sing the whole Psalter through every day and night! I mean not to ridi culc that holy man, but my girls thus leeping their useless vigils in turn, we should only have the melody without any of the piety No, my friend! I will have but two or three singing birds to cheer iny little grove. If all the world are performers, there will soon be no hearers. Now, as I am resolved in my own family that some shall listen, I will have but fer to perform.

Besides the Memotrs of the Life and Correspondence of Mrs Hannah Varr, by William Roberts (4 vols. 1834) there is a pleasant little sketch by Miss Yonge in the Eminent Women series (1838) Her collected works have been repealedly reissued (8 vols. 1801, 19 vols. 1818 11 vols. 1830, &c.).

Anna Letitia Barbauld (1743-1825) was born at Kibworth Harcourt in Leicestershire. Her father, the Rev John Aikin, DD, then kept a boys' school, and Anna received the same instruction as the pupils, including a thorough knowledge of Greek and Latin In 1758 Dr Aikin (whose father was a London Scot) undertook the office of classical tutor in a Dissenting academy at Warrington, and there his daughter lived for fifteen years. In 1773 she published a volume of poems, of which four editions were called for in the first year In May 1774 she was married to the Rev Rochemont Barbauld, of Huguenot ancestry, who became minister of a Dissenting congregation at Palgrave near Diss, and there opened a boarding-school, which throve under his wife's capible assistance. In 1775 she commenced authoress with a volume of devotional pieces compiled from the Psalms, and with Hymns in Prose for Children. In 1786 Mr and Mrs Barbauld removed to Hampstead, and there the industrious helpmeet wrote several tracts in support of Whig principles. She also aided her brother (John Aikin, 1747–1822, physician and author, father of Lucy Aikin) in preparing a series of papers for children, the famous I canings at Home (1796)—the bulk of the work being the brother's, and she wrote critical essays on Akenside and Collins for editions of their works. After compiling a selection of essays from the Spectator, Tatler, and Guardian, she edited the correspondence of Richardson, and wrote a Life of the novelist. Her list great enterprise was a col-



ANNA LI FIIIA BARBALLD From an Engraving by Meyer

lection of the British novelists, published in 1810, with an introductory essay and biographical and critical notices Her husband drowned himself in a fit of insanity in 1808 Some of her brienl pieces are flowing and harmonious, and her Ode to Spring was plainly an initiation of Collins's manner Charles James For was a great admirer of Mrs Barbauld's poems, but most of them are artificial and unimpassioned In one, Eighteen Hundred and Eleven, she anticipated Macaulay's New Zenlander with a youth 'from the Blue Mountrins or Ontario's Lake' who views the ruins of London (both Horace Walpole and Volney had already brought Peruvians or other wanderers Her hymns were long popular, and some of her lighter things, like The Washing Day, are amusing Lord Selborne included four of her pieces in his Book of Praise, the best known that of which the first three verses run

Pruse to God, unmortal pruse
For the love that crown our day?
Bounteous once of every joy,
Fet thy prine our tongues employ
For the Fle sing of the field,
For the stores the gindens yield
For the vine's evalted juice
For the generous olives use.
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yello's showes of ripened grein
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffue

By far her best serious poem is that on Life, of which the last exquisite stairs was so much admired by Wordsworth Ropers, and Madam D'Arblay like I latinan's 'Thought of Death' an Popes 'Death' Christian, the poem was inspire by Emperor Hadran's 'Animal's sigula, blandula

#### Life

I see I know no what then are, But I now that thou red I must part

And when or how or where we met I own to me an accret si Put the I know when thou artifled Where er they lay the climb this head, No clod so valuele s shall be As all that then remains of me O whither whither dost thou fly Where bend uns en the trackless course And in this strange divorce, Ah, tell where I mu! meet the compound I? To the vast ocean of empercal flame I rom whence the except cam Do t thou thy flight pursue, when freed I form in after a large encumbering weed? Or do t thou, hid from sight, Wait, his some spell bound knight Through blank oblivious years the appointed hour To break the trance and rea sume the power? Let crust thou without thought or feeling be? O say what art thou when no more thou it thee? Life ' we've been long together, Through pleasant and through clouds weather, 'I is hard to part when friends me dear, Perhaps twill cost a sigh a tear Then steel away give little warning Choose thine own time Say not Good night but in some brighter clime Bid mc Good morning

# Odo to Spring

Sweet daughter of a rough and storms sire,
Hoar Winter's blooming child delightful Spring!
Whose unshorn locks with leaves
And swelling buds are crowned,
From the green islands of eternal youth—
Crowned with fresh blooms and ever springing shade—

Aurn, luther turn thy step, O thou, whose powerful voice,

More sweet than softest touch of Done reed Or Ladian flute can soothe the madding winds, And through the storms deep Breathe thy own tender calm Thee, best beloved! the virgin train await With songs and festal rites, and joy to rove Thy blooming wilds among, And vales and dewy lawns,

With untired feet, and cull thy earliest sweets
To weave fresh garlands for the glowing brow
Of him, the favoured youth
That prompts their whispered sigh

Unlock thy copious stores, those tender showers
That drop their sweetness on the infant buds,
And silent dews that swell
The milky ear's green stem,

And feed the flowering osier's early shoots,

And call those winds which through the whispering boughs

With warm and pleasant breath

Salute the blowing flowers

Now let me sit beneath the whitening thorn, And mark thy spreading tints steal o'er the dale, And watch with patient eye Thy fair unfolding charms

O nymph, approach! while yet the temperate Sun With bashful forehead, through the cool moist air Throws his young maiden beams, And with chaste kisses woos

The Earth's fair bosom, while the streaming veil Of lucid clouds, with kind and frequent shade Protects thy modest blooms From his severer blaze.

Sweet is thy reign, but short—the red dog star Shall scoreh thy tresses, and the mower's scythe I hy greens, thy flowerets all, Remorseless shall destroy

Reluctant shall I bid thee then farewell,
For oh' not all that Autumn's lap contains,
Nor summer's ruddiest fruits,
Can aught for thee atone,

Fair Spring! whose simplest promise more delights. Than all their largest wealth, and through the heart. Each joy and new born hope. With softest influence breathes.

#### To a Lady, with some Painted Flowers

Flowers to the fair to you these flowers I bring, And strive to greet you with an earlier spring Flowers sweet, and gay, and delicate like you, Emblems of innocence, and beauty too With flowers the Graces bind their yellow hair, And flowery wreaths consenting lovers wear Flowers, the sole luxury which nature knew, In Lden's pure and guiltless garden grew To loftier forms are rougher tasks assigned, The sheltering oak resists the stormy wind, The tougher yen repels invading foes, And the tall pine for future navies grows But this soft family to cares unknown, Were born for pleasure and delight alone. Gas s ithout toil, and lovely without art, They spring to cheer the sense and glad the heart Nor blush, my fair, to own you copy these, Your best, your sweetest empire is-to please.

#### Hymn to Content

O thou, the nymph with placed eye!
O seldom found, yet ever nigh!
Receive my temperate vow
Not all the storms that shake the pole
Can e'er disturb thy haleyon soul,
And smooth the undtered brow

O come, in simple vest arrayed, With all thy sober cheer displayed, To bless my longing sight, Thy mien composed, thy even pace, Thy meek regard, thy matron grace, And chaste subdued delight

No more by varying passions bent, O gently guide my pilgrim feet To find thy hermit cell, Where in some pure and equal sky, Beneath thy soft indulgent eye, The modest virtues dwell

Simplicity in Attie vest,
And Innocence with candid breast,
And clear indaunted eye,
And Hope, who points to distant years,
Fair opening through this vale of tears,
A vista to the sky

There Health, through whose calm bosom glide The temperate joys in even tide, That rarely clib or flow, And Patience there, thy sister meek,

Presents her mild unvarying cheek
To nicet the offered blow

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage
A tyrant master s wanton rage
With settled smiles to wait
Inured to toil and bitter bread,
He bowed his meek submissive head,
And kissed thy sainted feet

But thou, O nymph retired and cov!
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
To tell thy tender tale?
The lowliest children of the ground,
Moss rose and violet blos-om round,
And hly of the vale

O say what soft propitious hour I best may choose to hail thy power, And court thy gentle sway? When autumn, friendly to the Muse, Shall thy own modest tints diffuse, And shed thy milder day

#### Fragments

This dead of midnight is the noon of thought, And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars

The world has little to bestow Where two fond hearts in equal love are joined

Society than solitude is worse, And man to man is still the greatest curse.

A Memoir of Mrs Barbauld was published in 1874 by her grand niece. Anna le Breton, and in the same year appeared a Life by Ellis. See also Miss Thackeray's Both of Sityli (1883), and Lock hart's Acott for the share Mrs Barbauld had in awaking Scott's interest in Cerman literature, by her reading at Edinburgh William Taylor's translation of Bürger's I en re

Mrs Elizabeth Inchbald (1753-1821), actress, dramatist, and novelist, was born at Stanningfield near Bury St Edmunds, the daughter of a Roman Catholic farmer At eighteen, full of giddy romance, she ran off to London, having a few things in a band box, but very little money After many adventures and even some indignities, the unprotected girl applied for advice to Mr Inchbald, an actor she had known Inchbald counselled marriage 'But who would marry me?' she asked 'I would,' replied her friend, 'if you would have me' 'Yes, sir, and I would for ever be grateful'-and married they were in June The union thus singularly brought about was happy enough, but Inclibild died seven years afterwards Mis Inchbald played leading parts in the Scottish theatres for four years, and continued acting in London, Dublin, and elsewhere till 1789, when she retired from the stage Her exemplary prudence and the profits of her works enabled her not only to live, but to save money, the applause and distinction she earned never led her to deviate from her simple-almost ostentatiously simplehabits 'Last Thursday,' she writes, 'I finished scouring my bedroom, while a coach with a coronet and two footmen waited at my door to take me an airing' She allowed a sister who was in ill health £100 a year 'Many a time this winter,' she records in her Diary, 'when I cried for cold, I said to myself "But, thank God, my sister has not to stir from her room, she has her fire lighted every morning all her provisions bought and brought ready cooked, she is now the less able to bear what I bear, and how much more should I suffer but for this reflection"' Her income was only £172 ? year, and after the death of her sister she went to live in a boarding-house in which she enjoyed more of the comforts of life. Traces of feminine weakness break out in her private memoranda amidst the sterner records of her struggle for in dependence. Thus '1798 London Rehearsing Lovers' Vows, happy but for a suspicion, amount ing to a certainty, of a rapid appearance of age in my face' Her two tales, A Simple Story (1791) and Nature and Art (1796), are the supporters of her fame, but her light dramatic pieces were marked by various talent. Her first production was a farce entitled The Mogul Tale (1784), and from this time down to 1805 she wrote nine other plays and farces Her last literary labour was writing biographical and critical prefaces to a collection of plays, in twenty-five volumes, a collection of farces, in seven volumes, and the Modern Theatre, in ten volumes Phillips the publisher offered her £1000 for an autobiography she had written, but she declined the tempting offer, and the manuscript was, by her orders, destroyed after her death She died as she had lived, a devout Catholic.

Of this remarkable woman many interesting facts are recorded in Kegan Paul's Life of Godwin (1876) Mrs Shelley (Godwin's daughter) says of |

'Living in mean lodgings, dressed with an economy allied to penury, without connections, and alone, her beauty, her talents, and the charm of her manners gave her entrance into a delightful circle of society. Apt to fall in love and destrous to marry, she continued single because the men who loved and admired her were too worldly to take an actress and a poor author, however lovely and charming, for a wife Her life was thus spent in an interchange of hardship and amusement, privation and luxury Her character partook of the same contrast fond of pleasure, she vas pru dent in her conduct, penurious in her personal expenditure, she was generous to others. Vain of her beauty, we are told that the gown she wore was not worth a shilling, it was so coarse and Very susceptible to the softer feelings, she could yet guard herself against passion, and though she might have been called a flirt, her character was unimpeached. I have heard that a rival beauty of her day pettishly complained that when Mrs Inchbald came into a room, and sat in a cliair in the middle of it, as was her wont, every man gathered round it, and it was vain for any other woman to attempt to gain attention Godwin could not ful to admire her, she became and con tinued to be a favourite. Her talents, her beauty, her manners were all delightful to him. He used to describe her as a piquante mixture between a lady and a milkmaid, and added that Sheridan declared she was the only authoress whose society pleased him? The extract is from Aature and

#### Judge and Victim

The day at length is come on which Agnes shall have a sight of her beloved William! She who has watched for hours near his door, to procure a glimpse of him going out or returning home, who has walked miles to see his chariot pass, she now will behold him, and he will see her, by command of the laws of his country Those laws, which will deal with ingour towards her, are in this one instance still indulgent.

The time of the assizes at the country town in which she is imprisoned is arrived—the prisoners are demanded at the shire hall—the jail doors are opened—they go in sad procession. The trumpet sounds-it speaks the arrival of the judge, and that judge is William

The day previous to her trial, Agnes had read, in the printed calendar of the prisoners, his name as the learned Judge before whom she was to appear For a moment she forgot her perilous state in the excess of joy which the still unconquerable love she bore to him permitted her to taste, even on the brunk of the grave! After reflection made her check those worldly transports, as unfit for the present solemn occasion. But, alas ' to her, earth and William were so closely united, that till she forsook the one, she could never cease to think, with ont the contending passions of hope, of fear, of love, of shame, and of despur, on the other

Now fear took the place of her first immoderate joy, she feared that, although much changed in person since he had seen her, and her real name now added to many an alias—yet she feared that some well known glance of the eye, turn of the action, or accent of speech, might recall her to his remembrance, and at that idea, shame overcame all her other sensations—for still she retained pride, in respect to his opinion, to wish him not to know Agnes was that vactch she felt she was! Once a ray of hope beamed on her, that if he knew her—if he recognised her—he might possibly befriend her cause, and life bestowed through William's friendship seemed a precious object! but, aguin, that rigorous honour she had often heard him boast, that firmness to his word, of which she had fatal experience, taught her to know he would not, for any improper compassion, any unmanly weakness, forfeit his oath of impartial justice. In meditations such as these she passed the sleepless night

When, in the morning, she was brought to the bar, and her guilty hand held up before the rightcous judgment seat of William, imagination could not form two figures or it o situations more incompatible with the easi ener of former familiarity than the judge and the culprit and vet, these very persons had passed together the most blusful moments that either ever tasted! Those hours of tender dalliance were now present to her mind—his thoughts were more nobly employed in his high office, nor could the laggard face, hollow eye, desponding countenance, and meagre person of the poor prisoner once call to his memory though her name was uttered among a list of others which she had assumed, his form a voithful, lovely Agnes!

She heard herself arraigned with trembling limbs and downeast looks, and many witnesses had appeared against her before she ventured to lift her eyes up to her awful judge, she then gave one fearful glance, and discovered William, unpitying but beloved William, in every feature? It was a face she had been used to look on with delight, and a kind of absent smile of gladness now beamed on her poor van visage.

When every witness on the part of the protecutor had been examined, the judge addressed himself to her 'What defence have you to make?' It was William spoke to Agnes! The sound was sweet, the voice was mild, has soft, compassionate, encouraging. It almost charmed her to a love of hife! Not such a voice as when William last addressed her, when he left her undone and pregnant, voving never to see or speak to her more. She would have hung upon the present word for ever She did not call to mind that this gentleness was the effect of practice, the art of his occupation, which at times is but a copy, by the un feeling, of the benevolent brothren of the bench present judge, tenderness was not designed for consola tion of the culprit, but for the approbation of the auditors

There were no spectators, Ignes, by your side when last he parted from vou—if there had, the awful William would have been awed to marks of pity

Stunned with the enchantment of that well I nown tongue directed to her, she stood like one just petrified—all vital por er seemed suspended. Again he put the question, and with these additional sentences, tenderly and emphatically delivered. 'Recollect yourself, have you no vitnesses? no proof on your behalf?' A dead silence followed these questions. He then mildly but forcibly added. 'What have you to say?' Here a flood of tears burst from her eyes, which she fixed earnestly upon him, as if pleading for mercy, while she faintly articulated. 'Nothing, my lord.' After a short pause, he asked her, in the same forcible but benevolent tone.

'Have you no one to speak to your character?' The prisoner answered 'No' A second gush of tears followed this reply, for she called to mind by whom her character had first been blasted

He summed up the evidence, and every time he was obliged to press hard upon the proofs against her, she shruhl, and seemed to stagger with the deadly blowwrithed under the weight of his minute justice, more than from the prospect of a shameful death The jury consulted but a few minutes, the verdict was, 'Guilty' She heard it with composure But when William placed the fatal velvet on his head, and rose to pronounce the fatal sentence, she started with a kind of convulsive motion, retreated a step or two back, and lifting up her hands, with a scream exclaimed 'Oh, not from you!' The piercing shriek which accompanied these words prevented their being heard by part of the audience, and those who heard them thought little of their mean ing, more than that they expressed her fear of dying Serene and dignified, as if no such evelamation had been uttered, William delivered the final speech ending with 'Dead, dead, dead ' She fainted as he closed the period, and was carried back to prison in a swoon, while he adjourned the court to go to dinner

If, unaffected by the scene he had witnessed, Wilham sat down to dinner with an appetite, let not the reader conceive that the most distant suspicion had struck his mind of his ever having seen, much less familiarly known, the poor offender whom he had just condemned ball, this forgetfulnes did not proceed from the want of memory for Agnes. In every peevish or heavy hour passed with his wife, he was sure to think of her, vet it was self love, rather than love of her, that gave use to these thoughts. He felt the lack of female sympathy and tenderness to soften the fatigue of studious labour, to soothe a sullen, a morose disposition—he felt he vanted counfort for himself, but never once considered what were the wants of Agnes

In the chagrin of a barren bed, he sometimes thought, too even on the child that Agnes bore him, but whether it were male or female, whether a beggar in the streets or dead, various and important public occupation forbade him to inquire. Yet the poor, the widow, and the orphian frequently shared William's ostentatious bounty. He was the president of many excellent charities, gave largely, and sometimes instituted benevolent societies for the unhappy, for he delighted to load the poor with obligation, and the rich with praise

There are persons like him who love to do everything good but that which their immediate duty requires There are servants that will serve every one more cheer fully than their minsters, there are men who will distri bute money liberally to all except their creditors, and there are wives the will love all mankind better than their own husbands Duty is a familiar word which has little effect upon an ordinary mind, and as ordinary minds make a vast majority, we have acts of generosity, self denial, and honesty where smaller pains would constitute greater virtues. Had William followed the common dietates of charity, had he adopted private pity instead of public munificence, had he east an eye at home before he sought abroad for objects of compassion, Agnes had been preserved from an ignominious death, and he had been preserved from-remorse, the tortures of which he for the first time proved on reading a printed sheet of paper, accidentally thrown in his way

7 few days after he had lest the town in which he had condemned her to die

' March 10, 179-

'The last dying Words, Speech, and Confession, birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behaviour, of Agnes Primrose, who was executed this morning between the hours of ten and twelve, pursuant to the sentence passed upon her by the Honourable Justice Norwynne.

'Agnes Primrose was born of honest parents, in the village of Anfield, in the county of ——' [William started at the name of the village and county], 'but being led astray by the arts and flattery of seducing man, she fell from the paths of virtue, and took to bad company, which instilled into her young heart all their evil ways, and at length brought her to this untimely end. So she hopes her death will be a warning to all young persons of her own sex, how they listen to the praises and courtship of young men, especially of those who are their betters, for they only court to deceive But the said Agnes freely forgives all persons who have done her injury or given her sorrow, from the young man who first von her heart, to the jury who found her guilty, and the judge who condemned her to death

'And she acknowledges the justice of her sentence, not only in respect of her crime for which she suffers, but in regard to many other licinous sins of which she has been guilty, more especially that of once attempting to commit a murder upon her own licipless child, for which guilt she now considers the vengeance of God has overtaken her, to which she is patiently resigned, and departs in peace and charity with all the world, praying the Lord to have mercy on her parting soul?

#### IOSTSCRIPT TO THE CONFESSION

'So great was this unhappy woman's terror of death and the awful judgment that was to follow, that when sentence was pronounced upon her she fell into a swoon, from that into convulsions, from which she never entirely recovered, but was delirious to the time of her execution, except that short interval in which she made her confession to the clergyman who attended She has left one child, a youth almost sixteen, who has never forsaken his mother during all the time of her imprisonment, but waited on her with true filial duty, and no sooner was her final sentence passed than he began to droop, and now lies dangerously ill near the prison from which she is released by death During the loss of lier senses, the said Agnes Primrose raved continually of her child, and, asking for pen, ink, and paper, wrote an incoherent petition to the judge, recommending the youth to his protection and mercy, but notwithstanding this insanity, she behaved with composure and resignation when the fatal morning arrived in which slie was to be launched into eternity She prayed devoutly during the last hour, and scemed to have her whole mind fixed on the world to which she was going A crowd of spectators followed her to the fatal spot, most of whom returned weeping at the recol lection of the fervency with which she prayed, and the impression which her dreadful state seemed to make upon her'

No sooner had the name of 'Anfield' struck William than a thousand reflections and remembrances flushed on his mind to give him full conviction who it was he had judged and sentenced He recollected the sad

remains of Agnes, such as he once had known her, and now he wondered how his thoughts could have been absent from an object so pitiable, so worthy of his attention, as not to give him even suspicion who she was, either from her name or from her person, during the whole trial. But wonder, astonishment, horror, and every other sensition was absorbed by—remorse. It wounded, it stabbed, it rent his hard heart as it would do a tender one it havocked on his firm inflex thle mind as it would on a weak and plant brain! Spirit of Agnes! look down, and behold all your wrongs revenged! William feels—remorse

There is a cumbrous Life of Mrs Inchiald (1833) compiled by Boaden from a journal she had lept for fifty years, and from her letters to friends—and a Memoir by W. I ell Scott prefixed to a new edition of A Simple Story (1880)

# Fanny Burney (Madame D'Arblay).

The author of Lvelina and Cecilia was the wonder and delight of the generation of novel readers after that of Fielding and Smollett. Frances Burney was the second daughter of Charles Burney, Mus Doc. (1726-1814), author of the History of Music, who seems to have been of Scottish origin, the grandson of James MacBurney, a land-steward in Shropshire, whose son dropped the Mac, and was ultimately a dancing master Fanny was born at Lynn Regis, 13th June 1752 Her father was then organist in Lynn, but in 1760 he returned to London, among his familiar friends and visitors were David Garrick, Sir Robert Strange the engraver, the poets Mason and Armstrong, and Barry the painter One is not surprised to learn that all Burney's children distinguished themselves the eldest, Rear-Admiral James Burney (1750-1821), accompanied Captain Cook in two of his voyages, and was author of a History of Voyages of Discovery and an Account of the Russian Lastern Voyages, the second, Dr Charles Burney (1757-1817), wrote critical works on the Greek classics, was a prebendary of Lincoln, and one of the king's chaplains, and Sarah, the youngest daughter, was also a novelist. Fanny was long held to be a sort of prodigy At eight she did not even know her letters, but was shrewd and observant, at fifteen she had written several stories, plays, and poems, and was a great reader, even a critic. Her authorship was continued in secret, her sister only being admitted to her confidence Thus she sketched out the plot of Evelina, but it was not published till January 1778, when 'little Fanny' was in her twenty-sixth When it was offered to Dodsley, the worthy publisher 'declined looking at any thing anony mous ' Another bookseller, named Lowndes, gave £20 for the manuscript, and Evelina, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World, soon became the talk of Dr Burney, in the fullness of his heart, the town told Mrs Thrale that 'our Fanny' was the author, and Dr Johnson, whom Fanny had met first on 20th March 1777, protested to Mrs Thrale that there were passages in it which might do honour to Richardson Miss Burney was invited by the

Thrales to Streatham, and there she met the illustrious band of friends of whom we have ample notices in the Diary Wherever she went, to London, Brighton, Bath, or Tunbridge, Evelina was the theme of praise, and Miss Burney the happiest of authors. In 1782 appeared her Cecilia, or Memoirs of an Heiress, for whose first edition of two thousand copies she received £250 more highly finished—and laboured—than Evelina, but less rich in amusing characters and dialogue. In 1785 Miss Burney went on a visit to Mrs Delany, a venerable lady, the friend of Swift, once connected with the court, who now lived on a pension at Windsor, here she was introduced to the king and queen, and speedily became a favourite. The result was that in 1786 she was appointed second keeper of the robes to Queen Charlotte, with a salary of £200 a year, a footman, apartments in the palace, and a coach between her and her colleague. The post was but splendid 'I was averse to the union,' said Miss Burney, 'and I endeavoured to escape it, but my friends interfered—they prevailed—and the knot is tied.' The queen was a considerate mistress, but the etiquette and formality of the court, and the unremitting attention its irksome duties required, rendered the position peculiarly disagreeable to one who had been so long flattered and courted by the brilliant society of her day colleague, Mrs Schwellenberg, a coarse minded, jealous, disagreeable German favourite, was also a perpetual source of annovance, and poor Fanny at court was worse off than her heroine Cecilia was in choosing among her guardians. Her first official duty was to mix the queen's snuff, and keep her box always replenished, then she was admitted to the great business of the toilet, helping Her Majesty off and on with her dresses, and being in strict attendance from six or seven in the morning till twelve at night! At length in July 1791 she was permitted to retire with a pension of £100 a year, and in 1793 she married a French émigré, General D'Arblay, whom she had met when staying with a married sister near Dorking Resuming her pen, in 1795 she produced a tragedy, Edwin and Elgitha, which was brought out at Drury Lane, it had at least one novelty-there were three bishops among the dramatis persona Mrs Siddons played the heroine, but in the dying scene, where the lady is brought from behind a hedge to expire before the audience, and is afterwards carried once more to the back of the hedge, the house was convulsed with laughter Her next effort was her novel of Camilla (1796), which she published by subscription, and realised by it no less than three thousand guineas, out of the proceeds she built Camilla Cottage, Mickleham, near Dorking In 1802 Madame D'Arblay joined her husband in Paris Napoleon gave him a small civil appointment, and Madame D'Arblav lived at Passy till, in 1812, she returned with their son to England Her success in prose fiction urged her to another trial, and in 1814 she produced *The Wanderer*, or *Female Difficulties*, a tedious tale in five volumes, which had no other merit than that of also bringing the authoress the large sum of £3000. The only other literary labour of Madame D'Arblay was a stilted Memoir of her father, Dr Burney, published in 1832. Her husband and her son—the Rev Adexander D'Arblay of Camden Town Chapel—both predeceased her, the former in 1818, and the latter in 1837. Three years after her bereavement, Madame D'Arblay herself died at Bath, 6th January 1840, at the great age of eighty-seven. Her *Diary and Letters*, edited by her niece, was published in 1842-46 in seven



FANNI BURNEY (MADAME D'ARBLAY)
From the Engraving by C Turner after the Portrait by Edward W
Burney (1760-1848), a relative.

volumes It might with great advantage have been judiciously condensed, with its clever sketches of society and court manners, and its anecdotes of Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, and the rest, it is in any case exceptionally entertaining and valuable, but at least half of it is filled with unimportant details and private gossip, and the self admiring weakness of the authoress shines out in almost every page Miss Burney's early novels have left the most pleasing memorials of her name and history them we see her quick in discernment, lively in invention, and in her own way inimitable at portraying the humours and oddities of English Her good sense and correct feeling are more noticeable than her passion scenes are prostic enough, but in 'shewing up' a party of 'vulgarly genteel' persons, painting the characters in a drawing-room, or catching the follies and absurdities that float on the surface of fashionable society, she has rirely been equalled She deals with the palpable and familiar, and

though society has changed since the time of *Evelina*, and the glory of Ranelagh and Marylebone Gardens has departed, there is enough of life in her personages and point in her lessons to interest, amuse, and instruct—her sarcasm, drollery, and rich humour must always be relished. The first extract is from *Evelina*, the others are all from the *Diary* 

### A Game of Highway Robbery

When we had been out near two hours, and expected every moment to stop at the place of our destination, I observed that Lady Howard's servant, who attended us on horseback, rode on forward till he was out of sight, and soon after returning, came up to the chariot window, and delivering a note to Madame Duval, said he had met a boy who was just coming with it to Howard Grove, from the clerk of Mr Tyrell

While she was reading it, he rode round to the other window, and making a sign for secreey, put into my hand a ship of paper, on which was written, 'Whatever happens, be not alarmed, for you are safe, though you endanger all mankind!'

I really imagined that Sir Clement must be the author of this note, which prepared ine to expect some disagree able adventure—but I had no time to ponder upon it, for Madame Duval had no sooner read her own letter, than, in an angry tone of voice, she exclaimed 'Why, now, what a thing is this, here we're come all this way for nothing '

She then give me the note, which informed lier that she need not trouble herself to go to Mr Tvrell's, as the prisoner had had the address to escape. I congritulated her upon this fortunate incident, but she was so much concerned at having rode so far in vain that she seemed less pleased than provoked. However, she ordered the man to make what haste he could home, as she hoped at least to return before the captain should suspect what had passed.

The carriage turned about, and we journeyed so quietly for near an hour that I began to flatter myself we should be suffered to proceed to Howard Grove without further molestation, when, suddenly, the foot man called out 'John, are we going right'?'

'Why, I am't sure,' said the coachman, 'but I'm afrud we turned wrong'

'What do you mean by that, sirrah?' said Madame Duval 'Why, if you lose your way, we shall be all in the dark.'

'I think we should turn to the left,' said the foot man

'To the left!' answered the other pretty sure we should turn to the right'

'You had better make some inquiry,' said I

'Ma for,' cried Madame Duval, 'we're in a fine hole here, they neither of them know no more than the post. However, I'll tell my lady, as sure as you're born, so you'd better find the way'

'Let's try this road,' said the footman

'No,' said the coachman, 'that's the road to Canter bury, we had best go straight on'

'Why, that's the direct London road,' returned the footman, 'and will lead us twenty miles about'

'Pardie'' eried Madame Duval, 'why, they won't go one way nor t'other, and, now we're come all this

jaunt for nothing, I suppose we shan't get home to night.'

'Let's go back to the public house,' said the footman, 'and ask for a guide'

'No, no,' said the other, 'if we stay here a few minutes, somebody or other will pass by, and the horses are almost knocked up already'

'Well, I protest,' cried Madame Duval, 'I'd give a guinea to see them sots horsewhipped. As sure as I'm ahve, they're drunk. I'en to one but they'll overturn us next'

After much debating, they at length agreed to go on till we came to some inn, or met with a passenger who could direct us. We soon arrived at a small farm house, and the footman alighted and went into it.

In a few minutes he returned, and told us we might proceed, for that he had procured a direction 'But,' added he, 'it seems there are some thieves hereabouts, and so the best way will be for you to leave your watches and purses with the fariner, whom I know very well, and who is an honest man, and a tenant of my lady's'

'Theves!' cried Madame Duval, looking agliast, 'the Lord help us! I've no doubt but we shall be all murdered!'

The farmer came to us, and we gave him all we were worth, and the servants followed our example. We then proceeded, and Madame Duval's anger so entirely subsided that, in the mildest manner imaginable, she entreated them to make liste, and promised to tell their lady how diligent and obliging they had been She perpetually stopped them to ask if they apprehended any danger, and was at length so much overpowered by her fears that she made the footman fasten his horse to the back of the carriage and then come and seat himself within if My endeavours to encourage her were fruitless, she sat in the middle, held the man by the arm, and protested that if he did but save her life, she would make his fortune. Her uneasiness gave me much concern, and it was with the utmost difficulty I forbore to acquaint her that she was imposed upon, but the mutual fear of the captum's resentment to me, and of her own to him, neither of which would have any moderation, deterred me. As to the footman, he was evidently in torture from restraining his laughter, and I observed that he was frequently obliged to make most horrid grimaces from pretended fear, in order to conceal his risibility

Very soon after, 'The robbers are coming!' cried the conchunan.

The footman opened the door, and jumped out of the chariot

Madame Duval gave a loud scream

I could no longer preserve my silence. 'For Heaven's sake, my dear madam,' said I, 'don't be alarmed, you are in no danger, you are quite safe, there is nothing but'——

Here the chariot was stopped by two men in masks, who at each side put in their hands, as if for our purses. Madame Duval sank to the bottom of the chariot, and implored their mercy. I shricked involuntarily, although prepared for the attack one of them held me fast, while the other tore poor Madame Duval out of the carriage, in spite of her cries, threats, and resistance.

I was really frightened, and trembled exceedingly

'My angel!' cried the man who held me, 'vou cannot surely be alarmed Do you not know me? I shall hold myself in eternal abhorrence if I have really terrified you?'

'Indeed, Sir Clement, von have,' cried I, 'but, for Heaven's sake, where is Madame Duval?—why is she forced away?'

'Slie is perfec'ly safe, the captain has her in charge, but suffer me now, my adored Miss Anville, to take the only opportunity that is allowed me to speak npon another, a much dearer, much sweeter subject.'

And then he hastily came into the chariot, and seated himself next to me. I would fain have disengaged myself from him, but he would not let me 'Deny me not, most charming of vomen,' cried he—'deny me not this only moment lent me to pour forth my sonl into your gentle ears, to tell you how much I suffer from your absence, how much I dread vour displeasure, and how cruelly I am affected by your coldness'

'Oh sir, this is no time for such language, pray, leave me, pray, go to the relief of Madame Duval, I cannot bear that she should be treated with such indignity'

'And will you—can you commind my absence? When may I speak to you, if not now?—does the captain suffer me to breathe a moment out of his sight?—and are not a thousand impertinent people for ever at your elbor?'

'Indeed, Sir Clement, you must change your style, or I will not hear you. The impertinent people you mean are among my best friends, and you would not, if you really wished me well, speak of them so disrespectfully'

'Wish you well! O Miss Anville, point but out to me how, in what manner, I may convince you of the fervour of my passion—tell me hut what services you will accept from me, and you shall find my life, my fortune, my whole soul at your devotion'

'I want nothing, sir, that you can offer I beg you not to talk to me so—so strangely Pray, leave me, and pray, assure yourself you cannot take any method so successless to shew any regard for me as entering into schemes so frightful to Madame Duval, and so disagreeable to myself'

'The scheme was the captain's, I even opposed it, though I own I could not refuse myself the so long wished for happiness of speaking to you once more without so many of—your friends to watch me. And I had flattered myself that the note I charged the footman to give you would have prevented the alarm you have received'

'Well, sir, yon have now, I hope, said enough, and if you will not go yourself to seek for Mudame Duval, at least suffer me to inquire what has become of her'

'And when may I speak to you again?'

'No matter when, I don't know, perhaps'---

'Perhaps what, my angel?'

'Perlians never, sir, if you torment me thus'

'Never' O Miss Anville, how criel, how piercing to my soul is that icy word' Indeed, I cannot endure such displeasure'

'Then, sir, you must not provoke it Pray, leave me directly'

'I will, madam, but let me at least make u merit of my obedience—allow me to hope that you will in future be less averse to trusting yourself for a few moments alone with me.'

I was surprised at the freedom of this request, but

while I hesitated how to answer it, the other mask came up to the chariot door, and in a voice almost stifled with laughter, suid 'I've done for her! The old buck is safe, but we must sheer off directly, or we shall be all aground'

Sir Clement instantly left me, mounted his horse, and rode off. The captain, having given some directions to his servants, followed him

I was both uneasy and impatient to know the fute of Madame Daval, and immediately got out of the churiot to seek her I desired the footman to shew me which way she was gone, he pointed with his finger, by way of answer, and I saw that he dared not trust his voice to make any other I walked on at a very quiel pace, and soon, to my great consternation, perceived the poor lady seated upright in a ditch I flew to her, with unfeigned concern ut her situation She was sobbing. nay, almost roaring, and in the utmost agony of rage and terror. As soon as she saw me she redoubled her cries, but her voice was so broken, I could not under stand a word she said I was so much shocked that it was with difficulty I forbore exclaiming against the cruelty of the captain for thus wantonly ill treating her, and I could not forgive myself for having passively suffered the deception I used my utmost endeavours to comfort her, assuring her of our present safety, and begging her to rise and return to the chariot

Almost bursting with passion, she pointed to her feet, and with frightful violence she actually beat the ground with hier hands

I then saw that her feet were tied together with a strong rope, which was fastened to the upper branch of a tree, even with a hedge which ran along the ditch where she sat I endeavoured to until the knot, but soon found it was infinitely beyond my strength. I was therefore obliged to apply to the footman, but being very unwilling to add to his mirth by the sight of Madame Duval's situation, I desired him to lend me a knife. I returned with it, and cut the rope. Her feet were soon disentangled, and then, though with great difficulty, I assisted her to rise. But what was my astonishment, when, the moment she was up, she hit me a violent slap on the face! I retreated from her with precipitation and dread, and she then loaded me with reproaches, which, though almost unintelligible, con vinced me that she imagined I had voluntarily deserted her, but she seemed not to have the slightest suspicion that she had not been attucked by real robbers

I was so much surprised and confounded at the blow that for some time I suffered her to rave without maling any unswer, but her extreme agitation and real suffering soon dispelled my anger, which all turned into compassion. I then told her that I had been forcibly detained from following her, and assured her of my real sorrow at her ill usage.

She began to be somewhat appeased, and I ugain entreated her to return to the earringe, or give me leave to order that it should draw up to the place where we stood. She made no answer, till I told her that the longer we remained still, the greater would be the danger of her ride home. Struck with this hint, she suddenly, and with hasty steps, moved forward.

Her dress was in such disorder that I was quite sorry to have her figure exposed to the servants, who all of them, in imitation of their master, hold her in decision, however, the disgrace was unavoidable. The ditch, happily, was almost dry, or she must have suffered still more seriously, yet so forlorn, so miserable a figure I never before saw. Her head dress had fallen off, her linen was torn, her negligee had not a pin left in it, her pettieoats she was obliged to hold on, and her shoes were perpetually slipping off. She was covered with dirt, weeds, and filth, and her face was really horrible, for the pomatum and powder from her head, and the dust from the road, were quite pasted on her skin by her tears, which, with her rouge, made so frightful a mixture that she hardly looked human.

The servants were ready to die with laughter the moment they saw her, but not all my remonstrances could prevail on her to get into the carringe till she liad most vehemently reprotched them both for not rescuing The footman, fixing his eyes on the ground, as if fearful of again trusting himself to look at her, protested that the robbers avowed they would shoot him if he moved an inch, and that one of them had stayed to watch the chariot, while the other carried her off, adding that the reason of their behaving so barbarously was to revenge our living secured our purses withstanding her anger, she gave immediate credit to what he said, and really imagined that her want of money had irritated the pretended robbers to treat her with such erucliv I determined therefore to be care fully on my guard not to betray the imposition, which could now answer no other purpose than occasioning an irreparable breach between her and the captain.

Just as we were seated in the chariot, she discovered the loss which her head lind sustained, and called out 'My God' what is become of my hair? Why, the villain has stole all my curls'

She then ordered the man to run and sec if he could find any of them in the ditch. He went, and presently returning, produced a great quantity of hair in such a nasty condition that I was amazed she would take it, and the man, as he delivered it to her, found it impossible to leep his countenance, which she no sooner observed than all her stormy passions were again raised. She flung the battered curls in his face, saying 'Sirrali, what do you grin for? I wish you'd been served so yourself, and you wouldn't have found it no such joke, you are the impudentest fellow ever I see, and if I find you dare grin at me any more, I shall make no ceremony of boxing your cars'

Satisfied with the threat, the man hastily retired, and we drove on

# Fanny tells George III. how she came to write 'Evelina'

The king went up to the table, and looked at a book of prints, from Claude Lorraine, which had been brought down for Miss Dewes, but Mrs Delany, by mistake, told him they were for me. He turned over a leaf or two, and then said

'Pray, does Miss Burney draw too?'
The too was pronounced very civilly

'I believe not, sir,' answered Mrs Delany, 'at least she does not tell'

'Oh,' cried he, laughing, 'that's nothing, she is not apt to tell, she never does tell, you know. Her father told me that himself. He told me the whole history of her Ezelina. And I shall never forget his face when he spoke of his feelings at first taking up the book, he looked quite frightened, just as if he was

doing it that moment. I never can forget his face while I live?

Then coming up close to me, he said 'But what' what' how was it?'

"Sir" cried I, not well understanding him

'How came you-how happened it-what-what'

'I-I only wrote, sir, for my own amusement-only in some odd idle hours'

"But your publishing-your printing-hov was that?"

'That was only, sir-only because'-

I hesitated most abominably, not knowing how to tell him a long story, and growing terribly confused at these questions, besides, to say the truth, his own 'what' what' so reminded me of those vile Probationary Odes [by Wolcot] that, in the midst of all my flutter, I was really hardly able to keep my countenance.

The 'chat' was then repeated, with so earnest a look, that, forced to say something, I stammeringly answered 'I thought, sir, it would look very well in print'

I do really flatter my-clf this is the silliest speech I ever made. I am quite provoked with myself for it, but a fear of laughing made me eager to utter anything, and by no means conscious, till I had spoken, of what I was saving

He laughed very heartily himself—well he inight—and walked away to enjoy it, crying out 'Very fair indeed, that's being very fair and honest'

Then returning to me again, he said 'But your father —how came you not to shew him what you wrote?'

'I was too much ashamed of it, sir, seriously'

Literal truth that, I am surc 'And how did he find it out?'

'I don't know myself, sir He never would tell me. Lateral truth again, my dear father, as you can testify

'But how did you get it printed?'

'I sent it, sir, to a bookseller my father never em ployed, and that I never had seen miself, Mr Lowndes, in full hope that by that means he never would hear of it'

'But how could you manage that?'

'By means of a brother, sir'

'Oh, you confided in a brother, then?'

'Yes, sir-that is, for the publication'

'What entertainment you must have had from hearing people's conjectures before you were known! Do you remember any of them?'

'Yes, sir, many '

'And what?'

'I heard that Mr Buretti laid a wager it was written by a man, for no woman, he said, could have kept her own counsel'

This diverted him extremely

'But how was it,' he continued, 'you thought it most likely for your father to discover you?'

'Sometimes, sir, I have supposed I must have dropt some of the manuscripts, sometimes, that one of my sisters betrayed me'

'Oh, your sister? What ' not your brother?'

'No, sir, he could not, for '---

I was going on, but he laughed so much I could not be heard, exclaiming 'Vastly well' I see you are of Mr Baretti's mind, and think your brother could keep voir secret, and not your sister. Well, but,' cried he presently, 'how was it first known to you, you were betraved?'

By a letter, sir, from another sister I was very ill,

and in the country, and she wrote me word that my father had taken up a review in which the book was mentioned, and had put his finger upon its name, and said "Coutrive to get that book for me."

'And when he got it,' cried the king, 'he told me he was afraid of looking at it, and never can I forget his face when he mentioned his first opening it. But you have not lept your pen unemployed all this time?'

'Indeed I have, sir'

'But why?'

'I-I believe I have exhausted myself, sir'

He laughed aloud at this, and went and told it to Mrs Delany, enally treating a plain fact as a mere bon mo'

Then returning to me again, he said more seriously 'But you have not determined against writing any more?'

' N-o, sır

'I on have made no vow-no real resolution of that sort?'

'No, sir'

'You only wait for inclination?'

How admirably Mr Cambridge's speech might have come in here

'No, sir'

A very civil little bow spoke him pleased with this answer, and he went again to the middle of the room, where he chiefly stood, and, addressing us in general, talked upon the different motives of writing, concluding with 'I believe there is no constraint to be put upon real genius, nothing but inclination can set it to work. Miss Burney, however, knows best' And then hastily returning to me, he cried 'What! what?'

'No, sir, I—I—believe not, certainly,' quoth I very awkwardly, for I seemed taking a violent compliment only as my due, but I knew not how to put him off as I would another person

#### Margaret Nicholson's Attempt on the Life of George III.

An attempt had just been mide [August 1786] upon the life of the king! I was almost petrified with horror at the intelligence. If this king is not safe—good, pious, beneficent as he is—if his life is in danger from his own subjects, what is to guard the throne? and which way is a monarch to be secure?

Mrs Goldsworthy had taken every possible precaution so to tell the matter to the Princess Elizabeth as least to alarm her, lest it might occasion a return of her spasms, but, fortunately, she cried so exceedingly that it was hoped the vent of her tears would save her from those terrible convulsions.

Madame La Fite had heard of the attempt only, not the particulars, but I was afterwards informed of them in the most interesting manner, namely, how they were related to the queen And as the newspapers will have told you all else, I shall only and briefly tell that

No information arrived here of the matter before His Majesty's return, at the usual hour in the afternoon, from the levee. The Spauish minister had hurried off instantly to Windsor, and was in waiting at Lady Charlotte Finch's, to be ready to assure Her Majesty of the king's safety, in case any report auticipated his return.

The queen had the two eldest princesses, the Duchess of Ancaster, and Lady Charlotte Bertie with her when the king came in. He hastened up to her, with a coun

tenance of striking vivacity, and said 'Here I am '—safe and well, as you see—but I have very narrowly escaped being stabbed!' His own conscious safety, and the pleasure he felt in thus personally shewing it to the queen, made liim not aware of the effect of so abrupt a communication. The queen was seized with a consternation that at first almost stupefied her, and, after a most painful silence, the first words she could articulate were, in looking round at the duchess and Lady Charlotte, who had both hurst into tears, 'I envy you—I can't ery!' The two princesses were for a little while in the same state, but the tears of the duchess proved infectious, and they then wept even with violence.

The king, with the gayest good humour, did his utmost to comfort them, and then gave a relation of the affair, with a calminess and unconcern that, had any one hut himself been his hero, would have been regarded as totally unfeeling

You may have heard it wrong, I will concisely tell it right. His carriage had just stopped at the garden door at St James's, and he had just alighted from it, when a decently dressed woman, who had been waiting for him some time, approached him with a petition. It was rolled up, and had the usual superscription—'For the king's Most Excellent Majesty.' She presented it with her right hand, and, at the same moment that the king bent forward to take it, she drew from it, with her left hand, a knife, with which she aimed straight at his heart!

The fortunate awkwardness of taking the instrument with the left hand made her design perceived before it could be executed, the king started back, scarce believing the testimony of his own eyes, and the woman made a second thrust, which just touched his waisteoat hefore he had time to prevent her, and at that moment one of the attendants, seeing her horrible intent, wrenched the knife from her hand

'Has she cut my waisteoat?' eried he, in telling it 'Look' for I have had no time to examine.'

Thank Heaven, however, the poor wretch had not gone quite so far 'Though nothing,' added the king in giving his relation, 'could have been sooner done, for there was nothing for her to go through but a thin linen and fat'

While the guards and his own people now surrounded the king, the assassin was seized by the populace, who were tearing her away, no doubt to fall the instant sacrifice of her murtherous purpose, when the king, the only calm and moderate person then present, called aloud to the mob. 'The poor creature is mad.' Do not hurt her.' She has not hurt me.' He then came forward, and shewed himself to all the people, declaring he was perfectly safe and unhurt, and then gave positive orders that the woman should be taken care of, and went into the palace, and had his levee.

There is something in the whole of this behaviour upon this occasion that strikes me as proof indisputable of a true and noble courage for in a moment so extraordinary—an attack, in this country, unheard of before—to settle so instantly that it was the effect of insanity, to feel no apprehension of private plot or latent conspiracy—to stay out, fearlessly, among his people, and so benevolently to see himself to the safety of one who had raised her arm against his life—these little traits, all impulsive, and therefore to be trusted, have given me an impression of respect and reverence that I can never forget, and never think of but with fresh admiration

chimnes! Do you remember, Miss Thrale, how, one day at dinner, you burst out a laughing because I said a très bon goose?

The Diary and Letters (7 vols. 1842-46) was twice reprinted in 1800-91 and was edited by Mrs Barrett vith preface and notes by Mr Austin Dobson in 6 vols. in 1905 See Mr Austin Dobson s monograph (Men of Letters 1903) Macaulay & famous Essay and the editions of Exclina and Cecilia (1893) by Brimley John on, selections from the Days, edited by Seeley 1889, Mrs Walford Twelve English Authoresses (1892).

Charlotte Smith (1749 – 1806), the elder daughter of Mr Nicholas Turner of Stoke House in Surrey, was early remarkable for a playful humour shown in conversation and in prose and verse composition. Having lost her mother at three, she was brought up carelessly though expensively by an aunt, and introduced into society at a very early age. After her father's second marriage, the aunt sought hurriedly to establish Charlotte in life, and in 1765 she was married to Benjamin Smith, son and partner of a rich West India merchant—the husband being twenty-Smith was careless one years, the wife fifteen and extravagant, and his father, dying in 1776, left a will so complicated that lawsuits and embarrassments were the portion of this illstarred pair for all their after lives. Smith was ultimately forced to sell the greater part of his property, after being for seven months in prison in 1782, when his wife shared his confinement. In 1788, after an unhappy union of twenty three years, Mrs Smith separated from her husband, and applied herself to her literary occupations with cheerful assiduity, supplying to her eight children She had already the duties of both parents published Llegiac Sonnets (1784), and translated Prévost's exquisite Manon Lescaut, and now in eight months she completed her novel Emineline, or The Orphan of the Castle, to which in 1790 succeeded Lthelinde, and in 1792 Celestina Having adopted the doctrines of the French Revolution, she embodied them in Desmond, a romance which arrayed against her many of her friends and readers But she regained the public favour by the Old Manor House (1793), the best Part of it was written at Eartham, of her novels the residence of Hayley, during Cowper's visit to that poetical retreat 'It was delightful,' says Hayley, 'to hear her read what she had just written, for she read, as she wrote, with simpli city and grace' Cowper was also astonished at the rapidity and excellence of her composition Mrs Smith, whose poetry is mostly pathetic in tone, continued her literary labours amidst private and family distress, and wrote a valuable little compendium for children, Conversations, in which she was aided by her sister, Mrs Catharine Ann Dorset, known for The Peacock 'at Home' (1807) and other poems

On the Departure of the Nightingale.

Sweet poet of the woods, a long adien!

Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year!

Ah! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,

And pour thy music on the night's dull car

Whether on spring thy wandering flights await,

Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,

The pensive Muse shall own thee for her mate,

And still protect the song she loves so well

With cautious step the love lorn youth shall glide

Through the lone brake that shades thy mossy nest,

And shepherd girls from eyes profune shall hide

The gentle bird who sings of pity best

For still thy voice shall soft affections move,

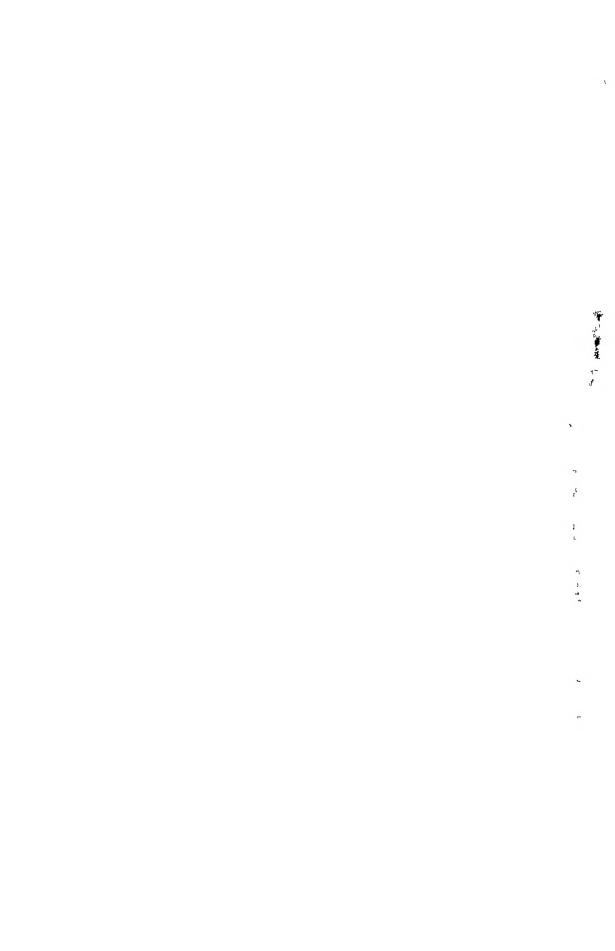
## English Scenery

And still be dear to sorrow and to love!

Haunts of my youth! Scenes of fond day dreams, I behold ye yet! Where 'twas so pleasant by thy northern slopes, To climb the winding sheep path, aided oft By scattered thorns, whose spiny branches bore Small woolly tufts, spoils of the vigrant lamb, There seeking shelter from the noondry sun And pleasant, seated on the short soft turf, To look beneath upon the hollow way, While heavily upward moved the labouring wain, And stalking slowly by, the sturdy hind, To case his panting team, stopped with a stone The grating wheel.

Advancing higher still,
The prospect widens, and the village church
But little o'er the lowly roofs around
Rears its gray belfry and its simple vane,
Those lowly roofs of thatch are half concealed
By the rude arms of trees, lovely in spring,
When on each bough the rosy unctured bloom
Sits thick, and promises autumnal plenty
For even those orchards round the Norman farms,
Which, as their owners marked the promised fruit,
Console them, for the vineyards of the south
Surpass not these

Where woods of ash and beech, And partial copses fringe the green hill foot, The upland shepherd rears his modest home, There wanders by a little nameless stream That from the hill wells forth, bright now, and clear, Or after rain with chalky mixture gray, But still refreshing in its shallow course The cottage garden, most for use designed, 1 et not of beauty destitute The vine Mantles the little casement, yet the brier Drops frigrant dew among the July flowers, And pansies rayed, and freaked, and mottled pinks, Grow among balm and resemany and rue, There honey suckles flaunt, and roses blow Almost uncultured, some with dark green leaves Contrast their flowers of pure unsulfied white, Others like velvet robes of regal state Of richest crimson, while, in thorny moss Lushruned and cradled, the most lovely wear The hues of youthful beauty s glowing check With fond regret I recollect e en now



part of the church, which perhaps prevents your distinguishing what I mean.'

The Englishman looked whither his friend pointed, and observed a confessional of oak, or some very dark wood, adjoining the wall, and remarked also that it was the same which the assassin had just entered. It consisted of three compartments covered with a black canopy. In the central division was the chair of the confessor, elevated by several steps above the pavement of the chirch, and on either hand was a small closet or box, with steps leading up to a grated partition, at which the penitent might lineel, and, concealed from observation, pour into the car of the confessor the consciousness of crimes that lay heavy on his heart

'You observe it?' said the Italian

'I do,' replied the Englishman, 'it is the same which the assassin has passed into, and I think it one of the most gloomy spots I ever beheld—the view of it is enough to strike a criminal with despair'

'We in Italy are not so apt to despair,' replied the Italian smilingly

'Well, but what of this confessional?' inquired the Englishman The assassin entered it.'

'He has no relation with what I am about to men tion,' said the Italian, 'but I wish you to mark the place, because some very extraordinary circumstances belong to it.'

'What are they?' said the Englishman

'It is now several years since the confession which is connected with them was made at that very confessional,' added the Italian, 'the view of it, and the sight of this assassin, with your surprise at the liberty which is allowed him, led me to a recollection of the story. When you return to the hotel, I will communicate it to you, if you have no pleasanter way of engaging your time'

'After I have taken another view of this solemn edifice,' replied the Englishman, 'and particularly of the confessional you have pointed to my notice'

While the Englishman glanced his eye over the high roofs and along the solemn perspectives of the Santa del Pianto, he perceived the figure of the assassin stealing from the confessional across the choir, and, shocked on again beholding him, he turned his eyes, and hastily quitted the chirch.

The friends then separated, and the Englishman, soon after returning to his hotel, received the volume. He read as follows

After such an opening, who would not go on with the story? Most of Mrs Radcliffe's novels abound in pictures and situations as striking and as well grouped as those of the scenic artist and the playwright. Her latter years were spent in retirement, and it was an attack of the asthma which had long afflicted her that at last proved fatal. A posthumous romance entitled Gaston de Blondeville, containing a memoir of her, was published under the editorial superintendence of Serjeant Talfourd, and her Poems were collected and published in 1834.

Mrs Radcliffe was one of the most popular novelists of her day. Sir Walter Scott himself felt the charm of her 'utopian scenes and manners,' and Crabbe Robinson the diarist preferred her stories to the Waverley Novels—a preference not

easy to be understood by the present generation Her characters to us seem as unreal as the surroundings in which she places them, and one can as little believe in the actuality of Emily and Adeline as in the solidity of the pasteboard castles wherein they are immured by sinister barons whose moustachios are obviously corked. Her heroines are all young Englishwomen trained by Mrs Chapone, who, when they are carried off, tell their ravishers that they 'can no longer remain here with propriety,' and must 'ask by what right' they are detained Even the supernatural machinery which plays so great a part in her books is a mere arrangement of trap-doors and sliding panels, and she is most fatally punctilious in her explanations that there is really nothing after all in her diablerie Real passion and genuine pathos are as little evident in her pages as a sense of humour, but she shows a very respectable melodramatic skill style, though stilted, is more correct than that of most women novelists of the Victorian period, but her once admired descriptions have lost their It is noteworthy that she had never been in Italy when the Mysteries of Udolpho was written Udolpho has many non-Italian features, Gothic castles are not common in Italy, and the name itself has not the form of a normal Italian word The development of the art of fiction has inevitably antiquated her popularity, and, though Miss Christina Rossetti was a warm admirer, few readers nowadays can endure the weakness of her sentiment and the artificiality of her method But her work must always remain historically interesting, as marking an important stage in the evolution of the romantic novel Mr Andrew Lang has recently argued that in Mrs Radcliffe's Sicilian Romance are to be found the genus not only of Byron's Giaour and of Aorthanger Abber, but of Jane Eyre—surely an extraordinary progeny 'Northanger Abbey was begun on a parody of Mrs Radcliffe, and developed into a real novel of character So, too, Byron's gloomy, scowling adventurers, with their darkling past, are mere repetitions in rhyme of Mrs Radcliffe's Schedoni is so obvious that, in discussing Schedoni, Scott adds parallel passages from Byron's Giaour'

## The Castle of Udolpho

Towards the close of the day, the road wound into a deep valley Mountains, whose shaggy steeps appeared to be inaccessible, almost surrounded it. To the east, a vista opened, and exhibited the Apennines in their darkest horrors, and the long perspective of retiring summits rising over each other, their ridges clothed with pines, exhibited a stronger image of grandcur than any that Emily had yet seen. The sun had just sunk below the top of the mountains she was descending whose long shadow stretched athwart the valley, but his sloping rays, shooting through an opening of the chiffs, touched with a yellow gleam the summits of the forest that hing upon the opposite steeps, and streamed in full splendour upon the towers and battlements of a eastle that spread its extensive ramparts along the hrow of a

precipice above. The splendour of these illumined objects was heightened by the contrasted shade which involved the valley below.

'There,' said Montoni, speaking for the first time in several hours, '1- Udolpho'

Emili gazed with melancholy awe upon the castle, which she understood to be Montonis, for, though it was now lighted up by the setting sun, the Gothic greatness of its feature- and its mouldering walls of dark grev stone rendered it a gloomy and sublime As she gazed the light died away on its walls, leaving a meiancholy purple tint, which spread deeper and deeper as the thin vapour crept up the mountain, while the buttlements above were still tipped with splendour. From the e, 100, the rays soon faded and the whole editice was invested with the solemn duski Silent, lonely and sublime, it seemed ness of evening to stand the sovereign of the scene, and to frown defiance on all who dared to invide its solitary reign. the twilight deepened, its features became more awful in obscurity and Emily continued to gaze till its clustering towers were alone teen rising over the tops of the woods, beneath whose thick shade the carriages soon after began to ascend

The extent and darkness of these tall woods awakened terrific images in her mind and she almost expected to see banditti start up from under the trees. At length tne carriages emerged upon a heathy rock, and soon af er reached the castle gates, where the deep tone of the portal bell which was struck upon to give no ice of their arrival increased the fearful emotions that had assailed Emily While they waited till the servant within should come to open the gates, she anxiously surreved the edifice, but the gloom that overspread it allowed her to distinguish little more than a part of its outline, with the massy walls of the ramparts, and to know that it was vast, ancient, and dreary From the parts she ear, she judged of the heavy strength and extent of the whole. The rateway before her, leading into the courts, was of gigantic size, and was defended by two round towers, crowned by overhanging turrets emba tled, where, in lead of banners, now waved long grass and wild plants that had taken rook among the mouldering stones, and which seemed to sigh, as the breeze rolled past, over the desolution around them. The towers were united by a curtain, pierced and em battled also, below which appeared the pointed arch of a huge portcullis surmounting the gates, from these the walls of the ramparts extended to other towers, overlook ing the precipice, whose shattered online, appearing on a gleam that lingered in the west, told of the rivages ner lo Beyond these, all was lost in the obscurity of evening

#### An Italian Landscape.

These excursions sometimes led them to Puzzuoli, Bain, or the woody cliffs of Pausilippo, and as, on their return, they glided along the moonlit bay, the melodies of Italian a runs seemed to give enchantinent to the scenery of its shore. At this cool hour the voices of the vire-dressers were frequently heard in trio, as they reposed from the labour of the day on some pleasant promontory under the shade of poplars, or the brisk music of the dance from fishermen on the margin of the waves below. The boutinen rested on their cars, while their company listened to voices modulated by sensible v to finer eloquence than is in the power of art

alone to display and at others, while they observed the airy natural grace which distinguishes the dance of the hishermen and peasants of Naples. Frequently, as ther glided round a promontory whose shaggy masses im pended far over the sea, such magic scenes of beau v unfolded adorned by these dancing groups on the bay beyond, as no pencil could do justice to The deep clear wa ers reflected every image of the landscape, the cliffs branching into wild forms, crowned with grove, whose rough foliage often spread down their steeps in picture-que luxuriance the ruined villa on some bold point peeping through the trees, peasants' cabins many ing on the precipices, and the duncing figures on the strand—all touched with the silvery tint and soli On the other hand, the sea, shadows of moonlight trembling with a long line of radiance, and sheving ir the clear distance the sails of vessels stealing in every direction along its surface, presented a prospect as granias the landscape was beautiful.

Two of Mrs Raddiffe's books the Remarce of the Form and the Iss eries of Ud 1424 were included in Mrs Barbauld's Library of British Novelists, and Ballantynes. There are critical estimates in Sir Waller Scott's Biographical Noveless of Emiliary Novelists, and Professor Raleigh's The English Novel (1894). For Mr Lang on the Sixilian Permanes see Corn hill for July 1900.

Mrs Anne Grant (1755-1838) born in Glasgow, the daughter of Duncin M'Vicir, an umv officer, was with her fither in America 1758-68 and accompanied him back to Scotland when in 1773 he was made barrack-master at Fort Augustus, in 1779 she married the Rev James Grant minister of Laggan Left a widow in 1801 she published in 1802 a volume of Peems , 18031 and was encouraged to edit for publication her beknown work a selection from her own correspond ence called Letters from the Mountains (1806) In this and a later work, Superstitions of the Higilarders (1811), she promoted that interest in the Highlands and things Gaelic that had been begun by 'Ossian' In 1808 she published the Memoure of ar America Lady (Mrs Schuvler, widow of an American colonel', a work which was popular both in Britain and in America. In 1810 she settled in Edinburgh, where she took in boarders, and in 1825, on the initiative of Henry Mackenzie and Sir Walter Scott, she received a pension of £100. See the memoir by her son (1844)

[She should not be confounded with Urs Elleabeth Crant (c. 1745-1814), author of one popular Scotch song, Regrs Wife of Aldir allock, who was born near Aberlour Banfishire, and died it Bath, having been twice married—first to her cousin Captain James Grant of Carron in Strathsper, and afterwards to Dr Murray, a Bath physician.]

# From The Highlander'

Where vonder ridgy mountains bound the scene, The narrow opening glens that intervene Still shelter, in some lowly nook obscure One poorer than the rest—where all are poor, Some widowed matron, hopeless of rehef, Who to her searct breast confines her gref, Dejected sighs the wintry night away. And lonely muses all the summer day

Her gallant sons, "ho, smit with honour's charms, Pursued the phantom Tame through wars alarms, Return no more, stretched on Hindostan's plain, Or sun! beneath the unfathomable main, In vain her eyes the watery vaste explore For heroes-fated to return no more ' Let others bless the morning's reddening beam, Foe to her peace-it breaks the illusive dream That, in their prime of manly bloom confessed, kes cred the long lo t warriors to her breast, And as they strove, a ith smiles of filial love, Their vidowed parent's anguish to remove, Through her small casement broke the intrusive day, And chased the pleasing images away ! No time can e'er her banished jovs restore, For ah ' a heart once brol en heals no more.

#### Foyers in 1778

I lost a good conveyance for a letter, and that a letter to Lad. Isabella, by going on a grand party of pleasure on the Loch. There was the Governor and his new espoused love, who, by the bye, is very well considering, frant and cheerful, and so forth, and there were the two Miss Campbells of Duntroon, blithe bonnie lasses, and there was the noble Admiral of the lake, and his fair sister, and the Doctor, and another beau, whom you have not the honour to know. We went on board our galley, which is a fine little vessel, with a commodious and elegant cabin

The da was charming the scene around was in itself sublime and cheerful, enlivened by sunshine and the music of the birds, that answered each other loudly from the woody mountains on each side of the Loch. On leaving the fort, we fired our swivels and displayed our colours. On our arrival opposite Glenmonston, we repeated this ceremony, and sent out our boat for as many of the family as chose to come on board. The Laird himself, his beautiful daughter, and her admirer obeyed the summons they dined with us, and then we proceeded to the celebrated Fall of Fyers.

I had seen this wonder before, but never to such Strangers generally come from the high road, and look down upon it, but the true sublime and beautiful is to be attained b, going from the lake by Fyers House, as we did, to look up to it at the rivers mouth, and had to walk up near a mile, through picturesque openings, in a grove of weeping birch, so fresh with the spray of the fall that its odours exhale constantly We arrived at one of the most singular and romantic scenes the imagination can conceive. At the foot of the rock over which the river falls is a small circular bottom, in which rise, as it were, a little verdant hillock of a triangular form, which one might imagine an altar erected to the impetuous Naiad of this overwhelming stream, this rustic shrine, and the verdant sanetuary in v hich it stands, are adorned by the hand of nature with a rich profusion of beautiful flowers and luxuriant herbage No wonder, overhung as it is 1 ith gloomy woods and abrupt precipices, no rude blast visits this sacred solitude, while perpetual mists from the cataract that thunders above it keep it for ever fresh with dews moisture, and the 'showery prism' bends its splendid arch continually over the humid flowers that adorn its entrance. Now do not think me romancing, and I shall account to you in some measure for the formation and fertility of this charming little Delta. Know then, that the nymph of the Fyers, abundantly clamorous in summer, becomes in winter a most tre mendous furt, sweeping every thing before her with inconceivable violence. The little eminence which rises so oddly in 'nature's softest freshest lap,' was most probably at first a portion of rock forced down by the violence of the wintry torrent, and as the river covers this spot in floods, successive winters might bring down rich soil, which, arrested by the fragment above said, in process of time formed the altar I speak of Along with this rich sediment left by the subsiding waters, are cou veyed the seeds and roots of plants from all the varieties of soil which the torrent has ravaged hence 'flowers of all hues and without thorn the rose,' at least I could expect flowers worthy of Paradise in this luxuriant re While you stand in this enchanted vale, there is nothing but verdure, music, and tranquillity around you, but if you look to either side, abrupt rocks and unsupported trees growing from their clefts threaten to overwhelm you. Looking back, you see the river foaming through a narrow opening, and thundering and raging over broken crags almost above your heads, looking downwards, you see the same river, after having been collected in a deep basin at your feet, rolling rapidly over steep rocks, like steps of stairs, till at last it winds quietly through the sweet peaceful seene at Fyers House, and loses itself in Loch Ness Now to what purpose have I taken up my own time and yours with this techous description, which, after all, gives you no just idea of the place?

When we returned on board, our spirits, heing by this time exhausted with walking and wonder, and talking and thunder, and so forth, began to flag One lady, always delicate and nervous, was seized with a fit, a hysterical one, that frightened us all I cut her laces, suppressed her struggles, and supported her in my arms during the paroxysm, which lasted near two hours. What you must allow to be very generous in the company, not one of them seemed to envy my place, or made the smallest effort to supplint me in it. drank tea most sociably, however, landed our Glen moriston friends, and tried to proceed homeward, but adverse fate had determined we should sup there too, and so arrested us with a dead ealm four miles from Now midnight approached, and with it gloomy discontent and drowsy insipidity. Our chief took a fit of the fidgets, and legan to cry Poh, Poh, his lady took a fit of yawning, his little grandson took a fit of crying, which made his daughter take a fit of anger, the Doctor took a fit of snoring, even the good natured Admiral took a fit of fretting, because the sailors had taken a fit All of n sudden the Miss C's took a fit of drinking of singing, to the great annoyance of the unharmonious group, when I went to the deck, fell into a fit of meditation, and began to say, 'How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank 12 Indeed nothing could be more inspiring, now silvery calmness slumbered on the deep, the moonbeams quivered on the surfree of the water, and shed a mild radiance on the trees, the sky was unclouded, and the sound of the distant waterfull alone disturbed the universal stillness. But the general ill humour disturbed my rising rapture, for it was now two o'clock, and nobody cared for poetry or moonlight but myself Well, we saw the wind would not rise, and so we put out the boat, some growling, others vapid, and the rest half asleep The gentlemen, however, rowed us home, and left the galley to the drunken sailors

You may judge how gaily we arrived I fancy Solomon had just returned from a long party of pleasure on the sea of Tiberias, where one of his Mistresses had the hysterics, when he drew the pensive conclusion that 'all is vanity and veration of spirit' Adieu'

(Written from the Castle of Fort Augustus in 1778, to a Glasgow lady)

Mrs Amelia Opic (1769-1853) was born at Norwach, the only child of James Alderson, MD, a Radical and Unitarian, in 1798 she married the painter John Opie, RA. (1761-1807) While very young she had written songs and tragedies, but her first acknowledged work was the domestic and pathetic tale of *The Father and Daughter* (1801) To this story of ordinary life, which went through



AMELIA OPIL

Trom the Portrait by John Opic R A in the National Portrait
Gallery

a dozen editions, she contrived to give deep interest by her genuine painting of nature and passion and her animated dialogue Mowbray, or the Mother and Daughter (1804), Simple Tales (1806), Temper, or Domestic Scenes (1812), Tales of Real Life (1813), New Tales (1818), Tales of the Heart (1820), Madeline (1822), all show the same characteristics—the portraiture of domestic life with the express aim of regulating the heart and affections, Godwin's political and social theories occasionally intrude Detraction Displayed was written to expose that 'most common of all vices, which is found in every class or rank in society, from the peer to the peasant, from the master to the valet, from the mistress to the maid, from the most learned to the most ignorant, from the man of genius to the meanest capacity' Mrs Opie's tales were soon thrown into the shade by the greater force of Miss Edgeworth, the fascination of Scott, and the more

masculine temper of our modern literature. Like Henry Mackenzie, Mrs Opie was too uniformly pathetic and tender 'She has not succeeded,' said Jeffrey, 'in copying either the concentrated force of weighty and deliberate reason, or the severe and solemn dignity of majestic virtue. To make amends, however, she represents admirably everything that is amiable, generous, and gentle' And she possessed power of exciting and harrowing the feelings in no ordinary degree, some of her short tales are full of gloomy and terrific painting, alternately resembling those of Godwin and Mrs Radcliffe

After the death of her husband in 1807, Mrs Opic resided chiefly in her native city of Norwich, but often visited London, where her company was courted by literary and fashionable circles 1825 she was formally admitted into the Society of Friends or Quakers, whose services she had attended for eleven years, but her liveliness of character was in no whit thereby diminished, or the singular happiness of her old age clouded Miss Sedgwick, in her Letters from Abroad (1841), declared 'I owed Mrs Opie a grudge for having made me in my youth cry my eves out over her stories, but her fair, cheerful face forced me to forget it She long ago forswore the world and its vanities, and adopted the Quaker faith and costume, but I fancied that her elaborate simplicity, and the fashionable little train to her pretty satin gown, indicated how much easier it is to adopt a theory than to change one's habits' Miss Thackerry's Book of Sibyls gives a delightful picture of her An interesting volume of Methorials from her letters, diaries, and other manuscripts, by Miss Brightwell, was published in 1854. Mrs Opie's best-known poem, long included in schoolbook selections, is

The Orphan Boy's Tale
Stay, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale,
Ah' sure my looks must pity wake,
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy,
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an orphan boy

Poor foolish child ' how pleased was I
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame!
To force me home my mother sought,
She could not bear to see my joy,
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor orphan boy

The people's shouts were long and loud,
My mother, shuddering, closed her ears,
'Rejoice' rejoice' still cried the crowd,
My mother answered with her tears.
'Why are you crying thus,' said I,
'While others laugh and shout with joy?'
She Lissed me—and, with such a sigh'
She called ine her poor orphan boy

'What is an orphan boy?' I cried,
As in her face I looked, and smiled,
My mother through her tears replied
'You'll know too soon, ill fated child!'
And now they 've tolled my mothers knell,
And I'm no more a parent's joy,
O lady, I have learned too vell
What 'tis to be an orphan boy!'
Oh, were I by your bounty fed!—

Oh, were I by your bount; fed '—
Nav, gentle lady, do not chide—
Trust me, I mean to carn my bread,
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
Lady, you weep '—ha '—this to me?
You'll give me clothing, food, employ!
Look down, dear parents' look, and see
Your happy, happy, orphan boy!

Mrs Hunter (1742-1821), the wife of the great physician John Hunter, was the daughter of Dr Home, an army surgeon, and Anne Home had become distinguished as a poetess years before her marriage. Her most famous song, My Mother bids me bind my Hair, was originally written to an air of Pleydell's, but owes its immortality largely to its having been set by Haydn to the tune everybody knows. Her other songs are mostly tender and natural, but hardly remarkable.

#### Song

The season comes when first we met,
But you return no more,
Why cannot I the days forget,
Which time can ne'er restore?
O days too sweet, too bright to last,
Are you indeed for ever past?
The fleeting shadows of delight,
In memory I trace,
In fancy stop their rapid flight,
And all the past replace
But, ah! I wake to endless woes
And tears the fading visions close!

Death song written for an Original Indian Air
The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away
Begin, you tormentors, your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomook will never complain
Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low

Why so slow? Do you wait till I shrink from the pain? No, the son of Alknomook shall never complain Remember the wood where in ambush we lay, And the scalps which we bore from your nation away Now the flame rises fast, you exult in my pain,

But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone,
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son,
Death comes, like a friend, to relieve me from pain,

# And thy son, O Alknomook, has seemed to complain The Lot of Thousands.

When hope lies dead within the heart,
By secret sorrow close concealed,
We shrink lest looks or words impart
What must not be revealed

Tis hard to smile when one would weep,
To speak when one would silent be,
To wake when one should wish to sleep,
And wake to agony

Yet such the lot by thousands cast Who wander in this world of care And bend beneath the bitter blast, To save them from despair

But nature waits her guests to greet,
Where disappointment cannot come,
And time guides with unerring feet
The weary wanderers home,

Mrs Tighe (1772-1810), born Mary Blachford, was the daughter of a Wicklow clergyman, and married (unhappily) her cousin, who sat for Kil-Lenny in the Irish Parliament. She was a beautiful and accomplished woman, whose society was greatly prized Of her poems, by far the most famous v as a version, in melodious Spenserian stanzas, of the tale of Cupid and Psyche from the Golden Ass Mackintosh said of the last three cantos that they were beyond all doubt the most faultless series of verses ever produced by a woman Moore complimented her in song Mrs Hemans wrote in her memory 'The Grave of a Poetess' and another elegy, and Keats seems to have been moved and even influenced by Psyche which by 1853 had passed through half a dozen editions Of less interest were her other poems, such as her moralisation on a lily, beginning-

> How withered, perished seems the form Of you obscure unsightly root, Yet from the blight of wintry storm, It hides secure the precious fruit

#### From 'Psyche'

She rose, and all enchanted gazed
On the rare beauties of the pleasant scene
Conspicuous far, a lofty palace blazed
Upon a sloping bank of softest green,
A fairer edifice was never seen,
The high ranged columns own no mortal hand,
But seem a temple meet for beauty s queen,
Like polished snow the marble pillars stand,
In grace attempered majesty, sublimely grand

Gently ascending from a silvery flood,
Above the palace rose the shaded hill,
The lofty eminence was crowned with wood,
And the rich lawns, adorned by nature's skill,
The passing breezes with their odours fill,
Here ever blooming groves of orange glow,
And here all flowers, which from their leaves distil
Ambrosial dew, in sweet succession blow,
And trees of matchless size a fragrant shade bestow

The sun looks glorious, 'mid a sky serene,
And linds bright lustre sparkle o'er the tide,
The clear blue ocean at a distance seen,
Bounds the gay landscape on the western side,
While closing round it with majestic pride,
The lofty rocks 'mid citron groves arise,
'Sure some divinity must here reside,'
As traneed in some bright vision, Psyche cries,
And scarce believes the bliss, or trusts her charméd eyes.

When lot a voice divinely sweet she hears, I rom unseen hips proceeds the heavenly sound 'Psyche, approach, dismiss thy timid fears, At length his bride thy longing spouse has found, And bids for thee immortal joys abound, For thee the palace rose at his command, I or thee his love a bridal banquet crowned, He bids attendant nymphs around thee stand, I'rompt every wish to serve—a fond obedient band'

Increasing wonder filled her ravished soul,

I or now the pompous portals opened wide,
There, prusing of, with timid foot she stole—[pride,
Through halls high doined, enriched with sculptured
While gay saloons appeared on either side,
In splendid vista opening to her sight,
And all with precious gems so beautified,
And furnished with such exquisite delight,
That scarce the beams of heaven emit such lustre bright

The amethyst was there of violet hue,
And there the topaz shed its golden ray,
The chrysoberyl, and the sapphire blue
As the elerr azure of a sunny day,
Or the mild eyes where amorous glances play,
The snow white jasper, and the opal's flaine,
The blushing ruby, and the agate gray,
And there the gern which hears his lucilless name
Whose death, by Phæbus mourned, insured him deathle's
frame

There the green emerald, there cornelians glow And rich carbuncles pour eternal light, With all that India and Peru can shew, Or Labrador can give so flaining bright To the charmed mariner's half dazzled sight The coral pived baths with diamonds blaze, And all that can the female heart delight Of fair attire, the last recess displays, And all that luxury can ask, here eye surveys

Now through the hall melodious music stole, And self prepared the splendid banquet stands, Self poured, the nectar sparkles in the bowl, The lute and viol, touched by unseen hands, Aid the soft voices of the choral bands, O'er the full board a brighter lustre beams. Than Persia's monarch at his feast commands. For sweet refreshment all inviting seems. To taste celestial food, and pure ambrosial streams.

But when meek eve hung out her dewy star,
And gently vailed with gradual hand the sky,
Lo! the bright folding doors retiring far,
Display to Psyche's captivated eye
All that voluptuous case could e'er supply
To soothe the spirits in screne repose
Beneath the velvet's purple canopy,
Divinely formed, a downy couch arose,
While alabaster lamps a milky light disclose

Once more she hears the hymeneal strain, Far other voices now attine the lay. The swelling sounds approach, a while remain, And then retiring, faint dissolved away. The expiring lamps emit a feebler ray, And soon in fragrant death extinguished lie. Then virgin terrors Pysche's soul dismay, When through the obscuring gloom she nought can spy, But softly rustling sounds declare some being nigh.

Oh, you for whom I virte ' whose hearts can melt, At the soft thirdling voice whose power you prove, You I now what charm, unutterably felt, Attends the inexpected voice of love Above the lyre, the lute's soft notes above, With si ect enchantment to the soul it steals, And bears it to I lysium's happy grove, You lest can tell the repture Psyche feels, When love's ambroard lip the voy's of Hymen seals.

"Its he, its my deliverer to deep imprest.

Upon my heart the e sound, I well recall,"

The blushing maid exclaime I and on his breast.

A tear of trembling cestacy let fall.

Put, ere the breezer of the morning call.

Aurora from her purple, himid bed,

Psyche in vain explores the vican hall,

Her tender lover from her arms is fled,

While sleep his downy vings had o'er her eyelids spread.

Helen Maria Williams (1762-1827), daugh ter of an officer, was brought up at Berwick, but in 1781 came to London with a versetale, Ed can and a Itrada, which attracted some notice and led to her producing a succession of poems (Ode to Peau, Peru, &c , collected 17%, In 1788 she went to stay with her sister the wifof Atlanaec Coquerel, Huguenot pastor in Pars, and became a fanatical supporter of re-obtton principles A friend of Madame Roland, slie was imprisoned by Robespierre, and was all but made a Grondist martir I rom 1794 till 1796 she was understood to be living under the protection of a Mr Stone, by whose side at Pere-Lachaise she was buried, and was said to have at one time lived with that same Inday who did not project Mars Wollstonecraft. Yet she remained a devout Christian and wrote admirable homins, though by Royalists in Lance and Tones in England, like the Anti Jacobin set she was treated as a dis-Her long series of letters, reputable person narratues, sketches, and tours dealing with the state of I rance (1790-1815) are transparently sin cere, but utterly and ignorantly one sided, worth reading 'not as history but as a phase of opinion,' according to Professor Laughton, who pronounces her account of affairs at Naples in Nelson's time to be 'distinctly false in every detail'. She translated Humbolde's Personal Narratics of Tra- Is (1814), and spent most of her last years at Amsterdam with her nephew, the fainous rationalist preacher, A L C Coquerel The best-known of her hymns are 'My God all Nature owns The sway,' and 'While Thee I seek, protecting Power' On her Percuron, or the Bellows-mender, Lord Lytton's Lady of Lyons was based - Her friend time Plumptre (1760-1818), daughter of the President of Queen's College, Cambridge, was also an enthusinstic revolutionist. She took a conspicuous part in naturalising German literature in England, by translating from Kotzebue, Musaus, &c, and by her own Letters from Germany She wrote two or three novels and narratives of a sojourn in France and in Ireland

# William Cowper,

the most popular poet of his generation, and the best of English letter-writers,' as Southey called him, belonged to the English aristocracy, his father was the son of one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, and a younger brother of the first Earl Cowper, Lord Chancellor The name is the same as Cooper, and by the family is so pronounced. Cowper's mother, Anne Donne, was also well born, and through her he claimed the famous Dean of St Paul's as an ancestor -father, a chaplain to George II, was rector of Great Berkhampstead in Hertfordshire, and there the poet was born, 26th (15th OS) November In his sixth year he lost his mother—whom he tenderly and affectionately remembered his life long-and was sent to a boarding-school There the tyranny of a schoolfellow terrorised the timid and home sick boy, and led after two years to his removal At Westminster, where Vincent Bourne, the Latin poet, was one of his masters, he had Churchill and Warren Hastings as schoolfellows, and, as he says, served a seven years' apprenticeship to the classics. At eighteen he was articled to an attorney, having the future Lord Chancellor Thurlow as fellow-clerk, and in 1754 was called to the Bar He never made law a study in the solicitor's office he and Thurlow were 'constantly employed from morning to night in giggling and making giggle,' in his chambers in the Temple he wrote lively verses, and idled with Bonnell Thornton, Colman, Lloyd, and other wits He contributed a few papers to the Connoisseur and to the St James's Chronicle, both conducted by his friends, and in 1759 vas appointed to a small sinecure as Commissioner of Bankrupts (worth  $f_{0}$ 60 a year) Darker days were at hand. When he was in his thirty second year, almost 'unprovided with an aim,' his kinsman, Major Cowper, presented him to the office of Clerk of the Journals to the House of Lords, a desirable and lucrative appointment. Cowper accepted it, but the labour of studying the forms of procedure, and the dread of having to stand an examination (though often a mere form) at the bar of the House of Lords, plunged him into the deepest The seeds of insanity were then in his frame, and after brooding over imaginary terrors till reason and self-control had fled, he made several attempts to commit suicide. The appointment was given up, and Cowper was removed to the quaintly named 'Collegium Insanorum' at St Albans, kept by Dr Cotton (see page 532) cloud of horror (from the conviction that he was eternally damned) gradually passed away, and on his recovery a few months later he resolved to withdraw entirely from the society and business of the world, and conscientiously resigned even his Commissionership He had still a small fund left, and his family and friends subscribed a further sum to enable him to live frugally in retirement.

He retired to Huntingdon in order to be near Cambridge, where his brother was a Fellow, and there formed an intimacy with the family of the Rev Morley Unwin. He was adopted as one of the family, became almost wholly devoted to spiritual interests, and when in 1767 Mr Unwin died, of a fall from his horse, he continued to live in the house of the widow, engaged mainly in religious exercises, reading, and correspondence. Mary Unwin's name will ever be associated with Cowper's. Death only could sever a tie so strongly knit—cemented by mutual faith and friendship, and by sorrows of which the world knew nothing.

After the death of Mr Unwin the family were advised by the Rev John Newton to fix their abode at Olney, in northern Buckinghamshire, where Mr Newton was curate, and Cowper removed with them to a spot for ever consecrated by his genius He had still the river Ouse with him, as at Huntingdon, but the scenery was more varied and attractive, with many delightfully retired walks. His life was that of a religious recluse, he corresponded less regularly with his friends, and associated only with Mrs Unwin and the evangelical curate who strove-not always judiciously, it may be-to cheer the gentle invalid, engaged his help in writing the famous 'Olney Hymns,' Cowper's share including sixty seven. Cowper further aided Newton in parochial work, visiting the sick, and taking part in meetings, but his morbid melancholy grined ground, and in 1773 became once more decided When after about two years in this unhappy state Cowper began to recover, he took to gardening, rearing hares, sketching landscapes, and composing poetry Poetry was fortunately his chief enjoyment, and its fruits appeared in a volume of poems published in 1782-poems on abstract subjects, the dialogue called Table Talk being added to enliven the tone. The sale was slow, but his friends were enger in praise of the book, which received the approbation of Johnson and Franklin His correspondence had been resumed, and cheerfulness revived at Olney, whence Newton had now removed to a London rectory This happy change was greatly promoted by the presence of Lady Austen, a widow who came to live near Olney, and by her conversation for a time charmed away the melancholy spirit. She told Cowper the story of John Gilpin, and 'the famous horseman and his feats were an inexhaustible source of merriment.' She it was also who prevailed upon the poet to try his powers in blank verse, and from her suggestion sprang the noble poem of The Task This memorable friendship was at length disturbed, perhaps a shade of jealousy on the part of Mrs Unwin (to whom for a time he had been formally engaged, his mental condition alone having stood in the way of marriage) intervened, and before the Task was finished, its fair inspirer had finally (1783) left Olney In 1785 the new volume was published Its success was instant and decided, and it left its mark on the literary

taste of the time Eighteenth century readers were glad to hear the frunk and spontaneous voice of poetry and of nature, and in the rural descriptions and fireside scenes of the Task they saw English scenery and domestic life faithfully and tenderly delineated 'The Task,' said Southey, 'was at once descriptive, moral, and saturical The descriptive parts everywhere bore evidence of a thoughtful mind and a gentle spirit, as well as of an observant eye, and the moral

sentiment which pervaded them gave a charm in which descriptive is often poetry found wanting The best didactic poems, when compared with the Task, are like formal gardens in comparison with " oodland scenery ' The blank verse has nothing of Milton's grandeur, indeed, but possesses a sweetness and serious power of itsown-though Couper's rhymed couplets are neater and more masterly than his blank verse\_ He next undertook a translation of Homer, having, after critical study in the Temple, formed a poor opinion of Pope's translation Setting himself to a daily task of



WILLIAM COWPER.
From the Portrait by George Romney in the National Portrait Gallery

forty lines, he at length accomplished the forty thousand verses, and published by subscription, his friends being generously active in supporting the work, which appeared in 1791 in two volumes The modest translator's confident expectation that he had for ever superseded Pope has not been fulfilled, baldness has proved a worse fault than ornament. Meanwhile the now successful author and Mrs Unwin had removed to Weston Underwood, a beautiful village about a nule from Olney His fascinating cousin, Lady Hesketli, had cheered him and encouraged him in the Homeric labour, he had also formed a friendly intimacy with the Catholic family of the Throckmortons, to whom Weston belonged, and his circumstances were comparatively easy. Yet his malady returned upon him in 1787, and Mrs Unwin being rendered helpless by paralytic attacks

in 1791 and 1794, the task of nursing her fell upon the sensitive and dejected poet. He had translated poems from the French of Madame de Guyon, from the Greek poets, from Milton's Latin and Italian verse, and from Vincent Bourne's Latin, and now a careful revision of his Homer and an engagement to edit a new edition of Milton were his last literary undertakings. The Homer he did revise, but without improving the first edition, the second task was never finished. A deepening

gloom settled on hıs mind, with occasional bright intervals A visit to his friend Hay ley, at Eartham, gave him a lucid interval, and in 1794 a pension of £300 was granted to him from the Crown He was induced, in 1795, to remove with Mrs Unwin to East Dereham in Norfolk, and there Mrs Unwin died in December 1796. Cowper heard of his friend's death, it was said, 'not without emotion' He lingered on for more than three years, still under the same dark shadow of relidespondgious ency and terror, but occasionally writing, and listening attentively to works read to him

by his friends His last poem was *The Castaway*, in touching and beautiful verse, which showed no decay of poetical power, and death came to

his release on the 25th of April 1800

So sad and strange a destiny has seldom befallen a man of genius. With wit and humour at will, he was nearly all his life weighed down by the deepest melancholy. Innocent, pious, and confiding, he lived in perpetual dread of everlasting punishment he saw between him and heaven a high wall he could not scale, yet his intellectual vigour was not subdued by affliction. What he wrote for amusement or relief in the midst of 'supreme distress' shows no sign of mental disturbance, and in the very winter of his days, his fincy was often as fresh and blooming as in the spring and morning of existence. That he was constitutionally prone to melancholy and insanity

is undoubted, but the predisposing causes were probably aggravated by his strict and secluded His life was strangely isolated, and his position in the history of English literature is in many ways unique. He was in the eighteenth century, but not of it. He manifestly stands at the parting of the ways, and did not fully embody, though he heralded, the new spirit. He was neither Burns nor Byron nor Wordsworth, but had something of all of them. He was too much of a recluse, too little audacious or profound, to head a revolution or found a school of thought Not very deeply impressed with the in poetry importance of his art or the value of his poetic message, he looked on poetry mainly as a means of enforcing morals and rendering religion attractive, his specific puritanism limited for him the world of life and joy and legitimate enterprise, with the eighteenth century he is accordingly eminently diductic in purpose, though the sweet spontaneity and simplicity of much of his work are his most conspicuous characteristics. The naturalness and transparent sincerity of his letters are hardly more remarkable than their easy grace and brightness of expression. Cowper was fifty years of age ere he became a poet the found little pleasure then in reading poetry, English or other, though his mind was stored with fresh memories of youthful studies, he depended greatly on casual suggestions from others, which he accepted as his themes mainly in the hope of relieving his own melancholy, and when he sought to entertain others by his verse, it was with the hope of clevating and instructing, not in order to produce an artistic creation, secure fame, or establish an asthetic renaissance. Yet everywhere in his poetry we see a spirit at work wonderfully different from that of his predecessors-from Pope or Johnson, from Goldsmith or Thomson a true and genial joy in nature and natural objects (for no two poets seem to love nature and its aspects quite in the same way), a tender and kindly interest in the simple domestic affections, a sense of the brotherhood of man, a horror of cruelty or vice, a devout and warm religious heart. He does not expressly proclaim a revolt against the conventions of the artificial, critical, classical school, but good naturedly takes his own independent way when he is didactic he is not logically argumenta tive so much as friendly and communicative, the ideas come, as it were, of their own accord, and the clear simple English, the natural words and phrases, are manifestly his own and inevitable, as little designed to overthrow one school of poetic diction as to found another. He is not one of the greatest but one of the truest poets, his influence vas deep and effective and for those who can taste it there is a perennial charm in his poetra

It is scarcely to be wondered at that Cowpers first volume was somewhat coldly received. The subjects (Talle Talk, The Progress of Error, Truth, Expositulation, Hope, Charity, and the

like) did not promise much, and his manner of handling them was not calculated to conciliate the man about town. He was both too plain and too spiritual for general readers Johnson had written moral poems in the same form of verse, but they possessed a rhetorical grandeur and wealth of illustration which Cowper did not attempt, and probably would on principle have rejected. Yet there are in these simple, subdued, unobtrusive works passages of masterly execution and lively Selkirl's 'I am monarch of all I survey and Boadicea are among the most frequently quoted The character of Chatham in Table Talk -where the interlocutors are the impersonal 'in dividuals' A and B-is somewhat on the lines of Pope or Dryden

1 Patriots, alas! the few that have been found, Where most they flourish, upon English ground, The country's need have scantily supplied, And the last left the scene when Chatham died

B Not so, the virtue still adorns our age, Though the chief actor died upon the stage. In him Demosthenes was heard again, Liberty taught him her Athenian strain, She clothed him with authority and awe. Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law. His speech, his form, his action full of grace, And all his country beaming in his free, He stood as some inimitable hand. Would strive to make a Paul or Fully stand. No sycophant or slave that dared oppose. Her sacred cause, but trembled when he rose, And every venal stickler for the yole, Left himself crushed at the first word he spoke.

This is from the same poem

Ages chosed ere Homer's lamp appeared, And ages ere the Mantian swan was heard, to carry nature lengths unl nown before. To give a Milton lurth asked ages more Thus genius rose and set at ordered times, And shot a day spring into di tani chines, Funobling every region that he chose He sunk in Greece, in Italy he rose, And, tedious years of Gothie darl ness past, I merged all splendour in our isle at last Thus lovely halevous dive into the main, Then shew far off their shining plumes again

Conversation, in this volume, is rich in Addisonian humour and quiet satire, and formed no unworthy prelude to the Tisk. In Hope and Retirement we see traces of the descriptive powers and kindly pleasantry afterwards more fully developed. A very characteristic passage is the sletch of the Greenland missionaries, from Hope

That sound bespeaks salvation on her way. The trumpet of a life re-toring day. The heard where Fig.land's eastern glora shines, And in the galfs of her Cornabian mines. And still it spreads. See Germany send forth. Her sons to pour a on the futthes morth, hired with a zeal peet har, they def. The rage and rigour of a polar sky. And plant successfully sweet Shirous mise. On tey plains and in even language.

O blest within the inclosure of your roel s, Nor herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks, No fertilising streams your fields divide, That shew reversed the villas on their side, No groves have ye, nor eheerful sound of bird Or voice of turtle in your land is heard, Nor grateful eglantine regules the smell Of those that walk at evening where ye dwell, But Winter, armed with terrors here unknown, Sits absolute on his unshal en throne, Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste, And bids the mountains he has built stand fast, Beckons the legions of his storms away From happier seenes to make your land a prev. Proclaims the soil a conquest he has won, And scorns to share it with the distant sim-Let Truth is yours, remote uncovied isle! And Peace the genuine offspring of her smile, The pride of lettered ignorance, that binds In chains of error our accomplished minds, That deeks with all the splendour of the true, A false religion, is unknown to you Nature indeed vouchsafes for our delight The sweet vieissitude, of day and night, Soft airs and genial moisture feed and cheer Field, fruit, and flower, and every creature here, But brighter beams than his who fires the skies Have risen at length on your admiring eyes, That shoot into your darl est caves the day From which our nicer optics turn away

In this pleasing (rather than powerful) blending in plain-sailing verse of argument and piety, poetry and sound sense, we have distinctive traits of Cowper's genius Practice in composition and Lady Austen's influence were obvious gains to him, and when he entered upon the fast, he was far more disposed to look at the sunny side of things, and to attempt more detailed and picturesque description His versification underwent a like iniprovement His former poems were often rugged in style and expression, and were made so on purpose to avoid the polished uniformity of Pope and his imitators He was now sensible that he had erred on the opposite side, and accordingly the Task was made to unite strength and freedom with elegance and harmony Few poets have introduced so much idiomatic expression into a grave poem of blank verse, but the higher passages are all carefully finished, and rise or fall, according to the nature of the subject, with grace and melody of their own, in contrast to Thomson, whose pompous march is never relaxed, however trivial be the theme. The variety of the Task in style and manner, no less than in subject, is one of its greatest charms. The mock-heroic opening illustrates his humour, and from this he glides naturally into description and reflection The scenery of the Ouse, described with the detail of painting, leads up to higher themes

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds, Exhibarate the spirit, and restore The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds That sweep the skirt of some far spreading wood

Of ancient growth, make music not unlike The dash of ocean on his winding shore, And full the spirit while they fill the mind, Unnumbered branches waving in the blast And all their leaves fist fluttering all at once. Nor less composure whits upon the roar Of distant floods, or on the softer voice Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that slip Through the cleft rock, and elaming as they fall Upon loo e pebbles, lose themselves at length In matted grass, that with a livelier green Betrays the secret of their silent cour e Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds, But animited nature sweeter still, To soothe and satisfy the human ear I en thousand warbiers cheer the day, and one The livelong night nor these alone whose notes Nice fingered art must emulate in vun, But enving rooks, and I ites that swim sublime In still repeated circles, screaming load, The jay, the pie, and even the boding oul That hails the rising moon, have charms for me. Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh, Let hear I in scenes where peace for ever reigns, And only there, please highly for their sake

The earth vas made so various, that the mind Of desultors man, studious of change And pleased with novelty, might be included Prospects, however lovely, may be seen Till half their beauties fade, the weary sight, Too well requrinted with their smiles slides of Institutions, seeking less familiar scene-Then snug enclosures in the sheltered vale, Where frequent hedges intercept the eye, Delight u, happy to renounce a while Not senseless of its cliarms, what still we love, That such short absence may endear it more Then forests, or the savage rock may please That hides the sea men in his hollow elefts Move the reach of man his hoary head Conspicuous many a league, the manner Bound homeward, and in hope already there, It his waist Greets with three cheers exulting A girdle of half withered shrubs he shew, And at his feet the baffled billows die. The common overgrown with fern, and rough With prickly gorse, that, shapeless and deform, And dangerous to the touch, has yet its bloom, And decks itself with ornaments of gold, Yields no unpleasing ramble, there the turf Smells fresh, and rich in odoriferous herbs And fungous fruits of earth, regules the sense With luxury of unexpected sweets

From the beginning to the end of the Task we never lose sight of the author. His old boxish love of country rambles, his walks with Mrs Unwin, when he had exchanged the Thames for the Ouse, and had 'grown sober in the vale of verrs,' his playful sature and tender admonition, his denunciation of slavery, his noble patriotism, his devotional earnestness and sublimity, his tenderness to animals, his affection for his pets, his warm sympathy with his fellow-men, and his exquisite paintings of doniestic peace and happiness are

all so much self portraiture, drawn with the ripe skill of a master and the modesty and good The very rapidity of his transitaste of the man tions, where things light and sportive are ranged alongside the most solemn truths, is characteristic of his mind and temperament in ordinary life The inimitable case and colloquial freedom which tend such a charm to his letters are never long He never concealed his absent from his poetry strongly Calvinistic tenets, yet they are not much obtruded in his great work, his piety is of the kind which wins sympathy, and if his temperament (he was 'a stricken deer that left the herd') tinged the prospect of life with too deep a shade, it also imparted a more inipressive weight to his solemn appeals Of his lighter things, John Gilpin is universally recognised as a masterpiece, and The Dog and the Water Lily is in another Most of his hymns are inmanner exquisite. trospective, plaintive rather than joyous or confident, 'There is a fountain filled with blood,' 'Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,' 'The Spirit breathes upon the word,' and 'The Lord will happiness divine On contrite hearts bestow? are all in various ways representative, even 'Sometimes a light surprises,' 'Hark, my soul, it is the Lord,' and 'God moves in a mysterious way are not without a touch of sadness, and 'O for a closer walk with God' is largely humiliation and prayer

### From 'Conversation.'

The emphatic speaker dearly loves to oppose, In contact inconvenient, nose to nose, As if the gnomon on his neighborr's phiz, Touched with a magnet, had attracted his. His whispered theme, dilated and at large, Proves after all a wind gun's airy charge—An extract of his diary—no more—A tasteless journal of the day before. He walked abroad, o'ertaken in the rain, Called on a friend, drank tea, stept home again, Resumed his purpose, had a world of talk With one he stimbled on, and lost his walk, I interrupt him with a sudden bow, 'Adieu, dear sir, lest you should lose it now'

A graver coxcomb we may sometimes see, Quite as absurd, though not so light as he A shallow brain behind a scrious mask, An oracle within an empty cask, The solemn fop, significant and budge, A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge, He says but little, and that little said, Ones all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead. His wit invites von liv his looks to come, But when you knock, it never is at home Tis lil e a parcel sent you by the stage, Some handsome present, as your hopes presage, Tis heavy, bulky, and bids fair to prove An absent friend's fidelity and love, But when unpacked, your disappointment groans To find it stuffed with brickbats, earth, and stones Some men employ their health—an ugly trick—

In making known how oft they have been sick,

And give us in recitals of disease
A doctor's trouble, but without the fees,
Relate how many weeks they kept their bed,
How an emetic or cathartic sped,
Nothing is slightly tonched, much less forgot,
No.e, ears, and eyes seem present on the spot.
Now the distemper, spite of dranght or pill,
Victorious seemed, and now the doctor's skill,
And now—alas for unforeseen mishaps'
They put on a damp night cap, and relapse,
They thought they must have died, they were so bad,
Their peevish hearers almost wish they had

Some fretful tempers wince at every touch, I on always do too little or too much You speak with life, in hopes to entertain-I our elevated voice goes through the brain, You fall at once into a lower key-That's worse-the drone pipe of an humble bee. The southern sash admits too strong a light, You rise and drop the curtain-now 'tis night. He sliakes with cold-you stir the fire, and strive To make a blaze-that's roasting him alive. Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish . With sole-that's just the sort he would not wish. He takes what he at first professed to loathe And in due time feeds heartily on both, I et still o'erclouded with a constant frown, Hc does not swallow, but he gulps it down Your hope to please him vain on every plan, Himself should work that wonder, if he can. Alas! his efforts double his distress He likes yours little, and his own still less Thus always teasing others, always teased, His only pleasure is to be displeased

I pity bashful men, who feel the pain Of fancied scorn and undeserved disdain, And bear the marks upon a blushing face Of needless shame and self imposed disgrace Our sensibilities are so acute, The fear of being silent males us mute. We sometimes think we could a speech produce Much to the purpose, if our tongues were loose, But being tied, it dies upon the lip, Faint as a chicken's note that has the pip, Our wasted oil unprofitably burns, Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns

## On receiving his Mother's Picture

Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed With me but roughly since I heard thee last Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see, The same that oft in childhood solaced me, Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say 'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away! The meek intelligence of those dear eyes—Blest be the art that can immortalise, The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim To quench it—here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here?
Who bidd'st me honour, with an artless song
Affectionate, a mother lost so long
I will obey, no willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own
And while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,

Shall steep me in Elysian reveric, A momentary dream, that thou art she

My mother I when I learned that thou wast dead, Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed? Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son, Wretch even then, life's journey just begun? Perhaps thou givest me, though unfelt, a kiss, Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss-Ah, that maternal smile! it answers-yes I heard the bell tolled on thy burnal day, I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away, And turning from my nursery window, drew A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu l But was it such? It was Where thou art gone, Adicus and farewells are a sound unknown. May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore, The parting word shall pass my lips no more l Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern, Oft gave me promise of thy quick return What ardently I wished, I long believed, And, disappointed still, was still deceived, By expectation every day beguiled, Dupe of to morrow even from a child Thus many a sad to morrow came and went, Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent, I learned at last submission to my lot, But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more, Children not thine have trod my nursery floor, And where the gardener Robin, day by day, Drew me to school along the public way, Delighted with my hauble coach, and wrapt In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capt, 'Tis now become a history little known, That once we called the pastoral house our own. Short lived possession I but the record fair, That memory keeps of all thy kindness there, Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced A thousand other themes less deeply traced. Thy nightly visits to my chamber made. That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid, Thy morning bounties ere I left my home, The biscuit or confectionary plum, The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed All this, and more endearing still than all, Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall. Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks, That humour interposed too often makes All this, still legible in memory's page, And still to be so to my latest age, Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay Such bonours to thee as my numbers may, Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere, Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours, When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers, The violet, the pink, and jessamine, I pricked them into paper with a pin—And thou wast happier than myself the while, Wouldst sofily speak, and stroke my head and smile—Could those few pleasant days again appear, llight one wish bring them, would I wish them

I would not trust my heart—the dear delight Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might. But no—what here we call our life is such, So little to be loved, and thou so much, That I should ill requite thee to constrain Thy unbound spirit into bonds again

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast-The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed-Shoots into port at some well havened isle, Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile There sits quiescent on the floods, that show Her beauteous form reflected clear below, While airs impregnated with incense play Around her, fanning light her streamers gay, So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore 'Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,' And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide Of life, long since has anchored by thy side. But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest, Always from port withheld, always distressed— Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest tossed, Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost And day by day some current's thwarting force Sets me more distant from a prosperous course. Yet oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he! That thought is joy, arrive what may to me. My boast is not that I deduce my birth From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth, But higher far my proud pretensions rise-The son of parents passed into the skies And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run His wonted course, yet what I wished is done. By contemplation's help, not sought in vain, I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again To have renewed the joys that once were mine, Without the sin of violating thine, And, while the wings of fancy still are free, And I can view this mimic show of thee, Time has but half succeeded in his theft-Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

## Voltaire and the Lace-worker

Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door, Pillow and bobbins all her little store, Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay, Shuffling her threads about the livelong day, Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night Lies down secure, ber heart and pocket light, She, for her humble sphere by nature fit, Has little understanding, and no wit, Receives no praise, but though her lot be such Toilsome and indigent-she renders much, Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible tri A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew, And in that charter reads, with sparkling eye Her title to a treasure in the skies. O happy peasant! O unhappy bard! His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward, He praised, perhaps, for ages yet to come, She never heard of half a mile from home, He lost in errors his vain heart prefers, She safe in the simplicity of hers.

#### To Mary

lo 1

Addressed to Mrs Unwin in Autumn 1793
The twentieth year is well nigh past
Since first our sky was overcast,
Ab, would that this might be the last '
My Mary '

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow,
Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
I or my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary \*

I or though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,

My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part, And all thy threads, with magic art, Have wound themselves about this heart, My Mary 1

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream,
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

l or, could I view nor them nor thee, What sight worth seeing could I see? The sun would rise in vain for me, My Mary 1

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign,
Yet gently pressed, press gently mine,
Ny Mary 1

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st,
That now at every step thou mov'st
Upheld by two, yet still thou lov'st,

My Mary 1

And still to love, though pressed with ill, In wintry age to feel no chill, With me is to be lovely still,

Mi Mary 1 But all I by constant heed I know How oft the sadness that I shew

Transforms the smiles to looks of woe,

Mr Mary f

And should my future lot be east With much resemblance of the past, Thy worn out heart will break at last My Mary I

### England.

Fingland, with all the faults. I love thee still. We country thand, while yet a nook is left. Where English minds and manners may be found, shall be constrained to love thee. Though the clime Be fickle, and the year, most part, deformed. With drapping rains, or withered by a frost, I would not yet exchange the sullen skies. And fiel is without a flower for a armer France. With all her vines in nor for Ausonia's grows. Of golden fruiting, and her mixtle bovers. To shake the senate, and from heights sublime. Of patriot elequence to flash down for Upon the Lower was never meant in that.

But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake Thy jovs and sorrows vith as true a heart As any thunderer there. And I can feel Thy follies too, and with a just disclain Frown at effeminates, who e very looks Reflect dishonour on the land I love How, in the name of soldiership and sense, Should Lingland prosper, when such things, as smooth And tender as a girl, all essenced o er With odours, and as profligate as sweet, Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath, And love when they should fight, -when such as these Presume to lay their hand upon the ark Of her magnificent and awful cause? Time was when it was praise and boast enough In every clime, and travel where we might, That we were born her children, praise enough To fill the ambition of a private man, That Chatham's language was his mother tongue, And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own. Farewell those honours and farewell with them The hope of such hereafter! They have fallen Each in his field of glory one in arms, And one in conneil-Wolfe upon the lap Of smiling Victory that moment won, And Chatham, heart sick of his country's shame! They made us many soldiers. Chatham still Consulting England's happiness at home, Secured it by an unforgiving frown If any wronged her Wolfe, where'er he fought, Put so much of his heart into his act, That his example had a magnet's force, Ind all were swift to follow whom all loved Those suns are set. Oh, ri e some other such ! Or all that we have left is empty talk Of old achievements, and despair of new

(From The first Note in the above extract are altered from Churchills

## Slavery

Firewell (see page 497).

I would not have a slave to till my ground, To carry me, to fan me while I sleep. And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth That sinews bought and sold has e ever earned No dear as freedom is, and in my heart's Just estimation prired above all price, I had much rather be miself the slave And wear the bonds than fasten them on him We have no slaves at home -Then why abroad? And they themselves once ferried o or the wave That parts us, are emancipate and loo ed Slaves cannot breathe in England of their lungs Receive our ur, that moment they are free They touch our country and their shackles fill That shoble, and bespeaks a nation proud Spread then And jealous of the blessing And let it e reclute through every vein Of all your empire that where l'intain's power Is felt, mankind may feel her ricrev too

## The Fireside in Winter

(Irm Tie Tist, Int 1)

Hark! the the thenging home or vonder broke. That with its wear some lin nee? fall length. Be trades the win in first, in which the measures her unit illow fare reflected bright.

He comes, the herald of a noisy world, With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks, News from all nations lumbering at his back. Truc to his charge, the close packed load behind, Yet careless what he brings, his one concern Is to conduct it to the destined inn, And, having dropped the expected bag, pass on He whistles as he goes, light hearted wretch! Cold and yet cheerful messenger of gricf Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some, To him indifferent whether grief or joy Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks, births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks Tast as the periods from his fluent quill, Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swiins, Or nymphs responsive, equally affect His horse and him, unconscious of them all But oh the important budget! ushered in With such heart shaking music, who can say What are its tidings? have our troops awaked? Or do they still, as if with opium drugged, Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave? Is India free? and does she wear her plained And jewelled turban with a smile of peace, Or do we grind her still? The grand debate, The popular harangue, the tart reply, The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit, And the loud laugh-I long to know them all, I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free, And give them voice and utterance once again.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast, Let fall the eurtains, wheel the sofa round, And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn Throws up a steamy column, and the cups, That ehcer but not inebriate, wait on each, So let us welcome peaceful evening in Not such his evening who, with shining face, Sweats in the crowded theatre, and squeezed And bored with elbow points through both his sides, Out seolds the ranting actor on the stage Nor his who patient stands till his feet throb, And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath Of patriots bursting with heroic rage, Or placemen all tranquillity and smiles This folio of four pages, happy work! Which not even critics criticise, that holds luquisitive attention, while I read, Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair, Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break, What is it but a map of busy life, Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns? Here runs the mountainous and emggy ridge That tempts ambition On the summit see The seals of office glitter in his eyes, He climbs, he pants, he grasps them ' At his heels, Close at his lieels, a demagogue ascends, And with a dexterous jerk soon twists him down, And wins them but to lose them in his turn. Here rills of oily eloquence, in soft Meanders, lubricate the course they take, The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved To engross a moment's notice, and yet begs, Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts, However trivial all that he conceives Sweet bashfulness ' it claims at least this praise,

The dearth of information and good sense That it forctells us, always comes to pass. Cataracts of declamation thunder here, There forests of no meaning spread the page, In which all comprehension wanders lost, While fields of pleasantry amuse us there, With merry descants on a nation's woes. The rest appears a wilderness of strange But gay confusion, roses for the cheeks, And lilies for the brows of faded age, Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald, Heaven, earth, and ocean plundered of their sweets, Nectarcous essences, Olympian dews, Scrmons, and city feasts, and favourite airs, Æthereal journeys, submarine exploits, A German char And Katterfelto, with his hair on end laian and conjurer At his own wonders, wondering for his bread

'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
To peep at such a world, to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd,
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured car
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That liberates and exempts me from them all.

Oh Winter 1 ruler of the inverted year, Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled, Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks Fringed with a beard made white with other snows Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds, A leasless branch thy seeptre, and thy throne A sliding car indebted to no wheels, But urged by storms along its slippery way, I love thee, all nnlovely as thou seem'st, And dreaded as thou art 1 Thou hold'st the sun A prisoner in the yet undawning east, Shortening his journey between morn and noon, And hurrying him, impatient of his stay, Down to the rosy west, but kindly still Compensating his loss with added hours Of social converse and instructive ease, And gathering, at short notice, in one group The family dispersed, and fixing thought Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares. I crown thee king of intimate delights, Tireside enjoyments, home born happiness, And all the comforts that the lowly roof Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours Of long uninterrupted evening, know

Come, Evening, once again, season of peace, Return, sweet Evening, and continue long Methinks I see thee in the streaky west, With matron step slow moving, while the night Treads on thy sweeping train, one hand employed In letting fall the curtain of repose. On bird and beast, the other charged for man With sweet oblivion of the cares of day. Not sumptuously adorned, nor needing aid, Like homely featured Night, of clustering gems, A star or two just twinkling on thy brow. Suffices thee, save that the moon is thine. No less than here—not worm indeed on high With ostentatious pageantry, but set With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,

Resplendent less, but of an ampler round
Come then, and thou shalt find thy votary calm,
Or make me so Composure is thy gift,
And whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to music, or the poet's toil,
To weaving nets for bird alluring fruit,
Or twining silken threads round ivory reels,
When they command whom man was born to please,
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still

(From The Task, Book it)

On the Loss of the 'Royal George'

Toll for the brave!

The brave that are no more!

All snnk beneath the wave,

Fast hy their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side

A land breeze shook the shrouds, And she was overset, Down went the Royal George With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!

Brave Kempenfelt is gone,

His last sea fight is fought,

His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle,

No tempest gave the shock,
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in the sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tears that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound, And she may float again Full charged with England's thunder, And plough the distant main

But Kempenselt is gone,
His victories are o'er,
And he and his eight hundred
Must plough the wave no more.

## The Castaway

Obscurest night involved the sky,
The Atlantic billows roared,
When such a destined wretch as I,
Washed headlong from on hoard,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left

No braver chief could Albion boast
Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
With warmer wishes sent
He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the wholming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay,
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away,
But waged with death a lasting strife,
Snpported by despair of life

He shouted nor his friends had failed
To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious hlast prevailed,
That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind

Some succour yet they could afford,
And such as storms allow,
The cash, the coop, the floated cord,
Delayed not to bestow
But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seemed, could he Their haste himself condemn, Aware that flight, in such a sea, Alone could rescue them, Yet bitter felt it still to die Deserted, and his friends so nigh

He long survives who lives an hour
In ocean, self upheld,
And so long he, with unspent power,
His destiny repelled,
And ever, as the minntes flew,
Entreated help, or cried 'Adieu'

At length, his transient respite past,
His commides, who before
Had heard his voice in every hlast,
Could catch the sound no more
For then, hy toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank

No poet wept him, hit the page
Of narrative sincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
Is wet with Anson's tear
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
A more enduring date
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allayed,
No light propitious shone,
When, snatched from all effectual aid,
We perished, each alone
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

From the Translation of the 'Iliad.'

Think, oh Achilles, semblance of the Gods! On thy own father full of days like me, And trembling on the gloomy verge of life Some neighbour Chief, it may he, even now, Oppresses him, and there is none at hand,

No friend to succour him in his distress. Yet, doubtless, hearing that Achilles lives, He still rejoices, hoping day by day, That one day he shall see the face again Of his own son from distant Troy returned But me no comfort cheers, whose bravest sons, So late the flower of Ilium, all are slain When Greece came hither I had fifty sons, Nuncteen were children of one bed, the rest Born of my concubines. A numerous house I But fiery Mars hath thinn'd it One I had, One, more than all my sons the strength of Troy, Whom standing for his country thou hast slain-Hector—Ilis body to redeem I come Into Achaia's fleet, bringing, myself, Ransom mestimable to thy tent Reverence the Gods, Achilles ! recollect The father, for his sake compassion show To me more pitiable still, who draw Home to my lips (humiliation yet Unseen on earth) his hand who slew my son (From Book xxiv )

### To Mrs Unwin

Mary! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from Heaven as some have feigned they drew,
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things,
That, ere through age or woe I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth with honour due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
Verse that immortalizes whom it sings.
But thou hast little need—There is a book
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
A chronicle of actions just and bright
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,
And, since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

### On Dr Johnson.

Oct 31, 1779.

My DEAR FRIEND,-I wrote my last Letter merely to inform you that I had nothing to say, in answer to which you have said nothing Indmire the propriety of your conduct, though I am a loser by it I will endeavour to say something now, and shall hope for something in return I have been well entertained with Johnson's biography, for which I thank you with one exception, and that a swinging one, I think he has acquitted himself with his usual good sense and sufficiency His treatment of Milton is unmerciful to the last degree. A pensioner is not likely to spare a republican, and the Doctor, in order, I suppose, to convince his royal patron of the sincerity of his monarchical principles, has belaboured that great poet's character with the most in As a man, he has hardly left him the dustrious cruelty shadow of one good quality Charlishness in his private life, and a rancorous liatred of everything royal in his public, are the two colours with which he has smeared all the canvas If he had any virtues, they are not to be found in the Doctor's picture of him, and it is well for Milton that some sourness in his temper is the only vice with which his memory has been charged, it is evident enough that if his biographer could have dis covered more, he would not have spared him. As a poet, he has treated him with severity enough, and has pluel ed one or two of the most beautiful feathers out of his Mure's wing, and trampled them under his great foot

and has taken occasion from that charming poem expose to ridicule (what is indeed ridiculous enough the childish prattlement of pastoral compositions, as Lycidas was the prototype and pattern of them : The liveliness of the description, the sweetness of numbers, the classical spirit of antiquity that previous I am convinced by the w in it, go for nothing that he has no ear for poetical numbers, or that it v stopped by prejudice against the harmony of Milton Was there ever anything so delightful as the music the Paradise Lost? It is like that of a fine organ, I the fullest and the deepest tones of majesty, with all t softness and elegance of the Dorian flute Variety wi out end and never equalled, unless perhaps by Virg Yet the Doctor has little or nothing to say upon t copious theme, but talks something about the unfitn of the English language for blank verse, and how a it is in the mouth of some readers to degenerate in Oh! I could thrash his old jacket til made his pension jingle in his pockets. I could tall

He has passed sentence of condemnation upon Lyeid

## Economy of Life

good while longer, but I have no room, our love atter

you -Yours affectionately,

November 30, 1783
MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have neither long visits to p

nor to receive, nor ladies to spend hours in telling i that which might be told in five minutes, yet often fi myself obliged to be an economist of time, and to ma Let our station be the most of a short opportunity retired as it may, there is no want of playthings a avocations, nor much need to seek them, in this wor Business, or what presents itself to us und of ours that imposing character, will find us out, even in t stillest retreat, and plead its importance, however triv in reality, as a just demand upon our attention. It wonderful how, by means of such real or seeming nec sities, my time is stolen away I have just time observe that time is short, and by the time I have ma the observation time is gone. I have wondered in form days at the patience of the antediluvian world, that the could endure a life almost millenary with so little varie as seems to have fallen to their share. It is probable that they had much fewer employments than we Th affairs lay in a narrower compass, their libraries we indifferently furnished, philosophical researches we carried on with much less industry and acuteness penetration, and fiddles, perhaps, were not even vented. How then could seven or eight hundred yes of life be supportable? I have asked this questi formerly, and been at a loss to resolve it, but I thin I will suppose myself born I can answer it now thousand years before Noah was born or thought of rise with the sun, I worship, I prepare my breakfas I swallow a bucket of goat's milk and a dozen goo sizeable cakes. I fasten a new string to my bow, as my youngest boy, a lad of about thirty years of ag having played with my arrows till he has stript off a the feathers, I find myself obliged to repair them T morning is thus spent in preparing for the chase, and is become necessary that I should dine. I dig up n roots, I wash them, I boil them, I find them not do enough, I boil them again, my wife is angry, w dispute, we settle the point, but in the meantime th fire goes out and must be kindled again. All this is ver amusing I hunt, I bring home the prey, with the skin of it I mend an old coat, or I make a new one this time the day is far spent, I feel myself fatigued, and retire to rest. Thus what with tilling the ground and eating the fruit of it, hunting, and walking, and running, and mending old elothes, and sleeping and rising again, I can suppose an inhabitant of the primæval world so much occupied as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find at the end of many centuries that they had all slipped through his fingers, and were passed away like a What wonder then that I, who live in a day of so much greater refinement, when there is so much more to be wanted, and vashed, and to be enjoyed, should feel myself now and then pinelied in point of opportunity, and at some loss for leisure to fill four sides of a sheet like this. Thus, however, it is, and if the ancient gentlemen to whom I have referred, and their complaints of the disproportion of time to the occasions they had for it, will not serve me as an excuse, I must even plead guilty, and confess that I am often in haste when I have no good reason for being so

## The Candidate's Visit.

March 29, 1784

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It being his Majesty's pleasure that I should yet have another opportunity to write before be dissolves the Parliament, I avail myself of it with all possible alacrity. I thank you for your last, 'which was not the less welcome for coming, like an extraordinary gazette, at a time when it was not expected.

As, when the sea is uncommonly agitated, the water finds its vay into creeks and holes of rocks, which in its calmer state it never reaches, in like manner the effect of these turbulent times is felt even at Orchardside, where in general we live as undisturbed by the political element as shrimps or eockles that have been accidentally deposited in some hollow beyond the water mark by the usual dashing of the waves. We were sitting yester day after dinner—the two ladies and myself—very composedly, and without the least apprehension of any such intrusion, in our snug parlonr, one lady kmitting, the other netting, and the gentleman winding worsted, when, to our unspeakable surprise, a mob appeared before the window, a smart rap was heard at the door, the boys hallooed, and the maid announced Mr Grenville. Puss was unfortunately let out of her box, so that the candi date, with all his good friends at his heels, was refused admittance at the grand entry, and referred to the back door, as the only possible way of approach

Candidates are creatures not very susceptible of affronts, and would rather, I suppose, climb in at a window than be absolutely excluded. In a minute the yard, the kitchen, and the parlour were filled Mr Grenville, advancing towards me, shook me by the hand with a degree of cordulity that was extremely seducing soon as he and as many more as could find chairs were seated, he began to open the intent of his visit. I told him I had no vote, for which he readily give me credit I as ured him I had no influence, which he was not equally inclined to believe, and the less, no doubt, because Mr Ashburner, the drapier, addressing himself to me at that moment, informed me that I had a great Supposing that I could not be possessed of such deal a treasure vithout knowing it, I ventured to confirm my first assertion by saving that if I had any I was ntterly at a loss to imagine where it could be, or wherein it consisted. Thus ended the conference. Mr Grenville

squeezed me by the hand again, kissed the ladies, and with Irew He kissed likewise the nitid in the kitchen, and seemed upon the whole a most loving, I issing, kind hearted gentleman. He is very young, gentcel, and handsome He has a pair of very good eyes in his head, which not being sufficient, as it should seem, for the many nice and difficult purposes of a senator, lie has a third also, which he wore suspended by a riband from his buttonliole. The boys hallooed, the dogs barled, Puss scampered, the hero, with his long trun of obse quious followers, withdren We made ourselves very merry with the adventure, and in a short time settled into our former tranquillity, never probably to be thus interrupted more. I thought myself, however, happy in being able to affirm truly that I had not that influence for which he sued, and for which, had I been possessed of it, with my present views of the dispute between the Crown and the Commons, I must have refused him, for he is on the side of the former. It is comfortable to be of no consequence in a world where one cannot exercise any without disobliging somebody The town, however, seems to be much at his service, and, if he be equally successful throughout the county, he will undoubtedly Mr Ashburner, perhaps, was a little gain his election mortified, because it was evident that I owed the honour of this visit to his misrepresentation of my importance But had he thought proper to assure Mr Grenville that I had three heads, I should not, I suppose, have been bound to produce them

## To Lady Hesketh.

OL E1 Feb 9 1786

My DIAPEST COUSIN, -I have been impatient to tell you that I am impatient to see you again Mrs Unum partakes with me in all my feelings upon this subject, and longs also to see you I should have told you so by the last post, but have been so completely occupied by this tormenting specimen that it was impossible to do it I sent the General a Letter on Monday that would distress and alarm him, I sent him another yesterday that will, I hope, quiet him again Johnson has apolo gized very civilly for the multitude of his friend's stric tures, and his friend has promised to confine himself in future to a comparison of me with the original [Homer], so that I doubt not we shall jog on merrily together. And now my dear, let me tell you once more that your kindness in promising us a visit has charmed us both-I shall see you again, I shall hear your voice, we shall tale walks together, I will show you my prospects, the hovel, the alcove, the Ouse, and its banks, everything that I have described. I anticipate the pleasure of those days not very far distant, and I feel a part of it at this moment Talk not of an inn, mention it not for your life. We have never had so many visitors but we could easily accommodate them all, though we have received Unwin, and his wife, and his sister, and his son all at once My dear, I will not let you come till the end of May or beginning of June, because before that time my greenhouse will not be ready to receive us, and it is the only pleasant room belonging to us. When the plants go out, we go in line it with mats, and spread the floor with mats, and there you shall sit with a bed of nugnonette at your side and a hedge of honeysuckles, roses, and jasmine, and I will male you a bouquet of myrtle every day Sooner than the time I mention the country will not be in cem plete beauty. And I will tell you what you shall find at your first entrance. Imprimis, as soon as you have

entered the vestibule, if you cast a look on either side of you, you shall see on the right hand a box of my making It is the box in which have been lodged all my Hares, and in which lodges Puss at present But he, poor fellow, is worn out with age, and promises to die before you can see him On the right hand stands a cupboard, the work of the same Author It was once a dove cage, but I transformed it. Opposite to you stands a table which I also made, but a merciless servant having scrubbed it until it became paralytic, it serves no purpose now but of ornament, and all my clean shoes stand On the left hand, at the farther end of this superb vestibule you will find the door of the parlour into which I will conduct you, and where I will introduce you to Mrs Unwin (unless we should meet her before), and where we will be as happy as the day is long vourself, my Cousin, to the Swan at Newport, and there you shall find me ready to conduct you to Olney

My dear, I have told Homer what you say about Casks and Urns, and have asked him whether he is sure that it is a Cask in which Jupiter keeps his wine. He swears that it is a Cask, and that it will never be anything better than a Cask to Eternity. So if the God is content with it, we must even wonder at his taste, and be so too—Adieu my dearest, dearest Cousin, W. C.

The standard edition of Cowper's works is that by Southey, with a Memoir (15 vols 1834-37, reprinted in Bohn's Library, 1853-54). Another is that of Grimshawe (8 vols 1835). Besides the Aldine (1865) and Globe (1870) editions of the poems, there are texts by Mrs Meynell (1904) Bailey (1905) and Milford (1905). T Wright edited a Correspondence in 4 vols. in 1904. The Anti Theliphthora, Cowper's first publication (1781) was an anonymous and vehement attack in verse on his cousin the Rev Martin Maden's plea in defence of polygamy as the only expedient for abating the social evil. See Lives by Hayley (2 vols. 1803), 4th ed, much extended, 4 vols 1812) Goldwin Smith ('Men of Letters series, 1880) and Thomas Wright (1892). For the Olney period compare The Diary of Sanniel Teedon, schoolmaster at Olney (ed. Wright, 1902). And well worth reading are Sainte Beuves three delightful essays on Cowper in the eleventh volume of the Cauteries du Lindi, and Mrs Browning's 'Cowper's Grave.'

Robert Lloyd (1733-64), the friend of Cowper and Churchill, was the son of an under-master at Westminster School He distinguished himself at Trinity College, Cambridge, but was irregular in his habits, about 1756 he became an usher under The wearisome routine of this life soon disgusted him, and he attempted to earn a subsistence by his literary talents. His light and easy poem, The Actor (1760), attracted some notice, and was the precursor of Churchill's Rosciad contributing to periodicals as essayist, poet, and stage critic, Lloyd picked up a precarious subsistence, but his means were recklessly squandered in company with Churchill and other wits 'upon town' He brought out two indifferent theatrical pieces, published his poems by subscription, and edited the St James's Magazine (1762-63), to which Colman, Bonnell Thornton, and others contributed On Lloyd's being imprisoned for debt, Churchill generously allowed him a guinea a week, as well as a servant, and endeavoured to raise a subscrip tion to extricate him from his embarrassments Churchill died in November 1764, and 'Lloyd,' says Southey, 'had been apprised of his danger, but when the news of his death was somewhat abruptly announced to him as he was sitting at dinner, he was seized with a sudden sickness. and saying, "I shall follow poor Charles," took to his bed, from which he never rose again, dying, if ever man died, of a broken heart. The tragedy did not end here Churchill's favourite sister, who is said to have possessed much of her brother's sense and spirit and genius, and to have been betrothed to Lloyd, attended him during his illness, and, sinking under the double loss, soon followed her brother and her lover to the grave' Lloyd, in conjunction with Colman, parodied the odes of Gray and Mason, and the humour of their burlesques is not tinctured with The unlucky Lloyd, indeed, seems to have been one of the gentlest of witty observers and lively satirists, wrecked by the friendship of Churchill and the Nonsense Club Both Churchill and Cowper copied and imitated his vivacious style.

The two following extracts are from 'The Temple of Favour' and 'The Author's Apology' Lloyd's poems are included in the collections of Anderson and Chalmers

## The Miseries of a Poet's Life

The harlot muse, so passing gay, Bewitches only to betray Though for a while with easy air She smooths the rugged brow of care, And laps the mind in flowery dreams, With Fancy's transitory gleams, Fond of the nothings she bestows, We wake at last to real woes. Through every age, in every place, Consider well the poet's case, By turns protected and caressed, Defamed, dependent, and distressed The joke of wits, the bane of slaves, The curse of fools, the butt of knaves, Too proud to stoop for servile ends, To lacquey rogues or flatter friends, With produgality to give, Too careless of the means to live, The bubble fame intent to gain, And yet too lazy to maintain, He quits the world he never prized, Pitied by few, by more despised, And, lost to friends, oppressed by foes, Sinks to the nothing whence he rose.

O glorious trade ' for wit's a trade,
Where men are ruined more than made
Let crazy Lee, neglected Gay,
The shabby Otway, Dryden gray,
Those tuneful servants of the Nine—
Not that I blend their names with mine—
Repeat their lives, their works, their fame,
And teach the world some nseful shame.

The Dismal Case of the Usher Were I at once empowered to shew My utmost vengeance on my foe, To punish with extremest rigour, I could inflict no penance bigger

Than, using him as learning's tool, To make him usher of a school For, not to dwell upon the toil Of working on a barren soil, And labouring with incessant pains, To cultivate a blockhead's hrains, The duties there but ill befit The love of letters, arts, or wit. For me, it hurts me to the soul To brook confinement or control. Still to be pinioned down to teach The syntax and the parts of speech, Or, what perhaps is drudgery worse, The links, and joints, and rules of verse, To deal out authors by retail, Like penny pots of Oxford ale, Oh, 'tis a service irksome more Than tugging at the slavish oar 1 Yet such his task, a dismal truth, Who watches o'er the bent of youth, And while a paltry stipend earning, He sows the richest seeds of learning, And tills their minds with proper care, And sees them their due produce bear, No joys, alas his toil beguile, His own hes fallow all the while 'Yet still he's on the road,' you say, 'Of learning Why, perhaps he may, But turns lile horses in a mill, Nor getting on, nor standing still, For little way his learning reaches, Who reads no more than what he teaches

Jolin Newton (1725-1807), the hymn writer and friend of Cowper, was born in London, the son of a shipmaster, and sailed with his father Impressed on board a man of-war, for six years he was made midshipman, but was degraded for attempted escape, and took service in a slavetrading ship. He was for some time servant to the negro mistress of a slave-trader in Sierra Leone, and his own condition was practically that He went to sea again, and, according to his own account, led a reckless, debauched, profane, and infidel life, but in March 1748 he was converted and became a new man Net, strange to say, it was after this that he became mate and then master of a slave ship, trading from Liverpool to West Africa and thence to America with slaves He spent much time in religious exercises, kept a strict record of all his actions, and was a severe judge of his own conduct. But, like the majority of sincere and earnest Christians, his eyes were not therefore opened either to the wickedness of slavery or to a sense of the horrors of the slave trade. It gives a curious interest to his diary to find that so good a man seems as yet to have had hardly any misgivings as to the lawfulness of the trade he was engaged in, though afterwards he became a zealous opponent of slavery and the slave trade. After his conversion he lapsed once, for a very short time, into religious indifference (August 1748), but in Africa was revisited with affliction, which was the means, he says, 'of bringing him back to God.' On the next page (p 30) of his abridged diary by Bull we find him writing

'If you can inform me of my [lottery] ticket having turned up a great prize, the news will not be disagree able, and in the same letter, referring to his sister, he says 'Thank her for the tolerably happy life I now lead, for to her only I owe it.' Again, in March 1749, addressing the same correspondent from Rio 'Though we have been here six Sesters, he says months, I have not been ten days in the ship, being con tinually cruising about in the boats to purchase souls, for which we are obliged to take as much pains as the Jesuits are said to do in making proselytes, sometimes venturing in a little canoe through seas like mountains, sometimes travelling through the woods, often in danger from the wild beasts, and much oftener from the more wild inhabitants, scorched by the sun in the day, and chilled by the dews in the night. Providence has preserved me safe through a variety of these scenes since I san you last, and I hope will continue so to do withstanding what I have said in relation to the difficulties I meet with here, I assure you I was never so happy in my life as I have been since I left Liverpool I can cheerfully submit to a great deal this vovage, because I hope it will be the last I shall make in an under station, and because I hope when it is finished a satisfactory meeting with my friends will make amends. I may be deceived, but, however, I find an advantage in persuading myself for the best '

On the coast of Sierra Leone in 1752 he holds himself bound to testify for Christ and admonish carcless Christians by earnest letters, yet records with thankfulness, and evidently without disgust or horror, the success he had in putting down a serious mutiny amongst the slaves on board his ship. And a month later he writes

'One circumstance I cannot but set down here, and which I hope I shall always take pleasure in ascribing to the blessing of the God of peace—I mean the remark able disposition of the men slaves I have on board, who seem for some time past to have entirely changed their tempers. I was at first continually alarmed by their almost desperate attempts to make insurrections One of these affairs has been mentioned but we had more afterwards, and when most quiet they were always watching for opportunity However from the end of February they have behaved more like children in one family than slaves in chains and irons, and are really upon all occasions more observing, obliging, and considerate than our white people. Let in this space they would often in all likelihood have been able to do much more mischief than in former parts of the voyage '

He sets Wednesday, November 21st, apart for the special purpose of seeking a blessing upon his voyage and for protection through its various difficulties and dangers. Wr Newton arrived at Liverpool, completing his second voyage in the African, on the 9th of August, 'having had,' he says, 'a favourable passage, and in general a comfortable sense of the presence of God through the whole, and towards the end some remarkable deliverances and answers to praver. I had the pleasure to return thanks in the churches (at Liverpool) for an African voyage performed without any

accident, or the loss of a single man' Writing in 1763, he says 'The reader may perhaps wonder, as I now do myself, that, knowing the state of this vile traffic to be as I have described' (the reference is to a letter in which he has been speaking of the state and circum stances of the slaves), 'and abounding with enormities which I have not mentioned, I did not at the time start with horror at my own employment as an agent in promoting it Custom, example, and interest had blinded my eyes I did it ignorantly, for I am sure had I thought of the slave trade then as I have thought of it since, no considerations would have induced me to continue in it. Though my religious views were not very clear, my eonscience was very tender, and I durst not have dis pleased God by acting against the light of my mind. Indeed a slave ship, while on the coast, is exposed to such innumerable and continual dangers, that I was often then, and still am, astonished that any one, much more that so many, should leave the coast in safety then favoured with an uncommon degree of dependence upon the providence of God, which supported me, but this confidence must have failed in a moment, and I should have been overwhelmed with distress and terror if I had known, or even suspected, that I was acting I felt greatly the disagreeableness of the busi ness. The office of a gaoler, and the restraints under which I was obliged to keep my prisoners, were not suitable to my feelings, but I considered it as the line of life which God in His providence had allotted me, and as a cross which I ought to bear with patience and thankfulness till He should be pleased to deliver me from it. Till then I only thought myself bound to treat the slaves under my care with gentleness, and to consult their ease and convenience so far as was consistent with the safety of the whole family of whites and blacks on board my ship ' In his Varrative Mr Newton says 'I had often petitioned in my prayers that the Lord, in His own time, would be pleased to fix me in a more humane calling '

He continued the African slave business till a sudden illness in August 1754 made him resign the command of a ship just about to start on another African voyage. In 1755 he became tidesurvevor at Liverpool The 9th and 10th days of April 1756 he speaks of as days of much spiritual enjoyment, on May 4th

'Determined this day to have a ticket in the ensuing lottery, not, I hope, with a desire of amassing money merely, but, if it should be so, of increasing my capacity for usefulness'

His views on theatres are interesting as expressing the extreme form of hostility on the part of evangelicals of the old school

'If there is any practice in this land sinful, attendance on the play house is properly and eminently so. The theatres are fountains and means of vice, I had almost said in the same manner and degree as the ordinances of the gospel are the means of grace, and I can hardly think there is a Christian upon earth who would dare to be seen there, if the nature and effects of the theatre were properly set before him. Dr Witherspoon, of Scotland, has written an excellent piece upon the Stage, or, rather, again to it, which I wish every person who makes the least pretence to fear God had an opportunity of perusing I cannot judge much more favourably of Ranelagh,

Vauxhall, and all the innumerable train of dissipations by which the god of this world blinds the eyes of multi tudes, lest the light of the glorious gospel should shine in upon them'

In 1758 he applied for holy orders, and in 1764 he was offered the curacy of Olney and ordained Hither William Cowper came four years later, and a very close friendship sprang up A self devoting minister, who was to contribute largely to the evangelical revival, Newton proved a tender and sympathetic spiritual director to the morbidly sensitive poet, and strove, though with somewhat imperfect insight, to relieve his constitutional In 1779 he became rector of St Mary Woolnoth, London, and was till the end, even after he became blind, a laborious and faithful minister of the Word His prose works, especially the Cardiphonia (1781), a selection from his letters, simple in style, sincere, fervid, and soul-searching, were long popular, but are now little read, save the autobiographical Remarkable Particulars in his own Life But some of his Olney Hymns-280 of which were from his pen—have been taken to the heart by the English world, including, 'Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat, 'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,' 'One there is, above all others,' 'Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,' 'Glorious things of thee are spoken,' and 'Quiet, Lord, my froward heart.' Edward Fitz-Gerald said 'His journal to his wife, written at sea, contains some of the most beautiful things I ever read-fine feeling in very fine English'

See Life by Cecil (1808), prefixed to a collected edition of Newton's works (1816), Thomas Wright, The Town of Comper (18 6), and other works cited at Cowper

William Hayley (1745-1820) it was, the biographer of Cowper, of whom Southey observed that 'everything about that man is good except his poetry? Yet his poems enjoyed great popularity in their day, and on Warton's death in 1790 he was offered but declined the laureateship his principal work, The Triumphs of Temper, a poem in six cantos (1781), he wrote an Essay on History, addressed to Gibbon (1780), an Essay on Epu Poctry (1782), a still entertaining Essay on Old Maids (1785), a Life of Millon (1796), Essays on Sculpture, addressed to Flaxman (1800), the Life of Cowper (1803), The Triumph of Music (1804), a Life of Romney (1809), and some halfdozen other works Blake illustrated his Ballads founded on Anecdotes of Animals Born at Chichester, and educated at Eton and Trinity Hall, Cambridge, he settled in 1774 on his estate of Eartham Hall in Sussex, where he was visited by many of the eminent men of his His overstrained sensibility and romantic tastes exposed him to ridicule, yet he was amiable and accomplished, and a capital talker through his personal application to Pitt that Cowper received his pension, and he wrote Cowper's epitaph, he seems, indeed, to have felt a sort of melancholy pride and satisfaction in writing epitaphs on his friends. Hayley prepared Memoirs of his own life (2 vols 4to, 1823), which he disposed of to a publisher on condition of his receiving an annuity for the rest of his life, this he enjoyed for eight years

Inscription on the Tomb of Cowper Ye who with warmth the public triumph feel Of talents dignified by sacred zeal, Here, to devotion's bard devoutly just, Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust 'England, exulting in his spotless fame, Ranks with her dearest sous his favourite name. Sense, faucy, wit, suffice not all to raise So clear a title to affection's praise His highest honours to the heart belong, His virtues formed the magic of his song

Trusting in God with all her heart and mind, This woman proved magnanimously kind, Endured affliction's desolating hail, And watched a poet through misfortine's vale Her spotless dust angelie guards desend!

On the Tomb of Mrs Unwin.

It is the dust of Unwin, Cowper's friend. That single title in itself is fame, For all who read his verse revere her name

From 'To a Mother, on her Death' O thou fond spirit, who with pride hast smiled, And frowned with fear on thy poetie child, Pleased, yet alarmed, when in his boyish time He sighed in numbers or he laughed in rhyme, While thy kind cautious warned him to beware Of Penury, the bard's perpetual snare, Marking the early temper of his soul, Carcless of wealth, nor fit for base control! Thou tender saint, to whom he owes much more Than ever child to parent owed before, In life's first season, when the fever s flame Shrunk to deformity his shrivelled frame And turned eaen fairer image in his bruin To blank confusion and her crazy train, 'Twas thine, with constant love, through lingering years, To bathe thy idiot orphan in thy tears, Day ufter day, and night succeeding night, To turn incessant to the hideous sight, And frequent watch, if haply at thy view Departed reason might not dawn anew, Though medicinal art, with pitying care, Could lend no aid to save thee from despur, Thy fond maternal heart adhered to hope and prayer Nor prayed in vain, thy child from powers above Received the sense to feel and bless thy love. O might he thence receive the happy skill, And force proportioned to his ardent will, With truili's unfading radiance to emblaze Thy virtues, worthy of immortal praise!

Nature who decked thy form with beauty's flowers, Exhausted on thy soul her finer powers, Tanght it with all her energy to feel Love's melting softness, friendship's fervid zeal, The generous purpose and the active thought, With charity's diffusive spirit fraught. There all the best of mental gifts she placed,

Vigorr of judgment, purity of taste, Superior parts without their spleenful leaven, Kindness to earth, and confidence in heaven While my fond thoughts o'er all thy merits roll, Thy praise thus gushes from my filial soul

Sir William Jones (1746-94) carned his laurels rather as an Oriental scholar and judge, an enlightened lawyer and patriot, than as a poet But by his mastery of an extraordinary wealth of Oriental lore he greatly widened the literary lionzon of England and all European nations, he had himself exceptional skill and ease in expounding his favourite subjects, and his verse translations from Eastern tongues were in many ways memorable. Born in London, the son of an eminent mathematician, in 1753 he was sent to Harrow, where to Latin and Greek he added some knowledge of Arabic and Hebrew Entered of University College, Oxford, in 1764, lie assiduously read the Greek poets and historians, and pursued Oriental studies under the tuition of a native of Aleppo In his nineteenth year he was made private tutor to Lord Althorp, afterwards Earl Spencer, and a fellowship at Oxford relieved the young scholar from pecuniary straits In 1768 the king of Denmark visited England, and brought with him a Persian manuscript of the life of Nadir Shah, which Jones translated into French In 1769 he accompanied his noble pupil to the Continent Next year, entered a student of the Temple, he applied himself with his characteristic ardour to his new profession. He also wrote a Persian grammar, a French Traité (1770), a French Dissertation (1771), and Latin Commentaria (1774), all on Oriental poetry, and some translations, and was made FRS, but finding that jurisprudence was a jealous mistress, he devoted himself for some years exclusively to his legal studies, practised at the Bar, and was appointed one of the Commissioners of Bankrupts In 1778 he published a translation of the speeches of Isæus, and several treatises on law He strongly opposed the Anieri can war and the slave-trade, and in 1781 he pub lished his famous Alcaic ode Appointed one of the judges of the supreme court at Fort William in Bengal and knighted in his thirty-seventh year, he embarked for India (1783), never to return the intervals of leisure from his judicial labours he worked at all manner of scientific and literary subjects, and established the Bengal Asiatic Society His contributions to the transactions of this society on Asiatic philology, ethnology, and chronology are epoch making. Ultimately he was able to read in twenty eight languages He was the first English scholar to master Sanskrit, and it was he who first emphasised its close resemblance to Greek and Latin, becoming thus one of the founders of comparative philology He translated from the Hitopadesa and from the Sakuntala, and made versions of Hindu livmns and of parts of the Vedas He engaged to compile a digest of Hindu and Mohammedan laws, and in 1794, to

secure for the natives of India the administration of justice by their own laws, he translated the *Ordinances of Menu*, the Hindu Justinian

## An Ode in Imitation of Alcaus

What constitutes a state? Not high raised buttlement or laboured mound, Thick wall or morted gate, Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned, Not bays and broad armed ports, Where laughing at the storm, rich navies ride, Not starred and spangled courts, Where low browed baseness wafts perfume to pride No, men, high minded men, With powers as far above dull brutes endued In forest, brake, or den, As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude, Men who their duties know, But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain, Prevent the long aimed blow, And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain The e constitute a state, And sovereign Law, that state s collected will, O'er thrones and globes elate Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill,

Such was this here en loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore!
No more shall Freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

Hides her faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

Smit by her sacred frown, The fiend Discretion like a vapour sinks,

And c'en the all-dazzling Crown

### A Persian Song of Hafiz

Sweet maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
And hid these arms thy neck infold,
That rosy cheek, that hily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's haunted gold,
Bok
Than all the gems of Samarcand

Bokhara s

Boy, let you liquid ruby flow,
And hid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say
Tell them their Eden cannot shew
A stream so clear as Roembad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay

Oh when these fair perfidious maids, Whose eyes our secret haunts infest, Their dear destructive charms display, Each glance my tender breast invades, And robs my wounded soul of rest, As Tartars seize their destined prey

In vain with love our bosoms glow Can all our tears, can all our sighs, New lustre to those charms impart? Can cheeks, where high roses blow, Where nature spreads her richest dyes, Require the borrowed gloss of art? Speak not of fate—ah, change the theme, And talk of odours, tall of wine, Talk of the flowers that round us bloom 'Its all a cloud, 'to all a dream, To love and joy thy thoughts confine, Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom

Beauty has such resistless power, That even the claste I gyptian dame Sighed for the blooming Hebrew boy I or her how fital was the hour, When to the banks of Nilus came A youth so lovely and so coy!

But all I sweet maid, my counsel hear (Youth should attend when those advise Whom long experience renders sage). While music charms the ravished ear, While sparkling cups delight our eyes, Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard? And yet, by Heaven, I love thee still Can hight be cruel from the hip? Yet say, how fell that latter word I rom hips which streams of sweetness fill, Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay, Whose necents flow with artless case, Lille orient pearls at random string. Thy notes are sweet, the dains lessy. But oh far sweeter of they please. The nymph for whom these notes are sung!

## Quatrain from the Persian.

On parent knees a naked new born child Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled, So live that, sinking in the last long sleep, Calm thou may st smile while all around thee weep

His works with a I ife by I and Teignmouth were published in nine volumes (1797-1804).

William ('rowe (1745-1820) was born at Midgham, Berks the son of a carpenter, and brought up at Winchester, where in 1758 he was admitted upon the foundation as a poor scholar. He passed in 1765 to New College, Oxford, and was elected Fellow in 1767. A sturdy, eccentric Whig, he rose to be Public Orator, holding at the same time the valuable rectory of Alton Barnes in Wiltshire. Crowe was author of Levisdon Hill (1788), a descriptive poem in blank verse, and of various other pieces, collected in 1827. There is true poetry in his works, though they have never been popular.

## Wreck of the 'Halsewell,' East Indiaman

See how the sun, here clouded, afar off
Pours down the golden radiance of his light
Upon the chridged sea, where the black ship
Sails on the phosphor seeming waves—So fair,
But falsely flattering, was you surface calm,
When forth for India sailed, in evil time,
That vessel, whose disastrous fate, when told,
Filled every breast with horror, and each eye
With piteous tears, so cruel was the loss

Methinks I see her, as, by the wintry storm Shattered and driven along past yonder isle, She strone, her latest hope, by strength or art, To gain the port within it, or nt worst, To shnn that harbourless and hollow coast From Portland eastward to the promontory Where still St Alban's high built chapel stands. But art nor strength avail her-on she drives In storm and darkness to the fatal coast, And there 'mong rocks and high o'erhanging cliffs Dashed piteously, with all her precious freight, Was lost, by Neptune's wild and foamy jaws Swallowed up quick! The richest laden ship Of spicy Ternate, or that annual sent To the Philippines o'er the southern main From Acapulco, carrying massy gold, Were poor to this, freighted with hopeful youth, And beauty and high courage undismayed By mortal terrors, and paternal love, Strong and unconquerable even in death-Alas, they perished nll, all in one hour !

The Halsewell (Captain Pierce) was wrecked in January 1786 having struck on the rocks near Seacombe, on the island of Purbeck. All the passengers perished, but out of two hundred and forty souls on board seventy four were saved.

### The Miseries of War

If the stroke of war Fell certain on the guilty head, none else, If they that make the cause might taste th' effect, And drink themselves the bitter cup they mix, Then might the bard, though child of peace, delight To twine fresh wreaths around the conqueror's brow, Or haply stake his high toned harp, to swell The trumpet's martial sound, and bid them on Whom justice arms for vengeance. But alas! That undistinguishing and deathful storm Beats heavier on th' exposed innocent, And they that stir its fury, while it raves Stand at safe distance, send their mandate forth Unto the mortal ministers that wait To do their bidding -Oh, who then regards The widow's tears, the friendless orphan's cry, And fimine, and the ghastly train of woes That follow at the dogged heels of war? They, in the pomp and pride of victory Rejoicing o'er the desolated earth, As at an altar wet with human blood, And flaming with the fire of cities burnt, Sing their mad hymns of triumph-hymns to God, O er the destruction of his gracious works ! Hymns to the Father o er his slanghtered sons.

Thomas Woss, perpetual curate of Brierly Hill in Staffordshire, who died in 1808, was educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and besides some sermons and a blank-verse poem On the Imperfection of Human Enjoyments (1783), published a small collection of Poems on Several Occasions (1769), one of which—'The Beggar Man'—was long a popular favourite

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!

Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,

Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years,
And many a furrow in my grief worn cheek
Has been the channel to a stream of tears

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road,
For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur n magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!)
Here craving for a morsel of their bread,
A pampered menial forced me from the door,
To seek a shelter in a humbler shed

Oh I take me to your hospitable dome,

Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!

Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,

For I am poor, and miserably old

Should I reveal the source of every grief,
If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity could not be repressed

Heaven sends misfortunes—why should we repine?
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of sorrow, and of misery

A little farm was my paternal lot,

Then, like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn,
But nh' oppression forced me from my cot

My cattle died, and blighted was my corn

My daughter—once the comfort of my age '
Lured by a villain from her native home,
Is cast, abandoned, on the world's wide stage,
And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife—sweet soother of my care '
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell—lingering fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!

Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,

Oh! give relief, and Heaven will hless your store

Song from 'The Shamrock' (Dublin, 1772)

Belinda's sparkling eyes and wit Do various passions raise And, like the lightning, yield a bright But momentary blaze

Eliza's milder, gentler sway,
Her conquests fairly won,
Shall last till life and time decay,
Eternal as the sun

Thus the wild flood, with deafening roar, Birsts dreadful from on high, But soon its empty rage is o'er, And leaves the channel dry,

While the pure stream, which still and slow Its gentler current brings, Through every change of time shall flow, With unexhausted springs.

Dr John Moore (1729-1802), author of Zeluco, was born at Stirling, son of a minister of the town, who died in 1737, leaving seven children to the care of his widow, and she thereupon removed to Glasgow, where her relations had property. After the usual education at the grummar school and university, John began the study of medicine and surgery under Mr Gordon, the same surgeon to whom Smollett had been ap-In his nineteenth year he accompanied the Duke of Argyll's regiment abroad, and served in the military hospitals at Maestricht. Thence he went to Flushing and Breda, and at the close of hostilities he accompanied General Braddock to England Soon afterwards he became household surgeon to the Earl of Albemarle, British ambassador at the court of Versailles In 1751 his old master invited him to become a partner in his business in Glasgow, and Moore, who had been two years in Paris, accepted the invitation practised in Glasgow with great success, married in 1757, and became the father of a daughter and five sons, the eldest the hero of Corunna. In 1772 he travelled with the young Duke of Hamilton on the Continent, spending five years in France, Switzerland, Germany and Italy, on his return in 1778 he removed his family to London, and commenced physician there.

In 1779 he published A View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany, which was well received. In 1781 appeared his View of Society and Manners in Italy, in 1786, Medical Sketches, and, in the same year, Zeluco Various I news of Human Nature, taken from Life and Manners, Foreign and Domestic, selected to prove that, in spite of the gayest and most prosperous appearances, inward misery always accompanies vice. The hero (possibly suggested by Smollett's Count Fathom) is the only son of a noble family in Sicily, spoiled by maternal indulgence, and at length rioting in every prodigality and vice The scene of the novel is laid chiefly in Italy, and Moore's familiarity with foreign manners enabled him to give his narrative many novel and vivid side-lights Zeluco serves in the Spanish army, and becomes a slave-owner in the West Indies, so that Moore has an opportunity of condemning slavery, he gives touching pictures of the sufferings of the negroes and of their attachment to their masters, and the death of Hanno, the generous slave, is one of Moore's most masterly delineations

Moore visited Scotland in the summer of 1786, and next year took a warm interest in the genius and fortunes of Burns. It is to him that we owe the precious Autobiography of the poet, and in their correspondence the extraordinary gifts of the peasant bard show to advantage. In 1792 Moore accompanied the Earl of Lauderdale to Paris, and witnessed some of the excesses of the French Revolution, of this tour the record was published as A Journal during a Residence in France (2 vols

1793-94), and was followed in 1795 by A View of the Causes and Progress of the French Revolution. a valuable work which was utilised both by Scott and Carlyle. In 1796 Moore produced a second novel, Edward Various Views of Human Nature, taken from Life and Manners, chiefly in England As Zeluco was a model of villainy, Edward is a model of virtue, but is unhappily less interesting than his antitype In 1797 Moore furnished a life of his friend Smollett for a collective edition of his works In 1800 appeared Mordaunt Sketches of Life, Character, and Manners in Various Countries, including the Memoirs of a French Lady of Quality, an insipid novel without much plot or incident, told in letters partly dated from the Continent and partly from England

In the following extract from Zeluco, two Scotch servants in Italy, dining (and drinking) in the absence of their masters, have a dispute, followed by a duel and a reconciliation Duncan Targe was a hot Highlander, who had been out in the Forty-five, George Buchanan had been born and educated among the Whigs of the west of Scotland.

## Scots Abroad.

Buchanan filled a bumper, and gave for the toast, 'The Land of Cakes!'

This immediately dispersed the cloud which began to gather on the other's brow

Targe drank the toast with enthusiasm, saying 'May the Almighty pour his blessings on every hill and valley in it! That is the worst wish, Mr Buchanan, that I shall ever wish to that land.'

'It would delight your heart to behold the flourishing condition it is now in,' replied Buchman, 'it was fast improving when I left it, and I have been credibly informed since that it is now a perfect garden'

'I am very happy to hear it,' said Targe.

'Indeed,' added Buchanan, 'it has been in a state of rapid improvement ever since the Union'

'Confound the Union!' cried Targe, 'it would have improved much faster without it'

'I am not quite clear on that point, Mr Targe,' said Buchinaa

'Depend upon it,' replied Targe, 'the Union was the worst treaty that Scotland ever made'

'I shall admit,' said Buchanan, 'that she might have made a better, but, bad as it is, our country resps some advantage from it.'

'All the advantages are on the side of England'

'What do you think, Mr Targe,' said Buchman, 'of the increase of tride since the Union, and the riches which have flowed into the Lowlands of Scotland from that quarter?'

'Think' cried Targe, 'why, I think they have done a great deal of mischief to the Lowlands of Scotland'

'How so, my good friend?' said Buchanaa

'By spreading luxury among the inhabitants, the never failing forerunner of effemmacy of manners. Why, I was assured,' continued Targe, 'by Sergeant Lewis Macneil, a Highland gentleman in the Prussian service, that the Lowlanders, in some parts of Scotland, are now very little better than so many Linglish'

'O fic!' cried Buchman, 'things are not come to that

pass as yet, Mr Targe your friend the sergeant assuredly

exaggerates."

'I hope he does,' replied Targe. 'But you must acknowledge,' continued he, 'that, by the Union, Scot land has lost her existence as an independent state, her name is swallowed up in that of England. Only read the English newspapers, they mention England, as if it were the name of the whole island. They talk of the English army, the English fleet, the English everything They never mention Scotland, except when one of our country men happens to get an office under government, we are then told, with some stale gibe, that the person is a Scotchman, cr, which happens still more rarely, when any of them are condemned to die at Tyburn, particular care is taken to inform the public that the criminal is originally from Scotland! But if fifty Englishmen get places, or are hanged, in one year, no remarks are made.'

'No,' said Buchanan, 'in that case it is passed over as a thing of course.'

The conversation then taking another turn, Targe, who was a great genealogist, descanted on the antiquity of certain gentlemen's families in the Highlands, which, he asserted, were far more honourable than most of the noble families either in Scotland or England 'Is it not shameful,' added he, 'that a parcel of mushroom lords, mere sprouts from the dunghills of law or commerce, the grandsons of grocers and attorneys should take the pass of gentlemen of the oldest families in Europe?'

Why, as for that matter, replied Buchanan, 'provided the grandsons of grocers or attorneys are deserving cati zens, I do not perceive why they should be excluded from the kings favour more than other men.'

'But some of them never drew a sword in defence of either their king or country,' rejoined Targe

'Assuredly,' said Buchanan, 'men may deserve honour and pre eminence by other means than by drawing their swords.' [He then instances his celehrated namesake, George Buchanan, whom he praises warmly as having been the best Latin scholar in Europe, while Targe nphraids him for want of honesty ]

'In what did he ever shew any want of honesty?' said Buchanan

'In calumnating and endeavouring to blacken the reputation of his rightful sovereign, Mary, Queen of Scots,' replied Targe, 'the most beautiful and accomplished princess that ever sat on a throne'

'I have nothing to say either against her beauty or her accomplishments,' resumed Buchanan, but surely, Mr Targe, you must acknowledge that she v as a ——?'

'Have a care what you say, sir' interrupted Targe, 'I'll permit no man that ever wore breeches to speak disrespectfully of that unfortunate queen'

'No man that ever wore either hreeches or a philabeg,' replied Buchanan, 'shall prevent me from speaking the truth when I see occasion'

'Speak as much truth as you please, sir,' rejoined Targe, 'but I declare that no man shall calumniate the memory of that beautiful and unfortunate princess in my presence while I can wield a claymore'

'If you should wield fifty claymores, you cannot denv that she was a Papist' said Buchanan

'Well, sir,' cried Targe, 'what then? She was, like other people, of the religion in which she was bred'

'I do not know where you may have been bred, Wr Targe,' said Buchanan, 'for aught I know, you may be an adherent to the worship of the Scarlet Lady yourself Unless that is the case, you ought not to interest yourself in the reputation of Mary, Queen of Scots'

'I fear you are too nearly related to the false slanderer whose name you bear 1' said Targe.

'I glory in the name, and should think myself greatly obliged to any man who could prove my relation to the great George Buchanan!' cried the other

'He was nothing but a disloyal calumniator,' cried Targe, 'who attempted to support falsehoods by forgeries, which, I thank Heaven, are now fully detected 1'

'Yon are thankful for a very small mercy,' resumed Buchanan, 'but since you provoke me to it, I vill tell you, in plain English, that your bonny Queen Mary was the strumpet of Bothwell, and the murderer of her husband!'

No sooner had he uttered the last sentence than Targe flew at him like a tiger, and they were separated with difficulty by Mr N——'s groom, who was in the adjoining chamber, and had heard the altercation

'I insist on your giving me satisfaction, or retracting what you have said against the beautiful Queen of Scot land' cried Targe

'As for retracting what I have said,' replied Buchanan, 'that is no habit of mine, but with regard to giving you satisfaction, I am ready for that to the best of my ability, for let me tell you, sir, though I am not a Highlandman, I am a Scotchman as well as yourself, and not entirely ignorant of the use of the claymore, so name your hour, and I will meet you to morrow morning'

'Why not directly?' cried Targe, 'there is nobody in the garden to interrupt us.'

'I should have chosen to have settled some things first, but since you are in such a hurry, I will not balk you I will step home for my sword and be with you directly,' said Buchanan

The groom interposed, and endeavoured to reconcile the two enraged Scots, but without success. Buchanan soon arrived with his sword, and they retired to a private spot in the garden. The groom next tried to persuade them to decide their difference by fair boxing. This was rejected by both the champions as a mode of fighting unbecoming gentlemen. The groom asserted that the best gentlemen in England sometimes fought in that manner, and gave as an instance a boxing match, of which he himself had been a witness, between Lord G 's gentleman and a gentleman farmer at York races about the price of a mare

'Bnt our quarrel,' said Targe, 'is about the reputation of a queen'

'That, for certain,' replied the groom, 'makes a difference'

Buchanan unsheathed his sword

'Are you ready, sir?' cried Targe.

'Amen!' cried Targe, and the conflict began

Both the combatants understood the weapon they fought with, and each parried his adversary's blows with such dexterity that no blood was shed for some time. At length Targe, making a feint at Buchanan's head, gave him suddenly a severe wound in the thigh

'I liope you are now sensible of your error?' said

Targe, dropping his point

'I am of the same opinion I was' cried Buchanan 'so keep your guard' So saying, he advanced more briskly than ever upon Targe, who, after warding off

several strokes, wounded his antagonist a second time Buchanan, however, shewed no disposition to relinquish the combat But this second wound being in the fore head, and the blood flowing with profusion into his eyes, he could no longer see distinctly, but was obliged to flourish his sword at random, without being able to per ceive the movements of his adversary, who, closing with him, became master of his sword, and with the same effort threw him to the ground, and, standing over him, he said 'This may convince you, Mr Buchanan, that yours is not the righteous cause. I on are in my power, but I will act as the queen whose character I defend would order were she alive. I hope you will live to repent of the injustice you have done to that amiable and unfortunate princess' He then assisted Buchanan to rise. Buchanan made no immediate answer when he saw Targe assisting the groom to stop the blood which flowed from his wounds, he said 'I must acknowledge, Mr Large, that you behave lile a gentle man '

After the bleeding was in some degree diminished by the dry lint which the groom, who was an excellent farrier, applied to the wounds, they assisted him to his chamber, and then the groom rode away to inform Mr N---- of what had happened But the wound becoming more painful, Targe proposed sending for a surgeon Buchanan then said that the surgeon's mate belonging to one of the ships of the British squadron then in the bay was, he believed, on shore, and as he was a Scotchman he would like to employ him rather than a foreigner Having mentioned where he lodged, one of Mr N----'s footmen went immediately for him. He returned soon after, saying that the surgeon's mate was not at his lodg ing, nor expected for some hours. 'But I will go and bring the French surgeon,' continued the footman

'I thank you, Mr Thomas,' said Buchanan, 'but I will have patience till my own countryman returns.'

'He may not return for a long time,' said Thomas.
'You had best let me run for the French surgeon, who, they say, has a great deal of skill.'

'I am obliged to you, Mr Thomas,' added Buchanan, 'but neither I renehman nor Spanishman shall dress my wounds when a Scottishman is to be found for love or money'

'They are to be found, for the one or the other, as I am credibly informed, in most parts of the world,' said Thomas.

'As my countrymen,' replied Buchanan, 'are distinguished for letting slip no means of improvement, it would be very strange if many of them did not use that of travelling, Mr Thomas.'

'It would be very strange indeed, I own it,' said the footman

'But are you certain of this young man's skill in his business when he does come at said Targe

'I confess I have had no opportunity to know any thing of his skill,' answered Buchanan, 'but I know for certain that he is sprung from very respectable people. It father is a minister of the gospel, and it is not likely that his father's son will be deficient in the profession to which he was bred'

'It would be still less likely had the son been bred to preaching '' said Targe.

'That is true,' replied Buchanan, 'but I have no doubt of the voung man's skill; he seems to be a very douct [discreet] lad. It will be an encouragement to him

to see that I prefer him to another, and also a comfort to me to be attended by my countryman'

'Countryman or not countryman,' said Thomas, 'he will expect to be paid for his trouble as well as another'

'Assuredly,' said Buehanan, 'but it was always a maxim with me, and shall be to my dying day, that we should give our own fish guts to our own sea mews'

'Since you are so fond of your own sea mens,' said Thomas, 'I am surprised you were so eager to destroy Mr Targe there.'

'That proceeded from a difference in politics, Mr Thomas,' replied Buchanan, 'in which the best of friends are apt to have a misunderstanding, but though I am a Whig, and he is a Tory, I hope we are both honest men, and as he behaved generously when my life was in his power, I have no scruple in saying that I am sorry for having spoken disrespectfully of any person, dead or alive, for whom he has an esteem.'

'Mary, Queen of Scots, acquired the esteem of her very enemies,' resumed Targe 'The elegance and engaging sweetness of her manners were irresistible to every heart that was not steeled by prejudice or jealousy'

'She is now in the hands of a Judge,' said Buelianan, 'who can neither be seduced by fair appearances, nor imposed on by forgenes and fraud'

'She is so, Mr Buchanan,' replied Targe, 'and her rival and accusers are in the hands of the same Judge'

'We had best leave them all to His justice and mercy, then, and say no more on the subject,' added Buchanan, 'for if Queen Mary's conduct on earth was what vou believe it was, she will receive her reward in heaven, where her actions and sufferings are recorded'

'One thing more I will say,' rejoined Targe, 'and that is only to ask of you whether it is probable that a woman whose conscience was loaded with crimes imputed to her could have closed the varied scene of her life, and have met death with such serene and dignified courage, as Mary did?'

'I always admired that last awful seene,' replied Buchman, who was melted by the recollection of Mary's behaviour on the scaffold, 'and I will freely acknow ledge that the most innocent person that ever lived, or the greatest hero recorded in history, could not face death with greater composure than the queen of Scot land she supported the dignity of a queen while she displayed the meckness of a Christian'

"I am exceedingly sorry, my dear friend, for the mis understanding that happened between us' said Targe affectionately, and holding forth his hand in token of reconciliation 'and I am now willing to believe that your friend, Mr George Buchanan, was a very great poet, and understood Latin as well as any man alive!' Here the two friends shook hands with the utmost cordiality

The edition of Moore's works (7 vols. 1820) contains a Memoir by Dr Robert Anderson Zeluco is included in Mrs Barbauld's British Novelists

William Beckford (1760-1844), the author of Vallek, was born at Fonthill in the south-west of Wiltshire. He had as great a passion for building towers as the caliph himself, and both his fortune and his genius have something of Oriental splendour about them. His father, Alderman Beckford (1709-70), MP from 1753 for the City of London, and twice Lord Mayor, was a doughty

Whig, a rival almost of Wilkes, a man who, according to a somewhat doubtful story, dared to speak face to face with a king His only son, on coming of age, succeeded to a million of money and over £100,000 a year His education had been desultory and irregular, but under tutors at Geneva a literary taste already manifested itself. In his seven teenth year he wrote Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters (published in 1780), a burlesque guidebook to the pictures at Fonthill, which by means of wholly fictitious biographies deftly satirised both Dutch and English artists under feigned names His letters on his travels, 1780-82, in the Netherlands and Italy were printed in 1783, then suppressed, and reprinted in 1835, with omissions and additions, as Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal, the restored text becoming available only in 1891 In 1782 he wrote Vathek 'I wrote it,' he told Cyrus Redding, 'at one sitting, and in It cost me three days and two nights of hard labour I never took my clothes off the whole time' As a matter of fact, he was working at it for most of a twelvemonth In 1783 he married a daughter of the Earl of Aboyne, and they lived in Switzerland until her death at Vevay in 1786, after bearing a second daughter, who married the Duke of Hamilton. Late in that same year appeared in London an English version of The History of the Caliph Vathek, an Arabian tale from an unpub lished manuscript, with notes critical and explana-Both translation and notes were made, with Beckford's co operation, by the Rev Samuel Henley, D D, rector of Rendlesham in Suffolk, and first Principal of Haileybury, but the publication was quite unauthorised, anticipating as it did two editions of the French original (Paris and Lausanne, Yet Henley's version it is that still holds the field, if altered somewhat in the third edition Beckford's travel pictures, though unequal and often disappointing, can yet be read with keen interest and pleasure. The point of view is some times startling, thus a modern art-lover is surprised to find that one of the things that chiefly attracted this great cognoscente to Holland was the prospect of revelling in Polemburgs! And Beckford does in so many words rank Cornelis van Poelenburgh (1586-1667) among the greatest painters of the Low Countries, and far above Rubens On the other hand, his raptures amid the sublime scenery of Alpine mountains and forests were compared with the finest things in Gray's letters Beckford was returned to Parliament for Wells

Beckford was returned to Parliament for Wells and Hindon, but his love of magnificence and his voluptuary tastes were ill suited to English society In 1794 he set off for Portugal with a retinue of thirty servants, and was absent about two years He was said to have built a palace at Cintra—that 'glorious Eden of the south,' and Byron referred to it in the first canto of Civilde Harold

There thou, too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son, Once formed thy paradise.

Byron had been misinformed Beckford built

no 'paradise' at Cintra. But he left a literary memorial of his residence in Portugal in his Recollections of an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaça and Batalha (1835) In 1796 he returned to England, and took up his residence permanently on his Wiltshire estate Two burlesque novels by him belong to this period-Modern Novel-writing, or the Elegant Enthustast (1796), and Azemia (1797), but they are tedious extravaganzas At Fonthill Beckford lived in a style of Oriental luxury and seclu-He built a wall of nine miles round his property to shut out visitors, but in 1800 his gates were thrown open to receive Lord Nelson and Sir William and Lady Hamilton, in lionour of whom he gave a series of splendid fetes



WILLIAM BECKFORD From an Engraving after Reynolds

Next year he sold the furniture and pictures of Fonthill, pulled down the old house with its great hall, and for years employed himself in rearing the magnificent but unsubstantial Gothic structure known as Fonthill Abbey, with a tower 278 feet high, which fell in ruins in 1825. In 1822 he sold the place for £330,000, retaining only family pictures and books, and went to live at Bath There he erected another costly building, Lansdowne House, which had a tower a hundred feet high, crowned with a model of the temple of Lysicrates at Athens, made of cast-iron 1 and there he died Beckford was one of the most magnificent of bibliophiles, some of his purchases being perfectly imperial. He bought Gibbon's library at Lausanne and handed it over to his physician His own splendid collection, which passed to his descendants the Dukes of Hamilton, was sold in 1882 for £43,000

Vathek was Byron's delight 'For correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, this most Eastern and sublime tale surpasses all impations,' said the author of Childe Harold, 'as an Eastern tale even Rasselas must bow before it.' Voluptuousness and cynicism are strangely combined in the work. The hero is the grandson of Haroun al Raschid, whose dominions stretched from Africa to India, he is fearless, proud, inquisitive, gourmand, fond of theological controversy, cruel, and magnificent There cer tainly is much both of weirdness and of grandeur in some of the inventions, the catastrophe has real epic sublimity, and the conception of the vast multitude incessantly pacing the halls from which all hope has fled is Dantesque. Numberless graces of description, piquant allusions, humour and satire, and a wild yet witty spirit of mockery and derision diversify and distinguish a romance which gives Beckford a place of his own among our imaginative writers, even apart from the surprise excited by the work of a youth of twenty-two, who had never been in the countries described so vividly. But the work is conspicuously unequal. Only sometimes is the romancer convincing, often he fails of his intended effect, there are many passages of mere incredible phantasmagoria, and some of sheer duliness

#### The Caliph Vathek and his Palaces

Vathek, minth caliph of the race of the Abbusides, was the son of Motassem, and the grindson of Haroun al Raschid. From an early accession to the throne, and the talents he possessed to ndorn it, his subjects were induced to expect that his reign would be long and happy. His figure was pleasing and majestic, but when he was angry, one of his eyes became so terrible that no person could bear to behold it, and the wretch upon whom it was fixed instantly fell backward, and sometimes expired. For fear, however, of depopulating his dominions and making his palace desolate, he but rarcly gave way to his anger.

Being much addicted to women and the pleasures of the table, he sought by his affability to procure agree able companions, and he succeeded the better as his generosity was unbounded and his indulgences unre strained, nor did he think, with the caliph Omar Ben Abdalaziz, that it was necessary to make a hell of this world to enjoy paradise in the next.

He surpassed in magnificence nll lis predecessors. The palace of Alkoremini, which his father, Motassem, had erected on the hill of Pied Horses, and which commanded the whole city of Samurah, was in his idea far too scanty, he added, therefore, five wings, or rather other palaces, which he destined for the particular gratification of each of his senses. In the first of these were tables continually covered with the most exquisite dainties, which were supplied both by night and by day, according to their constant consumption, whilst the most dehcious wines and the choicest cordials flowed forth from a hundred fountains that were never exhausted. This palace was called the Eternal, or Unsatiating Banquet. The second was styled the Temple of Melody, or the Nectar of the Soul. It was

inhibited by the most shiffil musicians and admired poets of the time, who not only displayed their talents within, but dispersing in bands without, caused every surrounding scene to reverberate their songs, which were continually varied in the most delightful succession

The palace named the Delight of the Lyes, or the Support of Memory, was one entire enchantment. Rarities collected from every corner of the curth were there found in such profusion as to duzzle and confound, but for the order in which they were arranged. One gallery exhibited the pictures of the celebrated Mani [the founder of the Manichreans, who was famed as a ningician and painter), and statues that seemed to be alise. Here a well managed perspective attracted the sight, there the magic of optics agreeably deceived it, whilst the naturalist, on his part, exhibited in their several classes the various gifts that Heaven had bestowed on our globe. In a word, Vithel omitted nothing in this palace that might gratify the curiosity of those who resorted to it, although he was not able to satisfy his own, for he was of all men the most curious

The Palace of Perfumes, which was termed blewise the Incentive to Pleasure, consisted of various halls, where the different perfumes which the earth produces were kept perpetually burning in censers of gold. Flumbeaux and aromatic lamps were here lighted in open day. But the too powerful effects of this agree able dehrium might be alleviated by descending into an immense garden, where an assemblage of every fragrant flower diffused through the air the purest odours.

The fifth palace, denominated the Retreat of Mirth, or the Dangerous, was frequented by troops of young females, beautiful as the Houris and not less seducing, who never failed to receive with careses all whom the caliph allowed to approach them and enjoy a few hours of their company. For he was by no means jealous, as his own women were seeluded within the palace he inhabited himself.

Notwithstanding the sensuality in which I athek in dulged, he experienced no abatement in the love of his people, who thought that a sovereign immersed in pleasure was not less tolerable to his subjects than one that employed limiself in creating them foes. But the unquiet and impetuous disposition of the caliph would not allow him to rest there. He had studied so much for his amusement in the lifetime of his father as to acquire a great deal of knowledge, though not a sufficiency to satisfy limiself, for he wished to know everything, even sciences that did not exist. He was fond of engaging in disputes with the learned, but did not allow them to push their opposition with warmth. He stopped with presents the mouths of those whose mouths could be stopped, whilst others, whom his liberality was unable to subdue, he sent to prison to cool their blood, a remedy that often succeeded

Vathel discovered also a predilection for theological controversy, but it was not with the orthodox that he usually held. By this means he induced the zealots to oppose him, and then persecuted them in return, for he resolved nt anymate to have reason on his side.

The great prophet Mahomet, whose vicars the caliplis are, beheld with indignation from his abode in the seventh lieuven the irreligious conduct of such a vicegerent 'Let us leave him to himself,' said he to the genn, who are always ready to receive his com

mands, 'let us see to what lengths his folly and implets will carry him, if he run into excess, we shall know how to chastise him. Assist him, therefore, to complete the tower, which, in imitation of Nimrod, he hath begun, not, like that great warrior, to escape being drowned, but from the insolent curiosity of pene trating the secrets of Heaven he will not divine the fate that awaits him.'

The genii obeyed, and, when the workmen had raised their structure a cubit in the daytime, two cubits more were added in the night. The expedition with which the fabric arose was not a little flattering to the vanity of Vathek he fancied that even insensible matter shewed a forwardness to subserve his designs, not considering that the successes of the foolish and wicked form the first rod of their chastisement

His pride arrived at its height when, having ascended for the first time the fifteen hundred stairs of his tower, he east his eyes below, and beheld men not larger than pismires, mountains than shells, and cities than bee hives. The idea which such an elevation inspired of his own grandeur completely bewildered him, he was almost ready to adore himself, till, lifting his eyes upward, he saw the stars as high above him as they appeared when he stood on the surface of the earth. He concoled himself, however, for this intruding and unwelcome perception of his littleness, with the thought of being great in the eyes of others, and flattered him self that the light of his mind would extend beyond the reach of his sight, and extort from the stars the decrees of his destiny

#### The Hall of Eblis.

In this manner they advanced by moonlight till they came within view of the two towering rocks that form a kind of portal to the valley, at the extremity of which rose the vast ruins of Istakar Aloft, on the mountain. glimmered the fronts of various royal mausoleums, the horror of which was deepened by the shadows of night. They passed through two villages, almost deserted, the only inhabitants remaining being a few feeble old men, who, at the sight of horses and litters, fell upon their knees and cried out 'O heaven' is it then by these phantoms that we have been for six months formented? Alas it was from the terror of these spectres, and the noise beneath the monntains, that our people have fled, and left us at the mercy of the maleficent spirits!' The caliph, to whom these complaints were but unpromising augures, drove over the bodies of these wretched old men, and at length arrived at the foot of the terrace of black marhle. There he descended from his litter, handing down Nouromhar, both, with beating hearts, stared wildly around them, and expected. with an apprehensive shudder, the approach of the Giaonr But nothing as yet announced his appearance.

A deathlike stillness reigned over the mountain and through the air. The moon dilated on a vast platform the shades of the lofty columns which reached from the terrace almost to the clonds. The gloomy watch towers, whose number could not be counted, were covered by no roof, and their capitals, of an architecture nnknown in the records of the earth, served as an asylum for the birds of night, which, alarmed at the approach of such visitants, fled away croaking

The chief of the cunnels, trembling with fear, besought Vathek that a fire might be kindled 'No,' replied he,

'there is no time left to think of such trifles, abide where thou art, and expect my commands' Having thus spoken, he presented his hand to Nonronihar, and, ascending the steps of a vast staircase, reached the terrace, which was flagged with squares of marble, and resembled a smooth expanse of water, npon whose surface not a blade of grass ever dared to vegetate. On the right ro e the watch towers, ranged before the ruins of an immense palace, whose walls were embossed with various figures 
In front stood forth the colossal forms of four creatures, composed of the leopard and the griffin, and though hut of stone, inspired emotions of terror Near these were distinguished, by the splen dour of the moon, which streamed full on the place, characters like those on the sabres of the Giaour, and which possessed the same virtue of changing every These, after vacillating for some time, fixed at last in Arabie letters, and prescribed to the caliph the following words 'Vathek! thou hast violated the con ditions of my parchment, and deservest to be sent back, hut in favour to thy companion, and, as the meed for what thou hast done to obtain it, Eblis permitteth that the portal of his palace shall be opened, and the sub terranean fire will receive thee into the number of its

He scarcely had read these words before the moun tain against which the terrace was reared trembled, and the watch towers were ready to topple headlong upon them. The rock jawned, and disclosed within it a staircase of polished marble that seemed to approach the abyss. Upon each stair were planted two large torches, like those Nouronihar had seen in her vision, the camphorated vapour of which ascended and gathered itself into a cloud under the hollow of the vault.

The caliph and Nouronihar beheld each other with amazement at finding themselves in a place which, though roofed with a vaulted ceiling, was so spacious and lofty that at first they took it for an immeasurable But their eyes at length growing familiar to the grandeur of the surrounding objects, they extended their view to those at n distance, and discovered rows of columns and arcades, which gradually diminished till they terminated in a point radiant as the sun when he darts his last beams athwart the ocean The pavement, strewed over with gold dust and saffron, exhaled so subtle an odour as almost overpowered them however, went on, and observed an infinity of censers, in which ambergris and the wood of aloes were con tinually burning

In the midst of this immense hall n vast multitude was incessantly passing, who severally kept their right hands on their hearts, without once regarding anything around them. They had all the livid paleness of death. Their eyes, deep sunk in their sockets, resembled those phosphoric meteors that glimmer by night in places of interment. Some stalked slowly on, absorbed in profound reverie, some, shrieking with agony, ran furiously about like tigers wounded with poisoned arrows, whilst others, grinding their teeth in rage, foamed along more frantic than the wildest maniac. They all avoided each other, and though surrounded by a multitude that no one could number, each wandered at random, unheedful of the rest, as if alone on a desert where no foot lind trodden.

After some time, Vathek and Nouronihar perceived a gleam brightening through the drapery, and entered n

forms of the pre Adamite kings who had been monarchs of the whole earth. They still possessed enough of life to be conscious of their deplorable condition. Their eyes retained a melancholy motion, they regarded one and her with looks of the deepe t dejection, each holding his right hand motionless on his heart. At their feet were inscribed the events of their several reigns, their power, their pride, and their crimes, Soliman Raad, Soliman Daki, and Soliman Gian Ben Gian, who after having chained up the dives in the dark events of Kaf, became so presumptions as to doubt of the Supreme Power. All these maintained great state, though not to be compared with the eminence of Soliman Ben Daoud [Solomon, the son of David].

This king, so renowned for his wisdom, was on the loftiest elevation, and placed immediately under the dome. He appeared to possess more animation than the rest. Though, from time to time, he laboured with profound sighs, and, like his companions, kept his right of Life (1900).

Such was, and such should be, the punishment of urres rained prisons and atropous deeds. Such stall be the cliest sement of that blind curve is which would transfer those bounds the wisdom of the Creater has prescribed to Luman Frowledge, and such the dreadful disappointment of that restless ambition which aming at discoveries reserved for beings of a supernatural order, perceives not, through its infetuated pride that the condition of man upon earth is to be humble and ignorant.

The 1 3 quarto referred to above as having been suppressed was called Preame II along Tampé s'and Impressions responsed in expurgated form in 1835 the test was no restored to its critical state till 1801 in Mr Bettany's edition for the Mineria Series. See the Life of Peckford by Criss Redling (2 vol. 1815) based on materials—no all trusworthy—furnated by himself M Mallarme's reprint of I tile (Paris 1846). De Garnetts (Lendon 1833), W Gregory The Pri Int Friends (1858) and an Estay on Beckford by Mr Charlet Whibley in The Lagrancing of Life (1950).

## Gilbert White.

Gilbert White (1720-93), the most charming of all English writers on the natural history of their country, was born at Selborne in Hampshire, and educated with the Wartons at their father's vicarage at Basingstoke whence he passed to Oriel After obtaining a fellowship College, Oxford. there, he took orders in 1747, and in 1751 became curate of his native parish. Next year he was back in Oxford, as senior proctor at the university, but in 1755 returned to Selborne, where he passed the rest of his uneventful life, enjoying, after the fashion of that comfortable age of pluralism, one or two college curacies as well as the equally sinecure It ing of Morton Pinkney in Northamptonshire. He was never married, but once fell deep in love with Miss Mulso (better known as the exceilent and edifying Mrs Chapone), who declined The two series of letters to Thomas his hand Pennant, the naturalist and traveller, and the Hon Daines Barrington, which form his delightful Natural History and Artiquities of Schorne, were beaun in 1767, and published in 1789. The minuteness and general accuracy of his observa t on and the simple skill and unaffected grace of his style, though not vithout a touch of eighteenthcentury formulity here and there, have given White the same classic rank as Isaac Walton, and it is probable that the Natural History of Selborne has sent as many boys to intelligent bird nesting as the Compleat Ingler has to the rod and hook. In one of the letters White tells that he used to carry a list in his pocket of the birds to be remarked on, and that, as he rode or walked about, he noted each day the continuance or omission of each birds song

#### Old Trees

In the court of Norton farmhouse, a manor farm to the north west of the village, on the white malms, stood within these twenty years a broad leaved clim, or vych hazel, Climia foito late imo scabro of Ray, which, though it liad los' a considerable leading bough in the great storm in the year 1703, equal to a moderate tree, yet, when felled, contained eight loads of timber, and, being too bull v for a carriage, vas say n off at seven feet above the butt, where it measured near eight feet in the diameter. This clim I mention to show to what a bulk planted elims may attain as this tree must certainly have been such from its situation.

In the centre of the village, and near the church, is a square piece of ground surrounded by houses, and vilgarly called 'The Plestor' [i e. Pleystowe, or playing place]. In the midst of this spot stood, in old times, a vast oak, with a short squat body, and huge horizontal arms extending almost to the extremity of the area. This venerable tree, surrounded with stone steps, and seats above them, was the delight of old and young, and a place of much resort in summer evenings, where the former sat in grave debate, while the latter frolicked and danced before them. Long might it have stood, had not the amazing tempest in 1703 overturned it at once, to the infinite regret of the inhabitants, and the vicar, who

bestowed several pounds in setting it in its place aguin but all liss care could not avail, the true sprouted for a time, then withered and died. This oak I mention to show to what a bulk planted oaks also may arrive and planted this tree must certainly have been, as vill appear from what will be said farther concerning this area when we enter on the antiquities of Selborne.

On the Blackmoor estate there is a small wood called Losel's, of a few acres, that was lately furnished with a set of oaks of a peculiar growth and great value, they were tall and taper life firs, but standing near together liad very small heads, only a little brush without any large limbs. About twenty years ago the bridge at the Toy, near Hampton Court, being much decayed, some trees were wanted for the repairs that were fifty feet long, without bough, and vould measure twelve inches diameter at the little end. Twenty such trees did a purveyor find in this little wood with this advantage, that many of them answered the description at sixty feet. These trees were sold for twenty pounds apiece.

In the centre of this grove there stood an oak, which, though shapely and tall on the whole, bulged out into a large excrescence about the middle of the stem. On this a pair of ravens had fixed their residence for such a series of years that the oak was distinguished by the title of the Raven Tree Many were the attempts of the neigh bouring youths to get at this eye, the difficulty whetted their inclinations, and each was ambitious of surmounting the arduous task But when they arrived at the swell ing it jutted out so in their way, and was so far beyond their grasp, that the most daring lads were awed, and acknowledged the undertaking to be too liazardous so the ravens built on, nest upon nest, In perfect security, till the fital day arrived in which the wood was to be levelled. It was in the month of February, when these birds usually sit. The saw was applied to the butt,the wedges were inserted into the opening,-the woods echoed to the heavy blow of the beetle or mall or mallet,-the tree nodded to its fall, but still the dam sat on. At last, when it gave way, the bird was flung from her nest, and, though her parental affection de served a better fite, was whipped down by the twigs, which brought her dead to the ground

## Vanished Game

This lonely domain is a very agreeable haunt for many sorts of wild fowls, which no only frequent it in the winter, but breed there in the summer, such as lap wings, snipes, wild ducks, and, as I have discovered within these few years, teals. Partridges in vast plenty are bred in good seasons on the verge of this forest, into which they love to make excursions, and in particular, in the dry summers of 1740 and 1741, and some years after, they swarmed to such a degree that parties of unreasonable sportsmen killed twenty and sometimes thirty brace in a day

But there was a nobler species of game in this forest, now extinct, which I have heard old people say abounded much before shooting flying became so common, and that was the heath cock, black game, or grouse. When I was a little boy I recollect one coming now and then to my father's table. The last pack remembered was I illed about thirty five years ago, and within these ten years one solitary grey hen was sprung by some beagles in beating for a hare. The sportsmen cried out, 'A hen pheasant' but a gentleman present, who had often seen

# Migration of the Swallows If ever I saw anything like actual migration, it was

last Michaelmas Day I was travelling and out early

in the morning, at first there was a vist for but by

the time that I was got seven or eight miles from home

towards the coast, the sun broke out into a delicate warm day. We were then on a large heath or common, and I could discern, as the mist began to break away great numbers of swallows (Hirundines rustica) clustering on the stunted shrubs and bushes, as if they had roo ted there all night. As soon as the air became clear and pleasant they were all on the wing at once and, by a placed and easy flight, proceeded on continuard towards

be found in most most postures, by the siles of streams and under hidges. These rishe are in hes condition in the height of sammer, but may be gathered, so as it serve the purpose well, quite on to an unin. It would be needless to add that the larges and longest are best. Decayed labourers, women, and children make it their histories to produce and prepare them. As soon of they are cut they must be fining into water and kept there, for otherwise they will dry and shrink and the peel will not run. At first a person would find it no easy matter to divest a rush of its peel or rind so as to leave one regular, narrow even rib from top to bottom that may support the pith but this his other feats soon becomes

familiar even to children, and we have seen an old

woman, stone blind, performing this business with great dispatch, and seldom failing to strip them with the nicest regularity. When these *junci* are thus far prepared, they must lie out on the grass to be bleached, and take the dew for some nights, and afterwards be dried in the

Some address is required in dipping these rushes in the scalding fat or grease, but this knack also is to be attained by practice. The careful wife of an industrious Hampshire labourer obtains all her fat for nothing, for she saves the scummings of her bacon pot for this use, and if the grease abounds with salt, she causes the salt to precipitate to the bottom, by setting the scummings in Where hogs are not much in use, and a warm oven especially by the sea side, the coarser animal oils will come very cheap A pound of common grease may be procured for fourpence, and about six pounds of grease will dip a pound of rushes, and one pound of rushes may be bought for one shilling, so that a pound of rushes, medicated and ready for use, will cost three If men that keep bees will mix a little wax with the grease, it will give it a consistency and render at more cleanly, and make the rushes burn longer, mutton suct would have the same effect.

A good rush, which measured in length two feet four inches and a half, being minnted, burnt only three minutes short of an hour, and a rush of still greater length has been known to burn one hour and a quarter

These rushes give a good clear light Watch lights (coated with tailow), it is true, shed a dismal one, 'dark ness visible,' but then the wick of those have two ribs of the rind, or peel, to support the pith, while the wick of the dipped rush has but one The two ribs are intended to impede the progress of the flame and make the candle last

In a pound of dry rushes, avoirdupois, which I caused to be weighed and numbered, we found upwards of one thousand six hundred individuals. Now suppose each of these burns, one with another, only half an liour, then a poor man will purchase eight hundred hours of light, a time exceeding thirty three entire days, for three shillings. According to this account each rush, before dipping, costs t'x of a farthing, and t'r afterwards. Thus a poor family will enjoy five and a half hours of comfortable light for a farthing. An experienced old housekeeper assures me that one pound and a half of rushes completely supplies his family the year round, since working people burn no candles in the long days, because they rise and go to bed by day light.

Little farmers use rushes much in the short days both morning and evening, in the dairy and kitchen, but the very poor, who are always the worst economists, and therefore must continue very poor, bny a halfpenny candle every evening, which in their blowing open rooms does not burn much more than two hours. Thus have they only two hours' light for their money instead of eleven

While on the subject of rural economy, it may not be improper to mention a pretty implement of housewifers that we have seen nowhere else, that is, little next besoms which our foresters make from the stalks of the *Poly'richum commune*, or great golden maiden hair, which they call silk wood, and find plenty in the bogs. When this moss is well combed and dressed, and divested of its onter slim, it becomes of a beautiful bright-chestnut colonr, and, being soft and plant, is

very proper for the dusting of beds, curtains, carpets, hangings, &c. If these besoms were known to the brush makers in town, it is probable they might come much in use for the purpose above mentioned

## The Rooks returning to their Nests

The evening proceedings and manœuvres of the rooks are curious and amusing in the autumn Just before dusk, they return in long strings from the foraging of the day, and rendezvous by thousands over Selborne Down, where they wheel round in the air, and sport and dive in a playful manner, all the while everting their voices, and making a loud cawing, which, being blended and softened by the distance that we at the village are below them, becomes a confused noise or chiding, or rather a pleasing mirmur, very engaging to the imagina tion, and not unlike the cry of a pack of hounds in hollow, cchoing woods, or the rushing of the wind in tall trees, or the tumbling of the tide upon a pebbly shore. When this ceremony is over, with the last gleam of day they retire for the night to the deep beechen woods of Tisted and Ropley We remember a little girl who, as she was going to bed, used to remark on such an occurrence, in the true spirit of physico-theology, that the rooks were saying their prayers, and yet this child was much too young to be aware that the Scriptures have said of the Dcity, that 'He feedeth the ravens who call npon Him'

Among the hundred and twenty or more editions are those of Jesse (1851) Frank Buckland (1875) Harting (1875) Bell (1877) Richard Jefferies (1887) Burroughs (1895) Grant Allen (1900), and Bowdler Sharpe (1901). Whites MS journal (1768-89) was found in 1880. See lubliographies by Richard Hooper in Ades and Queries for 1877-78, and by E. A. Martin (1897) The Life and Letters published by Whites great grand nephen, Mr Rash leigh Holt White (2 vols. 1901), coatains a good deal of new matter, serving to minimise the charge of pluralism the united revenues were not large. In 1893 Whites centenary was cele brated at Selborne where his house. The Wakes still stands.

At thur Young (1741-1820), author of Travels in France, and famous for the work he did in promoting the interests of agriculture, was born in London, but was the son of the rector of Bradfield near Burv St Edmunds Bred for a countinghouse, he in 1763 rented a firm of his mother's, on which he made 3000 experiments and lost much A large farm in Essex (1766-77) nearly money ruined him, for two years he was in Ireland, and then resumed farming at Bradfield, but without any financial success. But he had learnt much, and was well inspired to turn his knowledge to good account. In 1767 he made the first of his famous tours, the record of which, A Six Wieks Tour, expounded to the public for the first time the facts and principles of Norfolk husbandry, tours in the south of England, the northern counties, &c., followed, in 1771 he issued The Farmer's Calendar (which reached a twenty first edition in 1862) After 1783 he edited a periodical, The Annals of Agriculture, to which King George III was an A list of his published occasional contributor Letters of a Farmer, essays, pamphlets, &c. on subjects of rural economy, the poor laws, taxation, &c., would fill a page, but the most important of Young's works are his Tour in Ireland (1780) and

a great city The society for a man of letters, or who has any scientific pursuit, cannot be exceeded intercourse between such men and the great, which, if it is not upon an equal footing, ought never to exist at all, is respectable. Persons of the highest rank pay an attention to science and literature, and emulate the character they confer I should pity the man who expected, without other advantages of a very different nature, to be well received in a brilliant circle at London because he was a Fellow of the Royal Society But this would not be the case with a member of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, he is sure of a good reception everywhere. Perhaps this contrast depends in a great measure on the difference of the governments of the two countries Politics are too much attended to in England to allow a due respect to be paid to anything else, and should the French establish a freer government, academicians will not be held in such estimation, when rivalled in the public esteem by the orators who hold forth liberty and property in a free parliament.

## A French Family Party

The 27th [Sept. 1788] Among my letters, one to Mons, de la Livoniere, perpetual secretary of the Society of Agriculture here I found he was at his country seat, two leagues off at Mignianne On my arrival at his seat, he was sitting down to dinner with his family, not being past twelve, I thought to have escaped this awkwardness, but both himself and madame prevented all embarrassment by very unaffectedly desiring me to partake with them, and making not the least derangement either in table or looks, placed me at once at my ease, to an indifferent dinner, garnished with so much ease and cheerfulness that I found it a repast more to my taste than the most splendid tables could afford. An English family in the country, similar in situation, taken unawares in the same way, would receive you with an unquiet hospitality and an anxious politeness, and after waiting for a hurry scurry derangement of cloth, table, plates, sideboard, pot and spit, would give you perhaps so good a dinner that none of the family, between anxiety and fatigue, could supply one word of conversation, and you would depart under cordial wishes that you might never return. This folly, so common in England, is never met with in France the French are quiet in their houses, and do things without effort.-Mons. Livoniere conversed with me much on the plan of my travels, which he commended greatly, but thought it very extraordinary that neither Government, nor the Academy of Sciences, nor the Academy of Agriculture, should at least be at the expense of my journey This idea is purely French, they have no notion of private people going ont of their way for the public good, without being paid by the public, nor could he well comprehend me when I told him that everything is well done in England, except what is done with public money I was greatly con cerned to find that he could give me no intelligence concerning the residence of the late Marquis de Tourbilly, as it would be a provoling circumstance to pass all through the province without finding his house, and afterward hear perhaps that I had been ignorantly within a few miles of it. In the evening returned to Angers .- 20 miles

See Young's French tour edited, with memour by Miss Betham Edwards (1890) and Young's Autobiography by the same editor (1898), also A. W. Hutton's edition of the Irish tour (1892)

Francis Grose (1731–91), antiquary, was born at Greenford in Middlesex, son of a rich Swiss jeweller settled at Richmond. In the Heralds' College from 1755 till 1763, he next became adjutant of the Hampshire and Surrey Militiaa historic service, for it was in the Hampshire Militia that Gibbon and Mitford served-and, when his easy habits had cost him his fortune, put to profit the favourite studies of his youth and his excellent draughtsmanship His Antiquities of England and Wales (1773-87) proved a success, and in 1789 he set out on an antiquarian tour through Scotland His splendid social qualities, his rich humour and good nature, made him friends everywhere-Burns one of them He went to Ireland on a like errand, but died suddenly in Grose's work on the antiquities of Scotland (to which Burns contributed 'Tam o' Shanter,' commended by the friendly editor as a 'pretty poem'l) appeared 1789-91, that on Ireland in Other works were A Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue (1785, new ed with Memoir by Pierce Egan, 1823), A Provincial Glossary (1787), Treatise on Ancient Armour and Weapons (1785-89), Military Antiquities (1786-88), The Grumbler (1791), and The Olio (1793)

Richard Gough (1735-1809), antiquary, born in London, published British Topography (1768), Sepulchral Monuments of Great Britain (1786-99), an English version of Camden's Britainia (1789), and more than a score of other works, historical, archæological, topographical, and numismatical

Dr Richard Farmer (1735-97), born at Leicester, and ultimately master of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, published an Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare (1767), which put an end to the dispute concerning the classical attainments of the great dramatist. Farmer certainly showed that Shakespeare had implicitly followed English translations of the ancient authors—as North's Plutarch—copying even their errors. He was indolent, but was a brilliant talker as well as an accomplished scholar

Edmund Malone (1741-1812), editor of Shakespeare, was born in Dublin, the son of an Irish judge, and graduated at Trinity College. Called to the Irish Bar in 1767, he fell into a fortune, and from 1777 devoted himself to literary work in London, his first publication being a 'supplement' to Steevens's version of Johnson's edition of Shakespeare (1778), see Vol. I of this work, p 376 Malone's own edition of the great dramatist (1790) was warmly received, and deservedly so, his learned dissertations on the history of the stage and on the genuineness of the three plays of Henry VI especially attracted notice. He had been one of the first to express his disbelief in Chatterton's Royley Poems, and in 1796 he denounced Ireland's forgeries He wrote a Life of his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds, he edited Dryden, with a memoir, and he left behind a large mass of

materials for 'The Variorum Shakespeare,' edited in 1821 by James Boswell the younger See the Life by Sir James Prior (1860)

Samuel Parr (1747-1825), 'the Whig Johnson,' was better known as a classical scholar than as a theologian, but probably owed the extraordinary fame he enjoyed to his extraordinary and amazing powers as a talker, though even here he was very inferior to his prototype—he had Johnson's pomposity, love of antithesis, and roughness without his deeper gifts His collected worls (8 vols 8vo, 1828) deal with matters historical, critical, metaphysical, there are sermons and a mass of unarranged correspondence, but nothing here justifies or even explains his great reputation. His style is mannered and verbose to a degree, and nothing of his is now read His Characters of Fox (1809) is his best-known work, it discusses Charles James Fox in various aspects, argues for reform of the criminal law, and is as usual overlaid with notes His celebrated Spital sermon preached before the Lord Mayor at Easter 1800 displays in its printed form fifty one pages of text and two hundred and twelve of notes Sydney Smith humorously compared the sermon to Dr Parr's wig, which, 'while it tresposed a little on the orthodox magnitude of perukes in the anterior parts, scorned even episcopal limits behind, and swelled out into boundless convenity of frizz,' Godwin attacked some of the principles laid down in this discourse, as not sufficiently democratic for his taste, for, though a staunch Whig, Dr Parr was no revolutionist or leveller-his aim was to ameliorate the condition of the poor by education and other constitutional means Parr, born a surgeon's son at Harrow, was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, taught at Harrow, was headmaster of Norwich grammar-school (1778-86), held a series of livings, on one of which, at Hatton near Warwick, he spent the latter half of his life An uncompromising Whig, he hated Evangelicals, and was theologically of the anti-mysterious school of Palcy and Watson De Quincey's-somewhat unfair-essay on Whiggism and literature contains a brilliant criticism of Parr

William Coxe (1747-1828) was born in London, and from Eton passed to King's College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow in 1768 As tutor to the sons of four persons of quality, he spent most of twenty years on the Continent, and published accounts of his travels in Switzerland (1778-1801), and in Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark (1778-84) His History of the House of Austria (1807) became at once the standard English authority on that subject, and his Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole (1798) and of Marlborough (1816-19)-not to speak of other historical works -were important as containing letters private, official, and diplomatic, with other details drawn from manuscript collections, though he was rather a dull writer, a partisan Whig, and as a biographer apt to magnify the merits and sink the defects of his hero. He died, a prebendary of Salisbury and Archdeacon of Wilts, at Bemerton rectory

William Mitford (1744-1827), author of the famous History of Greece, was of Northumbnan stock but born in London, and educated at Cheam School, Surrey, and Queen's College, Oxford. He studied law, but on his father's death succeeded to the family estate at Exbury in Hampshire, where, devoting himself mainly to the study of Greek litera ture, he lived till his death. His first publication was an Essay on the Harmony of Language (1774, While in the militia he published a Treatise on the Military Force, and particularly of the Militia of the Kingdom-a subject which engrossed much of his attention, and when a member of the House of Commons lie advocated the cause of the militia with much fervour, recommending a salutary jealousy of a standing army. On the suggestion of Gibbon, a fellow officer in the South Hampshire Militia, he undertook his great work, The History of Greece (1784-1810, new editions repeatedly till 1835) Byron sketched his characteristics 'His great pleasure consists in praising tyrants, abusing Plutarch, spelling oddly, and writing quaintly, and what is strange, after all, its is the best modern History of Greece in any language, and he is perhaps the best of all modern historians Having named his sins,' adds the whatsoever courteous critic, 'it is but fur to state his virtueslearning, labour, research, wrath, and partiality call the latter virtues in a writer, because they make him write in earnest? The earnestness of Mitford is too often directed against 'the inherent weakness and the indelible burbarism of democratical government. He was a warm admirer of the English constitution and of the monarchical form of government, and a functical enemy of This bias led him to be French republicanism unjust to the Athenian people, 'the sovereign beggars of Athens' And while he unhesitatingly accepted all the good he found credited to monarchs and tyrants, he was apt to exaggerate or overstate defects charged against democracies and democrats Philip of Macedonia was a great statesman, Demosthenes a mere noisy demagogue. But, as Byron said, his pugnacious zeal to prove his case made him diligent in minute research, his book surpassed all earlier English works on the subject, and held the field till the appear ance of the fairer and more scholarly works of Thirlwall and Grote Freeman, an uncompromising critic, said of Mitford that he was 'a bad scholar, a bad historian, and a bad writer of English,' but yet 'the first writer of any note who found out that Greenan history was a living thing with a practical bearing' Mitford wrote also on the Corn Laws and on design in architecture.

## Condemnation and Death of Socrates

We are not informed when Socrates first became distinguished as a Sophist, for in that description of

men he was in his own day reckoned. When the wit of Aristophanes was directed against him in the theatre, he was already among the most emineut, but his eminence seems to have been then recent. It was about the tenth or eleventh year of the Peloponnesian war, when he was six or seven and forty years of age, that, after the manner of the old comedy, he was offered to public derision upon the stage by his own name, as one of the persons of the drama, in the comedy of Aristophanes called *The Clouds*, which is yet extant

Two or three and twenty years had elapsed since the first representation of The Clouds, the storms of conquest suffered from a foreign enemy, and of four revolutious in the civil government of the country, had passed, nearly three years had followed of that quiet which the revolution under Thrasyhulus produced, and the act of amnesty should have confirmed, when a young man named Melitus went to the king archon, and in the usual form delivered an information against Socrates, and bound himself to prosecute The information ran thus 'Melitus, son of Melitus, of the borough of Pitthos, declares these upon oath against Socrates, son of Sophroniscus, of the borough of Alopece Socrates is guilty of reviling the gods whom the city acknowledges, and of preaching other new gods moreover, he is guilty of corrupting the youth Penalty, death.

Xenophon begins his Memorials of his revered master with declaring his wonder how the Athenians could have been persuaded to coudemn to death a man of such uncommonly clear innocence and evalted worth. Ælian, though for authority he can bear no comparison with Xenophon, has nevertheless, I think, given the 'Socrates,' he says, 'disliked the Athenian constitution, for he saw that democracy is tyrannical, and abounds with all the evils of absolute monarchy? But though the political circumstances of the times made it necessary for contemporary writers to speak with caution, yet both \enophou and Plato liave declared enough to shew that the assertion of Ælian was well founded, and further proof, were it wanted, may be derived from another early writer, nearly contemporary, and deeply versed in the politics of his age, the orttor Aschines Indeed, though not stated in the indictment, yet it was urged against Socrates by his prosecutors before the court, that he was disaffected to the democracy, and in proof, they affirmed it to be notorious that he had ridiculed what the Athenian constitution prescribed, the appointment to magistracy 'Thus,' they said, 'he taught his numerous followers, youths of the principal families of the city, to despise the established government, and to be tur bulent and seditious, and his success had been seen in the conduct of two of the most eminent, Alcihiades Even the best things he converted to and Critias from the most esteemed poets, these ill purposes and particularly from Homer, he selected passages to enforce his anti-democratical principles '

Socrates, it appears, indeed, was not inclined to deny list disapprobation of the Athenian constitution. His defence itself, as it is reported by Plato, contains matter on which to found an accusation against him of dis affection to the sovereignty of the people, such as, under the jealous tyranny of the Athenian democracy, would sometimes subject a man to the penalties of high treason. 'You well I now,' he says, 'Athenians, that had I engaged in public business, I should long

ago have perished without procuring any advantage either to you or to myself. Let not the truth offend you it is no peculiarity of your democracy, or of your national character, but wherever the people is sovereign, no man who shall dare honestly to oppose injustice—frequent and extravagant injustice—can avoid destruction.

Without this proof, judeed, we might reasonably believe that though Socrates was a good and faithful subject of the Athenian government, and vould promote no sedition, no political violence, yet he could not like the Athenian constitution. He wished for whole some changes by gentle means, and it seems even to have been a principal object of the labours to which he dedicated himself, to infuse principles into the rising generation that might bring about, the desirable change insensibly

Melitus, who stood forward as his principal accuser. was, as Plato informs us, noway a man of any great consideration. His legal description gives some probability to the conjecture that his father was one of the commissioners sent to Lacedæmon from the moderate party, who opposed the ten successors of the thirty tyrants, while Thrasybulus held Pireus, and Pausanias was encamped before Athens. He was a poet, and stood forward as in a common cause of the poets, who esteemed the doctrine of Socrates injurious to their interest. Unsupported, his accusation would have been little formidable, but he seems to have been a mere instrument in the business. He was soon joined by Lycon, one of the most powerful speakers of his time Lycon was the avowed patron of the rhetoricians, who, as well as the poets, thought their interest injured by the moral philosopher's doctrine. I know not that on any other occasion in Grecian history we have any account of this kind of party interest operating, but from circumstances nearly analogous in our own country -if we substitute for poets the clergy, and for rheto ricians the lawvers-we may gather what might be the party spirit, and what the weight of influence of the rhetoricians and poets in Athens. With Lycon, Anytus, a man scarcely second to any 111 the commonwealth in rank and general estimation, who had held high command with reputation in the Peloponnesian war, and had been the principal associate of Thrasybulus in the war against the thirty, and the restoration of the democracy, declared himself a supporter of the prosecution. Nothing in the accusation could, by any known law of Atheus, affect the life of the accused England no man would be put upon trial on so vague a charge-no grand jury would listen to it. But In Athens, if the party was strong enough, it signified little what was the law When Lycon and Anytus came forward, Socrates saw that his condemnation was already decided

By the course of his life, however, and by the turn of his thoughts for many years, he had so prepared himself for all events, that, far from alarmed at the probability of his condemnation, he rather rejoiced at it, as at his age a fortunate occurrence. He was persuaded of the soul's immortality, and of the superintending providence of an all good Deity, whose favour lie had always been assiduously endeavouring to deserve. Men fear death, he said, as if unquestionably the greatest evil, and vet no man knows that it may not be the greatest good. If, indeed, great joys were in prospect, he might, and his friends for

him, with somewhat more reason, regret the event, but at his years, and with his scanty fortune—though he was happy enough at seventy still to preserve both body and mind in vigour—yet even his present gratifications must necessarily soon decay. To avoid, therefore, the evils of age, pain, sickness, decay of sight, decay of hearing, perhaps decay of understanding, by the easiest of deaths (for such the Athenian mode of execution—by a draught of hemlock—was reputed), cheered with the company of surrounding friends, could not be otherwise than a blessing

Xenophon says that, by condescending to a little supplication, Socrates might easily have obtained his acquittal. No admonition or entreaty of his friends, however, could persuade him to such an unworthiness. On the contrary, when put upon his defence, he told the people that he did not plead for his own sake, but for theirs, wishing them to avoid the guilt of an unjust condemnation. It was usual for accused persons to beward their apprehended lot, with tears to supplicate favour, and, by exhibiting their children upon the bema, to endeavour to exerte pity. He thought it, he said, more respectful to the court, as well as more becoming himself, to omit all this, however aware that their sentiments were likely so far to differ from his that judgment would be given in anger for it.

Condemnation pronounced wrought no change upon him. He again addressed the court, declared his inno cence of the matters laid against him, and observed that, even if every charge had been completely proved, still, all together did not, according to any known law, amount to a capital crime. 'But,' in conclusion he said, 'it is time to depart—I to die, you to live, but which for the greater good, God only knows'

It was usual at Athens for execution very soon to follow condemnation-commonly on the morrow, but it happened that the condemnation of Socrates took place on the eve of the day appointed for the sacred ceremony of crowning the galley which carried the annual offerings to the gods worshipped at Delos, and immemorial tradition forbade all executions till the sacred vessel's return Thus the death of Socrates was respited thirty days, while his friends had free access to him in the prison During all that time he admirably supported his con-Means were concerted for his escape, the juiler was bribed, a vessel prepared, and a secure retreat in Thessaly provided No arguments, no prayers, could persuade him to use the opportunity. He had always taught the duty of obedience to the laws, and he would not furnish an example of the breach of it purpose it was urged that he had been unjustly con demned—he had always held that wrong did not justify wrong He waited with perfect composure the return of the sacred vessel, reasoned on the immortality of the soul, the advantage of virtue, the happiness derived from having made it through life his pursuit, and with his friends about him, took the fatal cup and died

Writers who after Xenophon and Plato have related the death of Socrates, seem to have held themselves bound to vie with those who preceded them in giving pathos to the story. The purpose here has been rather to render it intelligible—to shew its connection with the political history of Athens—to derive from it illustration of the political history. The magnanimity of Socrates, the principal efficient of the pathos, surely deserves admiration, yet it is not that in which he has most out

The circumstances of Lord Russell's shone other men fate were far more trying Socrates, we may reasonably suppose, would have borne Lord Russell's trial, but with Bishop Burnet for his eulogist, instead of Plato and Xenophon, he would not have had his present splendid The singular merit of Socrates lay in the purity and the usefulness of his manners and conversation, the clearness with which he saw and the steadiness with which he practised, in a blind and corrupt age, all moral duties, the disinterestedness and the zeal with which he devoted himself to the benefit of others, and the enlarged and warm benevolence, whence his supreme and almost only pleasure seems to have consisted in The purity of Christian morality, little doing good enough, indeed, seen in practice, nevertheless is become so familiar in theory that it passes almost for obvious, and even congenial to the liuman mind will justly estimate the ment of that near approach to it which Socrates made who will take the pains to gather -as they may from the writings of his contemporanes and predecessors-how little conception was entertained of it before his time, how dull to a just moral sense the human mind has really been how slow the progress in the investigation of moral duties, even where not only great pains have been taken, but the greatest abilities zealously employed, and when discovered, how difficult it has been to establish them in proofs beyond controversy, or proofs even that should be generally admitted by the reason of men. It is through the light which Socrates diffused by his doctrine, enforced by his prac tice, with the advantage of having both the doctrine and the practice exhibited to highest advantage in the incomparable writings of disciples such as lenophon and Plato, that his life forms an era in the history of Athens and of man

See the Life of Mitford, prefixed to the seventh edition of his History (1838) by his brother Lord Redesdale, Lord Chancellor of Ireland —The Rev John Mitford (1781-1859), who wrote poems and criticism and edited a dozen of the Aldine poets was a kins man, he was an Oriel man, and held Benham and two other Suffolk livings. Miss Mitford was of another stock.

John Horne Tooke (1736-1812), known m literature as philologist, but notable rather for his political and social character, was the son of Mr Horne, a wealthy London poulterer, so that when asked by schoolfellows what his father was, he could answer, 'A Turkey merchant.' Well educated -first at Westminster, then at Eton, and after wards at St John's College, Cambridge-he took orders, but disliking the clerical profession, he studied law at the Middle Temple, took a living for a short time to please his father, and travelled in France and Italy as tutor to a son of Elwes the miser, but having cast off the clerical character in these Continental tours, he never resumed it. He became an active politician and supporter of John Wilkes, in praise of whom he wrote an anonymous pamphlet in 1765 When in 1768 Wilkes stood for Middlesex, 'Parson Horne' pledged his credit for the expenses, and said that in a cause so just and holy he would dye his black coat red' George III having from the throne in 1770 censured an address presented by the London city authorities, the latter waited upon the sovereign

with another 'humble address,' remonstrance, and petition, reiterating their request for the dissolution of Parliament and the dismissal of Ministers They were again repulsed, the king saying that he would consider such a use of his prerogative as dangerous to the interests and constitution of the country Horne Tooke, anticipating such a reception, suggested to his friend Beckford, the Lord Mayor, the idea of a reply to the sovereign-a measure unexampled in our history When the Lord Mayor had retired from the royal presence, 'I saw Beckford,' said Tooke, 'just after he came from St James's I asked him what he had said to the king, and he replied that he had been so confused, he scarcely knew what he had said. "But," cried I, "your speech must be sent to the papers, I'll write it for you" He did so, it was printed and circulated over the kingdom, and was ultimately engraved on the pedestal of Beckford's statue in Guildhall This unspoken speech, famous as that of a parson who had bearded a king on his throne, is as follows

Most Gracious Sovereign-Will your majesty be pleased so far to condescend as to permit the mayor of your loyal city of London to declare in your royal presence, on behalf of his fellow citizens, how much the bare apprehension of your majesty's displeasure would, at all times, affect their minds? The declaration of that displeasure has already filled them with mex pressible anxiety, and with the deepest affliction Permit me, sire, to assure your majesty, that your majesty has not in all your dominions any subjects more faithful, more dutiful, or more affectionate to your majesty's person or family, or more ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes in the maintenance of the true honour and dignity of your crown. We do, therefore, with the greatest humility and submission, most earnestly sup plicate your majesty that you will not dismiss us from your presence without expressing a more favourable opinion of your faithful citizens, and without some comfort, without some prospect at least, of redress Permit me, sire, further to observe that whoever has already dared, or shall hereafter endeavour, to alienate your majesty's affections from your loyal subjects in general, and from the city of London in particular, and to with draw your confidence in and regard for your people, is an enemy to your majesty's person and family, a violator of the public peace, and a betrayer of our happy consti tution as it was established at the glorious and neces sary revolution

Horne's subsequent quarrel with Wilkes and controvers, with Junius are well known. He had ere this formally severed himself from the Church (1773), and again taken to the study of the law His spirited opposition to an enclosure bill procured him favour and the prospect of a fortune (never fully realised) from a wealthy client, Mr Tooke of Purley (near Reading), whose surname he in 1782 assumed. Hence also the sub-title of his greatest work, Epea Pteroenta, or the Diversions of Purley So early as 1778 Horne Tooke had addressed a Letter to Mr Dunning on the rudiments of grammar, and the principles there laid

down were followed up and treated at length in the Diversions, of which the first part appeared in 1786, and a second part in 1805. Wit, politics, metaphysics, etymology, and grammar are curiously mingled in this work. The aim (wholly fallacious) was to prove that all the parts of speech, including those which grammarians considered as expletives and unmeaning particles, may be resolved into nouns and verbs, and the author's knowledge of the Northern languages was no less highly commended than his liveliness and acute Horne Tooke commenced the Diversions during an imprisonment in the King's Bench for promoting a subscription 'for the Americans barbarously murdered at Lexington by the king's soldiers in 1775,' and he was afterwards debarred from the Bar by the king's orders In 1794 he was tried for high treason, being accused with Hardy, Thelwall, and others of conspiring and corresponding with the French Convention to overthrow the English constitution. to which the eloquence of Erskine, his counsel, gave something more than temporary importance, excited intense interest, lasted several days, and ended in acquittal. He twice stood unsuccessfully for Westminster, for a short time sat in Parliament as member for Old Sarum, but did not distinguish himself either as legislator or debater, and next year was excluded by a special Act preventing clerks in holy orders from sitting in Parliament. He spent his latter years in lettered retirement at Wimbledon, entertaining his friends to Sunday dinners and quiet parties, and delighting them with his lively and all too varied conversa-His fortune he left to his natural children

## Words as Signs or Abbreviations

H—I imagine that it is, in some measure, with the vehicle of our thoughts as with the vehicles for our bodies. Necessity produced both. The first carriage for men was no doubt invented to transport the bodies of those who from infirmity, or otherwise, could not move themselves. But should any one, desirous of understanding the purpose and meaning of all the parts of our modern elegant carriages, attempt to explain them upon this one principle alone, viz.—that they were neces sary for conveyance—he would find himself wofully puzzled to account for the wheels, the seats, the springs, the blinds, the glasses, the lining, &c., not to mention the mere ornamental parts of gilding, varnish, &c.

Abbreviations are the wheels of language, the roungs of Mercury And though we might be dragged along without them, it would be with much difficulty, very heavily and tediously

There is nothing more admirable nor more useful than the invention of signs—at the same time there is nothing more productive of error when we neglect to observe their complication. Into what blunders, and consequently into what disputes and difficulties, might not the excellent art of Short hand writing (practised almost exclusively by the English) lead foreign philosophers, who, not knowing that we had any other alphabet, should suppose each mark to be the sign of a single sound! If they were very laborious and very learned indeed, it is

likely they would write as many volumes on the subject, and with as much bitterness against each other, as Grammarians have done from the same sort of mistake concerning Language until perhaps it should be suggested to them that there may be not only signs of sounds, but again, for the sake of abbreviation, signs of those signs, one under another in a continued progression.

B—I think I begin to comprehend you. You mean to say that the errors of Grammarians have arisen from supposing all words to be immediately either the signs of thing, or the signs of ideas—whereas in fact many words are merely abbreviations employed for despatch, and are the signs of other words—And that these are the artificial wings of Mercury, by means of which the Argus eyes of philosophy have been cheated

II -It is my meaning

B—Well, we can only judge of your opinion after we have heard how you maintain it. Proceed, and strip him of his wings. They seem easy enough to be taken off for it strikes me now, after what you have said, that they are indeed put on in a peculiar manner, and do not, like those of other winged deities, make a part of his body. You have only to loose the strings from his feet, and take off his cap. Come—Let us see what sort of figure he will make without them.

II - The first aim of Language was to communicate our thoughts, the second, to do it with despatch mean intirely to disregard whatever additions or altera tions live been made for the sake of beauty, or ornament. ease, gracefulness, or pleasure) The difficulties and dis putes concerning Language have arisen almost intirely from neglecting the consideration of the latter purpose of speech which, though subordinate to the former, is almost as necessary in the commerce of mankind, and has a much greater share in accounting for the different sorts of words Words have been called aunged, and they well deserve that name, when their abbreviations are compared with the progress which speech could inake without these inventions, but compared with the rapidity of thought, they have not the smallest claim to Philosophers have calculated the difference of velocity between sound and light but who will attempt to calculate the difference between speech and thought? What wonder then that the invention of all ages should have been upon the stretch to add such wings to their conversation as might enable it, if possible, to keep pace in some measure with their minds?-Hence chiefly the variety of words (From the Div rsions, Chap L)

The interlocutors are H the author, and B his friend Dr Beadon, afterwards Pishop of Gloucester. See the Life by A. Stephens (1813) and Thorold Rogers s Historical Gleanings (2nd 2-ries, 1870).

Lord Thurlow (1732-1806), Lord Chancellor, was coarse in speech and manners, profane, and immoral yet of him it was that Fox made the famous bon mot. 'No man was so wise as Thurlow looled. Idle and insubordinate at school and college, he was sent down from Cambridge without a degree, but called to the Bar in 1754, he secured his greatest triumpli by his speech in the Douglas Petrage Case (1769). A zealous supporter of Lord North, he won George III's good-will by upholding strongly his American policy, and be came Lord Chancellor in 1778. He was at the

same time the secret and confidential adviser of the king, and the dictator of the House of Lords Under Rockingham he undermined his colleagues, Fox and North compelled him to retire, and Pitt But when he again worked against restored him his colleagues, Pitt told the king either he or Thurlow must retire, and the king at last assented to his dismissal (1792) He made one short speech that was 'superlatively great.' Its effect, both within the walls of Parliament and out of them, was prodigious It gave Lord Thurlow an ascendency in the House which no Chancellor had ever possessed, it invested him in public opinion with a character of independence and honour, and this, though he was ever on the un popular side in politics, made him always popular with the people The Duke of Grifton, during a debate in the House of Lords, took occasion to reproach Thurlow with his plebeian extraction and his recent admission to the peerage. rose from the woolsack, advanced slowly to the place from which the Chancellor generally addresses the House, then fixing on the Duke the look of Jove when he grasped the thunder, began in a loud voice

'I am amazed at the attack the noble dake has made on me Yes, my Lords,' considerably raising his voice, 'I am amazed at his Grace's speech The noble duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this House to successful exertions in the profession to which I belong Does he not feel that it is as honour able to owe it to these as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble Lords the language of the noble duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to myself But I don't fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do, but, my Lords, I must say that the peerage solicited mc, not I the peerage Nay, more, I can say, and will say, that as a peer of parliament, as Speaker of this right honour able House, as Keeper of the Great Seal, as Guardian of his Majesty's Conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England, nay, even in that character alone in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be con sidered—as a man—I am at this moment as respectable -I beg leave to add, I am at this moment as much respected-as the proudest peer I now look down upon'

Lord Erskine (1750-1823) left a series of printed speeches which rank amongst the finest specimens we have of English forensic oratory. Thomas Erskine was the youngest son of the Earl of Buchan, and brother of Harry Erskine, the eloquent and witty Lord Advocate of Scotland. He served both in the navy and army, but threw up his commission in order to study law at Lin coln's Inn, took also a degree at Cambridge, and was called to the Bar in his twenty-eighth year. His first speech (1778), in defence of Captain Baillie, heutenant-governor of Greenwich Hospital (charged with libel), at once put him above all his brethien of the Bar. Next year saw an equally successful defence of Admiral Lord Keppel, and

in 1781 he secured the acquittal of Lord George In 1783 he entered Parliament as The floor of the House member for Portsmouth of Commons, it has been said, is strewn with the wrecks of lawyers' reputations, and Erskine's appearances there were, comparatively, failures, he never became a great parliamentary orator sympathy with the French Revolution led him to join the 'Friends of the People,' and to undertale the defence in many political prosecutions of 1793-94. His acceptance of a retainer from Tom Paine cost him his appointment as attorney to the Prince of Wales, his speeches for him and Frost, Hardy, and Horne Tooke were specially famous, that for Hadfield (1800), indicted for shooting at George III, was a destructive analysis of the current theory of criminal responsibility in mental disease. In 1806 Erskine was raised to the peerage and the woolsack, but resigned next year, and gradually retired into private life, though he continued to mix in society, where his liveliness and wit, his vanity and eccentricities, rendered him a favourite. He died at Almondell in Linlithgowshire. In 1821 he had made a second marriage, this time at Gretna Green He published a pamphlet on army abuses in 1772, a discussion of the war with France in 1797, a utopian political romance, Armata, a pamphlet in favour of the Greeks, and some poems His decisions as Lord Chancellor were satincally styled the 'Apocrypha,' and added nothing to his fame. His reputation was solely forensic, and in this respect is unrivalled in the history of the English Bar He was a zealous student of the best English literature, and knew most of Milton by heart The following paragraphs are from Erskine's speech in defence of a publisher, Stockdale (9th December 1789), who had published a defence of Warren Hastings written by the Rev John Logan (see page 529), and affirmed to constitute a libel on the House of Commons

#### On the Law of Libel.

Gentlemen, the question you have therefore to try upon all this matter is extremely simple. It is neither more nor less than this. At a time when the charges against Mr Hastings were, by the implied consent of the Commons, in every hand and on every table-when, by their managers, the lightning of eloquence was inces santly consuming him, and flashing in the eyes of the public-when every man was with perfect impunity saying, and virting, and publishing just what he pleased of the supposed plunderer and devastator of nationswould it have been criminal in Mr Hastings himself to remind the public that he was a native of this free land, entitled to the common protection of her justice, and that he had a defence in his turn to offer to them, the outlines of which he implored them in the meantime to receive, as an antidote to the inlimited and unpunished poison in circulation against him? This is, without colour or exaggeration, the true question you are to decide. Because I assert, without the hazard of contra diction, that if Mr Hastings himself could have stood justified or excused in your eyes for publishing this volume in his own defence, the author, if he wrote it bond fide to defend him, must stand equally excused and justified, and if the author be justified, the publisher cannot be criminal, unless yon have evidence that it was published by him with a different spirit and intention from those in which it was written. The question, there fore, is correctly what I just now stated it to be—Could Mr Hastings have been condemned to infamy for writing this book?

Gentlemen, I tremble with indignation to be driven to put such a question in England Shall it be endured that a subject of this country may be impeached by the Commons for the transactions of twenty years—that the accusation shall spread as wide as the region of lettersthat the accused shall stand, day after day and year after year, as a spectacle before the public, which shall be kept in a perpetual state of inflammation against him, yet that he shall not, without the severest penalties, be permitted to submit anything to the judgment of man kind in his defence? If this be law (which it is for you to-day to decide), such a man has no trial great hall, built by our fathers for English justice, is no longer a court, but an altar, and an Englishman, instead of being judged in it by God and his country, is a victim and a sacrifice

#### On the Government of India

The unhappy people of India, feeble and effeminate as they are from the softness of their climate, and sub dued and broken as they have been by the knavery and strength of civilisation, still occasionally start up in all the vigour and intelligence of insulted nature. To be governed at all, they must be governed by a rod of iron, and onr empire in the East would long since have been lost to Great Britain if skill and military prowess had not united their efforts to support an anthority which Heaven never gave, by means which it never can sanction.

Gentlemen, I think I can observe that you are touched with this way of considering the subject, and I can account for it. I have not been considering it through the cold medium of books, but have been speaking of man and his nature, and of human dominion, from what I have seen of them myself amongst reluctant nations I know what they feel, submitting to our authority and how such feelings can alone be suppressed heard them in my yonth, from a naked savage in the indignant character of a prince surrounded by his subjects, addressing the governor of a British colony, holding a bundle of sticks in his hand, as the notes of his un lettered eloquence. 'Who is it?' said the jealous ruler over the desert, encroached upon by the restless foot of English adventure-'who is it that causes this river to rise in the high mountains and empty itself into the ocean? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and that calms them agun in the summer? Who is it that rears up the shade of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at his pleasure? The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, and gave ours to us, and by this title we will defend it,' said the warrior, throwing down his tomahawl upon the ground, and raising the war sound of his nation These are the feelings of subjugated man all round the globe, and, depend upon it, nothing but fear will control where it is vain to look for affection.

It is the nature of everything that is great and useful,

both in the animate and inanimate world, to be wild and irregular, and ve must be contented to take them with the alloys which belong to them, or live without them Genius breaks from the fetters of criticism, but its wanderings are sanctioned by its majesty and wisdom when it advances in its path subject it to the critic, and you tame it into dullness. Mighty rivers break down their banks in the winter, sweeping away to death the flocks which are fattened on the soil that they fertilise in the summer the few may be saved by embankments from drowning, but the flock must perish from lunger Tempests occasionally shake our dwellings and dissipate our commerce, but they scourge before them the lazy elements, which without them would stagnate into pesti-In like manner, Liberty herself, the last and best gift of God to his creatures, must be taken just as she is you might pare her down into bashful regularity, and shape her into a perfect model of severe scrupulous law, but she would then be Liberty no longer, and you must be content to die under the lash of this inexorable justice which you had exchanged for the banners of Freedom.

## Justice and Mercy

Every human tribunal ought to take care to administer justice, as we look, hereafter, to have justice administered Upon the principle on which the Attor ney general prays sentence upon my client-God have mercy upon us! Instead of standing before him in judg ment with the hopes and consolations of Christians, we must call upon the mountains to cover us, for which of us can present, for omniscient examination, a pure, un spotted, and faultless course? But I humbly expect that the benevolent Author of our being will judge us as I have been pointing out for your example. Holding up the great volume of our lives in his hands, and regarding the general scope of them, if he discovers benevolence, charity, and good will to man beating in the heart, where he alone can look—if he finds that our conduct, though often forced out of the path by our infirmities, has been in general well directed—his all searching eye will assuredly never pursue us into those little corners of our lives, much less will his justice select them for punish ment, without the general context of our existence, by v hich faults may be sometimes found to have grown out of virtues, and very many of our lieaviest offences to have been grafted by human imperfection upon the best and lindest of our affections No, gentlemen, believe me, this is not the course of divine justice, or there is no truth in the Gospels of Heaven - If the general tenor of a man's conduct be such as I have represented it, he may wall through the shadow of death, with all his faults about him, with as much cheerfulness as in the common paths of life, because he knows that, instead of a stern accuser to expose before the Author of his nature those fiul passages which, like the secred matter in the book before you, chequers the volume of the brightest and best spent life, his mercy will obscure them from the eye of his purity, and our repentance blot them out for ever

Charles James Fox (1749-1806), the great Whig statesman and orator, during his intervals of relaxation from public life, among other literary studies and occupations commenced a History of the Reign of James II, intending to continue it to the settlement at the Revolution of 1688. An Introductory Chapter, giving a rapid view of our

constitutional history from the time of Henry VII, he completed He wrote also some chapters of his History, but at the time of his death he had brought it down only to Monmouth's execution. Public affairs, private pleasures, and a devotion, eclectic and profound, to the classics, and to works of imagination and poetry, were constantly draw ing him off from historical research, furthermore, he was fastidiously scrupulous as to the niceties of language, and wished to form his plan exclusively on the model of the ancient writers, without note, digression, or dissertation 'He once assured me,' reported his nephew, Lord Holland, 'that he would admit no word into his book for which he had not the authority of Dryden' We need not, there fore, wonder that Fox died before completing his History In 1808 the fragment was given to the world by Lord Holland, a History of the Early Part of the Reign of James II, with an Intro ductory Chapter An Appendix of original papers was also added The History is plainly written, without pedantry or pretence, but the style of the great statesman, spite of the care bestowed upon it, is far from perfect. It wants force and vivacity, as if graphic clearness of narrative and distinct perception of events and characters had evaporated in the process of elaboration, and there is little trace of the power of the brilliant parliamentary debater

See two works by Earl Russell (1853-66), Sir G O Trevelyan's Early Life of C J Fox (1880), and the Life by H. O Wakeman (1890).

George Chalmers (1742-1825), born at Fochabers in Moray, practised as a lawyer at Baltimore from 1763 until the breaking out of He then the American War of Independence settled in London (1775), and in 1786 became His History of Clerk to the Board of Trade. the United Colomes, from their Settlement till the Peace of 1763, appeared in 1780 his numerous works were a Life of Sir David Lyudsay, with an edition of his works, and a Life of Mary, Queen of Scots, from the State In 1807 he commenced the publica tion of his Caledonia, of which three large volumes had appeared before his death tains a laborious antiquarian detail of the earlier periods of Scottish history, with minute topo graphical and historical accounts of the various A reprint (Paisley, provinces of the country 1888-95) comprised the matter prepared for the unpublished fourth volume, and a copious and much needed index.

John Gillies (1747-1836), born at Brechin, studied at Glasgow, and was travelling tutor to three sons of the Earl of Hopetoun. In 1793 he succeeded Robertson as Historiographer for Scot land. The monarchical spirit of his History of Aucient Greece, its Colonies and Conquests (2 vols 1786), was scarcely less decided than that of Mitford's 'The history of Greece,' he says, 'exposes the dangerous turbulence of democracy, and

arraigns the despotism of tyrants By describing the incurable evils inherent in every republican policy, it evinces the inestimable benefits resulting to liberty itself from the lawful dominion of hereditary kings and the steady operation of well-regulated monarchy. Dr Gillies also translated from Aristotle, and wrote a View of the Reign of Frederick II of Prissia (1789), a History of the World from the Reign of Alexander to Angustus (1807–10), and other works

Halcolm Laing (1762-1818), Scottish histo rian, was born at his paternal estate on the Mainland of Orkney, educated at Kirkwall and Edinburgh University, and called to the Scottish Bar in 1785 He appeared as an author in 1793, liaving completed Dr Henry's History of Great Britain sturdy Whig opinions of Laing formed a contrast to the tame moderatism of Henry, and his attain ments and research were far superior to those of his predecessor In 1800 he published The History of Scotland from the Union of the Crowns to the Union of the Kingdoms, with Dissertations on the Gowrie Conspiracy and on Ossian's Poems Laing attacked the translator of Ossian with unmerciful and almost ludicrous severity, in revenge, the Highland admirers of the Celtic Muse attributed his sentiments to the prejudice natural to an Orkney Laing replied in The Poems of Ossian, &c., containing the Poetical Works of James Macpherson, Esq (1805) In 1804 he published a second edition of his History of Scotland, to which he prefixed a Preliminary Dissertation on the Participation of Mary Queen of Scots in the Murder of Darnley, on the whole his acutest and ablest work. Member for Orkney and Shetland 1807-12, Laing spent the last ten years of his life on his paternal estate in Orkney, where he promoted with ardour local and agricultural improvement.

John Pinkerton (1758–1826), born in Edinburgh, and bred for the law, in 1780 settled in London as a man of letters, in 1802 in Paris His twenty-four works include Essay on Medals (1787), Origin of the Scythians or Goths (1787), in which he fell foul of the Celts, Enquiry into the History of Scotland preceding the Reign of Malcolni III (1790), History of Scotland, 1871–1542 (1797), Walpoliana (1799), and Modern Geography (1802–7) A vehement partisan and controversialist, he was an industrious collector of forgotten fragments of history, of Scotlish Ballads (1783) and Ancient Scotlish Poems (1786), but was neither a discriminating nor conscientious editor

Joseph Ritson (1752-1803), a London converancer, born at Stockton on-Tees, of Westmorland family, was indefatigable in his labours to illustrate English literature, particularly the neglected ballad strains of the nation. He published in 1783 a valuable Collection of English Songs, in 1790, Ancient Songs, from the time of Henry III to the Revolution, in 1792, Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry, in 1794, A Collection

of Scottish Songs, in 1795, A Collection of all the Ancient Poems, Songs, and Ballads relating to Robin Hood And he edited Minot and Ancient Metrical Romances, and produced sundry antholo Ritson was a faithful and acute editor, profoundly versed in literary antiquities, but of a jealous, irritable temper, and prone to an acerbity in criticism and comment which kept him in a state of constant warfare with almost all his brother-collectors, except Sir Walter Scott. He attacked Joseph Warton and Bishop Percy with ferocity, though often his objections were not without just ground, he scolded Johnson and Steevens for their text of Shakespeare, nor did Malone's escape He was in diet a strict Pythagorean, and wrote a treatise against the use of animal food Sir Walter Scott, who bore ample testimony to the merits of this unhappy gleaner in the by-paths of literature, wrote to his friend Ellis in 1803 'Poor Ritson is no more. All his vegetable soups and puddings have not been able to avert the evil day, which, I understand, was preceded by madness?

Richard Porson was born on Christmas Day 1759 at East Ruston in Norfolk, son of the parish clerk. He was sent to a village school, and was afterwards taken in hand by the curate, and a neighbouring squire sent the precocious boy to In 1778 he entered Trinity College, Cam bridge, was elected a scholar, won the Craven Scholarship and the first chancellor's medal, and in 1782 was elected a Fellow He now began to contribute to reviews, his Aola breves ad Toupii Emendationes in Sindam (1790) carried his name. beyond England In 1787 appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine his three sarcastic letters on Hawkins's Life of Johnson, and during 1788-89 his far more famous letters to Archideacon Travis on the spurious verse I John v 7, which brought him no little odium, and were reprinted as a volume in 1790 In 1792 he was appointed regius professor of Greek at Cambridge, in 1795 he edited Æschylus, and in 1797-1801 four plays of Euripides, and in 1806 he was appointed librarian of the London Institution, but sadly neglected his Struck down with apoplexy on the 19th of September 1808, he died six days later Porson possessed a stupendous memory, unwearied industry, great acuteness, fearless honesty, and masculine sense, but was hampered and hindered all his life by poverty, ill health, dilatoriness, and fits of intemperance. He achieved little, besides the works already named, but a few bon mots, some brilliant emendations, and the posthumous Adversaria (1812), notes on Aristophanes (1820), Pausanias (1820) and Suidas (1834), and the lexicon of Photius (1822) His love of drink amounted to a passion, or rather disease, Byron describes him as hiccup ing Greek like a helot at the evening parties at Trinity College But his company was irresistibly charming to his intimates, when at night he was in his glory, 'he poured out torrents of various

literature, the best sentences of the best writers, and sometimes the ludicrous beyond the gay, pages of Barrow, whole letters of Richardson, whole scenes of Toote, favourite pieces from the periodical press' And this marvellous miscellany of remembered literature was set in a framework of his own admirable sense (sometimes, however, highly paradoxical) and trenchant wit and humour Many of his pointed sayings were remembered Being on one occasion informed that Southey considered his poem Madoc as likely to be a valuable possession to his family, Porson answered, 'Madoc will be read-when Homer and Virgil are forgotten' The ornate style of Gibbon was his aversion 'There could not,' he said, 'be a better exercise for a schoolboy than to turn a page of The Decline and Fall into English' Unhappily he is even better remembered for such Facetiæ Cantabrigienses as

I went to Frankfort and got drunk With that most learn'd professor, Brunck, I went to Worms and got more drunken With that more learn'd professor, Ruhnken When Dido found Æneas would not come, She mourned in silence and was di do dum

#### From the Letters on Hawkins's 'Johnson'

Mr URBAN, -Two canons of criticism are undisputed that an author cannot fail to use the best possible word on every occasion, and that a critic cannot chuse but know what that word is And if these rules hold good in words, why not in sentences? These points being granted, it follows that whenever Sir John Hawkins, in quoting any part of Jolinson's works, adopts a reading different from the editions, it is to be replaced in the text, and the other discarded Now to apply We read in the vulgar editions of London, vol xi p 319, 'And fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore ' But how much better is Sir John's reading (56) 1 'And fix'd in Cambria's soli tary shore' I would not believe that Johnson wrote otherwise, though Johnson himself should affirm it Again, in the last number of The Rambler, vol vii p 395, Johnson says, or is made to say, 'I have endea voured to refine our language to grammatical purity? How tame, dull, flat, lifeless, insipid, prosaie, &c is this, compared to what the Knight has substituted (291) -grammar and purity! A fine instance of the figure Hen dia duoin / like Virgil's pateris et auro, or likehut I will not overpower you with my learning, or, more properly speaking, with my lettered ignorance, for that is the stntutable phrase, and so it ought to have been printed in the verses on Levett, vol xi p 366, upon the authority of the Knight (555), instead of lettered arro gance Lettered ignorance is a beautiful oxymoron, and hints that people who affect to be men of learning mny be very ignorant notwithstanding Examples, I suppose, will occur to every reader Here I cannot help hazard ing, though somewhat out of its place, a conjecture of my own upon a passage in Sir John's work (311), 'Among men of real learning there is but one opinion-' Ought it not to be, 'Among us men of real learning-'? Critics in a dead language, when they dislike the common text, quarrel with the careless or faithless tran scribers My spleen is not less moved by those negligent,

or worse than negligent, rogues, the printers, who have given us, in the preface to Jolinson's Dictionary, vol ix. p 221, the following paragraph 'In gathering the authorities, I forbore to copy those which I thought hkely to occur whenever they were wanted markable that in reviewing my collection, I found the word sea unexemplified. Now would you believe, Mr Urban, that not a word of this is genuine? No The true reading, or nearly the true reading (for the Knight (344) has not favoured us with the exact words) runs thus 'So near perfection have I brought this Dictionary, that, upon a review of it, previous to my drawing up the prefree, I am unable to detect the casual omission of more than one article, the appellative ocean' You, I dare say, Mr Urban, and many others, had no more wit than to imagine that Johnson was rather confessing his weakness than exulting in his strength, that he meant to show how the most common things may escape our notice, and therefore says, 'In reviewing my collection, I found the word sea unexemplified ' See, Sir, how griev ously you were inistaken. Johnson, in the sentence we have retrieved, boasts of the perfection to which he has brought his work, in the modest style of Exegi monn mentum- and it was not the word sea unexemplified that made the single fault, but the appellative occan omitted

The next part of my task I would gladly decline, of proposing some corrections in Sir John's work. I shudder at my own rashness, but, since I have begun, it is too late to retreat I' 384, 'I once travelled with Richardson in the I ulham stage coach' Iell me the truth, Mr Urban, is there not something in this sentence that grates upon your round and religious ears? If the date of the fact were settled, I should pronounce at once that Sir John wrote, 'Ny own coach being out of order, I once travelled '- 1 like omission has happened (419), 'I retired and stud in the outer room to take him home.' Read boldly, 'To take him home in my own corch' Who ever is well acquainted with the Knight's writings knows that he never misses an opportunity of using the pronoun of the first person It was on this ground I offered my first conjecture. Thus we find, from the beginning of the volume to the end, not only my own coreli, but also my servants My servant. My lands. My country house My gate in the country My gardener I was chairman Intelligence in my judicial capacity Kelly practised under me A bill found before me I have discharged debtors [i e as judge, not as creditor]. My discourse with Lord Rochford My conversation with a nobleman Bishop Hoadley himself told me [what he land told all the world before]. Sir John (386) has given a list of the books in ana, but has forgotten one of the most famous, called Jonuller iana the more extraordinary, because he is indebted to it for two of his best stories in pages 192 and 348, and the Knight is a man of such mee honour that he never borrows from an author without neknowledging the obli gation Witness Mr Boswell, Mrs Piozzi, the Gentle man's and European Magazines, &c.

Did I tell you, Mr Urban, that Sir John has a deheate hand at a compliment? If I told you so, I told you nothing but the truth. Out of fifty proofs I shall produce two. P 211, Dr Hill obtained from one of those universities (St Andrews), which would scarce refuse a degree to an apothecary's horse, a diploma. The civil things that Johnson said of Scotland were highly

grateful and honourable to the natives, or Wr Boswell would not have recorded them. But, in my mind, the Knight is far superior to his model both in sentiment and language.

Porson's Tracts and Criticisms were collected by Kidd (1815). See Selby Watson's Life of him (1861) and his Correspondence edited by Luard (1867).

Sharon Turner (1768-1847), a London solicitor, London-born but of Yorkshire extraction, commenced in 1799 the publication of a series of works on English history The first was a History of the Anglo-Saxons (1799-1805), the second, a History of England (1814-29), ultimately brought down to the end of the reign of Elizabeth, the whole series being comprised in twelve volumes, and containing much new and interesting information on the government, laws, literature, and manners, as well as on the civil and ecclesiastical history, of the country From an ambitious attempt to rival Gibbon in loftiness of diction, Sharon Turner disfigured his History, especially in the later volumes, by pomp of expression and involved intricacy of style. The early part of his History, the labour of sixteen years, may be said to have revealed their ancestors to modern Englishmen, and gave a vast impulse to historical study and research, and though his work is now somewhat antiquated, it may safely be said that he made a much greater advance on his predecessors than his more fully equipped successors have done on him He also wrote a very orthodox Sacred History of the World, in two volumes, and so late as 1845 published an historical poem, Richard III

William Roscoe (1753-1831) was the only -son of a Liverpool innkeeper and market-gardener He was articled to an attorney in 1769, and began to practise in 1774. In 1777 he published a poem, Mount Pleasant, and another in 1787, The Wrongs .of Africa, a protest against the slave-trade. Having m youth acquired a competent knowledge of Latin, French, and Italian, he applied himself about 1789 to the great task he had long meditated, a Life of Lorenzo de Medici, called the Magnificent (2 vols The work ranked its author among the most popular of the day, a second edition was soon called for, and Cadell & Davies purchased the copyright for £1200 About the same time Roscoe relinquished practice as an attorney, and studied for the Bar, but in 1799 became partner and manager in a Liverpool bank. His next Interary appearance was as the translator of The Nurse (1798), a poem from the Italian of Luigi Tansillo His second great work, The Life and Pontificate of Leo X (4 vols 1805), though carefully prepared, and also enriched with new information, had not the success of his Life of Lorenzo 'The history of the reformation of religion,' it was truly said, 'involved many questions of subtle disputation, as well as many topics of character and conduct, and, for a writer of great candour and discernment, it was scarcely possible to satisfy

either the Papists or the Protestants' Roscoe's liberal views and his accomplishments recom mended him to his townsmen as a fit person to represent them in Parliament, and he was accordingly elected in 1806. He spoke in favour of the abolition of the slave trade, and of the civil disabilities of the Catholics, thereby exciting against him a powerful and violent opposition, and on the dissolution in the following spring he was not But he still took a warm interest again returned in passing events, and published several pamphlets on the topics of the day A projected History of Art and Literature was not carried out. Pecuniary embarrassments came to cloud his latter days banking establishment of which he was a partner was forced in 1816 to suspend payment, and Roscoe had to sell his library, pictures, and other works of art, but his love of literature continued undiminished The Butterfly's Ball (1807), the bestknown of his poems, was written for the entertainment of his youngest child, the earliest (1777) was a descriptive poem, Mount Pleasant He gave valuable assistance in the establishment of the Royal Institution of Liverpool He edited an edition of Pope, which showed but little research or discrimination, and in his best work De Quincey detected 'the feebleness of the mere belles lettrist.' See the Life by his son Henry (1833), the Memoir by J S Traill (1853), and Espinasse's Laucashire Worthies (2nd series, 1877)

Archibald Alison (1757-1839), the son of a Provost of Edinburgh, studied at Glasgon University and Balliol College, Oxford, received Anglican orders in 1784, and had held several preferments, including a prebend of Salisbury and the perpetual curacy of Kenley, Shropshire, when in 1800 he returned to his native city, and till 1831 served there as an Episcopal minister. In 1790 he published his Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste, designed to prove that material objects appear beautiful or sublime in consequence of their association with our moral feelings and affections, the objects presented to the eye generate trains of thought and pleasing emotion, and these constitute our sense of beauty This theory, referring all our ideas of beauty to the law of association, was long maintained and disputed too simple resthetic theory was subsequently maintained by Jeffret, but has been superseded by the modified associationist doctrines of Bain and Herbert Spencer, and is now mainly of liistoric interest. His two volumes of sermons (1814-15) were, like Blair's, 'elegant' in language, non doctrinal and non-controversial The following extracts are from his Essays

#### Historic Association.

Even the peasant, whose knowledge of former times extends but to a few generations, has yet in his village some monuments of the deeds or virtues of his fore fithers, and cherishes with a fond veneration the memorial of those good old times to which his imagination

returns with delight, and of which he loves to reconnt the simple tales that tradition has brought him. And what is it that constitutes the emotion of sublime delight which every man of common sensibility feels upon his first prospect of Rome? It is not the seene of destruction which is before him It is not the Tiber, diminished in his imagination to a paltry stream, flowing amidst the ruins of that magnificence which it once adorned. It is not the triumph of superstition over the wreek of human greatness, and its monuments erected upon the very spot where the first honours of humanity have been gained It is ancient Rome which fills his imagination. It is the country of Cæsar, of Cieero, and Virgil which is before It is the mistress of the world which he sees, and who seems to him to rise again from her tomb to give laws to the nniverse. All that the labours of his youth, or the studies of his maturer age, have acquired with regard to the history of this great people, open at once on his imagination, and present him with a field of high and solemn imagery which can never be ex-Take from him these associations-conceal from him that it is Rome that he sees, and how different would be his emotion!

#### Sound coloured by Association

The howl of the wolf is little distinguished from the howl of the dog, either in its tone or in its strength, but there is no comparison between their sublimity There are few, if any, of these sounds so loud as the most common of all sounds, the lowing of a cow this is the very reverse of sublimity Imagine this sound, on the contrary, expressive of fierceness or strength, and there can be no doubt that it would become sublime. The hooting of the owl at midnight, or amid ruins, is strikingly sublime, the same sound at noon, or during the day, is very far from being so The scream of the eagle is simply disagreeable when the bird is either tame or confined, it is sublime only when it is heard amid rocks and deserts, and when it is expressive to us of liberty and independence, and savage majesty. The neighing of a war horse in the field of battle, or of a young un trained horse when at large among mountains, is power fully sublime. The same sound in a cart horse or a horse in the stable is simply indifferent, if not dis agreeable. No sound is more absolutely mean than the grunting of swine The same sound in the wild boaran animal remarkable both for fiereeness and strength -is sublime The low and feeble sounds of animals which are generally considered the reverse of sublime are rendered so by association The hissing of a goose and the rattle of a child's plaything are both con temptible sounds, but when the hissing comes from the mouth of a dangerous serpent, and the noise of the rattle is that of the rattlesnake, although they do not differ from the others in intensity, they are both of them highly sublime There is certainly no resemblance, as sounds, between the noise of thunder and the hissing of a serpeat-between the growling of a tiger and the explosion of gunpowder-between the scream of the engle and the shouting of a multitude yet all of these arc sublime. In the same manner, there is as little resemblance between the tinkling of the sheep fold bell and the murmuring of the breeze-between the hum of the beetle and the song of the lark-between the twitter of the swallow and the sound of the curfew, yet all these are beautiful

John Howie (1735-93), a farmer at Lochgoin near Eaglesham in Renfrewshire, was sprung of a family which claimed descent from an Albigensian refugee of the name of Huet in the thirteenth century, and which had certainly suffered persecu tion and forfeiture for its adherence to the Covenant in the reign of Charles II He was as keen and devout a Presbyterian as his ancestors, and his leisure was employed in the collection of a number of Covenanting relics still shown in the house at Lochgoin, and also in the editing of Presbyteman tracts and sermons, and the composition of the Scots Worthies (1774), a series of biographies of Presbyterian saints and martyrs from Patrick Hamilton down to James Renwick. The information which these biographies contain is taken chiefly from Knox, Calderwood, Wodrow, Patrick Walker, and other similar sources, but their pages are sometimes enriched (notably in the interesting life of Captain Paton) from the stories of local and family tradition Howie was a workmanlike com piler, and wrote a simple and not ineffective style, and his book well deserved the national popularity it long enjoyed as a Presbyterian hagiography Of the recent reprints, the great majority, like that by Rev W H Carslaw (1870), omit the curious and characteristic 'Appendix containing a short Historical Hint of the Wicked Lives and Miserable Deaths of some of the most Remarkable Apostates and Bloody Persecutors in Scotland, from the The extract. Reformation to the Revolution' which follows is from the life of Captain Paton

The Captain, with a few more, being one night quartered in the fore mentioned house of Lochgoin, with James Howie, who was one of his fellow sufferers, at which time one Captain Ingles, with a party, lay at the Dean of Kilmarnock's, who sent out parties on all hands to see what they could apprehend and that night a party, being out in quest of some of the sufferers, came to Meudowhend, and from thence went to another remote place in the muirs of Fenwick, called Croil born, but finding nothing there, they went next to Lochgoin, as appreliending they would not miss their design there, and that they might come upon this place more securely, they sent about five men with one Serjeant Rae by another way, whereby the main body could not come so well up undiscovered

The sufferers had watched all night, which was very stormy, by turns, and about day break the Captain, oa account of his asthmatical disorder, went to the far end of the house for some rest In the meanwhile, one George Woodburn went out to see if he could observe any (but it seems he looked not very surely), and going to secret duty instead of this, from which he was but a little time returned, until, on a sudden, ere they were aware, Serjeant Rae came to the inner door of the house, and cried ont, Dogs! I have found you now men took to the spence-James and John Howie hap pened to be then in the byre, among the cattle. The wife of the house, one Isabel Howie, seeing none but the serjeant, cried to them to take the hills, and not be killed in the house. She took hold of Rae as he was coming boldly forward to the door of the place in which they were, and ran him backward ont of the outer door of the house, giving him such a hasty turn as mide him lie on the ground In the meanwhile the Captain, being alarmed, got np, put on his shoes, though not very hastily, and they got all ont, by which time the rest of the party was up. The serjeant fired his gun at them, which one John Kirkland answered by the like with his. The bullet passed so near the serjeant that it took off the knot of hair on the side of his The whole crew being alarmed, the Captain and the rest took the way for Eaglesham murs, and they followed Two of the men ran with the Captain, and other two stayed by turns, and fired back on the enemy, the enemy firing on them likewise, but by reason of some wetness their guns had got in coming through the water they were not so ready to fire, which helped the others to escape.

After they had pursued them some time, John Kirkland turned about, and stooped down on his knee, and aimed so well that he shot a highland serjeant through the thigh, which made the front still stoop as they came forward, till they were again commanded to run this time the sufferers had gained some ground, and being come to the muirs of Eaglesham, the four men went to the heights, in view of the enemy, and caused the Captain, who was old and not able to run, take another way by himself. At last he gotta mare upon the field, and took the liberty to mount her a little, that he might be more suddenly ont of their reach. But ere he was aware, a party of dragoons going for Newmills was at hand, and what was more observable, he wanted his shoes, having cast them off hefore, and was riding on the beast's bare back, but he passed by them very slowly, and got off undiscovered, and at length gave the mare her liberty, which returned home, and went nnto another of his lirking places. All this happened on a Monday morning, and on the morrow these persecutors returned, and plundered the house, drove off their cattle, and left almost nothing remaining

Sir James Mackintosh (1765–1832) was born at Aldourse, on the banks of Loch Ness, October 24, 1765 His father was a brave Highland officer, possessed of a small estate, Kyllachy, in his native county From his earliest days James Mackintosh had a passion for books, and though all his relatives were Jacobites, he was a staunch Whig After studying at Aberdeen—where he had as a college companion and friend the pious and eloquent Robert Hall-Mackintosh went to Edinburgh and studied medicine. In 1788 he repaired to London, wrote for the press, and afterwards applied himself to the study of law In 1791 he published his Vindicia Gallica, a defence of the French Revolution, in reply to Burke, which, for cogency of argument, historical knowledge, and logical precision, is a remarkable effort for a young man of twenty-six. Four years afterwards he acknowledged to Burke that he had been the dupe of his own enthusiasm, and that a 'melancholy experience, had undeceived him-a change of opinion bitterly resented by many of those who had most warmly welcomed the Vindicia A series of lectures on the Law of Nature and Nations greatly extended his reputation. In 1795 he was I

called to the Bar, and as barrister in 1803 made a brilliant defence of M Peltier, an emigrant royalist indicted for a libel on Napoleon, then First Consul. The forensic display of Mackintosh was too much like an elaborate essay or dissertation, but it marked him out for legal promotion, and he received the appointment—to which his poverty, not his will, consented—of Recorder of Bombay He was knighted, sailed from England in the beginning of 1804, and after discharging faithfully his high official duties, returned at the end of seven years, the earliest period that entitled him to his returning pension of £1200 per annum Mackintosh in 1813 obtained a seat in Parliament for Nairn, and stuck faithfully by his old friends the Whigs, till, in



SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH
From the Portrait by Sir Thomas Laurence in the National
Portrait Gallery

1827, his friend Canning, on the formation of his administration, made him a Privy-Councillor On the accession of the Whig Ministry in 1830, he was appointed a commissioner for the affairs of India. On questions of criminal law and national policy Mackintosh spoke forcibly, but he was not accounted a successful parliamentary orator Amid the bustle of public business he did not neglect literature, though he lacked resolution for continuous and severe study. The charms of society, the interruptions of public business, and the debilitating effects of his Indian sojourn co operated with his constitutional indolence to prevent the realisation of the ambitious dreams of his Nevertheless he wrote various articles for the Edinburgh Review, a long famous Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy for the Encyclopadia Britannica, and three volumes of a History of England for Lardner's Cabinet

Cyclopædia, which, though without grace or charm of style, contains admirable statements of constitutional history He also furnished for the same comprehensive series a short but valuable Life of Sir Thomas More, and at his death he was engaged on a History of the Revolution of 1688, which was continued by another hand in a rather different spirit (1834) Mackintosh's Dissertation was long used as a text book of the history of ethics, and as such was probably more widely known than anything else by him. It is even accounted his most important work, though James Mill was largely justified in criticising (as he did, however, with needless asperity) its lack of precision in thought and expression. It is curiously eclectic in standpoint accepting Butler's supremacy of the conscience, it yet takes utility as the ethical criterion, and contrives to adopt. Hartley's association theory as a help to explain the development of conscience. On the whole it represents a modified utilitarianism, as a treatise it is incomplete and inadequate, and has long since been superseded by more systematic and more profound But in its own time it filled a gap, and promoted ethical studies Mackintosh's works were all little more than fragments of what he might have done, and there was no Boswell to record his brilliant conversation

# From the 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ.'

The collision of armed multitudes [in Paris] terminated in unforeseen excesses and execrable crimes of Mr Burke, however, these erimes and excesses assume an aspect far more important than can be communicated to them by their own insulated gudt. They form, in his opinion, the crisis of a revolution far more important than any change of government-a revolution in which the sentiments and opinions that have formed the mantiers of the European nations are to perish age of chivalry is gone, and the glory of Europe extinguished for ever!' He follows this exclamation by an eloquent culogium on chivalry, and by gloomy predictions of the future state of Europe, when the nation that has been so long accustomed to give her the tone in arts and manners is thus debased and A caviller might remark that ages much more near the meridian fervour of chivalry than ours have witnessed a treatment of queens as little gallant and generous as that of the Parisian mob He might remind Mr Bruke that, in the age and country of Sir Philip Sidney, a queen of France, whom no blindness to accomplishment, no malignity of detraction, could reduce to the level of Marie Antoinette, was, by 'a nation of men of lionour and cavaliers,' permitted to languish in captivity and expire on a scaffold, and he might add that the manners of a country are more surely indicated by the systematic cruelty of a sovereign than by the licentious frenzy of a mob He might remark that the mild system of modern manners which survived the massacres with which fanaticism had for a century desolated and almost barbarised Europe, might perhaps resist the shock of one day's excesses committed ly a delirious populace.

But the subject itself is, to an enlarged thinker,

fertile in reflections of a different nature of manners which arose among the Gothic nations of Enrope, of which chivalry was more properly the effusion than the source, is, without doubt, one of the most peculiar and interesting appearances in human The moral causes which formed its character have not perhaps been hitherto investigated with the happiest success But to confine ourselves to the subject before us, chivalry was certainly one of the most prominent features and remarl able effects of this system of manners. Candonr must confess that this singular institution is not alone admirable as a corrector of the ferocious ages in which it flourished. It contributed to polish and soften Europe. It paved the vay for that diffusion of knowledge and extension of commerce which afterwards in some measure supplanted it, and gave a new character to manners. Society is inevitably progressive. In government, commerce has overthrown that 'feudal and chivalrous' system under whose shade it first grew. In religion, learning has subverted that superstition whose opulent endowments had first fostered it. Peculiar eircumstances softened the barbarism of the middle ages to a degree which favoured the ad mission of commerce and the growth of knowledge. These circumstances were connected with the manners of chivalry, but the sentiments peculiar to that institu tion could only be preserved by the situation which gave them birth. They were themselves enfeebled in the progress from ferocity and turbulence, and almost obliterated by tranquillity and refinement. But the auxiliaries which the manners of chivalry had in rude ages reared, gathered strength from its weakness and flourished in its decay Commerce and diffused I now ledge have, in fact, so completely assumed the ascendant in polished nations that it will be difficult to discover any relies of Gothic manners but in a fantastic exterior, which has survived the generous illusions that made these manners splendid and seductive. Their direct influence has long ceased in Europe, but their indirect influence, through the medium of those causes which would not perhaps have existed but for the mildness which chivalry created in the midst of a barbarous age, still operates with increasing vigour. The manners of the middle age were, in the most singular sense, com pulsory Enterprising benevolence was produced by general fierceness, gallant courtesy by ferocious rudeness, and artificial gentleness resisted the torrent of natural barbarism But a less incongruous system has succeeded, in which commerce, which unites men's interests, and knowledge, which excludes those prejudices that tend to embroil them, present a broader basis for the stability of civilised and beneficent manners.

Mr Burke, indeed, forebodes the most fatal consequences to literature, from events which he supposes to have given a mortal blow to the spirit of chivalry. I have ever been protected from such apprehensions by my belief in a very simple truth—that diffused knowledge immortalises itself. A literature which is confined to a few may be destroyed by the massacre of scholars and the conflagration of libraries, but the diffused knowledge of the present day could only be annihilated by the extirpation of the civilised part of manl ind

There is a Life of Mackintosh by his son, Robert James Mackintosh (2 vols. 1855), and see the essays on him by Macaula, and De Quincey. His miscellaneous works were collected in three volumes in 1846.

William Paley (1743-1805) was a thinker of remarkable vigour and clearness rather than originality, his acquirements as a scholar and Churchman were grafted on a homely, shrewd, and kindly nature. He was born at Peterborough in 1743, the son of a minor canon, afterwards teacher of the grammar-school at Giggleswick, Yorksbire At the age of fifteen he was entered as sızar at Christ's College, Cambridge, and after two years of idleness worked hard and came out senior wrangler For a time a teacher and then curate at Greenwich, be was in 1768 elected a Fellow of his college, and lectured in the university on Moral Philosophy and the Greek Testament till he was presented with the rectory of Musgrave in Westmorland in He beld contemporaneously the livings of Dalston, Great Salkeld, Appleby, and Stanwix, and was made prebendary (1780), archdeacon (1782), and chancellor (1785) of Carlisle In 1785 appeared his long-meditated Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy, in 1790 his Horæ Pauline, and in 1794 his famous View of the Evideuces of Christianity Friends and preferment now crowded in on him. The Bishop of London (Porteus) made Paley a prebendary of St Paul's, the Bishop of Lincoln presented him with the subdeanery of Lincoln, and the Bishop of Durham gave him the rectory of Bisbop-Wearmouth, worth £1200 a year—and all these within six months, the luckiest half-year of his life boldness and freedom of some of Paley's disquisitions on government, a certain north country roughness of speech and manner, his unspiritualness and 'common sense' views of religion, and a suspected tendency to Unitarianism prevented his rising to the bench of bishops. In 1802 Paley published his Natural Theology, his last work, which reached a twentieth edition in 1820, and was translated into Spanish and Italian even. He enjoyed himself in the country with his duties and recreations he was fond of angling, and he mixed familiarly with his neighbours in sociality and even conviviality He disposed of his time with great regularity in his garden he limited himself to one hour at a time, twice a day, in reading books of amusement, one hour at breakfast and another in the evening, and one for dinner and his newspaper

Few theological or philosophical works were so extensively popular or held their place so long as those of Paley. His perspicacity of intellect was as remarkable as the vigour and simplicity of a style that in the eyes of his contemporaries was occasionally undignified. He had the rare art of popularising recondite knowledge and blending the business of life with philosophy. His doctrine of expediency as a rule of morals was even in his own time thought to trench on the authority of revealed religion, and to lower the standard of public duty, in the shape he put it, it could not be expected to foster the great and heroic virtues

In his early life he is reported to have said, on the subject of his having subscribed the Thirty nine Articles, that be was 'too poor to keep a conscience,' and certainly there was little in him of Like Dr Johnson, he was poetry or enthusiasm a practical moralist, abhorred pretence, cant, and hypocrisy, and was suspicious of ideal virtue and high-strung devotion Paley did not write for philosophers or metaphysicians, but for the great body of the people anxious to acquire knowledge, and to be able to give 'a reason for the hope that is in them.' His common sense philosophy and his teleological method are now antiquated considered the art of life to consist in properly 'setting our habits,' and for this no subtle dis tinctions or profound theories were necessary His Moral and Political Philosophy is a utilitarian system with a religious sanction, virtue is 'doing good to mankind, in obedience to the will of God, and for the sake of future happiness' It is not a new system, but rather an admirable compendium of the views of such earlier moralists as suited him, lucidly and vigorously stated in his other works, he made skilful use of any other writers whose arguments served his purpose-not, however, without many shrewd additions of his own The famous argument from a watch was a commonplace, but was made classi cal in the pithy statement he gave it. Sir James Mackintosh summed up thus 'The most original and ingenious of his writings is the Hora The *Evidences of Christianity* are formed out of an admirable translation of Butler's Analogy, and a most skilful abridgment of Lardner's Credibility of the Gospil History He may be said to have thus given value to two works, of which the first was scarcely intelligible to most of those who were most desirous of profiting by it, and the second soon wearies out the greater part of readers, though the few who are more patient have almost always been gradually won over to feel pleasure in a display of knowledge, probity, charity, and meekness unmatched by an avowed advocate in a cause deeply interesting his warmest feelings His Natural Theology is the wonderful work of a man who, after sixty, had studied anatomy in order to write it' When Paley's name was mentioned to George III, the monarch said, 'Paley' what, Pigeon Paley?'—a nicl name given to the arcbdeacon from a famous illustration in the Moral and Political Philosophy in a passage on property, which is a fair specimen of his style of reasoning

## Of Property

If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn, and if—instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just as much as it wanted, and no more—you should see ninety nine of them gathering all they got into a heap, reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and the refuse, keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps worst pigeon of the flock, sitting

round and looking on all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about and wasting it, and if a pigeon more hardy and hungry than the rest touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flying upon it and tearing it to pieces if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practised and established among men Among men, you see the ninety and nine toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one, and this one, too, oftentimes the feeblest and worst of the whole set-a child, a woman, a madman, or a fool, getting nothing for themselves all the while but a little of the coarsest of the provision which their own industry produces, looking quietly on while they see the fruits of all their labour spent or spoiled, and if one of the number take or touch a particle of the hoard, the others joining against him, and hanging him for the theft. There must be some very important advantages to account for an institution which, in the view of it above given, is so paradoxical and unnatural The principal of these advantages are the following

I It increases the produce of the earth

The earth, in climates like ours, produces little with out cultivation, and none would be found willing to cultivate the ground if others were to be admitted to an equal share of the produce The same is true of the care of flocks and herds of tame animals Crabs and acorns, red deer, rabbits, game, and fish, are all which we should have to subsist upon in this country if we trusted to the spontaneous productions of the soil, and it fares not much better with other countries. A nation of North American savages, consisting of two or three hun dred, will take up and be half storved upon a tract of land which in Europe, and with Enropean management, would be sufficient for the maintenance of as many In some fertile soils, together with great abundance of fish upon their coasts, and in regions where clothes are unaecessary, a considerable degree of population may subsist without property in land, which is the case in the islands of Otaheite but in less favoured situations, as in the country of New Zealand, though this sort of property obtain in a small degree, the inhabitants, for want of a more secure and regular establishment of it are driven oftentimes by the scarcity of provision to devour one nnother

II It preserves the produce of the earth to maturity We may judge what would be the effects of a community of right to the productions of the earth from the trifling specimens which we see of it at present. A cherry tree in a hedgerow, nuts in a wood, the grass of an instinted pasture, are seldom of much advantage to anybody, because people do not wait for the proper season of reaping them. Corn, if any were sown, would never ripen, lambs and calves would never grow up to sheep and cows, because the first person that met them would reflect that he had better take them as they are than leave them for another

III It prevents contests.

War and waste, tumilt and confusion, must be un avoidable and eternal where there is not enough for all, and where there are no rules to adjust the division.

IV It improves the conveniency of living

This it does two ways. It enables mankind to divide themselves into distinct professions, which is impossible unless a man can exchange the productions of his own art for what he wants from others, and exchange implies

Much of the advantage of civilised over savage When a man is, from necessity, life depends upon this his own tailor, tent maker, carpenter, cook, huntsman, and fisherman, it is not probable that he will be expert at any of his callings Hence the rude habitations. furniture, clothing, and implements of savages, and the tedious length of time which all their operations require It likewise encourages those arts by which the accommodations of human life are supplied, by appropriating to the artist the benefit of his discoveries and improve ments, without which appropriation ingennity will never be exerted with effect. Upon these several accounts we may venture, with a few exceptions, to pronounce that even the poorest and the worst provided, in countries where property and the consequences of property pre vail, are in a better situation with respect to food, raiment, houses, and what are called the necessaries of life, than any are in places where most things remain The balance, therefore, upon the whole, in common must preponderate in favour of property with a manifest and great excess. Inequality of property, in the degree in which it exists in most countries of Europe, ab stractedly considered, is an evil, but it is an evil which flows from those rules concerning the acquisition and disposal of property, by which men are incited to industry, and by which the object of their industry is readered secure and valuable. If there be any great inequality unconnected with this origin, it ought to be corrected

#### Distinctions of Civil Life lost in Church

The distinctions of civil life are almost always insisted upon too much and urged too far Whatever, therefore, conduces to restore the level, by qualifying the disposi tions which grow out of great elevation or depression of rank, improves the character on both sides. Now things are made to appear little by being placed beside what is great In which manner, superiorities, that occupy the whole field of the imagination, will vanish or slimk to their proper diminutiveness, when compared with the distance by which even the highest of men are removed from the Supreme Being, and this comparison is naturally introduced by all acts of joint worship If ever the poor man holds up his head, it is at church if ever the rich man views him with respect, it is there and both will be the better, and the public profited, the oftener they meet in a situation in which the consciousness of dignity in the one is tempered and mitigated, and the spirit of the other erected and confirmed (From the same work)

# The World made with a Benevolent Design.

The air, the earth, the It is a happy world after all water, teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or a summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view insect youth are on the wing' Swarms of new born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purposc, testify their joy and the exultation which they feel in their lately discovered finculties. A bee amongst the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon Its life appears to be all enjoy ment, so busy and so pleased yet it is only a specimen of insect life, with which, by reason of the animal being half domesticated, we happen to be better acquainted

than we are with that of others The whole winged insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and, under every variety of consti tution, gratified, and perhaps equally gratified, by the offices which the Author of their nature has assigned But the atmosphere is not the only scene of enjoyment for the insect race. Plants are covered with aphides, greedily sucking their juices, and constantly, as it should seem, in the act of sucking. It cannot be doubted but that this is a state of gratification what else should fix them so close to the operation and so long? Other species are running about with an alacrity in their motions which carries with it every mark of pleasure. Large patches of ground are sometimes half covered with these brisk and sprightly natures. If we look to what the waters produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy that they know not what to do with themselves Their nttitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it-which I have noticed a thousand times with equal attention and amusement-all conduce to show their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess. Walking by the sea side in a calm evening, upon a sandy shore and with an abbing tide, I have frequently remarked the appearance of a dark cloud, or rather very thick mist, hanging over the edge of the water, to the height, perhaps, of half a yard, and of the breadth of two or three yards, stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, and always returng with the water this cloud came to be examined, it proved to be nothing else than so much space filled with young shrimps in the act of bounding into the air from the shallow margin of the water, or from the wet sand If nny motion of a mute animal could express delight, it was this, if they had meant to make signs of their happiness, they could not have done it more intelligibly. Suppose, then, what I have no doubt of, each individual of this number to - be in a state of positive enjoyment, what a sum, collectively, of gratification and pleasure have we here before our vien '

The young of all animals appear to me to receive pleasure simply from the exercise of their limbs and bodily faculties, without reference to any end to be attained, or any use to be answered by the exertion A child, without knowing anything of the use of lan guage, is in a high degree delighted with being able to Its incessant repetition of a few articulate sounds, or perhaps of a single word which it has learned to pronounce, proves this point clearly Nor is it less pleased with its first successful endeavours to walk, or rather to run-which precedes walking-although entirely ignorant of the importance of the attunment to its future life, and even without applying it to now present purpose. A child is delighted with speaking, without having anything to say, and with walking, without knowing where to go And, prior to both these, I am disposed to believe that the waking hours of infancy are agreeably taken up with the exercise of vision, or perliaps, more properly speaking, with learning to see.

But it is not for youth inlone that the great Parent of creation hath provided. Happiness is found with the purring cat no less than with the playful kitten in the arm chur of dowing age, as well as in either the spright liness of the dance or the animation of the chase. To

novelty, to acuteness of sensation, to hope, to ardour of pursuit, succeeds what is, in no inconsiderable degree. an equivalent for them all, 'perception of case' Herein is the exact difference between the young and the old The young are not happy but when enjoying pleasure, the old are happy when free from pain. And this constitution suits with the degrees of animal power which they respectively possess. The vigour of youth was to be stimulated to action by impatience of rest, whilst to the imbecility of age, quietness and repose become positive gratifications. In one important step the advantage is with the old. A state of ease is, generally speaking, more attainable than a state of A constitution, therefore, which can enjoy pleasure ease is preferable to that which can taste only pleasure This same perception of ease oftentimes renders old nge a condition of great comfort, especially when riding nt its anchor after n busy or tempestnous life. It is well described by Rousseau to be the interval of repose and enjoyment between the hurry and the end of life. How far the same cause extends to other animal natures cannot be judged of with certainty The appearance of satisfaction with which most animals, as their activity subsides, seek and enjoy rest affords reason to believe that this source of gratification is appointed to advanced life under all or most of its various forms In the species with which we are best acquinted, namely, our own, I am far, even as an observer of human life, from thinking that youth is its happiest season, much less the only happy one (From Natural Theology)

#### Character of St Paul

Here, then, we have a man of liberal attrinments, and, in other points, of sound judgment, who had addicted his life to the service of the gospel. We see him, in the prosecution of his purpose, travelling from country to country, enduring every species of hardship, en eountering every extremity of danger, assaulted by the populace, punished by the magistrates, scourged, beat, stoned, left for dead, expecting, wherever he came, a renewal of the same treatment, and the same dangers, yet, when driven from one city, preaching in the next, spending his whole time in the employment, sacrificing to it his pleasures, his ease, his safety, persisting in this course to old age, unaltered by the experience of per verseness, ingratitude, prejudice, desertion, unsubdued by anxiety, want, labour, persecutions, unwearied by long confinement, undismayed by the prospect of death Such was Paul. We have his letters in our hands, we have also a history purporting to be written by one of his fellow travellers, and appearing, by a comparison with these letters, certainly to have been written by some person well acquainted with the transactions of his life From the letters, is well as from the history, we gather not only the account which we have stated of him, but that he was one out of many who neted and suffered in the same manner, and that of those who did so, several had been the companions of Christ's ministry, the ocular witnesses, or pretending to be such, of his miracles and of his resurrection. We moreover find this same person referring in his letters to his supernatural conversion, the particulars and accompany ing circumstances of which are related in the history and which accompanying circumstances, if all or any of them be true, render it impossible to have been a

delusion We also find him positively, and in appro priate terms, asserting that he himself worked miracles, strictly and properly so called, in support of the mission which he executed, the history, meanwhile, recording various passages of his ministry which come up to the extent of this assertion The question is, whether false hood was ever attested by evidence like this. Falsehoods, we know, have found their way into reports, into tradi tion, into books, but is an example to be met with of a man voluntarily undertaking a life of want and pain, of incessant fatigue, of continual peril, submitting to the loss of his home and country, to stripes and stoning, to tedious imprisonment, and the constant expectation of a violent death, for the sake of carrying about a story of what was false, and what, if false, he must have known to be so? (From the Horæ Paulinæ)

Paley published in all a score of works, including various collections of sermons. Collective editions appeared in 1805-8, 1819, 1825, 1837 1838, and 1851 There are Lives by Meadley (1809), his son (1825), and the other editors of the works.

John Brown of Haddington (1722-87), the founder of a house famous in Scottish theology, science, and literature for four generations, did himself by his theological works give an impress to the Scottish mind and evoke intellectual through religious interests Born at Carpow near Aber nethy in Perthshire, a poor weaver's child, he lost father and mother in boyhood and lind but scanty schooling Nevertheless, as a Tayside herd-boy he contrived to study not merely Latin to some purpose, but even Greek and a little Hebrew a time he was a pedlar, during the '45 served in the Fife Militia, taught in several schools, and having studied theology in connection with the Associate Burgher Synod, was in 1751 called to the congregation of Haddington He was a man of much learning, open-handed on a stipend of £50 a year, a kindly humourist, though harrowing self doubts tormented him all his life through, and a powerful preacher. In 1768 he accepted the unsalaried Burgher chair of Divinity twenty-seven works, the most widely known are the Dictionary of the Bible (1768) and the Self-interpreting Bible (2 vols 1778), both of which took rank with the Pilgrini's Progress and Boston's Fourfold State amongst the most treasured books of the Scottish people. Dr Brown's sons and grandsons were respected, learned, and eloquent divines, one grandson was a poet, chemist, and original thinker of exceptional accomplishments, a great grandson was Professor of Chemistry in Edinburgh, and another great-grandson was the beloved Dr John Brown of Edinburgh, author of Rab and his The Memoirs and Select Remains of Dr Brown of Haddington were edited in 1856

Beilby Porteus (1731–1808), Bishop first of Chester (1776) and then of London (1787), was another apologist whose Summary of Christian Evidences was long an educational force in England Born at York of Virginian parentage, he studied at Christ's College, Cambridge. He took an active part in philanthropic and missionary

enterprises, and published, besides charges and sermons, a Life of Secker, and other works sufficient to fill six volumes

Samuel Hotsley (1733–1806), born in London and educated at Westminster and Trinity Hall, Cambridge, succeeded his father as rector of Newington in Surrey. A young FRS, he published comments on recent Arctic observations, helped to issue Newton's complete works, and conducted a grand controversy with Priestley, who had reckoned the divinity of Christ amongst his Corruptions of Christianity. Through this he attained successively to the sees of St Davids, Rochester, and St Asaph

Richard Watson (1737–1816), a Westmor land man who studied at Trinity and became professor at Cambridge successively of Chemistry and Divinity, took more interest in farming and planting on his estate at Windermere than in his spiritual cures in Norfolk and Leicester. He was notoriously unspiritual in temper and a Liberal in politics and theology, but made himself famous by his Apologies in reply to Gibbon (1776) and Tom Paine (1796), and became Bishop of Llandaff in 1782

William Wilberforce (1759-1833) was born at Hull, the son of a wealthy merchant, and edu cated at St John's College, Cambridge. Returned to Parliament for Hull and then for Yorkshire, he was a close friend of Pitt, though he remained independent of party During a tour on the Con tinent with Dean Milner, he became seriously impressed about religious truth and duty, and in 1787 he founded an association for the reformation of manners In 1788, supported by Clarkson and the Quakers, he entered on his nineteen vears' struggle for the abolition of the slave trade, crowned with victory in 1807. He next sought to secure the abolition of the slave-trade abroad and the total abolition of slavery itself, and was long a central figure in the 'Clapham sect' of Evangelicals wrote a Practical View of Christianity (1797), which was regarded as an epoch-making book. His Life was written by his sons (one of them the famous Bishop of Winchester, 1838), and his Private Papers were edited by Mrs A M Wilberforce (1898)

Heibeit Marsh (1757–1839), son of the vicar of Faversham in Kent, after a course at St John's, Cambridge, was second wrangler and second Smith's prizeman. He continued his studies at Leipzig, and as translator of his master Michaelis's Introduction to the New Testament ranks as the introducer to England of modern German Biblical criticism. He served England well by writing and publishing in German (1799) a defence of English policy in the French war which so conciliated German and Continental good-will that Napoleon proscribed the author, then in Germany, so that he had to lie concealed in Leipzig for months Appointed professor at Cambridge, he increased

the excitement already caused by the dissertation appended to his translation of Michaelis, by lectures on the history of sacred criticism, and by a series of critical works which included books on the authenticity and credibility of the New Testament and on the authority of the Old Testament, all regarded as of dangerous and unsettling ten-He involved himself still deeper in controversy by denouncing as immoral the Calvinistic doctrines of the Evangelical school. vehement in polemics, and, appointed Bishop of Llandaff (1816) and of Peterborough (1819), proved an energetic administrator He wrote innumerable charges, pamphlets, and books on such various subjects as the Pelasgi, the Roman Catholic controversy, Dr Bell's system of tuition, toleration, and the Government policy at various dates

Gilbert Wakefield (1756-1801), born at Nottingham, became Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, but renouncing his Anglican orders as a convinced Unitarian, became classical tutor in Dissenting academies at Warrington and Hack-He lay two years in Dorchester jail for a 'seditious' answer to Bishop Watson, earnestly defending the French Revolution, not without severe strictures on the Government of the day and on pluralist bishops. He published editions of Bion and Moschus, Virgil, Horace, and Lucretius, Early Christian Writers on the Person of Christ (1784); Inquiry into the Expediency of Social Worship (1791, disapproving all public worship as such), Examination of Paine's Age of Reason (1794), and Silva Critica, illustrating the Scriptures from profane learning (1789-95) was a keen controversialist, an enthusiast and political fanatic, a Pythagorean in his diet, and an eccentric in many of his ways Porson said of him that he was as fierce against the Greek accents as he was against the Trinity, he felt keenly, acted on the first impulse, and wrote swiftly, often with force and eloquence. His Memoirs (1792) are uninteresting, not so his Correspondence with Fox (1813)

Dr John Lingard (1771-1851), born at Winchester, 5th February 1771, of humble Catholic parentage, was sent in 1782 to the English College at Douay, whence he escaped from the revo lutionists in 1793 to England He went with his fellow-refugees to the college established at Crockhall near Durham, and in 1808 at Ushaw, receiving priest's orders in 1795, and becoming vicepresident and Professor of Philosophy In 1811 he accepted the mission of Hornby near Lancaster, at the same time declining a chair at Maynooth, in 1821 he obtained his D D from the Pope, and in 1839 a Crown pension of £300 His Antiquity of the Anglo-Saron Church (1806) was the precursor of what became the labour of his life-the History of England to the Accession of William and Mary (8 vols 1819-30, 6th ed 1854-55) had access to many unpublished documents in the

Vatican archives and other Catholic sources, and was able to correct quietly many errors not merely of ultra Protestant authors, but of such writers as Hume. Inevitably, of course, most Protestants assumed that he had allowed his Catholic prepossessions to pervert the fidelity of his History, to palliate the atrocities of the Bartholomew Massacre, and especially to darken the shades in the characters of Anne Boleyn, Queen Elizabeth, Cranmer, and others connected with the Reformation. His work was subjected to a severe scruting by Dr John Allen in two elaborate articles in the Edinburgh Review, by Archdeacon Todd, a zealous defender of Cranmer, and by other Protestant controversialists in the Quarterly and elsewhere. To these antagonists Dr Lingard replied in 1826 by a vindication of his fidelity as an historian, written in admirable tone and temper. His fairness had already been proved by the fact that Ultramontanes regarded him as Gallican and dangerous to his own Church polity Moderate Protestants were surprised to find how candidly he had dealt with debatable matters, he had obviously so written as to encourage Protestants to study his version of controverted questions. No doubt on the whole he was on many such points nearer the truth than the ultra-Protestants, and his work cleared away many prepossessions and softened the asperity that had heretofore prevailed almost universally between Catholic and Protestant historians For the earlier periods, especially for Anglo Saxon and Norman history, Lingard's work has been completely superseded, it still retains high value for English readers as representing the view of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, and of the Reformation, taken by a candid and conciliatory Roman Catholic. Content with plain speech, Dr Lingard did little to commend his sound and conscientious work by any special graces of style.

One single phrase in Lingard's History attained to special celebrity, the words 'what he deemed to be his duty' in the conclusion of his story of Thomas Becket's assassination, highly disapproved at headquarters, were held to have cost the too judicious historian a cardinal's hat The sentences in which the fateful phrase occurs are these

Thus at the age of fifty three perished this extraordinary man, a martyr to what he deemed to be his duty, the preservation of the immunities of the church. The moment of his death was the triumph of his cause. His personal virtues and exalted station, the dignity and composure with which he met his fate, the sacredness of the place where the murder was perpetrated, all contributed to inspire men with horror for his enemies and veneration for his character

# Cranmer and Pole

From the window of his cell the archbishop had seen his two friends led to execution. At the sight his resolution began to waver and he let fall some hints of a willingness to relent, and of a desire to confer with the legate. But in a short time he recovered the tranquillity of his mind, and addressed, in defence of his doctrine, a long letter to the queen, which at her request was answered by Cardinal Pole. At Rome, on the expiration of the eighty days, the royal proctors demanded judg and Paul, in a private consistory, pronounced the usual sentence. The intelligence of this proceeding awakened the terrors of the archbishop. He had not the fortitude to look death in the face To save his life he feigned himself a convert to the established creed, openly condemned his past delinquency, and stifling the remorse of his conscience, in seven successive instru ments abjured the faith which he had trught, and approved of that which he had opposed He first pre sented his submission to the council, and as that sub mission was expressed in ambiguous language, replaced it by another in more ample form. When the bishops of London and Ely arrived to perform the ceremony of his degradation, he appealed from the judgment of the pope to a general council but before the prelates left Oxford, he sent them two other papers, by the first of which he submitted to all the statutes of the realm, respecting the supremacy and other subjects, promised to live in quietness and obedience to the royal authority, and submitted his book on the sacrament to the judg ment of the church and the next general council in the second he professed to believe on all points, and particu larly respecting the sacrament, as the catholic church then did believe, and always had believed from the beginning To Ridley and Latimer life had been offered on condition that they should recant, but when the question was put whether the same favour might be granted to Cranmer, it was decided by the council in the negative. His political offences, it was said, might be overlooked, but he had been the cause of the schism in the reign of Henry, and the author of the change of religion in the reign of Edward, and such offences required that he should suffer 'for ensample's sake' The writ was directed to the mayor or bailiffs of the day of his execution was fixed yet he cherished a hope of pardon, and in a fifth recantation. as full and explicit as the most zealous of his adversaries could wish, declared that he was not actuated by fear or favour, but that he abjured the erroneous doctrines which he had formerly maintained, for the discharge of his own conscience and the instruction of others paper was accompanied with a letter to Cardinal Pole, in which he begged a respite during a few days, that he might have leisure to give to the world a more con vincing proof of his repentance, and might do away, before his death, the scandal given by his past conduct His prayer was cheerfully granted by the queen, and Crunmer in a sixth confession acknowledged that he had been a greater persecutor of the charch than Paul, and wished that like Paul he might be able to make He could not rebuild what he had destroyed, but as the penitent thief on the cross, by the testimony of his lips, obtained mercy, so he (Cranmer) trusted that by this offering of his lips, he should move the clemency of the Almighty He was unworthy of favour, and worthy not only of temporal, but of eternal punishment He had offended against King Henry and Queen Catharine he was the cause and author of the divorce, and, in consequence, also of the evils which resulted from it. He had blasphemed against the sacriment, had sinned against heaven, and had deprived men of the benefits to be derived from the eucharist.

conclusion he conjured the pope to forgive his offences against the apostolic sec, the king and queen to pardon his transgressions against them, the whole realm, the universal church, to take pity of his wretched soul, and God to look on him with mercy at the hour of his death. He had undoubtedly flattered himself that this humble tone, these expressions of remorse, these cries for mercy, would move the heart of the queen. She, indeed, little suspecting the dissimulation which had dictated them, rejoiced at the conversion of the sinner, but she had also persuaded herself, or been persuaded by others, that public justice would not allow her to save him from the punishment to which he had been condemned

At length the fatal morning arrived at an early hour, Garcina, a Spanish friar, who had frequently visited the prisoner since his condemnation, came, not to announce a pardon, but to comfort and prepare him for the last Entertaining no suspicion of his sincerity, Garcina submitted to his consideration a paper, which he advised him to read at the stake, as a public testimony of his repentance It consisted of five parts a request that the spectators would pray with him, a form of praver for himself, an exhortation to others to lead a virtuous life, a declaration of the queen's right to the crown, and a confession of faith, with a retractation of the doctrine in his book on the eucharist Cranmer, having dissembled so long, resolved to carry on the deception. He transcribed and signed the paper, and giving one copy to the Spaniard, retained the other for his own use. But when the friar was gone, he appears to have made a second copy, in which, entirely omitting the fourth article, the assertion of the queen's right, he substituted in lieu of the confession contained in the fifth a disavowal of the six retractations which he had already Of his motives we can judge only from his Probably he now considered lumself doubly If a pardon were announced, he might take the benefit of it, and read the original paper, if not, by reading the copy, he would disappoint the expectations of his adversaries, and repair the scandal which he had given to his brethren. At the appointed hour the procession set forward, and, on account of the run, halted at the church of St Mary, where the sermon was Cranmer stood on a platform preached by Dr Cole opposite the pulpit, appearing, as a spectator writes, 'the very image of sorrow' His face was bathed in tears, his eyes were sometimes raised to heaven, some At the con times fixed through shame on the earth clusion of the sermon he began to read his paper, and was heard with profound silence, till he came to the fifth article. But when he recalled all his former recanta tions, rejected the papal authority, and confirmed the doctrine contained in his book, he was interrupted by the murmurs and agitation of the audience. The lord Williams called to him to 'remember himself, and play the Christian' 'I do,' replied Cranmer, 'it is now too I must now speak the truth' As late to dissemble soon as order could be restored, he was conducted to the stake, declaring that he had never changed his belief, that his recantations had been wrung from him by the hope of life, and that, 'as his hand had offended by writing contrary to his heart, it should be the first to receive its punishment' When the fire was kindled, to the surprise of the spectators he thrust his hand into the flame, exclaiming, 'This hath offended' His suffer ings were short the flames rapidly ascended above his head, and he expired in a few moments. The catholics consoled their disappointment by invectives against his insincerity and falsehood, the protestants defended his memory by maintaining that his constancy at the stale had atoned for his apostacy in the prison.

Historians are divided with respect to the part which Pole acted during these horrors Most are willing to acquit him entirely, a few, judging from the influence which he was supposed to possess, have allotted to him a considerable share of the blame In a confidential letter to the cardinal of Augsburgh he has unfolded to us his own sentiment without reserve. He will not, he says, deny that there may be men so addicted to the most pernicious errors themselves, and so apt to seduce others, that they may justly be put to death for the same purpose as we amputate a limb to preserve the whole body But this is an extreme case, and, even when it happens, every gentler remedy should be applied before such punishment is inflicted. In general lenity is to be preferred to severity, and the bisliops should remember that they are fathers as well as judges, and ought to shes the tenderness of parents, even when they are compelled to punish. This lias always been his opinion, it was that of the colleagues who presided with him at the Council of Trent, and also of the prelates v ho composed that assembly His conduct in England was conformable to these professions. On the deprivation of Cranmer he was appointed archbishop, and his consecration took place on the day after the death of his predecessor From that moment the persecution ceased Pole found sufficient in the diocese of Canterbury exercise for his zeal in reforming the clergy, repairing the churches, and re establishing the ancient discipline His severity was exercised against the dead rather than the living, and his delegates, when they visited the universities in his name, ordered the bones of Bucer and Fagius, two foreign divines, who had taught the nen doctrines at Cambridge, to be taken up and burnt But his moderation displeased the more zealous they called in question his orthodoxy, and in the last year of his life (perhaps to refute the calumny) he issued a commission for the prosecution of heretics within his diocese Five persons were condemned four months afterwards they suffered, but at a time when the cardinal lay on his death bed, and was probably ignorant of their

It had at first been hoped that a few of these bar barous exhibitions would silence the voices of the preachers and check the diffusion of their doctrines. In general they produced conformity to the established wor ship but they also encouraged hypocriss and perjury

Dr Lingard who e besides his History a number of minor works, controversal, historical and theological. See the Memoir by Canon Tierney prefixed to vol. x of the sixth edution of his miximum efficient which had the honour of long translated into French Cerman and Italian.

James Bruce (1730-94), 'the Abyssiman,' was born at Kinnard House in Stirlingshire, and from Harrow passed in the winter of 1747 to Edinburgh University, with the intention of studying law Instead, coming to London, he married in 1754 the orphan daughter of a wine merchant, and became a partner in the business. His wife died within the year, and after travelling in Spain Portugal, and Italy, in 1763 he became British consul at Algiers, and in 1768 he set out from Cairo

on his famous journey to Abvssinia by the Nile, Assouan, the Red Sea, and Massowah In 1770 he was at Gondar, had many stirring adventures, and held for a time a Government appointment On 14th November he reached the source of the Abai, or head stream of the Blue Nile, which he considered the main stream of the Nile, in the December of the following year he quitted Gondar, and returned, through great hardships, by way of Sennaar, Assourn, Alexandria, and Marseilles France he visited Buffon, in 1774 he was back in England It was not until sixteen years after his return that Bruce published his Travels Parts had been made public, and were much ridiculed, Johnson even doubted whether Bruce had ever been in Abissinia. The work appeared in 1790,



JAMES BRUCE
From the Portrait in the National Fortrait Callery (Pain or unknown).

in five large quarto volumes, with another volume The strangeness of the authors advenof plates tures at the court of Gondar, the somewhat inflated style of his narrative, and his undisguised vanity led to a disbelief of his statements, and numerous lampoons and satires, both in prose and verse, were directed against him 'Peter Pindar' made the most of the live-cow beafsteaks and other improbabilities, and some of the chapters of Baron Munchauser's Travels were levelled as much at Bruce as at the old Hanoverian Freiherr von Münchhausen The really honourable and admirable points of Bruce's character-his energy and daring, his various knowledge and acquirements, and his disinterested zeal in undertaking such a journey at his own expense-vere overlooked in this petty war of the wits Bruce, the was a huge, self assertive, dictatorial man, six feet four inches high, felt their attacks keenly, but he was

a proud spirited man, and did not deign to reply to pasquinides imperching his veracity. He sur yised to endure these annoy inces only four years The foot which had trod vithout scrious misidventure the deserts of Nubra tripped on his own staircise at Kinnurd, and, filling heisil, he died of the injuries sustained. Bruce's style is usually plain suling, sometimes vigorous, vivid, and humorous, but occasionally prolic, lie wis apt to select the most prominent features and colour them highly No doubt vanity ind the desire to be always presenting a distinguished figure inade him at times adorn the reality, and his somewhat carcless method of composition twelve years after the events led lum frequently into confusion with his facts and dates. His reports of long conversations vere mentably to some extent literary invention, and he overetated the claims of the Blue Nile to be the lie id-stream, a ignist the red or White Nile. But the trivels of late trivellers in Abassina, Henry Salt (1780-1820) Nithinicl Petrce (1780-1620), and others completely substruttited the most incredible parts of the older traveller's tales, including the story about the Abyssim insteading ray ment cut out of a living cow, which is most persistently denied and flouted by easy climic critics

# His First View of the Supposed Source of the Nile

Half undressed as I vas, by the loof my saih, and thros ing off my shoes, I ran down the hill tox ar is the hillock of green so I, which was about to o hundred yards distant, the vhole ade of the hill vas thick grown with flowers, the large bulbous root of which appearing also c the surface of the ground, and their of ins coming off on ing treading upon them, ocea ioned me to very severe falls before I reached the brink of the marsh. I after this came to the altar of green turf, Inch was apparently the work of art, and I stood in rapture above the princi pal fountum, which rises in the middle of it. It is easier to guers than to describe the situation of my inited at that moment-standing in that spot which had bafiled the genus, industry, and inquiry of both ancients and moderns for the course of near three thousand years Kings had attempted this discovery at the head of armics, and each expedition vas distinguished from the lat only by the difference of numbers which had perished, and agreed alone in the disappointment vhich had uniformly, and vithout exception, followed them I ame, riches, and honour had been held out for a series of ages to every individual of those myrinds these princes commanded, vithout having produced one man capable of gratifying the curiosity of his covereign, or wiping off this stain upon the enterprise and abilities of manl ind, or adding this de ideratum for the encourage ment of geography Though a merc private Briton, I triumphed here, in my own mind, over lings and their armies! and every comparison was leading nearer and nearer to presumption, when the place itself where I stood, the object of my vamplory, suggested what depressed my short lived triumph. I was but a few minutes arrived at the sources of the Nile, through num berless dangers and sufferings, the least of which would

first eolony, in computing their time, have continued the use of the solar year. Diodorus Siculus says, 'They do not reckon their time by the moon, but according to the sun. Thirty days constitute their month, to which they add five days and the fourth part of a day, and this completes their year.' They have another way of describing time, peculiar to themselves. They read the whole of the four evangelists every year in their churches, beginning with Matthey, and proceeding to Mark, Luke, and John in order, and, in speaking of an event, they write or say that it happened in the days of Matthew, if it was in the first quarter of the year, while the Gospel of 5t Matthew was being read in the churches. And so of Mark, Lule, and John

Nothing can be more inaccurate than all Abyssinian calculations Besides their ignorance of arithmetic, their excessive idleness and aversion to study, and a number of fanciful, whimsical combinations, by which every par ticular scribe or monly distinguishes himself, there are obvious reasons why there should be a variation between their chronology and ours. The beginnings of our years are different-theirs begin on the first of September The last day of August may be the year 1780 with us, and only 1779 vith the Abyssinians. In the annals of their kings they seldom give the lengths of the reigns with precision, and this produces more or less of confusion in the history of the country A difference of two or three years, however, is a matter of little conse quence in the history of barbarous nations. From the record of certain eclipses in the annals of Abyssinia, the dates of which correspond with European observations, I am satisfied that the chronology of my sketch of the history of this country is sufficiently correct for all practical purposes

## Steaks from a Living Cow

Not long after losing sight of the ruins of this ancient capital of Abyssinia, we overtook three trivellers driving n cow before them. They had black goat-skins upon their shoulders, and lances and shields in their hands, and appeared to be soldiers. The cow did not seem to be fatted for killing, and it occurred to us all that it had This, however, was not our business. Our been stolen attendants attached themselves, in a particular manner, to the three soldiers, and held a short conversation with The drivers suddenly tripped up the cow, and gave the poor animal a very rude fall. One of them sat across her neck, holding down her head by the horns, the other twisted the halter about her forefeet, while the third, who had a knife in his liand, instead of taking her by the throat, got astride upon her belly, and, to my very great surprise, gave her a deep wound in the upper part of her buttock.

From the time I had seen them throw the beast upon the groun I, I had rejoieed, thinking that when three people were killing a cow, they must have agreed to sell part of her to us, and I was much disappoin ed on hearing the Abyssinians say that we were not to encamp here. Upon my proposing that they should bargain for part of the cow, my men answered, what they had hereal interest learned in conversation, that they were not then going to bill her, that she was not wholly their, and they could not sell her. This awakened my curiosity. I let my people go forward, and staved till I saw, via h the utmost assonichment two pieces, thicker and longer than our ordinary beef steaks, cut out of the higher part of the

buttoel of the beast. How it was done I cannot post tively say, but it was accomplished very adroi ly, and the two pieces vere spread on the outside of one of their shields One of them continued holding the head, v hile the other two were busied in curing the wound too, was done not in an ordinary manner The skin which had covered the flesh that was taken away, and had been flapped back during the operation, was now brought over the wound, and fastened to the correspond ing part with small skewers or pins. Whether they had put anything under the skin, I know not, but at the river side, a here they were, they had prepared a cata plasm of clay, with which they covered the wound They then forced the animal to rise, and drove it forward, to furnish them with a fuller meal, when they should meet their companions in the evening

## British Incredultty

When first I mentioned this in I ugland as one of the singularities which prevailed in this barbarous country, I was told by my friends it was not believed. I asl ed the reason of this disbelief, and was answered that people who had never been out of their own country, and others well acquainted with the manners of the world (for they had trivelled as far as I rince), had agreed the thing was impossible, and therefore it was so. My friends coun selled me farilier, that as these men were infallible, and had each the leading of a circle, I should by all means obliterate this from my journal, and not attempt to in culcate in the minds of my renders the belief of a thing that men who had travelled pronounced to be impossible. Far from being a convert to such prudential reasons, I must for ever profess openly that I think them un worthy of me. To represent as truth a thing I know to be a falschood, not to arow a truth which I know I ought to declare—the one is friud, the other cowardice I hope I am equally distant from both, and I pledge myself never to retract the fact here advanced, that the Abyssimans do feed in common upon live fligh, and that I myself have, for several years, been partaker of that disagreeable and beastly diet. I have no doubt that, when time shall be given to read this history to an end, there will be very few, if they have candour enough to own it, that will not be ashauted of having ever

A second edition of the Travels edited by Dr Alexander Murray, an excellent Oriental scholar was published with a Life, in 1033 and a third in 1813. See also a Life by Sir Francis Head (1844), and Fanny Burney's Early Diary.

Hungo Park (1771-1805) was born, the son of a farmer, at Foulshiels on the Yarrov, and studied medicine at Edinburgh Universit Through Sir Joseph Banks, he was named assistant-surgeon in the Boraster, bound for Sumatra (1792), and in 1795 his services were accepted by the African Association. He learnt Mandingo at an English factory on the Gambia, started inland in December vas imprisoned by a chief but escaping, reached the Niger at Sego in July 1796. He pursued his was westward along its banks to Banimaku, and then crossing a mountainous country, fell ill but was ultimately brought by a slave trader back to the fie org again after an absence of nineteen months adventures he recorded in Trivels in the letter r of Africa (1799) Having married (1799), he settled as a surgeon at Peebles, but the life was repugnant to him, and in 1805 he undertook another journey to Africa at Government expense Again he started from Pisania on the Gambia, with a company of forty five, when he reached the Niger he had but seven followers. From San sanding he sent back his journals and letters in November 1805, and embarked in a canoe with four European companions. Through many perils and difficulties they reached Boussa, where the canoe was caught on a rock, they were attacked by the natives, and drowned in the double effort to defend themselves and escape from their perilous plight. Joseph Thomson declared that 'for actual



MUNGO PARK.
From an Engraving after Henry Edridge

hardships undergone, for dangers faced and difficulties overcome, together with an exhibition of the virtues which make a man great in the battle of life, Mungo Park stands without a rival' He was unhappily cut off ere he achieved his great aim, the discovery of the course of the Niger, but the record of his wanderings throws much light on the botany and meteorology of the countries he passed through, and on the social and domestic life of the various tribes he made friends with His narratives are written in a simple and straightforward way, and at once took their place amongst the classics of travel The same can hardly be said for the records of the travels of Denham, Clapperton, or Lander, who a little later fell successively victims to their zeal in exploring this part of Africa.

#### African Hospitality

Next morning (July 20) I endeavoured, both by en treaties and threats, to procure some victuals from the Dooty, but in vain I even begged some corn from one

of his female slaves as she was washing it at the well, and had the mortification to be refused. However, when the Dooty was gone to the fields, his wife sent me a hand ful of meal, which I mixed with water and drant for About eight o'clock I departed from Doslinkerboo, and at noon stopped a few minutes at a large korree, where I had some milk given me by the Foulahs, and hearing that two Negroes were going from thence to Sego, I was happy to have their company, and we set out immediately Mont four o clock we stopped at a small village, where one of the Negroes met with an acquaintance who invited us to a sort of public enter tainment, which was conducted with more than common propricty A dish, made of sour milk and meal, called sinkatee, and beer made from their corn, was distributed with great liberality, and the women were admitted mo the society—a circumstance I had never before observed There was no compulsion, every one was at liberty to drink as he pleased, they no lded to each other when about to drink, and on setting down the calabash commonly and Berka ('Thank you') Both men and women appeared to be somewhat intoricated, but they were far from being quarrelsome

Departing from thence, we passed several large vil lages, where I was constantly taken for a Moor, and became the subject of much merriment to the Bam barrans, who, seeing me drive my horse before me, laughed licartily at my appearance 'He has been at Meeca,' says one, 'you may see that by his clothes ' another asked if my horse was sick, a third vashed to purchase it, so that I believe the very slaves were ashuned to be seen in my company. Just before it was dark we took up our lodging for the night at a small village, where I procured some victuals for myself and some corn for my horne, at the moderate price of a button, and was told that I should see the Niger (which the Negroes called Jollaha, or the great mater) early the The hons are here very numerous, the gates next day are shut a little after sunset, and nobody allowed to go The thoughts of seeing the Niger in the morning, and the troublesome buzzing of mosquitoes, prevented me from shutting my eyes during the night, and I had saddled my horse and was in readiness before daylight, but on account of the wild beasts, we were obliged to wait until the people were stirring and the gates opened. This happened to be a market-day at Sego, and the roads were everywhere filled with people carrying dif We passed four large villages, ferent articles to sell and at eight o'clock saw the smoke over Sego

Is we approached the town, I was fortunate enough to overtake the fugitive Kaartans to whose kindness I had been so much indubted in my journey through Bambarra. They readily agreed to introduce me to the king, and we rode together through some marshy ground where, as I was anxiously looking around for the river, one of them called out, Geo affili ('See the water'), and looking forwards, I saw with infinite pleasure the great object of my mission—the long sought for majestic Niger, glittering to the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly to the cast roard. I hastened to the brink, and having drunk of the water, lifted up my fervent thanks in prayer to the Great Ruler of all things for having thus far erowned my endeavours with success.

The errcumstance of the Niger's flowing towards the east, and its colliteral points, did not, however, excite

my surprise, for although I had left Europe in great hesitation on this subject, and rather believed that it ran in the contrary direction, I had made such frequent in quines during my progress concerning this river, and received from Negroes of different nations such clear and decisive assurances that its general course was towards the rising sum, as scarcely left any doubt on my mind, and more especially as I knew that Major Houghton had collected similar information in the same manner

## A Kind-hearted African Housewife

I raited more than two hours without having an opportunity of crossing the river, during which time the people who had cro sed carried information to Mansong the king, that a white man was waiting for a passage, and was coming to see him. He immediately sent over one of his chief men, who informed me that the ling could not possibly see me until he knew what had brought me into his country, and that I must not pre sume to cross the river without the king's permission He therefore advised me to lodge at a distant village, to which he pointed for the night, and said that in the morning he would give me further instructions how to conduct myself. This was very discouraging. However, as there I as no remedy, I set off for the village, where I found, to my great mortification, that no person would admit me into his house. I was regarded-with astonish ment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day without victuals in the shade of a tree, and the night threatened to be very uncomfortable-for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain-and the wild bea to are so very numerous in the neighbourhood that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree and resting among t the branches. About sun set, however as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose that he might graze at liberty, a voman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me, and percening that I was wears and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her, whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saidle and bridle, and told me to follow her Having con ducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would procure me something to eat. She accord ingly went out, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish, which, having caused to be half broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress-pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension -called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night They lightened their labour by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these 'The winds roared, and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk-no wife to grind his corn Chorus-Let us pity the white man-no mother

has he,' &c. Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat—the only recompense I could make her

An account of Park's second journey was published in 1815. A Life by Wishaw was prefixed to the Journal of 1815, and Joseph Thomson himself a well known African traveller, wrote a little monograph on Mung. Parl (1890).

Sophia and Harriet Lee were the daughters of John Lee, who had been articled to a solicitor, but adopted the stage as a profession Sopliia was born in London in 1750, Harriet not till 1757, and the early death of their mother devolved the cares of the household upon the elder sister, who nevertheless secretly cherished a strong attachment to literature Sophin's first appearance as author was not made till 1780, when her comedy, The Chapter of Accidents, based on Didcrot and brought out at the Haymarket by the elder Colman, was received with applause. The profits served to establish a Seminary for Young Ladies at Bath, a family enterprise rendered the more necessary by the death of the father in 1781, and to Bath accordingly the sisters repaired. Happily their accomplishments and prudence secured rapid and permanent success In 1784-85 Sophia published The Recess, or a Tale of Other Times (the times, namely, of Queen Elizabeth), which instantly became popular The melancholy and contemplative tone of the Recess appears also in the blank verse tragedy, Almyda, Queen of Granada (1796) Harriet Lee, who had meanwhile produced two rather tedious novels and a dull comedy, nov published The Canterbury Tales (5 vols 1797-1805), in which the introduction and two of the tales, tender and sympathetic both, are from the pen of Sophia - The Young Lady's Tale, or the Two Emilys, and The Clergyman's Tale But the best things in the Canterbury Tales are all Harriet's Kruitzner, or the German's Tale, fell into Byron's hands when he was about fourteen 'It made a deep impression upon me,' he recorded, 'and may indeed be said to contain the germ of much that I have since written! While at Pisa in 1821 Byron dramatised Miss Lee's romantic story, and published his version of it under the title of Werner, or the Inheritance The incidents and much of the language of the play are taken straight from the novel, and the public were unanimous in con sidering Harriet Lee as more interesting, passionate, and poetical than her illustrious dramatiser herself adapted it for the stage as The Three Strangers, but it was only played four times The compactness of these tales and the liveliness of the frequent dialogues made them a pleasing contrast to the average three volume novel 1803 Sophia Lee gave up the school having earned a provision for the rest of her life. In 1804 she

published The Life of a Lover, a tale written early, and showing juvenility both of thought and expression. In 1807 a comedy from her pen, called The Assignation, was performed at Drury Lane, but played only once, the audience conceiving that some of the satisfical portraits were aimed at popular personages. Sophia died in 1824, Harriet lived on till 1851, remarkable to the last for her vigorous intellect and lively conversation. William Godwin was a devoted admirer of Harriet's, and, in 1798, a formal suitor for her hand, but his religious views were an insuperable barrier to a union. Both sisters were buried in Clifton Church.

## From the Introduction to 'The Canterbury Tales'

There are people in the world who think their lives well employed in collecting shells, there are others not less satisfied to spend theirs in classing butterflies. For my own part, I always preferred animate to main mate nature, and would rather post to the antipodes to mark a new character or develop a singular incident than become a Lellow of the Royal Society by enriching museums with nondescripts From this account you, my gentle reader, may, without any extraordinary penetra tion, have discovered that I am among the eccentric part of mankind, by the courtesy of each other, and them selves, yeleped poets-1 title which, however mean or con temptible it may sound to those not honoured with it, never yet was rejected by a single mortal on whom the suffrage of mankind conferred it, no, though the laurel leaf of Apollo, barren in its nature, was twined by the frozen fingers of Poverty, and shed upon the brow it crowned her chilling influence. But when did it so? Too often destined to deprive its griced owner of every real good by an enchantment which we know not how to define, it comprehends in itself such a variety of pleasures and possessions that well may one of us ery-

'Thy lavish charter, Taste, appropriates all we see I' Happily, too, we are not like "artuest in general, encum bered with the treasures gathered in our peregrinations. Compact in their nature, they lie fill in the small cavities of our brain, which are, indeed, often so small as to render it doubtful whether we have any at all. The few discoveries I have made in that richest of mines, the human soul, I have not been cliurl enough to keep to myself, nor, to say truth, unless I can find out some other means of supporting my corporeal existence than animal food, do I think I shall ever be able to afford that sullen affectation of superiority

Travelling, I have already said, is my taste, and, to make my journeys pay for themselves, my object against my good liking, some troublesome fellows, a few months ago, took the liberty of making a little home of nune their own, nor, till I had coined a small portion of my brun in the mint of my worthy friend George Robin son, could I induce them to depart I give a proof of my politeness, however, in leaving my house to them, and retired to the coast of Kent, where I fell to work very busily Gay with the hope of shutting my door on these unwelcome visitants, I walked in a severe frost from Deal to Dover, to secure a seat in the stage coach to London One only was vacant, and having engaged it, 'maugre the freezing of the bitter sky,' I wandered forth to note the memorabilia of Dover, and was soon lost in one of my fits of exquisite abstraction

With reverence I looked up to the cliff which our immortal bard has with more faincy than truth described; with toil mounted, by an almost endless staircase, to the top of a castle, which added nothing to my poor stock of ideas but the length of our Virgin Queen's pool et pistal—that truly Dutch present—cold and weary, I was pacing towards the inn, when a sharp visaged barber popped his head over his shop door to reconnecte the inquisities stranger. A brist fire, which I suddenly east my eye on, invited my frozen hands and feet to its precincts. A civil question to the honest man produced on his part a civil invitation, and having placed me in a snip seat, he readily gave me the benefit of all his oral tradition.

'Sir,' he said, 'it is implify lucky you came across me. The vulgar people of this town have no genus, sir—no taste, they never show the greatest curiosity in the place.

Sir, we have here the tomb of a poet "

'The tomb of a poet!' eried I, with a spring that electrified my informant no less than myself. 'What poet hes here?' and where is he buried?'

'Ay, that is the curiosity,' returned he exultingly I smiled, his distinction was so like a barber. While hall been spealing, I recollected he must allude to the grave of Churchill—that vigorous genus who, well calculated to stand forth the champion of freedom, has recorded himself the slave of party and the victim of splean' So, however, thought not the barber, who considered him as the first of human beings.

'This great man, sir,' continued he, 'who hved and died in the cause of liberty, is interred in a very remarkable spot, sir, if you were not so cold and so tired, sir, I could show it you in a moment.' Curiosity is an excellent greateout. I forgot I had no other, and strode after the barber to a spot surrounded by ruined walls, in the midst of a linch stood the white marble tablet marked

with Churchill's name—to appearance its only distinction.

'Cast your eyes on the walls' said the important burber, 'they once enclosed a church, as you may see?'

On inspecting the crumbling ruins more narrowly, I did indeed discern the traces of Gothic arclinecture.

'Yes, sir,' eried my friend the barber, with the conscious pride of an Englishman, throwing out a grunt legand arm, 'Churchill, the champion of liberty, is interred here! Here, sir, in the very ground where King John did honinge for the crown he disgraced'

The idea was grand. In the eye of fance, the slender pillars ngun lifted high the vaulted roof that rang with solemn chanings. I saw the insolent legate seated in scarlet pride, I saw the sneers of many a mitted abbot, I saw, bareheaded, the mean, the prostrate ling, I saw, in short, everything but the barber, whom in my flight and swell of soul I had outwalked and lost. Some more curious traveller may again pick him up, perhaps, and learn more minutely the fact.

Waking from my reverie, I found myself on the pier. The pile beams of n powerless sun gilt the fluctuating waves and the distinct spires of Calais, which I now clearly surveyed. What in new train of images here sprang up in my mind, borne nway by succeeding impressions with no less rapidity! From the monk of Sterne I travelled up in five minutes to the inflexible Edward III senteneng the noble burghers, and living seen them saved by the cloquence of Philippa, I wanted no better seasoning for my mutton chop, and pitted the empty licated peer who was stamping over my little parlour in fury in the cook for having over roasted his pheasant.

William Gilpin (1724-1804), author of v orks on the picturesque aspects of the scenery of Britain, illustrated by his own aquatint engravings, was in his own way an apostle of romanticism Born at Scaleby, Carlisle, he studied at Queen's College, Oxford, kept a school at Cheam, and in 1777 became vicar of Boldre in Hampshire. He published, besides some theological works, a series of books on the scenery of the Wye, of the Lake District, of the Scottish Highlands, and of the Isle of Wight, which drew on him the ridicule of the author of Dr Syntax His best-known book was his too poetic Remarks on Forest Scenery, in which he says 'It is no exaggerated praise to call a tree the grandest and most beautiful of all the productions of the earth,' and he describes trees, singly and in masses, under all conditions of light and weather In not a few points he may rank as an early forerunner of Ruskin

## Sunrise in the Woods

The first dawn of day exhibits a beautiful obscurity When the east begins just to brighten with the reflections only of effulgence, a pleasing progressive light, dubious and amusing is thrown over the face of things. A single ray is able to assist the picturesque eye, which by such slender aid creates a thousand imaginary forms, if the scene be unknown, and as the light steals gradually on, is imused by correcting its vague ideas by the real objects. What in the confusion of twilight perhaps seemed a stretch of rising ground, broken into various parts, becomes now vast masses of vood and an extent of forest.

As the sun begins to appear above the horizon, another change takes place. What was before only form, being now enlightened, begins to receive effect. This effect depends on two circumstances—the catching hights which touch the summits of every object, and the mistiness in which the rising orb is commonly enveloped.

The effect is often pleasing when the sun rises in unsullied brightness, diffusing its ruddy light over the supper parts of objects, which is contrasted by the deeper shadows below, yet the effect is then only transcendent when he rises accompanied by a trun of vapours in a misty atmosphere. Among lakes and mointains, this happy accompaniment often forms the most astonishing visions, and yet in the forest it is nearly as great. With what delightful effect do we sometimes see the sun's disk just appear above a woody hill, or, in Shakspeare's language,

#### 'Stand tiptoe on the misty mountain's top'

and dart his diverging rays through the rising vapour. The radiance, catching the tops of the trees as they hang miditary upon the shaggy steep, and tonching here and there a few other prominent objects, imper ceptibly mixes its ruddy tint with the surrounding miss, setting on fire, as it were, their upper parts, while their lower shirts are lost in a dark mass of aried confusion, in which trees and ground, and radiance and obscurity, are all blended together. When the eye is fortunate enough to catch the glowing instant—for it is always a vanishing scene—it furnishes an ridea worth treasuring among the choicest appearances.

of nature. Mistiness alone, we have observed, occasions a confusion in objects which is often picturesque, but the glory of the vision depends on the glowing lights which are mingled with it

Landscape painters, in general, piv too little atten tion to the discriminations of morning and evening We are often at a loss to distinguish in pictures the rising from the setting sun, though their characters are very different both in the lights and shadows ruddy lights, indeed, of the evening are more easily distinguished, but it is not perhaps always sufficiently observed that the shadows of the evening are much less opaque than those of the morning They may be brightened perhaps by the numberless rays floating in the atmosphere, which are incessantly reverberated in every direction, and may continue in action after the sun is set, whereas in the morning the rays of the preceding day having subsided, no object receives any light but from the immediate histre of the sun Whatever becomes of the theory, the fact, I believe, is well ascertained

Sir Evedale Price (1747-1829), another notable apostle of the picturesque, was educated at Eton and Christ Church, where he became the friend of Fox, inherited a fortune on the death of his father and the estate of Foxley in Herefordshire, and was made a baronet in 1828 In his Essay on the Picturesque he earnestly recommended the study of the great landscape painters, their works and art, in order to improve real scenery, as well as to promote landscape gardening on true principles He wrote also 'with', elegance' on artificial water, on house decorations, architecture, and buildings He insisted that the picturesque in nature is distinct from the sublime and the beautiful, and in enforcing and maintaining this, he attacked the style of ornamental gardening which Mason the poet lind recommended, and Kent and Brown, the great landscape improvers, had reduced to practice. Some of Price's positions had the honour to be debated and confuted by Dugald Stewart. Price was credited with having greatly stimulated public interest in questions of art and taste, in provoking the desire to observe and enjoy and conscientiously reproduce natural beauty

#### Atmospherio Effects.

It is not only the change of vegetation which gives to autumn its golden hue, but also the atmosphere itself. and the lights and shadows which then prevail has its light and flitting clouds, with shidows equally flitting and uncertain, refreshing showers, with gry and genial bursts of sunshine, that seem suddenly to call forth and to nourish the young buds and flowers. In autumn all is matured, and the rich hues of the ripened fruits and of the changing foliage are rendered still richer by the warm haze, which, on a fine day in that season spreads the last varmish over every part of the picture. In vinter, the trees and woods, from their total loss of foliage, have so lifeless and meagre an appearance, so different from the freshness of spring, the fullness of summer, and the richness of autumn that many, not insensible to the beauties of scenery at other times,

scarcely look at it during that season. But the contracted circle which the sun then describes, however unwished for on every other consideration, is of great advantage with respect to breadth, for then even the midday lights and shadows, from their horizontal direction, are so striking, and the parts so finely illuminated, and yet so connected and filled up by them, that I have many times forgotten the nakedness of the trees, from admiration of the general masses. In summer the exact reverse is the case, the rich clothing of the parts makes a faint impression, from the vague and general glare of light without shadow.

John O'Keefe (1747-1833), a prolific farcewriter, was born in Dublin, and for a year or two was an art student, but, smitten with a passion for the stage, he came out as an actor in his native He generally produced some dramatic piece every year for his benefit, and one of these, Tony Lumpkin in Town, was played with success in 1778 at the Haymarket Theatre in London Failing eyesight disqualified him for acting, but, settling in London about 1780, he continued to supply the theatres with new pieces, and up to the year 1809 had written about fifty plays and farces Most of these were called comic operas or musical farces, and some of them enjoyed great success, such as The Agrecable Surprise, Wild Oals, Modern Antiques, Fontainebleau, The Highland Reel, Love in a Camp, The Poor Soldier, and Sprigs of Laurel, in the first of which the character of Lingo the schoolmaster is a laughable piece of broad humour Wild Oats is still sometimes plaved O'Keefe's things were merely intended to make people laugh, and they fully answered that object. The lively dramatist, who was one of the victims of Gifford's savage criticism in the Baviad and Maviad, went quite blind by 1797, and in 1800 he had a benefit at Covent Garden Theatre, and delivered a poetical address. He died at the age of cighty-five. His songs, brightly conceived and cleverly written, had many of them the good luck to become popular, and wedded to the music of such composers as Shield and Arnold, have kept their place in popular song-books 'I am a friar of orders grey, is a standard song, 'Amo, amas, I loved a lass,' is still occasionally sung, and so are 'The Thorn' and 'Flow, thou regal, purple stream'

George Colman 'the Younger' (1762-1836) vas the most able and successful comic dramatist of his day The son of the author of The Jealous Wife and Claudestine Marriage (see page 561), Colman had an hereditary attachment to the He was educated at Westminster School, drama and was afterwards entered at Christ Church College, Oxford, but his idleness and dissipation led his father to withdraw him hence and banish him to Aberdeen, where, though still distinguished for his eccentric dress and folly, he applied himself to classical and other studies At Aberdeen he published a poem on Charles James Fox, entitled The Man of the People, and wrote a musical farce, The Temale Dramatist,

which was brought out by his father at the Haymarket Theatre, but condemned dramatic attempt, Two to One (1784), had some success and fixed his inclinations, for though his father intended him for the Bar and entered him of Lincoln's Inn, the drama engrossed his attention In 1784 he contracted a thoughtless Gretna Green marriage, and next year brought out a second musical comedy, Turk and no Turk, and when his father became incapacitated by attacks of paralysis, undertook the management of the Haymarket. Numerous pieces proceeded from his pen Inkle and Yarico, a musical opera based on a story from the Spectator, brought out with success in 1787, Ways and Means, a comedy (1788), The Battle of Hexham (1789), The Surrender of Calais (1791), The Mountaineers (1793), The Iron Chest (1796), founded on Godwin's novel of Caleb Williams, and at first a failure, The Heir at Law (1797), Blue Beard (1798), a mere piece of scenic display and music, The Review, or the Wags of Windsor (1798), an excellent farce, The Poor Gentleman (1802), Love Laughs at Locksmiths (1803), Gay Deceivers (1804), John Bull (1805), Who Wants a Guinea? (1805), We Ily by Night (1806), The Africans (1808), X Y Z (1810), The Law of Java (1822), a musical drama, &c. It was after the condemnation of the Iron Chist, which afterwards became a standard acting play, that Colman added 'the younger' to his name. 'Lest my father's memory,' he says, 'may be injured by mistakes, and in the confusion of aftertime the translator of Terence, and the author of The Jeal ous Wife, should be supposed guilty of The Iron Chest, I shall, were I to reach the patriarchal longevity of Methuselah, continue (in all my dramatic publications) to subscribe myself George Colman, the younger' No modern dramatist has added so many stock pieces to the theatre as Colman, or given so much genuine mirth and His society was much humour to playgoers courted, he was a favourite with George IV, and, in conjunction with Sheridan, was wont to set the His griety, however, was royal table in a roar not allied to prudence, and theatrical property As manager, is a very precarious possession Colman got entangled in lawsuits, and was forced to reside in the King's Bench The king relieved him by appointing him to the post of licenser and examiner of plays, worth from £300 to £400 a year In this office Colman incurred the enmity of several dramatic authors by the rigour with which he scrutinised their productions. His own plays are far from being strictly correct or highly moral, but not an oath or double-entendre, not even a mild 'O Lord,' was suffered to escape his expurgatorial pen, and he was peculiarly keen scented in detecting all political allusions Besides his numerous plays, Colman wrote some poetical travesties and levities, published as My Nightgown and Slippers (1797), and republished (1802), with additions, as Broad Grins, also Poetical

Vagarus, Lagaries Vindicated, and Eccentricities for Edinburgh In these delicacy and decorum are often sacrificed to broad mirth and humour The last work of the lively author was memoirs of his o in early life and times, entitled Random Colman's comedies abound in Records (1830) witty and ludicrous delineations of character interspersed with bursts of tenderness and feeling, somewhat in the style of Sterne, whom indeed he closely copied in his Poor Gentleman Sir Walter Scott praised John Bull as by far the best effort of recent comic drama 'The scenes of broad humour are executed in the best possible taste, and the whimsical vet native characters reflect the manners of real life The sentimental parts, although one of them includes a finely wrought up scene of paternal distress, partake of the falsetto of German But the piece is both humorous and affecting, and we readily excuse its obvious imperfections in consideration of its exciting our laughter and our tears' Ollapod in the Poor Gentleman is one of Colman's most original conceptions, Pangloss in the Har at Law is a satirical portrait of a pedant, proud of being both LLD and A. double S, and his Irishmen, Yorkshiremen, and country rustics are entertaining though overcharged portraits A tendency to farce is the besetting sin of Colman's comedies, and in his more serious plays there is a curious mirture of prose and verse, high-toned sentiment and low Their effect on the stage is, however, humour irresistible. Octavian in the Mountaineers was a complimentars sketch of John Kemble

Lovely as day he was—but envious clouds
Have dimmed his lustre. He is as a rock
Opposed to the rude sea that beats against it,
Worn by the waves, yet still o ertopping them
In sallen majesty Rugged now his look—
For out, alas ' calamity has blurred
The fairest pile of manly comehness
That ever reared its lofty head to heaven '
'Tis not of late that I have heard his voice,
But if it be not changed—I think it cannot—
There is a melody in every tone
Would charm the towering eagle in her flight,
And tame a hungry lion

The following extracts are both from the *Poor Gentleman* 

#### Sir Charles at Breakfast

Sir Charles Cropland Has old Warner, the steward, been told that I arrived last night?

Valet [adjusting Sir Charles s lair] Yes, Sir Charles, with orders to attend you this morning

Sir Cha [jaroning and stretching] What can a man of fashion do with himself in the country at this vretchedly dull time of the year?

Valet It is very pleasant to day out in the park, Sir Charles

Sir Cha Pleasant, you book ' How can the country be pleasant in the middle of spring? All the v orld's in London

Valet I thmk, somehow, it looks so lively, Sir Charles, when the corn is coming up

Sir Cha Blockhead! Vegetation makes the face of a country lool frightful. It spoils hunting Vet, as my business on my estate here is to raise supplies for my pleasures elsewhere, my journey is a wise one. What day of the month was it yesterday when I left town on this wise expedition?

Valet The first of April, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha Umph! When Mr Warner comes, shew him in.

Valet I shall, Sir Charles [Lxit Sir Cha This same lumbering timber upon my ground has its ments. Trees are notes, issued from the bank of nature, and as current as those payable to Abraham Newland I must get change for a few oaks, for I want cash consumedly—So, Mr Warner

Warner [ertering] Your honour is right welcome into Kent I am prond to see Sir Charles Cropland on his estate again I hope you mean to stay on the spot for some time, Sir Charles?

Sir Cha A very tedious time Three days, Mr Warner

Warner Ah, good sir, things would prosper better if you honoured us with your presence a little more. I wish you lived entirely upon the estate, Sir Charles

Sir Cha Thank you, Warner, but modern men of fashion find it difficult to live upon their estates

Harner The country about you so charming!

Sir Cha Look ye, Warner—I must hunt in Leicester-shire—for that's the thing. In the frosts and the spring months, I must be in town at the clubs—for that's the thing. In summer I must be at the watering places—for that's the thing. Now, Warner, under these circum stances, how is it possible for me to reside upon my estate? For my estate being in Kent——

Harner The most beautiful part of the country

Sir Cha Pshaw, beauty we don't mind that in Leicestershire. My estate, I say, being in Kent—

Warner A land of milk and honey!

Sir Cha I hate milk and honey

Harner A land of fat !

Sir Cha Hang your fat ' Listen to me Wy estate being in Kent-

Harner So woody !

Sir Cla Curse the wood! No-that's wrong, for it's convenient. I am come on purpose to cut it.

Warner Ah! I was afraid so! Diee on the table, and then the axe to the root! Money lost at play, and then, good lack! the forest groans for it.

Sir Cha But you are not the forest, and why do you groan for it?

Warner I heartily wish, Sir Charles, you may not encumber the goodly estate. Your worthy ancestors had views for their posterity

Sir Cha And I shall have views for my posterity—I shall take special care the trees shan't intercept their prospect.

Servant [entering] Mr Ollapod, the apothecary, is in the hall, Sir Charles, to inquire after your health.

Sir Cha Shew him in. [Exit servant] The fellow's a character, and treats time as he does his patients. He shall kill a quarter of an hour for me this morning—In short, Mr Warner, I must have three thousand pounds in three days—Fell timber to that amount immediately 'Tis my peremptory order, sir

Harner I shall obey you, Sir Charles, but 'tis with a heavy heart! Forgive an old servant of the family if

he grieves to see you forget some of the duties for which society has a claim upon you

Sir Cha What do you mean by duties?

Warner Duties, Sir Charles, which the extravagant man of property can never fulfil-such as to support the dignity of an English landholder for the honour of old England, to promote the welfare of his honest tenants, and to succour the industrious poor, who naturally look But I shall obey you, Sir np to him for assistance. [Exit

Sir Cha 4 tiresome old blockhead! But where is this Ollapod? His jumble of physic and shooting may enliven me, and, to a man of gallantry in the country, his intelligence is by no means uninteresting, nor his

services inconvenient.—H1, Ollapod 1

Ollaped [entering]. Sir Charles, I have the honour to Hope your health is good Been a hard be your slave winter here Sore throats were plenty, so were wood Flushed four couple one morning in a half mile walk from our town to cure Mrs Quarles of a quinsy May coming on soon, Sir Charles-season of delight, love and campaigning! Hope you come to sojourn, Sir Shouldn't be always on the wing-that's Charles He, he, he! Do you take, good being too flighty sir—do you take?

Sir Cha O yes, I take But by the cockade in your hat, Ollapod, you have added lately, it seems, to your avocations.

Olla He, he' yes, Sir Charles I have now the honour to be cornet in the Volunteer Association Corps of our town. It fell out unexpected-pop, on a sudden, like the going off of a field piece, or an alderman in an apoplexy

Sir Cha Explain.

O la Happening to be at home-rainy day-no going out to sport, blister, shoot, nor bleed-was busy behind the counter I ou know my shop, Sir Charles-Galen's head over the door-new gilt him last week, by the-bye —looks as fresh as a pill.

Sir Cha. Well, no more on that head now Proceed O'la On that head! he, he, he' That's very well -very well indeed! Thank you, good sir, I owe you Churchwarden Posh, of our town, being ill of an indigestion from eating three pounds of measly pork at a vestry dinner, I was making up a cathartic for the patient, when who should strut into the shop but Lieutenant Grams, the brewer-sleek as a dray horsein a smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb coloured lapel I confess his figure struck me. I looked at him as I was thimping the mortar, and felt instantly inoculated with a military ardour

Sir Cha Inoculated 1 I hope your ardour was of a favonrable sort?

Olla Ha, ha! That's very well-very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir, I owe you one We first talked of shooting He knew my celebrity that way, Sir I told him the dry before I had killed six brace of birds I thumpt on at the mortar We then talked of physic. I told him the day before I had killed-lost, I mean-six brace of patients. I thumpt on at the mortar, eyeing him all the while, for he looked very firshy, to be sure, and I felt an itching to belong to the corps The medical and military both deal in death, you know, so 'twas natural He, he! Do you take, good sir-do you take?

Sir Cha Take? Oh, nobody can miss

Olla He then talked of the corps itself, said it was sickly, and if a professional person would administer to the health of the Association-dose the men and drench the horse-he could perhaps procure him a cornetcy

Sir Cha Well, you jumped at the offer

Olla Jumped! I jumped over the counter, kicked down Churchwarden Posh's cathartic into the pocket of Lieutenant Grains' small scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb coloured lapel, embraced him and his offer, and I am now Cornet Ollapod, apothecary at the Galen's Head, of the Association Corps of Cavalry, at your service.

Sir Cha I wish you joy of your appointment. You may now distil water for the shop from the laurels you gather in the field

Olla Water for-oh! laurel water-he, he! Come, that's very well-very well indeed! Thank you, good sir, I owe you one Why, I fancy fame will follow, when the poison of a small mistake I made has ceased to operate

Sir Cha A mistake?

Olla Having to attend Lady Kitty Carbuncle on a grand field-day, I clapt a pint bottle of her ladyship's diet drink into one of my holsters, intending to proceed to the patient after the exercise was over I reached the martial ground, and jalloped-galloped, I meanwheeled, and flourished with great &lat, but when the word 'Fire' was given, meaning to pull out my pistol in a terrible hurry, I presented, neck foremost, the hanged diet-drink of Lady Kitty Carbuncle, and the medicine being unfortunately fermented by the jolting of my horse, it forced out the cork with a prodigious pop full in the face of my gallant commander

Ollapod visits Miss Lucretia Mactab (a 'stiff maiden nunt, sister of one of the oldest barons in Scotland).

Foss [entering]. There is one Mr Ollapod at the gate, an' please your ladyship's honour, come to pay a visit to the family

Lucretia Ollapod? What is the gentleman?

Foss He says lie's a cornet in the Galen's Head 'Tis the first time I ever heard of the corps.

Luc Ha! some new-raised regiment gentleman in [Exit Foss] The country, then, has heard of my arrival at last A woman of condition, in a family, can never long conceal her retreat that sounds like an ancient name If I am not mistaken, he is nobly descended

Ollapod [entering] Madam, I have the honour of Sweet spot, here, among the paying my respects cows, good for consumptions-charming woods here abonts-pheasants flourish-so do agues-sorry not to see the good lieutenant-admire his room-hope soon to Do you take, good madam-do you have his company take?

Luc I beg, sir, you will be seated

Olla O dear madam! [Sitting down] A charming chair to bleed in!

Luc I am sorry Mr Worthington is not at home to receive you, sir

Olla You are a relation of the lientenant, midam?

Luc I1 only by his marriage, I assure you, sir But I am not surprised at your to his deceased wife question My friends in town would wonder to see the Honourable Miss Lucretia Mactab, sister to the late Lord Lofty, cooped up in a farmhouse

Olla [aside]. The honourable I humph! a bit of quality tumbled into decay. The sister of a dead peer in a pigety I

Inc You are of the military, I am informed, sir?

Olla He, he! Yes, madim Cornet Ollippod, of our volunteers—i fine healthy troop—ready to give the enemy a dose whenever they dare to attack us

Inc I was always prodigiously partial to the military My great grandfather, Marmaduke, Baron Lofty, commanded a troop of horse under the Duke of Marlborough, that famous general of his age.

Olla Marlborough was a hero of a man, madam, and lived at Woodstock—a sweet sporting country, where Rosamond perished by poison—araenic as likely as anything

Inc. And have you served much, Mr Ollapod?

Olla He, he! Yes, madam, served all the nobility and gentry for five miles round

Luc Sir 1

Olla And shall be happy to serve the good heutenant and his family [Bowing

Luc We shall be proud of your acquaintance, sir A gentleman of the army is always an acquisition among the Goths and Vandals of the country, where every sheepish squire has the air of an apothecary

Ola Madam! An apothe—— Zounds!—hum!— He, he! I—You must know, I—I deal a little in galenicals myself [shafishly].

Inc Galemeals' Oh, they are for operations, I suppose, among the military

Olla Operations he, he! Come, that s very well—very well indeed I Thank you, good madam, I owe you one Galenicals, madam, are medicines

Luc Medicines!

O'la Yes, physic buckthorn, senna, and so forth

Luc [rising]. Why, then, you are an apothecary?

O'la [rising too, and browing]. And man inidwife at your service, madam

Inc At my service, indeed !

Olla Yes, madam! Cornet Ollapool at the gilt Galen. Head, of the Volunteer Association Corps of Cavalry—as ready for the fee as a customer, always willing to charge them both. Do you take, good madam—do you take?

Inc. And has the Honourable Miss Lucretia Maetabbeen talking all this while to a petry dealer in drugs?

Olla Drugs I Why, she turns up her honourable nose as if she was going to swallow them [aside]. No man more respected than myself, madam. Courted by the eorps, idolised by invalids and for a shot—ask my friend, Sir Charles Crepland

Lue Is Sir Charles Cropland a friend of yours sir?

Olla Intimate He doesn't make was faces at physic, whatever others may do, mad m. This village flanks the intrenchments of his park—full of fine fat venison,

In But he is never on his estate here, I am told

071 He quarters there at this moment.

which is as light a food for digestion as-

Luc Bless me ! has Sir Charles then-

(the Told me all--your accidental meeting in the metropolis, and his visits when the heutenant was out

Itte. Oh, shoering I declare I shall frint

071 I aint t pever mind that, with a ciclical man in the room. I can bring you about in a twinkling.

In And what has Sir Clorles Croplan I presumed to advance also me?

Olla Oh, nothing derogatory. Respectful as a duck legged drummer to a commander in clief

Luc I have only proceeded in this affair from the purest motives, and in a mode becoming a Macrab

Olla None dare to doubt it

Luc And if Sir Charles has dropt in to a dish of tea with myself and Emily in London, when the heutenant was out, I see no harm in it

Olla Nor I either except that ten shakes the nervous system to shatters. But to the point. The beronet's my bosom friend. Having heard you were here—'Ollapod,' says he, squeezing my hand in his own, which had strong symptoms of fever—'Ollapod,' says he, 'you are a military man, and may be trusted.' 'I m a cornet,' says I, 'and close as a pill box.' 'I ly, then, to Miss Lucretia Mactab, that honourable picture of prudence'—

Luc He, lie! Did Sir Charles my that?

Olla [aside]. How these tabbies love to be tordied!

Luc In short, Sir Charles, I perceive, has appointed you his emissary, to consult with me when he may have an interview

Olla Madam, you are the sharpest shot in the truth I ever met in my life. And now ve are in consultation, what think you of a walk vith. Miss I mily by the old elms at the back of the village this evening?

Luc Why I am willing to take any steps which may promote Emily's future welfare.

Other Take steps! what, in a valk? He, he! Come, that s very well—very well indeed! Thank you, good madam, I owe you one. I shall communicate to my friend with due despatch. Command Cornet Ollaporl on all occasions, and whatever the gilt Galen's Head can produce——

Luc [curtsying] O sir !

Olla By the bye, I have some double-distilled laven der water, much admired in our corps. Permit me to send a pint bottle, by way of present

Inc Dear sir, I shall role you

Olla Quite the contrary, for I'll set it doen to Sir Charles as a quart [ande]. Madam, your slave. You have prescribed for our patient like an able physician Not a step.

Inc Nav, I must-

Olla. Then I must follow in the rear—the physician always before the apothecary

The Apothecary! Sir, in this by mess I look upon you as a general officer

Olla Do you? Thank you good maam, I owe you one. [Frank

Column wrote many epilogues and prologues to other people's plays and not a few songs, mostly come. Mynheer Van Darch is still familiar in its setting as a glee by Bishop. Unfort trate Miss Bailey is another. His humorous poetre was as popular as his plays often spirkling with wit, and only occasionally spiced with impropriety. The care two trilles from Bishal Grins.

#### The Newcast'e Apothecary

A man in many a country town, we know, Professe openly with Death to the lee, Entering the field of most the primity Cer-Armed with a most and a people.

Will kicked out the doctor, but when ill indeed, E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed, So, calling his host, he said 'Sir, do vou know, I'm the fat single gentleman six months ago?

'Look 'e, landlord, I think,' argued Will with a grin, 'That with honest intentions you first took me in But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—I've been so hanged hot that I'm sure I caught cold '

Quoth the landlord 'Till now I ne'er had a dispute, I've let lodgings ten years, I'm a baker to boot, In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven, And your bed is immediately over my oven.'

'The oven' says Will. Says the host 'Why this passion'

In that excellent bed died three people of fashion Why so crusty, good sir?' 'Zounds'' crics Will, in a taking,

'Who wouldn't be crusty with half a year's biking?'

Will paid for his rooms, cried the host, with a sneer, 'Well, I see you've been going away half a year' 'Friend, we can't well agree, vet no quarrel,' Will said, 'But I'd rather not perish while you make your bread

William Combe (1741-1823), author of Dr Syntax, was born at Bristol, and from Eton pro ceeded to Oxford, but left without a degree 'Godson' (or natural son) of a rich London alderman, who died in 1762, leaving him £2150, he led for some years the life of an adventurer, now keeping a princely style at the fashionable watering-places, anon serving as cook at Douai College and as a common soldier His last forty-three years were passed mostly within the 'rules' of the King's Bench debtors' prison Of the eighty six works by him published in 1774-1824, the Three Tours of Dr Syntax (1812-21) alone are remembered, and even they owe much to Rowlandson's illustrations the first and best of the Tours, the publisher got plates from Rowlandson to begin with, and applied to Combe for letterpress Combe accordingly 'wrote up' to the pictures month by month, and the joint work appeared in successive numbers of Ackermann's Poetical Magazine (1809-11) none of his works did Combe affix his name, but he had no reluctance in assuming the names of Among his literary frauds was a collection of Letters of the late Lord Lyttelton (1780-82) The second or 'wicked Lord Lyttelton' (son of the first, see page 348) was remarkable for his talents and profligacy, and for the mystery about his sudden death, foretold, as Dr Johnson was 'willing to believe,' by an apparition personated the character of this dissolute noble man-with whom he had been at school at Eton -and the spurious Letters are marked by ease, elegance, and occasional force of style attempt was made in the Quarterly Review for December 1851 to prove that these Letters were genuine, and that Lyttelton was the author of Junius's Letters The proof was woolly inconclusive, and there seems no doubt that Combe wrote the pseudo Lyttelton epistles In the same vein he manufactured a series of Letters supposed to have passed between Sterne and Eliza He wrote a satirical work, The Diaboliad, and a continuation of Le Sage, entitled The Devil upon Two Sticks in England (1790) Combe wrote other poems in the style of Syntax—as Johnny Quæ Genus, The English Dance of Death, The Dance of Life, &c.—besides a History of Westminster Abbey (2 vols 1812) and other serious books Gilpin's Forest Scenery, his many tours, and his Picturesque Remarks, and Price's Essay on the Picturesque indicate only two of several persons and fashions he was hitting at in his Dr Sintax In the first tour, described as 'in search of the picturesque' (the others being in search of consolation after his first wife's death, and in search of a new wife), the doctor, an ungainly figure with a long nose, projecting chin, and ill fitting bunchy wig, is represented as setting out, losing his way, stopped by highwaymen and bound to a tree, disputing with a landlady, pursued by a bull, mistaking a gentleman's house for an inn, losing his money on a race course, sketching after nature, and so on The humour is at best very thin, and turns much on eating and drinking (occasionally to excess) and taking one's case in an inn, the whole is drearily Philistine in conception, and frequently spiritless and pointless in execution, and the Hudibrastic verse, though not without point, is wholly without charm. Yet the thing was immensely popular, and an 1838 edition was elaborately illustrated anew by 'Alfred Crowquill' The first canto runs thus (Forrester)

> The school was done, the business o'er, When, tired of Greek and Latin lore, Good Singax sought his easy chair, And sat in calm composure there His wife was to a neighbour gone, To hear the chit chat of the town, And left him the unfrequent power Of brooding through a quiet hour Thus, while he sat, a busy train Of images besieged his brain. Of church preferment he had none, Nay, all his hope of that was gone He felt that he content must be With drudging in a curacy Indeed, on every Sabbath-day, Through eight long miles he took his way, To preach, to grumble, and to pray, To cheer the good, to warn the sinner, And, if he got it,-eat a dinner To burn these, to christen those, And marry such fond folks as chose To change the tenor of their life, And risk the matrimonial strife. Thus were his weekly journies made, 'Neath summer suns and wintry shade, And all his gains, it did appear. Were only thirty pounds a year Besides, th' augmenting taxes press. To aid expense and add distress

Mutton and beef, and bread and beer, And every tlung was grown so dear, The boys, too, always prone to eat, Delighted less in books than meat, So that, when holy Christinas came, His earnings ceased to be the same, And now, alas! could do no more, Than keep the wolf without the door E en birch, the pedant master's boast, Was so increased in worth and cost, That oft, prudentially beguil'd, To save the rod, he spared the child Thus, if the times refused to mend, He to his school must put an end How hard his lot! how blind his fite! What shall he do to mend his state? Thus did poor Syntax runningte, When, as the vivid meteors fly, And illstant light the gloomy sky, A sudden thought neross him came. And told the way to wealth and fame, And, as th' expanding vision grew Wider and wider to his view, The painted fancy did beguile His wee worn pluz into a smile But, while he paced the room around, Or stood immersed in thought profound, The Doctor, midst his rumination, Was wakened by a visitation Which troubles ninny n poor nian's life-The visitation of his wife Good Mrs Syntax was a lady, Ten years, perliaps, beyond her hey day, But though the blooming charms had flown, That graced her youth, it still was known The love of power she never lost, As Syntax found it to his cost, For as her words were used to flow, He but replied or LES or No Whene'er enraged by some disaster, She'd shake the boys and cuff the master, Nay, to menge the slightest wrong, She could employ both arms and tongue, And, if we list to country tales, She sometimes would enforce her nails Her face was red, her form was fat, A round about, and rather squat, And when in angry humour stalking, Was like a dumpling set a walking 'Twas not the custom of this spouse To suffer long a quiet house She was among those busy wives, Who hurry scurry through their lives, And make amends for fiding beauty By telling husbands of their duty

John Wolcot (1738-1819) was a lively, coarse, and copious satirist, who, under the name of 'Peter Pindar,' published a multitude of rhymes on public men and events—many of them on George III, an admirable subject for his jest. Born at Dodbrooke near Kingsbridge in Devonshire, Wolcot was educated at Kingsbridge, at Bodmin, and in Normandy, at the cost of an uncle, a respectable surgeon and apothecary of the little Cornish sea port of Fowey, and then, having studied medicine

for seven years under him, walled the London hospitals, and got an MD at Aberdeen (1767) With Sir William Trelawney he went as medical attendant to Jamaica, where his social vays made him a fivourite, but his time being only partly employed by his professional duties, he solicited and obtained from his patron the gift of a church living then vacant, and the Bishop of London ordained the graceless neophyte (1769). His congregation consisted mostly of negroes, and Sunday being their principal holiday and market, the attendance at the church was at best meagre Sometimes not a soul appeared, when Wolcot and his clerk would, after waiting ten numbes, proceed to the seashore and shoot ring taled The death in 1772 of Sir William pigeons Trelaunes cut off further hopes of preferment so bidding idien to Jamaica and the Church, Wolcot accompanied Lady Trelawney to England, and established lumself as a physician at Truro While in Cornwall Wolcot discovered the artistic talents of One-

The Cornish low in tin names bred. and materially assisted to form his taste and procure him patronage, and in 1780 when Opies fame was well established, the doctor and his protegé repaired to I ondon Wolcot had already acquired distinction by his satirical efforts, he now poured forth a long series of caustic odes and epistles, commencing with truculent criticisms of the Royal Academicians, and in 1785 lie produced no less than twenty-three 'ones' In 1786 he published The Liusial, a Heroi-comic Poem, in five cantos, founded on the legend that an obnovious insect had been discovered on the kings plate among some green peas, which produced a solemn decree that all the servants in the royal kitchen were to have their heads shaved. The publication of Bosnell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides afforded another tempting opportunity. and he indited an epistle commencing

O Boswell, Boxy, Bruce, whate'er thy name, Thou mighty shark for nnecdote and fime, Thou jackal, leading lion Johnson forth To eat Macpherson inidst his native north, To frighten grave professors with his roar, And shake the Hebrides from shore to shore, All hail! Triumphant thou through Time's vast gulf shall sail, The pilot of our literary whale, Close to the classic Rambler shalt thou cling, Close as a supple courtier to a king Fate shall not shake thee off with all its power, Stuck like a bat to some old ivied tower Nay, though the Johnson ne'er had blessed thine eyes, Paoh's deeds had rused thee to the skies Yes, his broad wing had mised thee—no bad hack— A tomtit twittering on an eagle's back.

Bozzy and Piozzi, or the British Biographers, was another attack. The personal habits of the king—'the Best of Kings' or 'the King of glory'—were ridiculed in Peeps at St James's, Royal Visits,

Lyric Odes, and the lile. Sir Joseph Banks was not beyond the reach of his satire

A president, in butterflies profound,
Of whom all insect mongers sing the praises,
Went on a day to hunt this game renowned,
On violets, dunghills, nettle tops, and daisies

Bruce the Abyssinian gave him an exceptionally favourable chance the importance of the marvellous is set out by allusions to Scriptural miracles on one hand, and to Psalmanazar, Mandeville, Pontoppidan, and Katerfelto on the other Tom Paine and Mr Pitt, Pve the laureate, Count Rumford, Lord Macartney, and Kien Long, Emperor of China-all furnish subjects for clever but unmannerly comment. From 1778 to 1808 above sixty of these verse pamphlets were issued by Wolcot. So formidable was he, he alleged, that the Ministry endeavoured to bribe him to silence, and he boasted that his writings had been translated into six different languages 1795 he obtained from his booksellers an annuity of £250, payable half-yearly, for the copyright This handsome alloyance he of his works enjoyed, to the heavy loss of his booksellers, for twenty years. Neither old age nor blindness could repress his witty vituperative attacks He had the regular help of an amanuensis, but in his absence continued to write himself 'His method was to tear a sheet of paper into quarters, on each of which he wrote a stanza of four or six lines, according to the nature of the poem the paper he placed on a book held in the left hand, and in this manner not only wrote legibly, but with great ease and celerity' In 1796 his productions were collected and published in four volumes, and several editions were issued, but most of the 'poems' are forgotten satirists can reckon on permanent popularity, and Wolcot's things were inevitably ephemeral, while the recklessness of his censure and ridicule, and the obvious lack of decency, principle, or good moral feeling, hastened oblivion. And in vituperative brutality he met more than his match in Gifford, whose Epistle to Peter Pindar (1800) provoked the hero of so many words wars to a personal assault on Gifford in a bookseller's shop An unsuccessful action of crim con was brought against him in 1807, he died at his house in Somers' Town (January 1819), and was buried in a vault in the churchyard of St Paul's, Covent Garden, close to the grave of Butler

Wolcot was as ready and versatile as Churchill, though usually ruder and more rugged in style, with a quick sense of the ludicrous, not a little real wit and humour, real critical acumen, and a command of stinging and epigrammatic phrases. He had great facility in a vast variety of styles, satirical, merely comic, and quite serious. He wrote 'new old' ballads in pseudo antique spelling, and verse tales in the broadest. Devonshire dialect. Some of the songs are good. The Beggar Man and

other serious pieces are actually tender Burns admired his Lord Gregory, and wrote another ballad on the same subject, the love or courtesy verses to Chloe and Julia and Celia and Phillida are wonderfully like anybody else's, but he could not write long without sliding into the ludicrous and burlesque. Much of his work is still amusing, many passages that are now dreary enough reading were doubtless once sufficiently pointed, the easy command of rhymes and loose rhythms reminds one sometimes of Don Juan, sometimes of the Ingoldsby Legends Extraordinary variety



DR WOLCOT
From the Portrait by John Opie, R.A., in the National Portrait
Gallery

and felicity of expression and illustration are almost everywhere in evidence, as in Peter's lively critique of Dr Johnson's style

I own I like not Johnson's turgid style,
That gives an inch the importance of a mile,
Casts of manure a wagon load around,
To raise a simple daisy from the ground,
Uplifis the club of Hercules—for what?
To crush a butterfly or brain a gnat?
Creates a whirlwind from the earth, to draw
A goose's feather or exalt a straw,
Sets wheels on wheels in motion—such a clatter—
To force up one poor nipperkin of water,
Bids ocean labour with tremendous roar,
To heave a cockle shell upon the shore,
Alike in every theme his pompous art,
Heaven's awful thunder or a rumbling cart!

## The Pilgrims and the Peas

A brace of sinners, for no good,
Were ordered to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt in wax, stone, wood,
And in a curled white wig looked wondrous fine.

Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel, With something in their shoes much worse than gravel, In short, their toes so gentle to amuse, The priest had ordered peas into their shoes

A nostrum famous in old popish times
For purifying souls that stunk with crimes,
A sort of apostolic salt,
That popish parsons for its powers exalt,
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray,
But very different was their speed, I wot
One of the sinners galloped on,
Light as a bullet from a gun,
The other limped as if he had been shot.

One saw the Virgin, soon feccavi cned, IIad his soul whitewashed all so clever, When home again he nimbly hied, Made fit with saints above to live for ever

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue about half way,
Hobbling with outstretched burn and bending knees,
Cursing the souls and bodies of the peas,
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brow in sweat,
Deep sympathising with his groaning feet.

'How now!' the light toed whitewashed pilgrim
'You lazy lubber!' [broke,
'Ods curse it!' cried t'other, ''tis no joke,
My feet, once hard as any rock,
Are now as soft as blubber

'Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear As for Loretto, I shall not get there, No! to the Devil my sinful soul must go, For damme if I ha'n't lost every toe!

'But, brother sinner, do explain

How 'tis that you are not in pain—

What power hath worked a wonder for your toes—
Whilst I, just like a smal, am crawling,

Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,

Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

'How is't that you can like a greyhound go,

Merry as if that nought had happened, burn ye?'
'Why,' cried the other, grinning, 'you must know
That just before I ventured on my journey,

To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boil mi peas.'

The Apple Dumplings and a King

Once on a time, a monarch, tired with hooping,
Whipping and spurring,
Happy in worrying
A poor defenceless harmless buck,
(The horse and rider wet as muck,)
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
Entered through curiosity a cot,
Where sat a poor old woman and her pot

The wrinkled, blear eyed good old granny, In this same cot, illumined by many a cranny, Had finished apple dumplings for her pot In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
When lo' the monarch, in his usual way,
Like lightning spoke 'What's this? what's this?
what, what?'

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with indimiration did expand,
And oft did majesty the dumpling grapple
'Tis monstrous, monstrous hard, indeed,' he cried
'What makes it, pray, so hard?' The dame replied,
Low curtsying 'Please your majesty, the apple.'

'Very astonishing indeed! strunge thing!'—
Turning the dumpling round—rejoined the king
''Tis most extraordinary, then, all this is—
It beats Pinetti's conjuring all to pieces
Strange I should never of a dumpling dream!
But, goody, tell me where, where, where's the seam?'
'Sir, there's no seam,' quoth she, 'I never knew
That folks did apple dumplings seaw'
'No!' cried the staring monarch with a grin,
'How, how the devil got the apple in?'

On which the dame the curious scheme revealed By which the apple lay so sly concealed,

Which made the Solomon of Britain start, Who to the palace with full speed repaired, And queen and princesses so beauteous scared All with the wonders of the dumpling art There did he labour one whole week to shew The wisdom of an apple dumpling maker, And, lo' so deep was majesty in dough, The palace seemed the lodging of a baker!

Their Majesties at Whitbread's Brew-house Full of the art of brewing beer,

The monarch heard of Whitbread's fame, Quoth he unto the queen 'My dear, my dear, Whitbread hath got a maryellous great name.

Whitbread hath got a marvellous great name. Charly, we must, must, must see Whitbread brew—Rich as us, Charly, richer than a Jew, Shaine, shame we have not yet his brew house scen!' Thus sweetly said the king unto the queen

Muse, sing the stir that happy Whitbread made Poor gentleman! most terribly afraid

He should not charm enough his guests divinc, He gave his maids new aprons, gowns, and smocks, And lo ' two hundred pounds were spent in frocl s,

To make the apprentices and draymen fine Busy as horses in a field of clover, Dogs, carts, and chairs, and stools were tumbled over, Amidst the Whitbread rout of preparation, To treat the lofty ruler of the nation

Now moved king, queen, and princesses so grand, To visit the first brewer in the land, Who sometimes swills his beer and grands his meat In a snug corner, christened Chiswell Street, But oftener, charmed with fashionable air, Amidst the gandy great of Portman Square

Lord Aylesbury, and Denbigh's lord also,
His Graee the Duke of Montague likewise,
With Lady Harcourt, joined the rarce show
And fixed all Smithfield's marvelling eyes
For lo! a greater show ne'er graced those quarters,
Since Mary roasted, just like crabs, the martyrs.

Arrived, the king broad grinned and gave a nod To smiling Whitbread, who, had God Come with his angels to behold his beer, With more respect he never could have met—Indeed the man was in a sweat,

So much the brewer did the king revere

Thus was the brew house filled with gabbling noise, Whilst draymen and the hrewer's boys

Devoured the questions that the king did ask,

In different parties were they staring seen,

Wond'ring to think they saw a king and queen!

Behind a tub were some, and some behind a cask

Some draymen forced themselves (a pretty luncheon) Into the mouth of many a gaping puncheon, And through the bung hole winked with curious eye,

To view and be assured what sort of things Were princesses, and queeus, and lings,

For whose most lofty stations thousands sigh!

And lo! of all the gaping puncheon clan,

Few were the mouths that had not got a man!

Now majesty into a pump so deep Did with an opera glass so curious peep Examining with care each wondrous matter That brought up water!

Thus have I seen a magpie in the street,
A chattering bird we often meet,
A bird for curiosity well known,
With head awry,
And cunning eye,
Peep knowingly into a marrow bone.

And now his curious M——y did stoop
To count the nails on every hoop,
And lo' no single thing came in his way,
That, full of deep research, he did not say,
'What's this? liae, hae? What's that? What's this?
What's that?

So quick the words too, when he deigned to speak, As if each syllable would break its neck

Thus, to the world of *great* whilst others crawl, Our sovereign peeps into the world of *small* Thus microscopic geniuses explore

Things that too oft provoke the public scorn, I et swell of useful knowledge is the store,
By finding systems in a peppercorn

Now boasting Whitbread seriously did declare,
To make the majesty of England stare,
That he had butts enough, he knew,
Placed side by side, to reach along to Kew,
On which the king with wonder swifily cried
'What, if they reach to Kew, then, side by side,
What would they do, what, what, placed end to end?'
To whom, with knitted, calculating brow,
The man of beer most solemnly did yow,

Almost to Windsor that they would extend On which the king, with wondering mien, Repeated it unto the wondering queen, On which, quick turning round his haltered head, The brewer's horse, with face astonished, neighed, The brewer's dog, too, poured a note of thunder, Rattled his chain, and wagged his tail for wonder

Now did the king for other beers inquire, For Calvert's, Jordan's, Thrale's entire, And after talking of these different beers, Asked Whitbread if his porter equalled theirs?

This was a puzzling disagreeing question, Gmting like arsenic on his host's digestion, A kind of question to the man of Cask That not even Solomon himself would ask

Now majesty, alive to knowledge, took A very pretty memorandum book, With gilded leaves of ass's skin so white, And in it legibly began to write—

## Memorandum

A charming place beneath the grates For roasting chestnuts or potates.

#### Mem

'Tis hops that give a bitterness to beer, Hops grow in Kent, says Whitbread, and elsewhere.

#### Ouære

Is there no cheaper stuff? where doth it dwell? Would not horse aloes bitter it as well?

#### Mem

To try it soon on our small beer— 'Twill save us several pounds a year

#### Mem

To remember to forget to ask
Old Whitbread to my house one day

#### Vent

Not to forget to take of beer the cask, The brewer offered me, away

Now, having pencilled his remarks so shrewd, Sharp as the point, indeed, of a new pin, His majesty his watch most sagely viewed, And then put up his ass's skin

To Whitbread now deigned majesty to say 'Whitbread, are all your horser fond of hay?' 'Yes, please your majesty,' in humble notes The brewer answered—'Also, sire, of oats, Another thing my horses, too, maintains, And that, an't please your majesty, are grains.

'Grains, grains,' said mijesty, 'to fill their crops?
Grains, grains,—that comes from hops—yes, hops, hops, hops?'

Here was the king, like hounds sometimes, at fault—
'Sire,' said the humble brewer, 'give me leave
Your sacred majesty to undeceive,
Grains, sire, are never made from hops, but malt.'

'True,' said the cautious monarch with a smile,
'From malt, malt, malt—I meant malt all the while.
'Yes,' with the sweetest bow, rejoined the brewer,
'An't please your majesty, you did, I'm sure'
'Yes,' answered majesty, with quick reply,
'I did, I did, I did, I, I, I, I'

Now did the king admire the bell so fine,
That daily asks the draymen all to dine,
On which the bell rung out (how very proper')
To shew it was a bell, and had a clapper

And now before their sovereign's curious eye,
Parents and children, fine fat hopeful sprigs,
All snuffling, squinting, grunting in their sty,
Appeared the brewer's tribe of handsome pigs,

On which the observant man who fills a throne,
Declared the pigs were vastly like his own,
On which the brewer, swallowed up in joys,
Tears and astonishment in both his eyes,
His soul brimful of sentiments so loyal,
Exclumed 'O heavens' and can my swine
Be deemed by majesty so fine?
Heavens! can my pigs compare, sire, with pigs royal?'
To which the king assented with a nod
On which the brewer bowed, and said 'Good God'
Then winked significant on Miss,
Significant of wonder and of bliss,
Who, bridling in her chin divine,

Who, bridling in her chin divine,
Crossed her fair hands, a dear old maid,
And then her lowest curtsy made
For such high honour done her father's swine.

Now did his majesty, so gracious, say\_ To Mr Whitbread in his flying way

'Whitbread, d've nick the exciseman now and then? Hae, Whitbread, when d'ye think to leave off trade? Hae? what? Miss Whitbread's still a maid, a maid? What, what's the matter with the men?

'D'ye hunt?—hae hunt? No no, you are too old, You 'ill be lord mayor—lord mayor one day, Yes, yes, I've heard so, yes, yes, so I'm told, Don't, don't the fine for sheriff pay, I'll prick you every year, man, I deelare, Yes, Whitbread, yes, yes, you shall be lord mayor

'Whitbread, d'ye keep a coach, or job one, pray?
Job, job, that's cheapest, yes, that's best, that's best
You put your liveries on the draymen—hae?

Hae, Whitbread? You have feathered well your nest. What, what's the price now, hae, of all your stock? But, Whitbread, what's o'clock, pray, what's o'clock?'

Now Whitbread inward said 'May I be curst If I know what to answer first,'

Then searched his brains with ruminating eye, But ere the man of malt an answer found, Quick on his heel, lo, majesty turned round, Skipped off, and balked the honour of reply

## Lord Gregory

'Ah ope, Lord Gregory, thy door,
A midnight wanderer sighs,
Hard rush the rains, the tempests roar,
And lightnings cleave the skies'

'Who comes with woe at this drear night, A pilgrim of the gloom? If she whose love did once delight, My cot shall yield her room'

'Alas' thou heardst a pilgrim mourn
That once was prized by thee
Think of the ring by yonder burn
Thou gav'st to love and me

'But shouldst thou not poor Marion know,
I'll turn my feet and part,
And think the storms that round me blow,
Far kinder than thy heart'

The editions of Wolcots works—1788, 1792, 1794-96 (4 vols.) and 1812 (5 vols.)—are none of them quite complete. Some of the last of his seventy separate publications only appeared in 1814-17 Selections were published in 1824 and 1834. Many verses published tinder the name of 'Peter Pindar, 'Peter Pindar, jun, &c. were not Wolcots, but by various initators.

William Gifford (1756-1826) was born at Ashburton in Devonshire His father, a ne'er-dowell glazier, died of drink in 1767, his mother died a year afterwards, and after some little educa tion, the boy was at thirteen placed on board a coasting-vessel by his godfather, a man supposed to have benefited himself at the expense of Gifford's parents 'It will be easily conceived,' he recorded, 'that my life was a life of hardship. I was not only "a ship-boy on the high and giddy mast," but also in the cabin, where every menial office fell to my lot, yet if I was restless and discon tented, I can safely say it was not so much on account of this, as of my being precluded from all possibility of reading as my master did not possess, nor do I recollect seeing, during the whole time of my abode with him, a single book of any description, except the Coasting Pilot' The cabin boy was often seen by the fishwives of his native town running about the beach in a ragged jicket and trousers, and thus their tale, often repeated, awakened Ashburton to pity for the orphan, as also to resentment against the man who had brought His godfather was concussed into him so low taking him from the sea, and again he was put to school, where he made rapid progress, and soon hoped to succeed his old and infirm schoolmister But in 1772 his godfather, sure he had got learning enough, put him apprentice to a shoemaker, and this new profession Gifford hated with a perfect He had but one book in the world, and that was a treatise on algebra, a subject of which he had no knowledge, but meeting with Fenning's Introduction, he mastered both works 'This was not done,' he remembered, 'without difficulty had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one pen, ink, and paper, therefore, were for the most part as completely out of my reach as a There was indeed a resource, crown and sceptre but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl for the rest, my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it to a great extent?

He next tried poetry, and some of his 'lament able doggerel' fell into the hands of a surgeon of Ashburton, who raised money to buy him off from his apprenticeship, and in little more than two years Gifford had made such extraordinary progress in study that he was pronounced fit for Oxford 1779 a Bible clerkship was procured for him at Exeter College, and this, with occasional assist ance from the country, enabled him to live till, in 1782, he took his BA. He had been accustomed to correspond on literary subjects with a friend in London, his letters being enclosed in covers sent, The direc to save postage, to Lord Grosvenor tion having been once inadvertently omitted, the franker, supposing the letter to be meant for him self, opened and read it. He was struck with the contents, and after seeing the writer, and hearing

his story, undertook his present support and future establishment, and meanwhile invited him to come and live with him 'These,' the grateful scholar testified, 'were not words of course they were more than fulfilled in every point. I did go and reside with him, and I experienced a warm and cordial reception, and a kind and affectionate esteem, that has known neither diminution nor interruption from that hour to this, a period of twenty years' Part of this time was spent in attending his patron's son, Lord Belgrave, on a tour of Europe, which greatly informed the mind of the tutor He appeared as author in 1794. His first production was a saturical poem, The Bavia I, directed against a group of sentimental poetasters of that day, known from their hobbies as the Della Cruscan School--Virs Piozzi, Mrs Robinson, Mr Greathead, Mr Merry, and some others (see page 473)—con spicuous for their affectation and bad taste, and their high-flown compliments to one another was a specious brilliancy in these exotics,' Gifford complained, 'which dazzled the native grubs, who had scarce ever ventured beyond a sheep, and a crook, and a rose tree grove, with an ostentatious display of "blue hills," and "crashing torrents," and "petrifying suns"; Gifford's vigorous exposure of the 'splay-foot madrigals' and 'nambypamby madrigals of love,' in Scott's phrase, 'squabashed the Della Cruscans at one blow' Anna Matilda, Laura Maria, Edwin, Orlando, and the other high flown heralds of log-rolling sank into instant and irretrievable contempt. satire, in the form of a conversation between the author, Persius, represented by P, and a friend, F, was universally read and admired, now it seems often unreasonably savage and But lines like these can hardly be described as wholly temporary or antiquated in application

#### Degeneracy of Modern Literature

Oh for the good old times ' when all was new, And every hour brought prodigies to view, Our sires in unaffected language told Of streams of amber and of rocks of gold Full of their theme, they spurned all idle art, And the plain tale was trusted to the heart. Now all is changed! We fume and fret, poor elves, Less to display our subject than ourselves Whate'er we paint—a grot, a flower, a bird, Heavens, how we sweat! laboriously absurd! Words of gigantic bulk and uncouth sound, In rattling triads the long sentence bound, While points with points, with periods periods jar, And the whole work seems one continued war! Is not this sad?

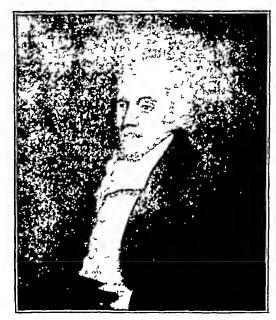
F—Tis pitiful, Heaven knows,
Tis wondrous pitiful. E'en take the prose
But for the poetry—oh, that, my friend,
I still aspire—nay, smile not—to defend
You praise our sires, but, though they wrote with force,
Their rhymes were vicious, and their diction coarse,
We want their strength—agreed, but we atone
For that and more by sweetness all our own.

For instance—'Hasten to the lawny vale, Where yellow morning breathes her saffron gale, And bathes the landscape'——

P—Pshaw, I have it here.
'A voice seraphic grasps my listening ear
Wondering I gaze, when lo' methought afar,
More bright than dauntless day's imperial star,
A godlike form advances'

F—You suppose
These lines perhaps too turgid, what of those?
'The mighty mother'——

P—Now, 'tis plain you sneer, For Weston's self could find no semblance here Weston' who slund from truth's imperious light, Swells like a filthy toad with secret spite,



WILLIAM GIFFORD

From the Portrait by John Hoppner R.A. in the National
Portrait Gallers

And, envying the fame he cannot hope,
Spits his black venom at the dust of Pope.
Reptile accursed '—O 'memorable long,
If there be force in virtue or in song,'
O injured bard 'accept the grateful strain,
Which I, the humblest of the tuneful train,
With glowing heart, yet trembling hand, repay,
For many a pensive, many a sprightly lay '
So may thy varied verse, from age to age,
Inform the simple, and delight the sage,
While canker'd Weston and his loathsome rhymes
Stink in the nose of all succeeding times

Mrs Piozzi's share in this fantastic garland of exotic verse is hit off in one felicitous couplet

See Thrale's gay widow with a satchel roam, And bring in pomp her laboured nothings home! Tasteless bibliomanines are sketched—those who

On black letter pore, And what they do not understand, adore, Bny at vast sums the trash of ancient days, And draw on produgality for praise. These, when some lucky lut, or lucky price, Has blessed them with *The Boke of Gode Advice*, For ekes and algates only deign to seek, And live upon a whilome for a week.

The Baviad was a paraphrase of the first satire of Persius In the year following, encouraged by its success, Gifford produced The Maviad, an imitation of Horace, levelled largely at the corruptors of the drama, the little-known poetasters Bavius and Mevius being stigmatised together as poetasters by Virgil, while Mævius is contemp tuously treated by Horace In the Maviad also the Della Cruscan authors—who attempted dramas as well as odes and elegies—are gibbeted in satiric verse, but Gifford was sufficiently catholic in his dislikes to include O'Keefe, Holcroft, and Morton among the objects of his most vehement condemnation. The plays of Kotzebue and Schiller, then first translated and much in vogue, he also confounded in the same denunciation as 'heavy, lumbering, monotonous stupidity, worse even than the lively nonsense of O'Keefe and Co'

Both satires are strangely planless, rambling, miscellaneous, at times irrelevant, and not even always saturical or abusive. Gifford could praise with perspicacity, as when in the Baviad he laments that lords and dukes were victims of metromania, 'curs'd with a sickly taste, while Burns' pure nurture runs to waste' And a good bit of the Maviad is eulogy of the character and art of his friend Hoppiner the painter James Boswell comes in repeatedly for severe treatment, and some of the most vicious remarks are not in the text but in the footnotes, which often fill more than half the page Thus 'Wonderful is the profundity of Bathos! I thought that O'Keefe had reached the bottom of it, but, as uncle Bowling says, I thought a d-n'd lie Holcroft, Reynolds, and Morton have sunk beneath They have happily found "in the lowest deep a lower still," and persevere in exploring it with an emulation that does them honour' Holcroft 'is a poor stupid wretch, to whom infidelity and disloyalty have given a momentary notoriety,

and opened the theatre to two or three of his grovelling and senseless productions? In 1797 a certain Williams, who assumed the name of Anthony Pasquin for his 'ribald strains' (a victim of a different type), aggrieved at his well-metited castigation in the Baviad, was nonsuited in an action against Gifford's publisher, though Gifford's statement was 'that he was so lost to every sense of decency and shame that his acquaintance was infamy and his touch poison'. The Tory bias is plain here and elsewhere. The following passage from the Mæviad explains the satirist's design

Sick of th' eternal croak, which, ever near, Beat like the death watch on my tortured ear, And sure, too sure, that many a genuine child Of truth and nature, check'd his wood notes wild, (Dear to the feeling heart,) in doubt to win The vacant wanderer, mid the unceasing din

Of this hoarse rout, I seized at length the wand, Resolv'd, tho' small my skill, tho' weak my hand, The mischief, in its progress, to arrest, And exoreise the soil of such a pest

Gifford in 1800 tried a third satire, an Episile to Peter Pindar (Dr Wolcot), which, being founded on personal animosity, is more remarkable for its passionate vehemence and abuse than for its point or justice, felicity or correctness. Wolcot replied with A Cut at a Cobbler, and, by-and by, with a personal assault (page 663) The notonety of Gifford's satires pointed him out as the man to edit the Anti-Jacobin, a weekly paper started by Canning and others to ridicule and expose the political agitators of the times Established in November 1797, it survived only till July 1798, but the connection thus formed with politicians and men of rank was afterwards serviceable to Gifford, he was made paymaster of the gentlemen-pensioners and commissioner of the lottery, with an income from the two offices of £900 In 1802 he published a translation of Juvenal, to which was pre fixed his sketch of his own life, a simple and unaffected autobiography When his Juvenal was attacked in the Critical Review, Gifford replied in An Examination, which pleasantly compared his reviewer to a tond

During my apprenticeship, I enjoyed perliaps as many places as Serub [in Farquhar's Beaux' Stratagen], though I suspect they were not altogether so dignified the chief of them was that of a planter of cabbages in a bit of ground which my master held near the town. It was the decided opinion of Panurge that the life of a cabbage planter was the safest and pleasantest in the world I found it safe enough, I confess, but not altogether pleasant, and therefore took every oppor tunity of attending to what I liked better, which happened to be, watching the actions of insects and reptiles, and, among the rest, of a huge toad I never loved tonds, but I never molested them, for my mother had early bid me remember that every living thing had the same Maker as myself, and the words always rang in my The toad, then, who had taken up his residence under a hollow stone in a hedge of blind nettles, I used to watch for hours together It was a lazy, lumpish animal, that squatted on its belly, and perked up its hideous head with two glazed eyes, precisely hile a In this posture, perfectly satisfied Critical Reviewer with itself, it would remain as if it were a part of the stone, till the cheerful buzzing of some winged insect provoked it to give signs of life. The dead glare of ifs eyes then brightened into a vivid lustre, and it awkwardly shuffled to the entrance of its cell, and opened its detestable mouth to snap the passing fly or Since I have marked the manners of the honey bee Critical Reviewers, these passages of my youth have often occurred to me

These are specimens of Gifford on Peter Pindar

But what is he, that with a Mohawk's air 'Cries havock, and lets slip the dogs of war?' A'bloated mass, a gross, blood bolter'd clod, A foe to man, a renegade from God,

From noxious childhood to permicious age, Separate to infamy, in every stage

Cornwall remembers vet his first employ, And shuddering tells with what infernal jov His little tongue in blasphemies was loos'd, His little hands in deeds of horror us d, While mangled insects strew d his cradle o'er, And limbs of birds distain'd his bib with gore.

Lo here the repule' who from some dark cell, Where all his veins with native poison swell, Crav Is forth, a slimy toad, and spits, and spies. The crude abortions of his loathsome muse, On all that Genius, all that Worth holds dear, Unsulited rank, and piets sincere, While idiot mirth the base defilement lands, And malice, with averted free, applauds!

Lo here the brutal sot' who, drench'd with gin Squeals out (with oaths and blasphemies between) The impious song, the tale, the jest obscene, And careless views, amidst the barbarous roar, His few grey hairs strew, one by one, the floor!

Besides his version of Juvenal Gifford translated Persius, and edited the plays of Massinger, Ford, and Shirley, and the works of Ben Jonson In 1803 John Murray, with the co-operation of Walter Scott and Souther, resolved on starting a review, in opposition to the now famous Edinburgh, and Gifford was selected as editor. In his hinds the Quarterly Review became a powerful political and literary journal, to which leading statesmen and famous authors equally contributed. He continued to discharge his duties as editor until within two years of his death on 31st December 1826, and he was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Gifford was high spirited, courageous, and sin cerc, but in most of his writings there was a strong tinge of personal acerbity and even virulence. was a good hater, and as he was opposed to all political visionaries and reformers, his wrath had seldom time to cool Even where no such prejudices could interfere, his literary criticism was frequently disfigured by the same temper, whoever, dead or alive, had ventured to say aught against Ben Jonson, or write what he deemed unsatisfactory comments on his favourite dramatists, was assailed with a vehemence ludicrously disproportioned to the offence, too many of those whom he for one reason or another disapproved were described as toads and reptiles His attacks on Hazlitt, Lamb, and Leigh Hunt-av, and on Keats (for the *Endymon* article of 1818 was almost certainly his), in the Quarterly, have no pretensions to be fair or candid criticism object was to crush such authors as were opposed to the Government of the day, or who departed from his canons of literary propriety Even the best and most spirited of his criticisms lack width of view and candour, and accordingly fail to produce their effect. Hazlitt returned his compliments in an open letter, and by a bitter attack on him in the Spirit of the Age. Looking with distrust and suspicion on the growing importance of the United States, Gifford kept alive among the English aristocracy a feeling of dislike or hostility towards America as unwise as it was ungenerous best service to literature was his edition of Ben Jonson, in which he successfully vindicated the great classic from unjust aspersions. His small but sinewy intellect, as a critic put it, was well employed in bruising the butterflies of the Della. Some of his shorter poems-Cruscan Muse one in affectionate remembrance of a faithful mudservant, one on a trip to Greenwich Hill on the 1st of May, &c.—are kindly, even tender, but his fame must rest on his incisiveness as satirist and his influence as critic and annotator Possibly the story of his early struggles may be read when his other writings are forgotten

The Rolliad, a series of political satures. written by some Whigs of wit and fashion, attracted universal attention and was wonderfully popular The idea is original, though the authors had the Dunciad before their eyes, they cleverly burlesqued Homer and Virgil, Shakespeare and Milton, and imitated Dryden and Churchill, and the level of prose and verse is so high that it is strange both should have been so utterly forgotten The Anti Jacobin is, with a few brilliant exceptions, mainly a series of heavy political pamphlets. the Rolliad and its companion pieces are, on the whole, more varied and sprightly But the innumerable topical allusions in the Rolliad, the large number of pieces that depend for their point on forgotten incidents and unimportant persons, have in this case hastened the oblivion that is the usual fate of political satire unless it dips deep into the elemental humour of human nature, and is the work, not of brilliant wits, but of a true genius The greater ferocity of the Anti-Jacobiu, its savage earnestness, is largely explained by the fact that the Rolliad appeared before the French Revolution had raised greater issues and stirred men's souls to their uttermost The so called Criticisms on the Rolliad appeared first in the Morning Herald, a London newspaper, in 1784-85, and were a succession of satires on Colonel John Rolle, afterwards Lord Rolle (1750-1842), a staunch adherent of Pitt, the blundering and passionate MP for Devon, who made himself obnoxious to the Opposition by his hostility to For. He lived to do homage to Queen Victoria at her coronation, but, eightsseven years old, he stumbled and fell on the steps of the throne, whereupon, as is well remembered, the young queen graciously and gracefully rose and came forward to meet him

In 1784 Pitt had been returned with an overwhelming majority. The Whigs, smarting under defeat, were naturally eager to show in ever way their superiority in wit and eloquence over sheer weight of numbers—brought to bear in the House of Commons, as they maintained, mainly by the loud and prolonged cheering and hissing of the 'stupid party,' comprising the home plutocrats and the Indian nabobs The 'Westminster Scrutiny' in 1784-85, when the Government party tried-but failed-to oust Fox from his seat at Westminster in favour of Sir Cecil Wray, gave the Whigs something to rejoice over, few political events ever called forth such a wealth of squibs, lampoons, and caricatures The Rolliad consists of pretended criticism on a supposititious epic poem, from which quotations were now and again made, enough only being given at a time to serve as text for the comment. The plot was suggested by a boast of Rolle that he was descended from the Norman Duke Rollo, who (disguised as a smuggler) is made to sail to England, and, by help of Merlin, has visions of the glories of his descendants in England, down to the most distinguished scion of the stock, the strong lunged Tory member who coughed down The vision of his descendants' career is, as might be expected, not wholly pleasing-thus several of the principal representatives of the family are seen to come to an untimely and In the 'Dedication' it is indishanneful end. cated that the Rolliad 'owed its existence to the memorable speech of the member for Devonshire on the first discussion of the Westminster Scrutiny, when he so emphatically proved himself the genuine descendant of Duke Rollo, and in the noble contempt which he showed for the rights of electors seemed to breathe the very soul of his great progenitor, who came to extirpate the liberties of Englishmen with the sword' And the last of Rollo's stock had at various times in his career (so the vision showed) had humiliating experiences -as at Westminster School, for example

> In vain ten thousand Busbys should employ Their pedant arts thy genius to destroy, In vain at either end thy Kolle assail, To learning proof alike at head or tail

The planless plan allows the free handling of all the supporters of the Government most open to criticism, burlesque, or innuendo as bores, fools, or venal persons, the bishops are not spared—

Who still, submissive to their Maker's nod, Adore their Sovereign, and respect their God,

Cumberland the dramatist and Rowland Hill the popular preacher are sharply dealt with, the hygienic ments of the Highland kilt and of southong (as compared with stingo and October) are lauded in mock heroics, and for the comfort of the luxurious Indian contingent, it is proposed to introduce a few velvet cushioned couches of ivory in place of the hard benches of the House of Commons

The Criticisms on the Rolliad appeared in a 'First Part' and a 'Second Part,' and this series of clever jeux desprit was followed by Probationary Odes for the Laureateship, Political Ecloques, and Political Miscellanies The design of the Probationary Odes was probably suggested

by Pope's ridicule of Cibber, and the death of Whitehead, the poet-laureate, in 1785, was seized upon by the Whig wits as affording an opportunity for satirising some of the political and literary characters of the day, conspicuous as members or supporters of the Government. Pitt, Dundas, Jenkinson (Lord Liverpool), Lord Thurlow, Major John Scott (agent for Warren Hastings), Harry Dundas (Viscount Melville), and others were the objects of these humorous sallies and personal invectives, while among literary men, Joseph and Thomas Warton, Sir John Hawkins, Macpherson (the translator of Ossian), and Sir N W Wraxall, MP, traveller, and author of many books of travels, were selected for attack. The idea (some what analogous to that of the Rejected Addresses) was to make the personages write, in competition for the laureateship, poems as specimens of their powers, thus giving the parodists scope for satins ing their characters, caricaturing their peculiarities, and burlesquing their style

Though there is a great variety of rhymes and of subjects, there is a wonderful unanimity of feeling throughout, and it has always been difficult to say who was the author of the several pieces, doubtless many were the joint work of several pens The chief contributors to this gailery of burlesque portraits and clever caricatures were Dr French Laurence (1757-1809), the friend of Burke, who was the chief editor or director of the satires, he was ultimately chancellor of the diocese of Oxford and judge of admiralty for the Cinque Ports He wrote also odes and sonnets, and translations from the Italian —General Richard Fitzpatrick (1747-1813), a brother of the last Earl of Upper Ossory, who served in the army in America, was long in Parliament, and held the offices of Secretary-at-War Fitzpatrick was the most and Irish Secretary intimate friend of Charles James Fox, he was famous as a wit, and published several poems, saturical and other - richard Tickell (1715-93), the grandson of Addison's friend and the brotherin law of Sheridan, besides his contributions to the Rolliad, was author of The Wreath of Tashion and other poetical pieces, and of a lively political pamphlet entitled Anticipation, 1778 was a commissioner of stamps, he was a great favourite in society, yet in a moment of de spondency he threw himself from a window in Hampton Court Palace, and was killed on the spot -Joseph Richardson (1755-1803), a journalist and ultimately proprietor of the Morning Post, was author of a comedy called The Fugitive, and was partner with Sheridan in Drury Lane Theatre. From 1776 till his death he sat in Parliament.

Among the other contributors to the Rolliad were Lord John Townsend (1757–1833), Wr George Fills (1753–1815), editor of Early English poetry, friend of Scott, and afterwards one of the founders of the Tory Anti-Jacobin (see pages 673, 678), Sir Robert Adair, Fox's intimate, a capable diplomatist, and General Burgoyne (1723–92), who surrendered to

Gates at Saratoga, latterly known as author of painphlets, miscellanea, and at least one successful comedy, The Heiress These were for the most part gay, witty, fashionable, and somewhat fist-living men, whose political satire and malice, as Moore has remarked, 'from the fancy with which it is mixed up, like certain kinds of fireworks, explodes in sparkles'-though, it must be added, some of their sallies are coarsely personal The topics of their saure are now in a great measure forgotten-superseded by other party-men and party measures, and the very qualities which gave it immediate and splendid success, and carried the series through more than a score of editions, have sunk it the sooner no oblivion

#### Merlin in the House

It is possible Merlin might even have gone on much longer, but he is interrupted by one of those disturbances which frequently prevail in the House of Commons. The confusion is finely described in the following broken couplet.

'Spole' Spole '—Sir'—Mr Speaker—Order there'
I rise —Spole'—Question' Question'—Chair' Chair'

This incident is highly natural, and introduced with the greatest judgment, as it gives another opportunity of exhibiting Mr Rolle, and in a situation where he always appears with conspicuous pre-eminence.

Great Rollo lool'd amazed, nor without fears His hands applied by instinct to his ears. He lool'd, and lo' amid the wild acclaim Discerned the future glory of his name, O er this new Babel of the noisy crowd, More fierce than all, more turbulent, more foud, Him vet he heard with thund'ring voice contend, 'Him first, him last, him midst, him without end'

#### Merlin's Invective

Tatterdemalions,

Scald Miserables, Rascals and Rascalions, Buffoons, Dependants, Parasites, Toad-eaters, Knaves, Sharpers, Blacklegs, Palmers, Coggers, Cheaters, Scrubs, Vagrants, Beggars, Mumpers, Ragamuffins, Rogues, Villains, Bravos, Desperados, Ruffians, Thieves, Robbers Cut throats, &c., &c., &c.

# From the Dedication of The Rolliad.'

When Pitt v ould drown the eloquence of Burke, You seem the Rolle best suited to his work, His well trained band, obedient, know their cue, And cough and groan in unison with you. Thy godlike ancestor, in valour tried, Still bravely fought by conqu'ring William's side. In British blood lie drenched his purple sword, Proud to pirtake the triumphs of his lord, So you with zeal support, through each debate, The conqu'ring William of a later date, Whene'er he speaks, attentive still to cheer. The lofty nothing with a friendly 'Hear' And, proud your leader's glory to promote, Partake his triumph in a faithful vote.'

#### Character of Mr Pitt.

Pert without fire, without experience sage, Young with more art than Shelburue gleaned from age, Too proud from pilfered greatness to descend, Too humble not to call Dundas his friend, In solemn dignity and sullen state. This new Octavius rises to debate Mild and more mild he sees each placed row Of country gentlemen with rapture glow, He sees, convulsed with sympathetic throbs, Apprentice peers and deputy nabobs. Nor rum contractors think his speech too long, While words, like treacle, trickle from his tongue, O soul congenial to the souls of Rolles '-Whether you tax the lurury of coals, Or vote some necessary millions more To feed an Indian friend's exhausted store. Fain would I praise—if I like thee could praise— Thy matchless virtue in congenial lays (From The Rolliad, No 2, attributed to Ellis.)

#### The Nabob MP's

There too, in place advanced as in command Above the beardless rulers of the land On a bare bench, alas ' exalted sit The pillars of Prerogative and Pitt, Delights of Asia, ornaments of man, Thy Sovereign's Sovereigns, happy Hindostan.

## From the 'Probationary Odes.'

The first highly Whitmane-que fragment is from the ode credited to the much travelled Sir N W Wraxall, the second is Major Scote, the third Harry Dundays (in ingenious manufactured non-natural Scotch) the fourth that of Lord Mounimorres the fifth Lord Thurlows Great Brunswick is, of curse George III, and Cornwall the then Prince of Wales.

But hail, ye lost Athenians '
Hail also, ye Armenians '
Hail once ye Greeks, ye Romans, Carthaginians '
Twice hail ye Turks, and thrice ye Abyssinians '
Hail too, O Lapland, with thy squirrels airy '
Hail, Commerce catching Tipperary '
Hail, wonder working Magi!
Hail Ourang Outang ' Hail Anthropophagi '
Hail, all ye cabinets of every state,
From poor Marino's Hill, to Catherine's empire great '
All, all have chiefs, who speak, who write, who seein to
think,
Caermarthens, Sydneys, Rutlands, paper, pens, and ink.

Now shall the Levee's ease thy soul inhead, Fatigued with Royalty's severer care, Oh' happy Few' whom brighter stars befried, Who catch the chat, the witty whisper share. Methinks I hear,

In accents clear,

Great Brunswick's voice still vibrate on my ear,

'What?-what?-what'

'Scott '-Scott '-Scott '

'Hot '-hot '-hot !
'What '-what !'

Oh ' fancy quick! Oh ' judgment true '
Oh ' sacred oracle of regal state!

So liasty and so generous too '

Not one of all thy questions will an answer wait 'Vain, vain, oh Muse, thy feeble art,
To paint the beauties of that head and heart!
That heart, where all the virtues join 'That head, that hangs on many a sign '

Hoot ' hoot awaw '
Hoot ' hoot awaw !
Ye lawland Bards ' hoo are ye aw?
What are your sangs? what aw your lair to boot?
Vain are your thoughts the prize to win,
Sae dight your gobs, and stint your senseless din,
Hoot ' hoot awaw! hoot! hoot!
Put oot aw your Attic feires,
Burn your lutes, and brek your leyres,
A looder, and a looder note I 'll strike —
Na watter drawghts fra' Helicon I need,
Na will I mount your winged steed,
[leike.
I'll mount the Hanoverian horse, and ride him whare I

Ne lairdly fowk ' wha form the coortly ring,
Coom ' lend your lugs, and listen wheil I sing '
Ne canny maidens tee ' wha aw the wheile
So sweetly luik, sa sweetly smeile,
Coom hither aw ' and roond me thrang,
Wheil I lug oot my peips, and gi'ye aw a canty sang

Awake, Hiberman lyre, awake, To harmony thy strings attune, O tache their trembling tongues to spake The glories of the fourth of June.

Damnation seize ye all,
Who puff, who thrum, who bawl and squall,
Fir'd with ambitious hopes in vain,
The wreath, that blooms for other brows, to gain
Is Thurlow yet so little known?

'Mr Mac Pherson,' declared to be 'a chief writer on the Government side,' was caricatured both in prose and in verse, part of the prose ran thus

Cornwall leaped from his throne and screamed—The Friends of Gwelfo hung their Heads—How were the mighty fallen '—Lift up the face, Dundasso, like the brazen shield of the chieftain' Thou art bold to con front disgruce, and shame is unknown to the brown,—but tender is the youth of the leader, who droopeth his head like a faded lily—leave not Pitto in the day of defeat, when the Chiefs of the Counties fly from him like the herd from the galled Deer

And this ode is described as 'a Duan in the true Ossianic sublimity'

Does the wind touch thee, O Harp? Or is it some passing Ghost? Is it thy hand, Spirit of the departed Scritting? Bring me the Harp, pride of Chatham! Snow is on thy bosom, Maid of the modest eye! A song shall rise ! Every soul shall depart at the sound!!! The wither'd thistle shall crown my head !!!! I behold thee, O King ! I behold thee sitting on mist ! ! ! Thy form is like a watery cloud, Singing in the deep like an oyster !!!! Thy face is like the beams of the setting moon ! Thy eyes are of two decaying flames! Thy nose is like the spear of Rollo!!! Thy ears are like three bossy shields!!! Strangers shall rejoice at thy clun !

The ghosts of dead Forces shall hear me
In their arry Hall!

The wither d thistle shall crown my head!
Bring me the Harp,
Son of Chatham!

But Thou, O King! give me the launce!

Collected editions of *The Rolliad*, *Probationary Odes* and *Political Eclogues and Miscellanies* appeared in 1795 and subsequently, the twenty-second edition was dated 1812. The author ship of the various pieces in the *Rolliad* was discussed at length in vols. ii and iii. of the First Series of *Notes and Queries*, and see an article in *St Paul's*, vol. v. (1870).

George Canning (1770-1827), the scion of an old Anglo Irish family long settled at Garvagh in County Derry, was born in London, his father, having quarrelled with his family over his marriage, tried poetry, pamphleteering, and law without success, and died leaving his wife, with a one yearold baby, to make a struggle to live as an actress. The boy, however, was sent by a banker uncle to Eton and Christ Church, and after a time at Lincoln's Inn, when according to Scott's story he was startled out of revolutionary sympathics by a visit from Godwin (see page 702), entered Parlia ment as a supporter of Pitt in 1796 In two years he had made himself famous as a parliamentary orator, and formidable as the ruling spirit of the In 1804 he became Pitt's Secretary Anti-Jacobin of the Navy In or out of office he was a most conspicuous figure till, in 1822 on the death of Castlereagh, with whom he had fought a duel in 1809, he became Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and helped to make history. At home he was disliked by reformers as a supporter of oppressive measures, his foreign policy was branded as revolutionary Tories suspected him of leanings to Liberthism, to Liberals he was always a Tory Eldon and Wellington in his own camp disliked him, and his contemptuous criticisms of all who differed from him made him many enemies. He supported Catholic emancipation, asserted British inde pendence against the Holy Alliance, promoted commerce by mitigating the protective prohibitive system, prepared the way for the repeal of the Corn Laws, worked with France and Russia for Greek independence, supported Portugal against Spain, and (though both Castlereagh and Welling ton admitted the de facto independence) was the first to recognise the free states of South America. In 1827 he became Prime Minister with the aid of the Whigs, but his health give way under the cares of office, and he died within six months, in the same room where Fox had breathed his last. He was a master of polished eloquence, of incisive logic, of trenchant wit, of brilliant rhetoric, but had not the power of convincing and persuading that his great predecessors Pitt and Burke and Fox exercised, though Cornewall Lewis thought that Canning as an orator had never been surpassed, perhaps never equalled, and Mackintosh ranked him above Pitt

More famous than his speeches are his contributions to The Anti-Jacobin or Weekly Examiner,

a strenuously saturical and powerful organ of Conservative opinion in prose and verse, begun in November 1797, and carried on—in dead earnest even when at its wittiest-till the July of next year Canning was the master-spirit, but he had Gifford for editor, and amongst his principal collaborators George Ellis and Hookham Frere, Pitt, too, may have lent a hand The Whig Rolliad had been rollicking, broadly humorous, at times coarse and offensively personal, but it aimed more at fun than at the destruction of error and the dissemination of truth These were distinctly amongst the aims of the Anti-Jacobin, and there is therefore some excuse for a measure of bitterness and even ferocity both in defence and assault, which cannot be attributed solely to Gifford. The Anti-Jacobin stood up for the English constitution against all foes, domestic and foreign, especially against French republicans and their friends, for Christianity and the Church of England against innovators, freethinkers, Dissenters, and atheists, for common sense against the poetry and philosophy of Erasmus Darwin, for English humour and taste against the false and feeble sentiment, silly rodomontade, lay morality, pointless dramatic construction, and general imbecility the Tory wits (from imperfect knowledge) conceived to be charac-The management was someteristically German times, as might be expected, undiscriminating and unfair in the selection of persons to be attacked Thus 'Coleridge and Southcy, Lloyd and Lamb and Co,' are invoked, along with 'Paine, Williams, Godwin, Holcroft,' and 'all creeping creatures venomous and low,' to worship the revolutionary Lepaux. It is not singular that Southey should at this time bave been denounced as an incendiary, or that Helen Maria Williams should have been very disrespectfully alluded to Coleridge never admitted that he was fairly treated in these references, and even when a high Tory, continued to resent the inclusion in this connection of poor Charles Lamb's name

In the Anti Jacobin for 1802 there is a commendatory notice of the poem called The Infidel and Christian Philosopher, contrasting the deathbeds of Voltaire and Addison, the long extract on Voltaire's end begins thus—

View yon pale wretch who late with haughty pride Like you his Saviour and his God deny'd. Mark how his fiery eyeballs, glaring roll, And shew the anguish of his tortur'd soul,

and Voltaire is made to bewail his blasphemies and in abject terror implore the sovereign mercy which he scorned before

The same number, reviewing a volume of poetry 'by the author of *Gebir*,' repudiates 'all knowledge of the former productions of this notable bard' named on the title (including *The Phoceans* and *Chrysaor*), but pronounces this 'the most arrant doggrell as ever poor critic was compelled to regard. In short, worse lines and worse prin-

ciples were seldom if ever united in one poor volume This fustion probably comes from one of the dissenting manufactories at Warwick.'

A good deal of difficulty has been found in fixing the authorship of the various contributions to the Anti-Jacobin, which were of course anonymously published, many of the best were the joint work of two or more of the band. Some of the very best were undoubtedly wholly or almost wholly Canning's work. Amongst these are generally reckoned the prospectus, the inscription for the cell of Mrs Brownrigg, the murderer, the second and third parts of The Lovis of the Triangles, The Needy Knife-Grinder, the second and third parts of The Progress of Man, and The New Morality Canning shared with Ellis and Frere in the play of The Rovers (with its English heroes Puddingfield



GEORGE CANNING

From the Bust by Sir Francis Chantrey in the National Portrait

Gallery

and Beefington), meant to ridicule German plays generally, though in truth it has little relevance to any actual German work, and the 'Song of Rogero' is apparently his, though it is said Pitt added the last verse.

The Browning poem caricatured Southey's inscription for the cell of Henry Marten, the parliamentarian regicide, at Chepstow, the 'Friend of Humanity' was the Irish Whig MP, Tierney, the Progress of Man satirised Payne Knight's Progress of Civil Society, and the Loves of the Triangles was the too amazingly effective caricature of Erasmus Darwin's Loves of the Plants—it killed Darwin's poem and blasted his laurels. Indeed, it might be argued that the Anti-Jacobin helped greatly to put all didactic poetry out of fashion, and so, in spite of its politics and literary principles, to promote a new era in literature

and a taste diametrically opposed to that of the eighteenth century

Γrom the New Morality come the oftenquoted lines—

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe, Bold I can meet, perhaps may turn his blow, But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send, Save, save, oh' save me from the candid friend'

as also the couplet-

A steady Patriot of the World alone, The Friend of every Country—but his own

Inscription for the Door of the Cell in Newgate, where Mrs Brownrigg, the Prentice-cide, was confined previous to her execution.

For one long term, or ere her trial came, Here Brownrigg linger'd Often have these cells Lehoed her blasphemies, as with shrill voice She screamed for fresh Geneva. Not to her Did the blitlie fields of Tothill, or thy street, St Giles, its fair varieties expand, Till at the last, in slow drawn carr, she went To execution Dost thou ask her crime? She whipp'd two female prentices to death, And hid them in the coal hole For her mind Shaped strictest plans of discipline Sage schemes! Such as Lycurgus taught, when at the shrine Of the Orthyan goddess he bade flog The little Spartans, such as erst chastised Our Milton when at college For this act Did Brownings swing 1 larsh laws! But time shall come When France shall reign, and laws be all repeal'd '

## From 'The Progress of Man.'

Lo! the rude savage, free from civil strife, Keeps the smooth tenour of his guiltless life, Restrain'd by none save Nature's lement laws, Quaffs the clear stream, and feeds on hips and haws. I ight to his daily sports behold him rise! The bloodless banquet health and strength supplies Bloodless not long—one morn he haps to stray Through the lone wood—and close beside the way Sees the gaunt tiger tear his trembling prey, Beneath whose gory fangs a leveret bleeds, Or pig—such pig as fertile China breeds

Struck with the sight, the wondering Savage stands, Rolls his broad eyes, and clasps his lifted hands! Then restless roams—and loaths his wonted food, Shuns the salubrious stream, and thirsts for blood

By thought mutur'd, and quicken'd by desire,
New arts, new arms, his wayward wants require.
From the tough yew a slender branch he tears,
With self taught skill the twisted grass prepares,
Th' unfashion'd bow with labouring efforts bends
In circling form, and joins th' unwilling ends
Next some tall reed he seeks—with sharp edg'd stone
Shapes the fell dart, and points with whiten'd bone

Then forth he fares. Around in carcless play, Kids, pigs, and lambkins unsuspecting stray With grim delight he views the sportive band, Intent on blood, and lifts his murderous hand Iwangs the bent bow—resounds the fateful dart, Swift wing'd, and trembles in a porker's heart

Ah! hapless porker! what can now avail
Thy back's stiff bristles, or thy curly tail?
Ah! what avail those eyes so small and round,
Long pendent ears, and snout that loves the ground?

Not unreveng'd thou diest '—In after times From thy spilt blood shall spring unnumber'd crime. Soon shall the slaught'rous arms that wrought thy woe, Improv'd by malice, deal a deadlier blow, When social Man shall pant for nobler game, And 'gainst his fellow man the vengeful veapon aim.

As love, as gold, as jenlousy inspires, As wrathful hate or wild ambition fires, Urged by the statesman's crift, the tyrant's rage, Embattled nations endless wars shall wage, Vast seas of blood the ravaged fields shall stain, And millions perish—that a King may reign!

For blood once shed, new wants and wishes rise, Lach rising want invention quick supplies. To roast his victuals is Man's next desire, So two dry sticks he rubs, and lights a fire, Hail fire! &c. &c.

# From 'The Loves of the Triangles'

And first, the fair Parabola behold,
Her timid arms with virgin blush unfold.
Though on one focus fix'd, her eyes betray
A heart that glows with love's resistless sway,
Though, climbing oft, she strive with bolder grace
Round his tall neck to clasp her fond embrace,
Still ere she reach it, from his polish'd side
Her trembling hands in devious Tangents glide

In The Friend of Humanity and the Knife grinder, generally called, from the first line, The Needy Knife-grinder, Canning ridicules the youth ful Jacobin effusions of Southey, in which, he says, it was sedulously inculcated that there was a natural and eternal warfare between the poor and the rich. The Sapphic rhymes of Southey afforded a tempting subject for ludicrous purody, and lest he should be suspected of painting from fancy, Canning quoted the following stanza.

Cold was the night wind drifting fast the snows fell, Wide were the downs, and shelterless and naked, When a poor wanderer struggled on her journey, Weary and way sore

# The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-grinder

F of II Needy Knife grinder! whither are you going? Rough is your road, your wheel is out of order, Bleak blows the blast—your hat has got a hole in't, So have your breeches!

Weary Knife grinder! little think the proud ones, Who in their couches roll along the turnpike Road, what hard work 'tis crying nil day, 'Knives and Seissors to grind O''

Tell me, Knife grinder, how came you to grind knives? Did some rich man tyrannically use you? Was it the squire, or parson of the parish,

Or the attorney?

Was it the squire, for killing of his game? or Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining? Or roguish lawyer, made vou lose your little All in a lay suit?

(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my cyclids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story

K G Story! God bless yon! I have none to tell, sir, Only last night a-drinling at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into
Custody, they took me before the justice,
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish
Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your honour's health in A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence, But for my part, I never love to meddle With politics, sir

F of H I give thee sixpence ' I will see thee d——d
first—

Wretch, whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to ven Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded, [geance— Spiritless outcast!

[Kicks the Knift grander overturns his wheel, and exit in a transfort of republican enthusiasm and universal fillan thropy]

Song of Rogero, in 'The Rovers'

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I thinl of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

(Weeps and fulls out a blue kerchief, with which he cupes his eyes gazing tenaerly at it, he freeceds?)

Sv eet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue, Which once my love sat knotting in—Alas, Matilda then was true!

At least I thought so at the University of Gottingen, niversity of Gottingen

Lat the repetition of this line, Regero clanks his chains in cade ice a

Barbs' barbs' alas' how swift you flew
Her neat post wagon trotting in'
Le bore Matilda from my view,
Forlorn I languished at the University of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen

This faded form ' this pallid hue'
This blood my veins is clotting in,
My years are many—they were few
When first I entered at the U
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my Tu
tor, law professor at the University of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adicu,
That kings and priests are plotting in
Here doomed to starve on water gru
el, never shall I see the University of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen

[During the last stanza, Rogero dashes his head refeatedly against the walls of his frison and finall, so hard as to produce a wistble contusion. He then through himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops, the rusic still continuing to play till it is wholly fallen?

There is a Memoir prefixed to Canning's Speeches edited by Therry (6 vols. 1833), A. Stapelton's Political Life of Canning (1831) and Canning and his Finnes (1859) are eulogistic more recent are the Lives by Hill (1887), Marriott (1903), and Temperles (1905). See also Lord Dalling's Historical Characters (1867) and Canning's Official Correspondence edited by E. J. Stapleton (2 vols. 1887). The Peetry of the Anti-Jacobin was separately published in 1801 and with explanatory notes, by Charles Edmonds in 1825 (3rd ed. 1890).

John Hookham Frere (1769–1846) was born in London of a good old East Anglian family, was the son of an accomplished anti quary, and was educated at Eton and Casus College, Cambridge. He next entered the Foreign Office, and from 1796 to 1802 was member for the Cornish pocket-borough of West Looe. Along with his old schoolfellow Canning, he gave steady support to Pitt's Government, and contributed to the Anti Jacobin (1797-98), whose editor was Gifford, and many of whose best pieces were the conjoint work of Canning and Frere, sometimes also of Ellis Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs (1799), Frere was appointed envoy to Portugal (1800), and then twice Minister to Spain (1802-4, 1808-9), where he was much blamed for his conduct to Sir John Moore He was recalled after the retreat to Corunna, and renounced public life, twice refusing the offer of a peerage. By his father's death in 1807 he succeeded to the Roydon property near Diss, in 1816 he married the Dowager-Countess of Erroll, and in 1818, for her health's sale, they settled at Malta. She died there in 1831 (ten months before Scott's well-known meeting with Frere), and Frere himself fifteen years later In 1817 Mr Murray published a small poetical volume under the eccentric title of Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work, by William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stowmarket in Suffolk, Harness and Collar Makers Intended to comprise the most Interesting Particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table The world was surprised to find, under this odd disguise, a happy effort further to naturalise in English the gay ottava rima of Berni, Casti, and their imitators in Italian brothers Whistlecraft formed, it was quickly seen, but the mask of some scholarly wit belonging to the higher circles of society. To two cantos published in 1817 a third and fourth were added the The description of Arthur and his following year knights at Carlisle shows the characteristic vein

They looked a mank generous generation, Beards, shoulders, evebrows, broad, and square, and thick, Their accents firm and loud in conversation, Their eyes and gestures eager, sharp, and quick,

Shewed them prepared, on proper provocation, Fo give the lie, pull noses, stab and kick, And for that very reason, it is said, They were so very courteous and well bred

In a wild valley near Carlisle, poetically described, lived a race of giants. The giants having attacked and carried off some ladies on their journey to court, the knights deem it their duty to set out in pursuit, and having overcome the oppressors, they relieve the captives from durance

The ladies?—They were tolerably well,
At least as well as could have been expected
Vany details I must forbear to tell,
Their toilet had been very much neglected,
But by supreme good luck it so befell,
That when the castle's capture was effected,
When those vile cannibals were overpowered,
Only two fat duennas were devoured

Near the valley of the giants was an abbey, containing fifty friars, 'fat and good,' long on good terms with their neighbours. The giants, naturally fond of music, would sometimes approach the sacred pile.

And oft that wild untutored race would draw, Led by the solemn sound and sacred light, Beyond the bank, beneath a lonely shaw, To listen all the livelong summer night, Till deep, screne, and reverential awe Environed them with silent calm delight, Contemplating the minster's midnight gleam, Reflected from the clear and glassy stream

But chiefly, when the shadowy moon had shed O'er woods and waters her mysterious hue, Their passive liearts and vacant fancies fed With thoughts and aspirations strange and new, Till their brute souls with inward working bred Dark hints that in the depths of instinct grew Subjective—not from Locke's associations, Nor David Hartley's doctrine of vibrations.

Unhappily this happy state of things is broken up by the introduction of a ring of bells into the abbey, a kind of music to which the giants had an insurmountable aversion

Meanwhile the solemn mountains that surrounded The silent valley where the convent lay, With tintinnabular uproar were astounded When the first peal burst forth at break of day Feeling their granite ears severely wounded, They scarce knew what to think or what to say, And—though large mountains commonly conceal Their sentiments, dissembling what they feel,

Yet—Cader Gibbrish from his cloudy throne To huge Loblommon gave an intimation Of this strange rumour, with an awful tone, Thundering his deep surprise and indignation, The lesser hills, in language of their own, Discussed the topic by reverberation, Discoursing with their echoes all day long, Their only conversation was, 'ding dong'

These grant mountains inwardly were moved, But never made an outward change of place,

Not so the mountain giants (as behoved A more alert and locomotive race), Hearing a clatter which they disapproved, They ran straight forward to besiege the place, With a discordant universal yell, Like house dogs howling at a dinner bell.

Meanwhile a monk, Brother John by name, who had opposed the introduction of the bells, has gone, in a fit of disgust with his brethren, to amuse himself with the rod at a neighbouring stream

A mighty current, unconfined and free,
Ran wheeling round beneath the mountain's shade,
Battering its wave worn base, but you might see
On the near margin many a watery glade,
Becalmed beneath some little island's lee,
All tranquil and transparent, close embayed,
Reflecting in the deep serene and even
Each flower and herb, and every cloud of heaven,

The painted kingfisher, the branch above her, Stand in the steadfast mirror fixed and true, Anon the fitful breezes brood and liover, Freshening the surface with a rougher hue, Spreading, withdrawing, pausing, passing over, Again returning to retire anew So rest and motion in a narrow range, Feasted the sight with joy ous interchange.

Brother John becomes aware of the approach of the giants in time to run home and give the alarm, and after stout resistance by the monks, the giants at length withdraw from the scene of action. It finally appears that the pagans have retired in order to make the attack upon the ladies, which The ottava rima had formerly been described had already been used by the Scottish poet Tennant in his Anster Fair, but it was Whistle craft's clever combination of absurdity and sense, burlesque and real poetry in the measure, that showed Byron what an admirable instrument it He wrote Beppo in imitation of Frere's work, and imitated much more than the verse, and Don Juan was a still more masterly development of the same method and measure.

His friends credit him with writing the greater purt of The Loves of the Triangles in the Auli Jacobin (see page 673), and with a share in The Knife-grinder as well as in The Rovers translation of The Battle of Brunanburh (1801) for Ellis's Specimens was a foretaste of his won derful skill in this way But Frere's most serious and permanent contribution to English literature was made in his masterly translations of the 'Frogs,' 'Acharmans,' 'Knights,' and 'Birds' of Aristophanes, privately printed at Malta in 1839, but first made known through an article by Sir G Cornewall Lewis in the Classical Museum for It is universally admitted that these render ings-free versions rather than strict translations -are masterpieces of a difficult art, and in a specially difficult department—the transfusion into modern English verse, somewhat of the original type, of ancient Greek wit, humour, satire, racy

phraseology, ringing rhythms, and verbal felicities innumerable.

### Scene from the 'Acharnians.'

Enter a MECARIAN with his two little girls

Megarian Ah, there's the Athenian market! Heaven I say, the welcomest sight to a Megarian. [bless it, I've look'd for it, and long'd for it, like a child For its own mother You, my daughters dear, Disastrous offspring of a dismal sire, List to my words, and let them sink impress'd Upon your empty stomachs, now's the time That you must seek a livelihood for yourselves. Therefore resolve at once, and answer me, Will you be sold abroad, or starve at home? Both Let us be sold, papa !- Let us be sold

Meg I say so too, but who do ye think will purchase Such useless mischievous commodities? However, I have a notion of my own, A true Megarian scheme, -I mean to sell ye Disguised as pigs, with artificial pettitoes Here, take them, and put them on. Remember now, Show yourselves off do credit to your breeding, Like decent pigs, or else, by Mercury, If I'm obliged to take you back to Megara, There you shall starve far worse than heretofore -This pair of masks too-fasten 'em on your faces, And crawl into the sack there on the ground Mind ye-Remember-you must squeak and whine, And racket about like little roasting pigs. -And I'll call out for Dicæopolis.

Hoh Diccopolis, Diccopolis! I sav, would you please to buy some pigs of mine? Dicaopolis What's there? a Megarian?

I es-we're come to market Meg [sneakingly] Die How goes it with you?

We're all like to starve Die Well, liking is everything. If you have your That's all in all the likeness is a good one,

A pretty likeness! like to starve, you say But s hat else are you doing?

What we're doing? I left our governing people all contriving To ruin us utterly without loss of time.

Dic It's the only way it will keep you ont of Meddling and getting into scrapes mischief,

Ay, yes Dic Well, what's vonr other news? How's corn?

What price? Meg Corn? it's above all price, we worship it

Die But salt? You've salt, I reckon-

Salt? how should we?

Have you not seized the salt pans?

No ' nor garlie?

Have not ye garlic?

What do ye talk of garlie? Meg As if you had not wasted and destroyed it, And grubb'd the very roots out of the ground Dic Well, what have you got then? Tell us! Can't

Meg [in the tone of a sturdy resolute lie]. Pigs '-Pigs truly-pigs forsooth, for sacrifice

Dic That's well, let's look at 'em Ay, they're handsome ones, You may feel how heavy they are, if ye hold 'em np

Die Hev day! What's this? What's here?

Meg A pig to be sure. Dic Do ye say so? Where does it come from? Come? from Megara. Meg

What, an't it a pig?

Dic No truly, it does not seem so Meg Did you ever hear the like? Such an unac-

Suspicious fellow! it is not a pig, he says! But I'll be judged, I'll bet ye a bushel of salt,

It's what we call a natural proper pig

Die Perhaps it may, but it's a human pig Meg Human ' I'm human, and they're mine, that's all Whose should they be, do ve think? so far they're human.

But come, will you hear 'em squeak?

Ay, yes, by Jove,

With all my heart.

Come now, pig 1 now 's the time Meg Remember what I told ye-squeak directly! Squeak, can't ve? Curse ye, what's the matter with ye? Squeak when I bid you, I say, by Mercury I'll carry you back to Megara if you don't

Daughter Wee wee.

Do you hear the pig? Meg Dic

The pig, do ve call it?

It will be a different creature before long Meg It will take after the mother, like enough

Die Ay, but this pig won't do for sacrifice.

Meg Why not? why won't it do for sacrifice? Dic Imperfect ! here 's no tail !

Poh, never mind, Meg

It will have a tail in time, like all the rest. But feel this other, just the fellow to it, With a little further keeping, it would serve For a pretty dainty sacrifice to Venus

Die Yon warrant 'em weand' they Il feed without the mother?

Meg Without the mother or the father either

Dic But what do they like to cat?

Meg Just what ye give 'em, You may ask 'em if you will.

DicPig, pig l 1 Daughter

Wee wee Dic Pig, are ye fond of peas?

1 Daughter Wee née wee nec.

Dic Are ye fond of figs? 1 Daughter

Wee wée nee nee nee née. Dic I ou little one, are you fond of figs?

2 Daughter

Dic What a squeak was there ' they're ravenous for Go somebody, fetch ont a parcel of figs For the little pigs ' Heh, what, they 'll cat, I warrant.

Lawk there, look at 'em racketing and bustling ! How they do munch and crunch ' in the name of heaven.

Why, sure they can't have eaten em already ! Meg [sneakingly]. Not all, there's this one here, I

took myself Die Well, faith, they 're clever comical animals.

[Exil

What shall I give you for 'em? What do ye asl? Meg I must have a gross of onions for this here,

And the other you may take for a peck of salt Die I'll leep 'em, wait a moment

Heaven be praised! O blessed Mercury, if I could but manage To make such another bargain for my wife, I'd do it to morrow, or my mother either

The Borks of Frere in I erse on a Prose were published with a Memoir by his nephew, Sir Lartle Frere, in 1871

George Ellis (1753-1815), the son of a West Indian planter, was already writing mock heroics about Bath society in 1777, and next year pub lished Poetical Tales by Sir Gregory Gander, which delighted Scott and the world, and are referred to in the fifth canto of Marmion, dedicated to Ellis The young wit, having Whig connections, was one of the most effective members of the Rolliad group, and is believed to have written the attack on Pitt, quoted at page 671, but he afterwards changed sides and was a constant contributor to the Anti-Jacobin Attached to a diplomatic mission to the Netherlands, he wrote a history of the Dutch revolution in 1785-87, travelled in Germany in 1791, and after 1796 sat in Parliament for Seaford labours as the first scholarly editor of Specimens of the Early English Poets have been already commemorated in this work (Vol I p 30) first edition (1790) was greatly extended in 1801, and 1851 saw a fifth edition. His Specimens of Early English Romances (1805, 2nd ed 1811) con ferred a further favour on students of literature, and he edited Way's translations of select Fabliani of the twelfth and thirteenth centurics (1796, 3rd ed 1815) He was a cherished friend of Sir Walter Scott's and a futhful correspondent.

Richard Payne Knight (1750-1824), a wealthy Herefordshire squire, virtuoso, and collector of ancient coins, marbles, and bronzes, was recognised at home and abroad as a high authority on ancient art, and wrote on Greek epigraphy, the symbolism of art, and the like For a book on the worship of Prinpus he was severely liandled by Mathias in The Pursuets of Literature, his didnetic poem on The Progress of Civil Society give occasion to one of the cleverest burlesques in the Anti-Jacobin, and his other tedious pocin, The Landscape, came also in for much uncom plimentary criticism He made over his collections to the British Museum

Thomas James Mathias (1754?-1835), author of The Pursuits of Literature, was the son of a minor functionary in the queen's household. seems to have been at Eton, and was certainly educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was distinguished as Latinist and verse writer From the university he passed in 1782 into the queen's service, becoming her treasurer But in broken health he went to Italy in 1815, and there (mainly about Naples) remained till his death He was the best Italian scholar England had pro duced, edited Italian authors, published collections of Italian poems, translated English verse into Italian, and himself wrote Italian poems. He also wrote and published much Latin verse, and he ruined himself by a magnificent edition of Gray's works (1814) From 1780 he made himself known as a satirist in English prose and verse, mainly on the Fory side, and against Whigs in Church and State But it was by the Pursuits of Literature, in four verse dialogues, published anonymously between 1794 and 1797 (16th cd 1812), that he brought himisclf to be ir on his time by audicious saure of literary personages such as Joseph Warton, Pair, Godwin, Payne Knight, and Monk Jewis—several of them victimised also by the Anti-facolin. Like Gifford's Barnad and Marnad, the text was over laid vith elaborate notes, and the poem, in spite of occasional piquant and telling lines or short passages, was ere long voted unconscionable and indiscriminate in its censures and tedious on the whole, and is now little read

Henry Grattan (1746-1820), born in Dublin, at seventeen entered I rimity College, and embraced the reforming principles of Henry I lood with such ardour that his fither, the Recorder of Dublin, die inherited him. At the Middle Temple in London he neglected law for the debates in the House of In 1772 he was called to the lash Commons Bar, and in 1775 entered the Irish Parliament as nicinber for Charlemont. I lood had lost his popul larity by accepting office under Government, and Grattan leapt at a bound into his place, strove to secure the removal of the restrictions upon Irish tride, and not plunged into a struggle for legis lative independence When in 1782, after the great Convention at Dungannon, the Rocking ham Ministry surrendered, the Irish Parliament in grantude voted Grattan £50,000 But it proved impossible for 'Grittin's Parliament,' so little representative and so much subject to corruption, Grattan devoted to rise to real statesmanship himself mainly to advocating, in vain, the reform of special abuses. The corruption of the Castle government, the persistent repression of the agita tion for Catholic relief (which Grattan, himself a Protestant, warmly supported), and the spirit of discontent generated by the French Revolution fomented the movement of the United Irishmen Hopeless of his policy and broken by ill licalth, Grattan retired on the eve of the rebellion, but returned to take his seat for Wicklow, and bravely to combat the Bill for the Union Four years after the Union was carried out, he was elected to West minster as member for Malton in Yorkshire, and for Dublin in the following year. The remaining energies of his life were devoted to the cause of In December 1819 his Citholic emincipation health began to give way, in the following May he crossed from Dublin, a dyang man, to speak once more for the cause, and, dving five days after his arrival, was buried in Westminster Abbey In April 1782, a month before the English Parlia ment formally recognised the independence of the Irish Parliament, Grattan began thus one of his most famous speeches

# Irish Parliamentary Independence

I am now to address a free people ages have passed away, and this is the first moment in which you could be distinguished by that appellation. I have spoken on the subject of your liberty so often that I have nothing to add, and have only to admire by what Heaven directed

steps you have proceeded until the whole faculty of the nation is braced up to the act of her own deliver ance. I found Ireland on her knees, I watched over her with a paternal solicitude, I have traced her progress from injuries to arms, and from arms to liberty Spirit of Swift! spirit of Volyneux! your genius has prevailed! Ireland is now a nation in that new character I hail her' and bowing to her august presence, I say, Esto fer petua! She is no longer a wretched colony, returning thanks to her governor for his rapine, und to her king for his oppression, nor is she now a squabbling, fretful sectary, perplexing her little wits and firing ber furious statutes with bigotry, sophistry, disabilities, and death, to transmit to posterity insignificance and war Look to the rest of Enrope, and contemplate yourself, and be Holland lives on the memory of past achieve ments, Sweden has lost liberty, England has sullied her great name by un attempt to enslave her colonies are the only people-you, of the nations in Europe, are now the only people who excite admiration, and in your present conduct you not only exceed the present generation, but you equal the past I am not afraid to turn back and look antiquity in the face the revolution-that great event, whether you call it ancient or modern I know not, was tarnished with bigotry the great deliverer (for such I must ever call the Prince of Nassau) was blemished with oppression, he assented to, he was forced to assent to, acts which deprived the Catholics of reli gious, and all the Irish of eivil and commercial rights, though the Irish were the only subjects in these islands who had fought in his defence. But you have sought liberty on her own principle see the Presbyterians of Bangor petition for the freedom of the Catholics of You, with difficulties innumerable, with Munster dangers not a few, have done what your ancestors wished but could not accomplish, and what your pos tenty may preserve but will never equal, you have moulded the jarring elements of your country into a nation, and have rivalled those great and ancient com mony ealths whom you were taught to admire and among whom you are now to be recorded in this proceeding you had not the advantages which were common to other. great countries, no monuments, no trophies, none of those outward and visible signs of greatness such as inspire mankind and connect the ambition of the age which is coming on with the example of that going off, and form the de scent and concatenation of glory no, you have not had any great act recorded among all your misfortunes, nor have yon one public tomb to ussemble the crowd, and speak to the living the language of integrity and freedom.

#### From the Philippic against Flood (1783)

With regard to the liberties of America, which were inseparable from ours, I will suppose this gentleman to have been an enemy decided and unreserved, that he voted against her liberty, und voted, moreover, for an address to send 4000 Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans, that he called these butchers 'armed negotiators,' and stood with a metuphor in his month and a bribe in his pocket, a champion against the rights of America, the only hope of Ireland, and the only refuge of the liberties of mankind

Thus defective in every relationship, whether to con stitution, commerce, toleration, I will suppose this man to have added much private improbits to public crimes, that his probity was like his patriotism, and his honour

on a level with his oath He loves to deliver panegyries on himself I will interrupt him, and say Sir, you are much mistaken if you think that your talents have been as great as your life has been reprehensible, you began your parliamentary career with an acrimony and personality which could have been justified only by a supposition of virtue after a rank and clamorous opposition you became on a sudden sileit, you were silent for seven years you were silent on the greatest questions, and you were silent for money! In 1773, when a negotiation was pending to sell your talents and your turbulence, you absconded from your duty in parliament, von forsook your law of Poynings, you forsook the ques tions of economy, and abandoned all the old themes of your former declamation, you were not at that period to be found in the House, you were seen like a guilty spirit haunting the lobby of the House of Commons, watching the moment in which the question should be put, that you might vanish, you were descried with a emminul anxiety retiring from the scenes of your past glory, or you were perceived coasting the upper benches of this House like a bird of prey, with an evil aspect and a sepulchral note, meditating to pounce on its quarry These ways—they were not the ways of honour—you practised pending a negotiation which was to end either in your sale or your sedition the former taking place, you supported the rankest measures that ever came before Parliament, the embargo of 1776, for instance. 'O fatal embargo, that breach of law and ruin of commerce!' You supported the unparalleled profusion and jobbing of Lord Harcourt's scandalous ministry—the address to support the American war-the other address to send 4000 men, whom you had yourself declared to be neces sary for the defence of Ireland, to fight against the liberties of America, to which you had declared yourself a friend, -yon, Sir, who delight to utter execrations against the American commissioners of 1778, on account of their hostility to America, -you, Sir, who manufacture stage thunder against Mr Eden for his anti American principles, -you, Sir, whom it pleases to chant a hymn to the immortal Hampden, -you, Sir, upproved of the tyranny exercised against America, -and yon, Sir, voted 4000 Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans fight ing for their freedom, fighting for your freedom, fighting for the great principle, liberty, but you found ut last (and this should be an eternal lesson to men of your craft und cunning) that the King had only dishonoured you, the Court had bought but would not trust you, and having voted for the worst measures, you remained for seven years the creature of salary, without the confidence of Government Mortified at the discovery, and stung by disappointment, you betake yourself to the sad expedients of duplicity, you try the sorry game of a trimmer in your progress to the acts of an incendiary, you give no honest support either to the Government or the people. you, at the most critical period of their existence, take no part, you sign no non consumption ugreement, you are no volunteer, you oppose no perpetual mutiny bill, no altered sugar bill, you declare that you lament that the declaration of right should have been brought forward, and observing with regard to prince and people the most impartial treachery and desertion, you justify the suspicion of your Sovereign by betraying the Govern ment, as you had sold the people until at last, by this hollow conduct and for some other steps, the result of mortified ambition, being dismissed, and another person

put in your place, you fly to the ranks of the volunteers, and canvass for mutiny, you announce that the country was ruined by other men during that period in which she had been sold by you. Your logic is that the repeal of a declaratory law is not the repeal of a law in nll, and the effect of that logic is an English act affecting to emancipate Ireland by exercising over her the legislative authority of the British Parliament. Such has been your conduct, and at such conduct every order of your fellow subjects have a right to exclaim 1. The merchant may say to you—the American may say to you—and I, I now say, and say it to your beard. Sir, you are not an honest man.

The best collection of Grattan's Speeches is by his son, Henry Gratian, M.P. (1822) who also edited his Itiscellameous II orks (1822) and wrote the standard Life (1839-46). See too Leeky's Leaders of I ublic Opinion in Ireland (and ed. 1872) and an excellent study by Robert Dunlop (Statesmen series, 1889).

William Pitt (1759-1806), second son of the great Earl of Chatham, and himself one of the chief of English statesmen, occupies also a high place among English orators. His home education (he never was at a public school) gave him a thorough knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics, while the practice of extempore translation, in which he was exercised by his tutors, fostered greatly what was doubtless the native gift of eloquence. Consequently, when he entered the House of Commons at the age of twenty one, he was already a finished orator-not so much, according to Burke, 'a chip of the old block,' as 'the old block itself' Fox hailed him as 'one of the first men in the House,' and in less than three years he had justified the eulogy by becoming Prime Minister Thenceforward for more than twenty years he remained one of the great triumvirate of English parliamentary orators, along with Fox and Sheridan, for Burke had never been a really popular speaker The oratorical duels between him and Fox, recurring almost yearly between 1783 and 1801, are among the memorable things in the history of English eloquence. Macrula, who was certainly no Pittite, acknowledges that while he had 'less amplitude of mind and less ricliness of imagination than Burke, less ingenuity than Windham, less wit than Sheridan, less perfect mastery of dialectical fence and less of that highest sort of eloquence which consists of reason and passion fused together than Foy' he was yet, 'by the unanimous judgment of those who were in the habit of listening to that remarkable race of men. placed, as a speaker, above Burke, above Windham, above Sheridan, and not below Tox' English Prime Minister ever quoted Latin more copiously or more happily his thrilling citation of two beautiful Virgilian lines at the close of a great speech on the slave trade has obtained commemo ration in history The last of all his public utterances, made in the dark days after Austerlitz and Trafalgar, and only a few weeks before his own death, is a masterpiece of brevity 'England,' he said, 'has saved herself by her energy, and will save Europe by her example.' His parliamentary speeches, from one of which, delivered in 1785, the following extract is taken, were published in four volumes in 1806

## The King's Prerogative

By what I nm now going to say, perhaps I may subject myself to the invidious imputation of being the ininister and friend of prerogntive, but, Sir, notwithstanding those terms of obloquy with which I am assailed, I will not shrink from avowing myself the friend of the king's just Prerogative, Sir, has been justly called a prerogative part of the rights of the people, and sure I am it is a part of their rights which the people were never more disposed to defend, of which they never were more jealous than at this hour. Grant only this, that this House has a negative in the appointment of immisters, and you trans plant the executive power into this House. Sir, I shall call upon gentlemen to speak out, let them not come to resolution after resolution without stating the grounds on which they act, for there is nothing more dangerous among mixed powers than that one branch of the legis lature should attack another by means of hints and auxiliary arguments, urged only in debate, without daring to arow the direct grounds on which they go, and with out stating in plain terms on the face of their resolutions, what are their motives, and what are their principles which lead them to come to such resolutions. Above all, Sir, let this House beware of suffering any individual to involve his own cause, and to intervence his own interests in the resolutions of the House of Commons. The dignity of the House is for ever appealed to let us beware that it is not the dignity of any set of men let us beware that personal prejudices have no share in deciding these great constitutional questions honourable gentleman is possessed of those enchanting arts whereby he can give grace to deformity, he holds before your eves a beautiful and delusive image, he pushes it forward to your observation, but as sure as you embrace it, the pleasing vision will vanish, and this fair plantom of liberty will be succeeded by anarchy, con fusion, and ruin to the constitution. For in truth, Sir, if the constitutional independence of the crown is thus reduced to the very verge of annihilation, where is the boasted equipoise of the constitution? Where is that balance among the three branches of the legislature which our ancestors have measured out to each with so much precision? Where is the independence-nay, where is even the safety of any one prerognitive of the crown, or even of the crown itself, if its prerogative of naming ministers is to be usurped by this House, or if (which is precisely the same thing) its nomination of them is to be negatived by us without stating any one ground of distrust in the men, and without suffering our selves to have any experience of their measures? Dreadful, therefore, as the conflict is, my conscience, my duty, my fixed regard for the constitution of our nucestors, mun tain me still in this arduous situation. It is not any proud contempt or defiance of the constitutional resolutions of this House, it is no personal point of honour, much less is it any lust of power that makes me still cling to office the situation of the times requires of nie, and I will add, the country calls nloud to me, that I should defend this castle, and I am determined, therefore, I will defend it.

Lord Stanhope's Life of Pitt (4th ed. 1879) is the best biography but Lord Macaulay's Encyclopedia Britannica article and Earl Rosebery's monograph in the series of Tweive English Statesmen are notable estimates.

John Philpot Curran (1750-1817), another great Irish orator, was born at Newmarket in County Cork, and was far from studious at Trinity College, Dublin From the Middle Temple in London he was called to the Irish Bar in 1775, and his wit and vehement eloquence soon brought him eminence and a large practice. K.C and a member of the Irish Parliament, he was a strong supporter of Grattan, but was less successful in the House than with the juries, and his sarcastic speeches brought on him no less than five duels A Protestant himself, he worked hard for the Catholic cause. Both before and after the Irish rebellion of 1798 he was powerful in his defence of those tried for sedition or treason, and his speeches were many of them masterly steadily opposed the Union. After Pitt's death and after the accession of the Whigs, Curran was Master of the Rolls in Ireland (1806-14) Thurlow's one famous speech was not more popular or effective than one sentence of Curran's in his speech in defence of Archibald Hamilton Rowan, prosecuted by the Government for a sedi-The libel contained this tious libel in 1792 declaration 'In four words lies all our poweruniversal emancipation and representative legis lature.' 'I speak,' said Curran, 'in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from British soil, which proclaims even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of Universal Emancipation No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced, no matter what complexion in compatible with freedom an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him, no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down, no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery, the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust, his soul walks abroad in her own majesty, his body swells beyond the measure of his chains that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of Universal Emancipation' This memorable utterance may have been suggested by the passage on slavery in Cowper's Task (quoted above at page 607), in which occur the lines

> Slaves cannot breathe in England, if their lungs Receive our air, that moment they are free, They touch our country, and their shael les fall.

But oddly enough British writers seem never to remember that this virtue is not peculiar to British soil. Thus the eminent Scottish jurist, Lord Fountainhall, who was in 1665-66 studying law in Paris, records in his *Diary* the impression made on him by the fact that this maxim as to a slave was true of France. Be the lawes of France, let him be a Turk, slave to a Venitien or

Spaniard, no sooner sets he his foote on French ground but *tpso facto* he is frie?

William Cobbett (1763-1835), one of the most skilful and effective writers of strong, racy English, was born at Farnham in Surrey, and brought up as a ploughman. In 1783 he came to London and enlisted, for six years (1785-91) he served as sergeant-major in New Brunswick. He entered on his literary career in Philadelphia as a political pamphleteer under the name of Peter Porcupine, and returning to England in 1800, continued to write as a decided loyalist and High-Churchman. But having, as is supposed, received some slight from Pitt, he attacked the Ministry with extraordinary bitterness in his Weekly Political



WILLIAM COBBETT
From an Engraving by W Ward after J R. Smith

Register Tory first, it altered its politics in 1804, till at last it 'became the most fierce and de termined opponent of the Government, and the most uncompromising champion of Radicalism? A great lover of the country, Cobbett settled at Botley in Hampshire, where he planted, farmed, and went in for manly sports, a true soldiers' friend, he got two years in Newgrite (1810-12), with a fine of £1000, for his strictures on the flogging of militiamen by German mercenaries In 1817 money muddles and dread of a second imprisonment drove him once more across the Atlantic. He farmed in Long Island, writing all the while for the Register, till in 1819 he ventured back again, and came bringing Tom Paine's bones. Botley had to be sold, but he started a seed-farm at Kensington, and bent now on entering Parliament, stood for Coventry (1821) and Preston Both times he failed, but his ill advised trial for sedition (1831) was followed next year by

his return for Oldham to the first Reformed Parliament. His career there was signalised clinchly by a crack-brained attack on Peel, the late hours were too much for him, and three years later he died at Normanby farm near Guildford, his last home.

Cobbett's inconsistency as a political writer was so broad and undisguised as to become proverbial He liad made the whole round of politics, from ultra Toryism to ultra Radicalism, and had praised and abused nearly every public man and measure He lorthed Whigs and 'mock for thirty years gentlefolks,' 'loan-jobbers, stock-jobbers, Jews, and taxeaters of all kinds,' nor did he speak gently of 'great captums,' admirals, or parsons—'deans, I believe, or prebends (sic), or something of that sort' He was always confident and boastful, often coarse and virulent, and one becomes tired of linving his pet prejudices cited as innvins of universal acceptance, of hearing London always referred to as 'the Wen,' and of seeing the poverty of the labourers attributed simply to the existence of paper money Colonies such as New Brunswick are a mere source of aimless expense, wildernesses useless save as places to which to send barrack masters, chaplains, and commissioners at the public expense. So fir from the population of England having increased during the last twenty years, as the census made out, it was evident, he said, to any rational mind, from descried villages and empty country churches, 'that in the time of the Plantagenets England was out of all comparison more populous than it is now? He truly sympathised with the poor, and denounced the Reformation for having made over the monastic provision for them to greedy nobles He had a keen eve, a powerful intellect, and a sharp and frank tongue. And he loved to write of the meadows and green lanes of England, rejoiced in noble trees (not 'nasty firs') and beautiful land scapes, pined in America for the English singing birds, and keenly felt the poetry of nature. The idiomatic strength, copiousness, and purity of his English style are patent, and he is often extraordinarily happy in his natural descriptions. But his perversity in literary matters proceeded at least as much from obtuseness as from love of paradox 'It has become of late years the fashion to extol the virtues of potatoes as it has been to admire the writings of Milton and Shakespeare? wonders how Paradise Lost could have been tolerated by a people conversant with astronomy, navigation, and chemistry And when in his old age he did set himself to try and read Shakespeare, he found some things to please him, but much more he did not like at all, and concludes, in short, I despised the book, and wondered how any one could like it.' Jeremy Bentham said of him 'He is a man filled with odium humani generis, his malevolence and lying are beyond anything' The philosopher (also a Radical) did not make sufficient allowance for Cobbett, who acted on I

inomentary impulse, and never calculated consequences to himself or others. No man in England was better known than Cobbett, down to the minutest circuinstance in his character, habits, and opinions. He wrote freely of himself as he did of his fellows, and in all his writings there was overflowing natural freshiness, his cliness, and vigour. He had the truly great writer's power of making every one who read him feel and understand completely what he himself felt and described

Cobbett's unsurpassed Rural Rides (new edition, with notes by Pitt Cobbett, 1885) were a reprint (1830) from the Register, and followed or were followed by the excellent and entertaining English Grammar (1818), the savage History of the Refermation in England and Ireland (1824-27), the Woodlands (1825), the shrewd, homely Advice to Loung Men (1830), A Ligacy to Parsons, Colbett's Four in Scotland, A History of George IV, and some thirty other works, and he was the originator of the publications ultimately Lnown as Hansard's Debates (1803, passed to Hansard in 1812) and Howell's State Trials (1809)

The first extract is from the introduction to the Reformation, the following from the Rural Ruses and other reminiscences

### A Valediction

Here I had signed my name, and was about to put the It was on its way from my mind to my hand, when I stopped my hand all at once and exclaimed 'Gool God! the minth of July! the anniversary of my sentence of two vents' imprisonment in a felon's gool, with a fine of a thousand pounds to the King, and at the end of the two verrs, with seven years' bail, myself in three thousand pounds and two sureties in a thousand pounds each, and all this monstrous punishment for having expressed my indignation at Englishmen having been flogged, in the heart of England, under a guard of German troops' Good God! evelumed I again 'What! am I, on the anniversary of that day, which called forth the exultation of the Hampshire parsons, who (though I had never committed any offence, in private life, against any one of them) crowed out aloud, in the fulness of their jov, "Ha! he's gone for ever! He will never trouble us any more!" and who, in a spirit truly characteristic of their corps, actually had, as a standing toast, "Disgrace to the Memory of Cobbett "-What " exclumed I again, 'and am I, on the anniversary of that very day, putting the finishing linnd, yea, sending from under my fingers to the press, the last, the very last words, the completing words, the closing point, of a work which does the lob for them and for all their tribe, of the former part of which work I, myself, have sold forty thousand copies, containing six hundred and forty thousand Numbers, and which work is now sold in English, in two Stereotyped Editions in the United States of America, which work has been published at Madrid and at New York in Spanish, at Paris, Geneva, and Alost in French, at Cologne in German, and at Rome in Italian, and all this took place just about sixteen years after these Hamp shire parsons had taken for a standing toast "Disgrace to the Memory of Cobbett"! And, then, feeling health and vigour in every vein and in every nerve, seeing,

to any defend on a man confidence of the property of pin at a committal seguing. It is up the effect of me that street me is be often I come to the edge of with, not need the in mostly of have on these is the longer, which was on the south. The ends of these the mount in great great list is not to the first minitaries are readly perpendicular, and their tops so the trends freits when the ning these re free for a list one, is a to be offered, course m + and so then the off could be little solute a base little venture, but while the sput is beautiful たれい ひじっつ どん

## 1 Hampahire Hanger

or terrer I a se to mate , at Hawiles, bu any number of the comment of the com mar i for the of the form of a The me encount to all the feature acts I silen ten en duren en en en en en n name en af kied bei Linde get np amon the envittin In Fem and the log of The is my rate, I stoll out of last time? trant tracica Hartenties a sours - > portable my let their all me from the Promotion of the post at a long-To The second that the second of the let ten, so e a mida, on' I com il I first the effection In intention, to no tree rin east of pro-chamily an not wise the the thirther in I went then, agengine and betarrais it I come to the sain tile to a front Free of the Mr act & 1 1 spannt a me among retries and all the triple on - - tur en the s e of which I found a cott, in non number of the to the top, the negative the constituent a felicier past come in a representation as the same, in a cultin in the sanding of the

O acte et tritte pietty et en lat ort, in leel, e is then es agreetly and promise upt the a gove t all- Tolores le acidi lui le le nal perr h indican egentle lash, with necessitive is it = m from t , and orall row term of norther lim of all as preparations in lare total the turn towards the end so that entire eases of his an on a , at the in eight of the lar or Arl meer in all in If we sale a supposed and a delighted a pulled up righter and a ordinated only were like losting from the top of a cont. down this the sen except that the calley was land and not nater. I tooked at m servant, to see runt effect this in spected sight lad upon him. The carper of was as great as now, though be a d been fred emong the North Hamp hire full. Time vio lai so strenarals drest on the dir and the of the rate hal ait is a void about beautis, the match'es beautic of the secrety. These lian, en are woods on the same of very arep bills The tree and underwood hear, in come wort to the ground, in feed of it riting on it. Hence there Hers are called Hongor From the cummit of Lit which I had not to descent I looked down upon the till ges of Hawller, Greatham, Selborne and some o her

I form the south-crist, round, southward, to the north west, the main valley har cross valleys running out of it, the hills on the sides of which are very sieep and, in many parts, covered with yood. The hills that form there cross valleys run out into the main valley, like piers into the .ea. Two of these promontones, of great height,

ore on the west a le of the main valley, and a ere the first high in the agrithment on cannot look at the sillings below without a meching like a feeling of apprehen ion. The ha - ore all off, the hop-poles are in stock, the notes I - ril descrip on e en nou, I mu i lense to iragina tion to appose what it is when the trees and langers and helpes are in leaf, the corn waving, the mer lowtry it at 1 he top upon the poles!

In a he wash was round, castward, to the north, he the eare of which Woolnier Forest maker a part, and the go gride liver ingrup to Hudlerd, the crown of which is to the north weight ving the re- of the circle (the partial rest to right relation be occupied by a onting ton of the valler towards. He dles, Pin teal lie la can't the Hol Torra So that even the to if in the view from the top of the honger is as great as an go shis to magned. Men, however, are r to lave and beautiful a currs the without some n in Weinlinitheries lat ne halto po down of a We led, and a me reads to get along as well as we could of commide but see had to get down in Langer tir. The honer ond the lend, and emp and a long their feet and partly upon their 1 AL It was extremely shippers tony, for the so I is a rt of rian or, o turn call it here, maine, or main visite at en net very much like versign. In such . Ce it was likely that I doubl beep in the rear, while I did and I do confed as taking hold of the I me i e of the underwood and to le tin moelf down Win regards to the hoton I hale my man, when 1 1 - st 11 1 lack to Uphr land, tell the people there the filings rik far is not the rit piece of i d in the world. Our wont, however, was not come yet nor had me by any means seen the most novel 1 115

After course a little field and going through a farm word, we come into a lane, which wa at once ford and nver. We found a hard bottom, however, and when we just out of the water, we got into a lane with high bank. The banks were quarties of white stone, like Penlard one, and the bed of the road ins of the same son and the mins having been heavy for a day or two before the whole was as clean and as white as the steps of a fund to der or dead weight doorway in one of the Equares of the Hen Here were ve, then, going along a stone road with store banks, and jet the underwood and trees grew well upon the topy of the banks. In the coled core beneath us there were a horse track and wheel trac's, the former about three end the latter about ux incle deep. How many many ages it must have tal en the hor es feet, the s hook, and the water to wear do in this atone o as to form a hollow way! The horses record alarmed at their situation, they trod with fear, but they took ur along very meely, and at last got us safe into the indescribable dirt and mire of the road from Hav Hey Green to Greatham Here the bottom of all the land is this solid a liste stone, and the top is that mame which I have before described. The hop roots practrite down into this stone. How deep the stone may be I I now not, but I hen I came to look up at the end of one of the piers, or promontories, mentioned above, I found that it was all of this same stone

#### A Tavern Dinner

Having laid my plan to sleep at Andover last night, I went with two I arnham friends, Messrs Knowles and West, to dine at the ordinary at the George Inn, which is kept by one Sutton, a rich old fellow, who wore a round skirted sleeved fustian waistcoat, with a dirty white apron tied round his middle, and with no coat on , having a look the eagerest and the sharpest that I ever saw in any set of features in my whole life time, having an air of authority and of mastership which, to a stranger, as I was, seemed quite incompatible with the meanness of his dress and the sulgarity of his manners and there being, visible to every beholder, constantly going on in him a pretty even contest between the servility of avarice and the insolence of wealth. A great part of the farmers and other fur people having gone off home, we found prepa rations made for dining only about ten people. But after we sat down, and it was seen that we designed to dine, guests came in apace, the preparations were augmented, and as many as could dine came and dined with us

After the dinner was over, the room became fuller and fuller, guests came in from the other inns, where they had been dining, till at last the room became as full as possible in every part, the door being opened, the door way blocked up, and the stairs leading to the room crammed from bottom to top. In this state of things, Mr Knowles, who was our chairman, gave my health, which, of course, was followed by a speech, and, as the reader will readily suppose, to have an opportunity of making a speech was the main motive for my going to dine at an sun, at any hour, and especially at seen o clock at night. In this speech I, after descanting on the present devastating ruin, and on those successive acts of the Ministers and the parliament by which such ruin had been produced, after remarking on the shuffling, the tricks, the contrivances from 1797 up to last March, I proceeded to offer to the company my reasons for believ ing that no attempt would be made to relieve the farmers and others, by putting out the paper money again, as in 1822, or by a bank restriction. Just as I was stating these my reasons, on a prospective matter of such deep interest to my hearers, amongst whom were land owners, land renters, cattle and sheep dealers, hop and cheese producers and merchants, and even one, two, or more country bankers, just as I was engaged in stating mi reasons for my opinion on a matter of such vital import ance to the parties present, who were all listening to me with the greatest attention, just at this time a noise was heard, and a sort of row was taking place in the passage, the cause of which was, upon inquiry, found to be no less a personage than our landlord, our host Sutton, who, it appeared, finding that my speech making had cut off, or at least suspended, all intercourse between the dining, now become a drinking, room and the bar, who, finding that I had been the cause of a great 'restriction in the exchange' of our money for his 'neat' 'genuine' com modities downstairs, and being, apparently, an ardent admirer of the 'liberal' system of 'free trade,' who, finding, in short, or rather supposing, that if my tongue were not stopped from running, his taps would be, had, though an old man, fought, or, at least, forced his way up the thronged stairs and through the passage and doorway, into the room, and was (with what breath the struggle had left him) beginning to bawl out to me, when some one called to him, and told him that he was causing an interruption, to which he answered, that that was what he had come to do! And then he went on to say, in so many words, that my speech injured his sale of liquor!

The disgust and abhorrence which such conduct could not ful to excite produced, at first, a desire to quit the room and the house, and even a proposition to that effect. But, after a minute or so to reflect, the company resolved not to quit the room, but to turn him out of it, who had caused the interruption, and the old fellow, finding him self tacl led, saved the labour of shoving or kicking, him out of the room, by retreating out of the doorway with all the activity of which he was master. After this I proceeded with my speech making, and, this being ended, the great business of the evening, namely, drinking, smoking, and singing, was about to be proeceded in, by a company who had just closed an nrduous and anxious week, who had before them a Sundry morning to sleep in, and who e wives were for the far greater part, at a convenient distance. An assemblage of circumstances more auspicious to 'fretrade'in the 'neat' and 'genuine' has seldom occurred But, now behold, the old fustian jacketed fellow, where head was, I think, foulered, took it into that head not only to lay 'restrictions' upon trade, but to impo-c an absolute embargo, cut off entirely all supplies whatever from his bur to the room, as long as I remained in that A message to this effect from the old fastian man having been, through the waiter, comminicated to Mr Knowles, and lie having communicated it to the company, I addressed the company in nearly these 'Gentlemen, born and bred, as you I now I was, on the borders of this county, and fond, as I am, of bacor, Hampshire hogs have, with me, always been objects of admiration rather than of contempt, but that which has just happened here induces me to observe that this feeling of mine has been confined to hogs of feur less For my part, I like your company too well to quit it I have paid this fellow six shillings for the uing of a fowl, a bit of bread, and a pint of small beer. I have a right to sit liere, I want no drink, and those who do, being refused it liere, have a right to send to other houses for it, and to drink it here.'

However, Mnmmon soon got the upper hand down stairs, all the fondness for 'free trade' returned, and up came the old fustian jacketed fellow, bringing pipes, tobacco, wine, grog, sling and sceming to be as pleased as if he had just sprung a mine of gold 1 Na), he soon after this came into the room with two gentlemen, who had come to him to ask where I was. He retually came up to me, making me a bow, and, telling me that those gentlemen wished to be introduced to me, lie, with a fawning look, Ind his hand upon my knee! 'Take away your paw,' said I, and, sliaking the gentlemen by the hand, I said, 'I am happy to see you, gentlemen, even though introduced by this fellow' Things now songs, torsts, and proceeded without interruption speeches filled up the time, until half past two o'clock this morning, though in the house of a landlord who receives the sacrament, but who, from his manifestly ardent attachment to the 'liberal principles' of 'free trade,' would, I have no doubt, have suffered us, if we could have found money and throats and stomachs, to at and sing and talk and drink until two o'clock of a Sundry afternoon instead of two o'clock of a Sunday It was not politics, it was not fersonal dislike morning

to me, for the fellow knew nothing of me. It was, as I told the company, just this he looked upon their bodies as so many gutters to drain off the contents of his taps, and upon their purses as so many small heaps from which to take the means of augmenting his great one, and, finding that I had been, no matter how, the cause of suspending this work of 'reciprocity,' he wanted, and no matter how, to restore the reciprocal system to motion. All that I have to add is this that the next time this old sharp looking fellow gets six shillings from me for a dinner, he shall, if he choose, cook me, in any manner that he likes, and season me with hand so un sparing as to produce in the feeders thirst unquenchable.

#### Then and Now

After living within a few hundred yards of Westminster Hall, and the Abbey Church, and the Bridge, and look ing from my own windows into St James's Park, all other buildings and spots appear mean and insignificant I went to day to see the house I formerly occupied. How small! It is always thus the words large and small are carried about with us in our minds, and we forget real dimensions. The idea, such as it was received, remains during our absence from the object. When I returned to England in 1880, after an absence, from the country parts of it, of sixteen years, the trees, the hedges, even the parks and woods, seemed so small! It made me laugh to hear little gutters that I could jump over called rivers! The Thames was but a 'creek'! But when, in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to Farnham, the place of my birth, what was my surprise! Everything was become so pitifully small! I had to cross, in my post chaise, the long and dreary heath of Bagshot, then, at the end of it, to mount a hill called Hungry Hill, and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my child hood, for I had learned before the death of my father There is a hill not far from the town, called Crooksbury Hill, which rises up ont of a flat in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir trees. I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neigh bourhood. It served as the superlative degree of height 'As high as Crooksbury Hill' meant, with us, the utmost degree of height. Therefore the first object that my eyes sought was this hill. I could not believe my eyes t Literally speaking, I for a moment thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead, for I had seen in New Brunswick a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big, and four or five times as high ! The post boy going down hill, and not a bad road, whished me in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sand hill where I had begun my gardening works What a nothing! But now came rushing into my mind all at once my pretty little garden, my little blue smock frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle and tender hearted and affectionate mother! I hastened back into the room If I had looked a moment longer I should bave dropped. When I came to reflect, what a change! I looked down at my dress What a change! What scenes I had gone through! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at a secretary of state's in company with Mr Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries' I had had nobody to assist me in the world. No teachers of any sort. Nobody to shelter me from the consequence of bad, and no one to connsel me to good behaviour I felt prond. The distinctions of rank, hirth, and wealth all became nothing in my eyes, and from that moment—less than a month after my arrival in England—I resolved never to bend before them

## On Field-sports

Taking it for granted, then, that sportsmen are as good as other folks on the score of humanity, the sports of the field, like everything else done in the fields, tend to produce or preserve health. I prefer them to all other pastime, because they produce early rising, because they have a tendency to lead young men into virtuous habits. It is where men congregate that the vices haunt. A hunter or a shooter may also be a gambler and a drinker, but he is less likely to he fond of the two latter if he be fond of the former. Boys will take to something in the way of pastime, and it is better that they take to that which is innocent, healthy, and manly, than that which is vicious, unhealthy, and effeminate.

A new edition of Selections from Cobbett's Political Works in 6 vols was usued by his son (2 vols 1848), and there are Lives of him by Edward Smith (2 vols 1878) and E. T. Carlyle (1904). See also Lord Dalling's Historical Characters (5th ed 1876).

Henry James Pve (1745-1813), poetaster and police magistrate, has for more than a hundred years been a standing joke-an unhappy fate he would doubtless have escaped had he not had the fortune to be made poet-hurcate, for the 'poetical Pye,' as Sir Walter called him, was, to quote an editorial note to the Vision of Judgment, 'eminently respectable in everything but his poetry' 'That bad eminence' was not, like Satan's, due to merit, nor was it so much owing to his unequalled eminence in badness as to his being raised to official literary eminence in spite of the admitted badness of his poetry Born in London, he studied at Magdalen College, Oxford, and inherited from his father great estates in Berkshire, and even greater debts He sat in Parliament for the county from 1784 to 1790, had meanwhile to sell his property, and was glad in 1792 to obtain the post of police magistrate for Westminster, as forty-four years earlier Fielding had been. From his youth he had been ambitious to shine as a poet, and while at Oxford printed a birthday ode to the Prince of Wales When in 1790 Pitt appointed him laureate, he had published several 'poetical essays' (on Beauty, Amusement, &c ), and poems on Farringdon Hill, The Progress of Refinement, on shooting, and even on ballooning! (Aërophonion) -banal subjects mostly, and all in a hopelessly banal style, though his Six Odes from Pindar were respectable, like his translation of Aristotle's Hence the appointment to the laureate-Poetics ship was the signal for an outburst of mirth, scorn, and witticism at the laureate's expense, renewed from time to time on the regular appearance of royal birthday odes and laureate's verses

to order Pye translated from Tyrtaus and the Homeric Hymns, wrote a Carmen Siculare for the year 1800, and in 1801 produced his cpic Alfred, deserving by its six books' length to rank as his magnum opus. It is hardly remembered that he was also a playwight, his tragedies of The Siege of Heave and Adelaide having been produced (with small success) in 1794 and 1800, in A Prior Claim, a comedy, he collaborated with his son in law. The Inquisitor, published in 1798, was an adaptation from the German, but was anticipated by Holcroft's rendering of the same original

His Comments on the Commentators of Shakespear commend not too enthusiastically Shakespeare's works, 'the perusal of which, through the course of my life, has been a favourite amusement in my hours of leisure' Shakespeare is notoriously very careless as to the unities and probabilities, is un equalled in the terrific and sublime, but 'does not possess the power of Otway and many inferior poets of exciting pity' 'He highly possesses all the sublimity, the variety, the accurate description, and the scenery independent of the representation, of the epopee, both serious and comic united' He excels in certain of the virtues of the 'ethic poet' and of the lyric poet, but 'sometimes swells his sublime to the bombist, and sometimes sinks his humour to buffoonery? The chief faults of his commentators 'arise from a desire to say everything they can say, not only on the passage commented on, but on everything that has been said in the comment,' and Pye thercupon proceeds in 350 pages to add his comments to those of Malone and Steerens, pointing out the obvious superfluity of so many Probably Pye's most popular work was his Summary of the Duties of a Justice of Peace out of Sessions, which, published in 1808, reached a fourth edition in 1827

As laureate, Pye succeeded Warton, held the office twenty-three years, and was himself succeeded by Southey It was his curious function by hardly interrupted versification to connect the beginning of George III's reign and the creative period of the nineteenth century. He represents nobody but himself, and happily he exerted no in fluence, but 'when the Pye was opened,' to quote one of the many Lad jokes made at his expense -when he began to publish poems, Boswell had not yet discovered Johnson, Goldsmith had not printed any of the books by which his name is known, and when Pye's mill ceased pro ducing, Coleridge and Wordsworth, Scott and Byron, had established their name and fame as representative poets

It was in the fateful year 1801 that Pye produced his magnum opus, a monumental epic on Alfred, his trials and triumplis, of more than four thousand decasyllabic rhyming lines, distributed into six books, and magnificently printed in a splendid quarto. Written in the last years of the eighteenth

century for the in juguration of the nineteenth, and issued just when the union with Ireland had come into force, the poem naturally adopted a strongly unionist tone, and indulged in reseate hopes for the newly constituted United Kingdom and empire, which, if not justified by the event exactly as was forecast, have yet been in other respects more than Relying more on creative imagination than even on the most fabulous of the Scottish Instorious, Pyc males Alfred in his dark dark come, a suppliant for help, to Gregory of Scotland, and the assue of Alfred's crowning mercy, the defeat of the Danes at Ethandun, is largel due to the Scottish allies, with a hom the poet, still more un historically, neither and all elsh continuent co operate. The services in the field of the remain ing section of the Celtic fringe are not recognized, but, to atone for this Pyc gives 'a Cornubian bard' an important share in the proceedings of the day On the arrival, somewhat unexpected, of the Scot tish, Welsh, and Irish armies, the English are not a little gratified at these convenient additions to their fighting strength

Wondering, they see upon the aerial brow Cambria's and Caledonia's banners flow. Here crowned with recent conquest to the slies. The snow vilite steed in Saxon banners flies, There Cambria's griffin on the artire field. In snaky volumes writhes around the shield. And Scotia's hon, proud, erect, and bold, kears high his irritable crest in gold. Gold too her harp and strung with silver wire, I'm her arms displays vith landred fire, And Britain's sister isles in Alfred's cause conspire-

Alfred fully recognised the importance of having all the peoples of the British islands united against outlandish invaders and foes

My futhful subjects and my brave allies, All equal heirs of Albion's fostering skies, Nor peace nor liberty can Britain know But from the fall of you injurious foe And ye from Cambria's hills who join our band, From Caledonia's rocks and Frin's strand, Generous and brave compeers! O now be shewn The only strife that future times shall own

In the ensuing battle the various contingents be have with equal bravery

Here Caledonn's hardy mountaineers
I ift the broad targe, there mark her lowland spears,
While Cambria's and Ierne's warriors brave
With lighter arms

do their duty on this memorable day Donald, the Scottish prince, dies gloriously at the hands of the Danish Hubba while in the act of saving Alfred's life. And when the decisive battle of Ethandun—Pye rightly identifies it with Eddington—crushed the foe 'in the dire blazonry of Danish gore,' and Guthrum had made absolute surrender, then after all was over and much speech making satisfactorily accomplished, the 'Cornubian Bard'—so that

the old british lingdom of Cornvall or West hand tried the Farriers Boy, but found it unsuffered will be not be presented to present to the programme of ephylatered linguism plus larger along the month of ephylater and ferrour, passion and power are usually larger along the month of ephylater and ferrour, passion and power are usually larger along the fire and ferrour, passion and power are usually larger along the fire and ferrour, passion and power are usually larger along the fire and ferrour, passion and power are usually larger along the fire and ferrour, passion and power are usually larger along the fire and ferrour, passion and power are usually larger along the fire and ferrour passion and power are usually larger along the fire and ferrour passion.

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Robert Bloomfield 1760-1823, salar of The I marks. his was born at Hennig on near Bury St Idmund. His father, a tailor, died vial the poet researchild, and at elever he was placed in der ha uncle a faimer He was too feetle and dummence for field labour, and four jear, later he joined an elder brother in London. to learn the trade of shoomaler, but his country service furnished materials for his Farner's Inj and price reality to his descriptions. But it was in the shoened ers garret that his poetry first came to the little, and it was Capell Loffe, the hierary Li ver and Suffoll squire, to whom the manuscript was slip in after rejection by several London. book ellers, who introduced it to the world and befriended the writer in many vilys. At this time Bloomfield was thirty two years of age, and having married in 1790, had three children. The Farners Les (1800) strughtway became popular, and was even translated into French and Italian (part of it into Latin also 26,000 copies went off in less than three lears, and the Dul c of Grafton sculed on its author a shilling a day, and got him a post (1802) in the Seal Office, which he soon resigned. In 1802 Bloomfield published Kural Tales to these succeeded Wild Horiers (1805), The Banks of the Wye (1811), May day with the Muses (1822), &c He made Alohan harps, he engaged in the bool selling business, but was notably unlucky, and latterly, half-blind and unitable almost to madness, he lived at Shefford in Bedfordshire Christopher North prused The Soldier's Home as no whit inferior to Burns's

hand tried the Farrers Boy, but found it unappetising, and later generations have inclined rather to Lamb - than to Christopher's view. The smoothness and correctness, good feeling and good tiste, of the peasant-poets verses are remarkable, fire and fervour, passion and power are usually lacking, the descriptions, if true to nature, are often tame and tedious Act he sometimes has admirable passages and occasionally noteworths sentences and plirases, such as "If fields are prisons, where is Tiberty?" And strangers tell of three times skimmed sky blue, ' 'What trouble vaits upon a casual frown! Bloomfield's name will survive as a marvel of self-culture when his poetry i unical and forgotten. Of the following extracts the first two are from the Farmer's Roy which falls into four parts one for each of the seasons, the o hers from Ma, day cill the Muses

## The Invocation

O come ble Spin whatsoccrition art, Thou his ling worinth that hover it round my heart, Sweet a mate, hall I thou source of sterling jos, That poverty itself cannot destroy Le thou my Mn r, and faithful still to me, Lettice the paths of wild obscurity No deen of arms my humble lines rehearse, No Alpine won ler thunder through my verse, The roams, catamet, the snow topt hill Ir picio, awe till breath itself stands still Nature's ublimer scene ne'er charmed mine eyes, Not cornectled me through the boundless skies I'r in meaner objects for my imptures flow O joint these rap ures bid my bosom glore! And lead my coul to certains of praise For all the blassing of my infant days! I can me through regions where pay I anes dwells, I in mould to Froth's fur form v hat memory tells

Tive trifling incident and grace my song, That to the humbler mental belong To him whose drudgery indiceded goes, His jous unreel oned, as his cares or woes, Though joys and cares in every path are sown, And southful minds have feelings of their own, Quiel springing forrows transient as the dew, Delights from trifles, trifles ever new "I was thus with Giles meck, fatherles, and poor Labour his portion, but he felt no more, No stripus, no turning his steps pursued, His life was constant, cheerful servitude Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look, The fields his study insture was his book, And as revolving seasons changed the scene From heat to cold, tempestuous to serene, Through every change still varied his employ, Let each new duty brought its share of joy

#### Harvest-home

A plomous sight, if glory dwells below,
Where Herven's munificence makes all the show
O er every field and golden prospect found,
That glads the ploughman's Sunday morning's round,
When on some eminence he takes his stand,
To judge the snuling produce of the land

Dail must be "cloun or all as writers leet, Who would not are only be or his feet. An entering leaf hopeming log storing is epice. "Sin Arm to e Herbern, and his coherace."

Temperate entraction followable as the many about the company of the state of the company of the second post of the company of

Capell Fofft 1751-1824 was a Whig bar me or with a taste for letters he wrote legal reative poems maga me articles and bools on theolo ical, astronomical and political subjects. The sam of the famo is Duche sof Marlborough's screening his was born in London passed from E in to Priethouse Cambridge, hield on his estate a fros on near Burn St Edmands, and died near luming rife yas a kenareformer as arm admirer of Norman the frend of Fox, Charlson Wilberforce, and Arthur Young and the patron of Bloomfield A son who have the same name (1806-73) and cled as a Bloom of the same name (1806-73) and and an allowing the constants.

James Grahame (1763-1811), the con of a thereing While Inspect in Ola Language in 1784 to Fe ober, i to study lay and of er qualifying is a I mer to the Speet, wire admitted as an advocate f in 1715. But in 1800 he took Anglican orders and his respected the curity of Shipton Moyne in Gir me tershire, and of Sedgefield in Durham. III health compelled him to abandon lie curves when his blents had at racted notice and tendered him a popular preaction, and he died soon after his , n um ta Scalind His vorks include, besides one or is a earlier pieces, Mary, Quant of Scotland, 1 n drimatic poem (1801) He Sallatt (1801, 1 Sallata Wells 1805', The Birds of Scotland (1006), and British Gurgies (1809), all in blank verse. The Sallati is his best achievement in the Georgies spite of some fine descriptions, he is too detailed and too perictical in his instructions. Scott spoke a armit of him, Christopher North lauded him, and Byron as might be expected, saccred. Grahame has some affinity with Comper He has no humour or satire, it is true and he has many prosase lines, but he displays not a little of Cospers power of close and happy observation, with the same devoutners and seriousness tend ing to melancholy The ordinary features of the Scottish land-cape he portrays truly, sometimes smilly, and the ays without exaggeration, though he often adds a special note of tenderness or Content with humble things, he prints solemnity. the charms of a retired cottage life, the calm of a Sabbath morning a wall in the fields, or even a bird's nest, vith such unfergred delight and striking truth that the reader is constrained to see and feel with him, to rejoice in the elements of poetry and meditation scattered around, even in the homeltest objects

From 'The Sabbath'
How still the morning of the Indiowed day!
Mute is the soice of rural labour, hushed
96

The ploughbox a whistle and the milking id a song The sevile has glittering in the day, wrenth Of tedded gruss, rungled with fiding flowers, The yester morn bloomed waving in the breeze. Sounds the ino ' faint attract the ear-the hum Of early lee, the trickling of the dew, The discent bleeting midway up the full Calmne seems throned on you immoving cloud. To him is ho wanders o er the upland leas The Hackbird's note comes mellower from the dale An I swe er from the sky the gladsome larl Wa ble his heaven tuned song the lulling brook Murmars more poutly dot in the deep sunlighen While from you lowly roof, whose curling smoke Oermounts the miss is heard at intervals The voice of p alms, the simple song of pruse

With dove life wings Peace over you village broods. The diving will wheel rests the unvilsation. Hash cared, all all around is quicties. It is fearful on this day, the himping hare. Sope and looks had, and stops, and looks on man, there deadhest foe. The road your horse set free, this coding of the particle, roams at large. And as his staff unwiedly bulk he rolls. He from armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray. But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys. Hall, Solitath there I hall, the poor man's day. On o her days, the man of toil is doomed.

To est lis joule a bread, lonely, the ground Ho h sent and board, screened from the winter's cold And summer's heat by neighbouring heilige or tree . Put on the day, embedomed in his home, He shares the frugal meal with those he loves With this cibe loves he chares the heartfelt joy O giving thanks to God-not thanks of form, A word and a grimace, by reverently, I' ith covered face and upward earnest eve-Had Sabbath! thee I had the poor man's day The pale mechanic no v has leave to breathe The morning air pure from the city a smole, While I andering dowly up the niver side, He might res on Him whose power he marks In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough, As in the time dew bent flowers that bloom Around the roots and while he thus surveys With elevated joy each rural charm, He hapes-yet fears presumption in the hope-To reach tho e realms where Sabbath never ends.

But now his steps a welcome sound recalls Solemn the I nell, from yonder ancient pile, I ills all the air, inspiring joyful awe Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb pixed ground; The ege I man, the bowed down, the blind I ed by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes With pain, and eyes the new made grave well pleased, These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach The house of God-these, spite of all their ills, I glow of gladne , feel , with silent praise They enter in , a placed stillness reigns, Until the man of God, worthy the name, Opens the book, and reverentially The stated portion reads. A pause ensues The organ breathes its distant thunder notes. Then swells into a diapason full The prople rising sing, 'with harp, with harp, And voice of psalms, harmoniously attuned

The various voices blend, the long drawn aisles, At every close, the lingering strain prolong

Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly throne, The Subbath service of the shepherd boy I In some lone glen, where every sound is fulled To slumber, save the tinkling of the rill, Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's cry, Stretched on the sward, he reads of Jesse's son, Or sheds a tear o'er him to Tgypt sold, And wonders why he weeps the volume closed, With thyme sprig laid between the leaves, he sings The shered lays, his weekly lesson connect With meikle care beneath the lowly roof, Where humble lore is learnt, where humble worth Pines innewarded by a thankless state Thus reading hymning, all alone, unseen, The shepherd boy the Subbath holy keeps, Till on the heights he marks the struggling bands Returning homeward from the house of prayer In peace they home resort Oh, blissful days! When all men worship God as conscience wills Far other times our fathers' grandsires knew. A virtuous race to godliness devote.

## From 'Sabbath Walks,'

Delightful is this loneliness, it calms My heart pleasant the cool beneath these elms That throw across the stream a moveless slinde Here nature in her midnoon whisper speaks. How perceful every sound !- the ringdove's plaint, Monned from the forest's gloomiest retrent, While every other woodland lay is mute. Save when the wren flits from her down coved nest And from the root sprigs trills her ditty clear-The grasshopper's oft prusing chirp-the buzz, Angrily shrill, of moss entangled bee, That soon as loosed booms with full twang away -The sudden rushing of the minnow shoal Scared from the shallows by my passing tread Dimpling the water glides, with here and there A glossy fly, skimming in circlets gay The treacherous surface, while the quick eyed trout Watches his time to spring, or from above, Some feathered dam, purveying 'mong the boughs, Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless brood Bears off the prize Sad emblem of man's lot ! How dazzling white the snowy scene ' deep, deep The stillness of the winter Sabbuth day -Not even a footfall heard Smooth are the fields, Ereli hollow pathway level with the plain Hid are the bushes, save that here and there Are seen the topmost shoots of brier or broom High ridged the whirled drift has almost reached The powdered keystone of the churchyard porch. Mute hangs the hooded bell, the tombs he buried, No step approaches to the house of prayer The flickering fall is o'er the clouds disperse, And show the sun, hung o'er the welkin's verge, Shooting a bright but ineffectual beam On all the sparkling waste.

## From the 'Georgics'

How pleasant came thy rushing, silver Tweed, Upon my car, when, after roaming long In southern plains, I've reached thy lovely bank! How bright, reuowned Sark, thy little stream,

I the ray of columned light chasing a shower, Would cross my homeward path, how sweet the sound, When I, to hear the Doric tongue's reply, Would ask thy well known name.

And must I leave,

Dear land, thy bonny bries, thy dales,
Each hunted by its wizard stream, o'erhung
With all the varied charms of bush and tree?
And must I leave the friends of youthful years,
And mould my heart anew, to take the stamp
Of foreign friendships in a foreign land,
And learn to love the music of strange tongues?
Yes, I may love the music of strange tongues,
And mould my heart anew to take the stamp
Of foreign friendships in a foreign land
But to my parched mouth's roof cleave this tongue,
My fancy fade into the yellow leaf,
And this oft pausing heart forget to throb,
If, Scotland, thee and thine I e'er forget

John Leyden (1775-1811), Orientalist and poet was born at Denholm in Royburghshire. His father a sliepherd, seeing his natural bent, determined to educate him for the Church, and from 1790 to 1797 he was a student of Edinburgh University made rapid progress, was an excellent Latin and Greek scholar, and acquired also brench, Spanish, Italian, and German, besides studying Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian. He became no mean proficient in mathematics and various branches of science, every difficulty seemed to vanish before his commanding talents, retentive memory, and robust application His college vacations were spent at home, and as his father's cottage afforded him little opportunity for quiet and seclusion, he looked out for accommodation abroad. In a wild recess,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'in the den or glen which gives name to the village of Denholm, he contrived a sort of furnace for the purpose of such chemical experiments as he was adequate to per-But his chief place of retirement was the small parish church, a gloomy and ancient build ing, generally believed in the neighbourhood to be To this chosen place of study, usually hrunted locked during week-days, Leyden made entrance by means of a window, read there for many hours in the day, and deposited his books and specimens It was a well-chosen spot of in a retired pew seclusion, for the kirk-excepting during divine service—is rather a place of terror to the Scottish rustic, and that of Cavers was rendered more so by many a tale of ghosts and witchcraft of which it was the supposed scene, and to which Leyden, partly to indulge his humour, and partly to secure his retirement, contrived to make some modern The nature of his abstruce studies, some specimens of natural history, as toads and adders, left exposed in their spirit-phials, and one or two practical jests played off upon the more curious of the persantry, rendered his gloomy linunt not only renerated by the wise, but feared by the simple of the parish! From this singular and romantic study, Leyden sallied forth, with his

curious and various stores, to astonish his college associates, he already numbered among his friends the most distinguished literary and scientific men of Edinburgh In 1795-98 he was tutor to the sons of Mr Campbell of Fairfield, whom he accompanied to the University of St Andrews There he pursued his own researches in Oriental learning, and was licensed to preach, in 1799 he published Discoveries and Settlements of the Europeans in Northern and Western Africa He also contributed to the Edinburgh Magazine, to 'Monk' Lewis's Tales of Wonder, and to Scott's Minstrels; of the Scottish Border So ardent was he in assisting Sir Walter that once he walked between forty and fifty miles, and back again, for the sole purpose of visiting an old person who possessed an ancient historical ballad He cherished a strong desire to visit foreign countries, but when his friends sought from Government on his behalf some appointment for him connected with the learning and languages of the East, the only situation they could obtain for him was that of assistant-surgeon at Madras, and in fi c or six months Leyden qualified himself for , this new profession and obtained a diploma in medicine. In December 1802, summoned to join the Christmas fleet of Indiamen, Leyden finished his poem, the Scenes of Infancy, describing his native Teviotdale, and left Scotland for ever After his arrival at Madras his health gave way, and he was obliged to remove to Prince of Wales He remained there for some time, visiting Sumatra and the Malayan Peninsula, and amassing the curious information concerning the language, literature, and descent of the Indo Chinese tribes, which enabled him to lay a most valuable dissertation before the Asiatic Society at Calcutta. An appointment as professor in the Bengal College was soon exchanged for a more lucrative post, that of a judge in Calcutta, but his spare time was still devoted to Oriental manuscripts and antiquities 'I may die in the attempt,' he wrote to a friend, 'but if I die without surpassing Sir William Jones a hundredfold in Oriental learning, let never a tear for me profane the eye of a Bordcrer' The possibility of an early death in a distant land often crossed the mind of the ambitious student, in his Scenes of Infancy he expressly anticipates a fate he had then no reason to expect

The silver moon at midnight cold and still, Looks, sad and silent, o'er you western hill, While large and pale the ghostly structures grow, Reared on the confines of the world below Is that dull sound the hum of Teviot's stream? Is that blue light the moon's, or tomb-fire's gleam, By which a mouldering pile is faintly seen, The old deserted church of Hazeldean, Where slept my fathers in their natal clay, Till Teviot's waters rolled their bones away? Their feeble voices from the stream they raise—'Rash youth' nomindful of thy early days, Why didst thou quit the peasant's simple lot? Why didst thou leave the peasant's turf built cot,

The ancient graves where all thy fathers lie, And Teviot's stream that long has murmured by? And we—when death so long has closed our eyes, How wilt thou bid us from the dust arise, And bear our mouldering bones across the main, I rom vales that knew our lives devoid of stain? Rash youth, beware 'thy home bred virtues save, And sweetly sleep in thy paternal grave.'

In 1811 Leyden accompanied the Governor-General in the military expedition which conquered Java from the Dutch, and in Scott's words, 'his spirit of romantic adventure led him literally to rush upon his death, for, with another volunteer who attended the expedition, he threw himself into the surf, in order to be the first Briton of the expedi-



JOHN LEYDEN
From the Sketch by Captain Elliot.

tion who should set foot upon Java. When the success of the well concerted movements of the invaders had given them possession of the town of Batavia, Leyden displayed the same ill-omened precipitation, in his haste to examine a library, or rather a warehouse of books The apartment had not been regularly ventilated, and either from this circumstance, or already affected by the fital sickness peculiar to Batavia, Levden, when he left the place, had a fit of shivering, and declared the atmosphere was enough to give any mortal a fever The presage was too just he took his bed, and died in three days (August 28, 1811), on the eve of the battle which gave Java for a while to the British Empire.' Scott alluded to his death in the Lord of the Isles

> Scarba's Isle, whose tortured shore Still rings to Cornevreckan's roar, And lonely Colonsay,

Scenes sung by him who sings no more, His bright and brief career is o'er, And mute his tuneful strains, Quenched is his lamp of varied lore. That loved the hight of song to pour A distant and a deadly shore. Has I eviden's cold remains—

referring here to Levden's balled The Mermand, the scene of which is laid it Corrieved in, it was published with his Coul of Keeldar in the Border Ministrelsy. Scott too generously said of the opening of the Mermand that for more melody of sound it had seldom been excelled in English poetry.

Herden's learning was portentous the dealt not a merely with Suislant and Prulant, Persian and Pushtu, Hindustam and Bengidi, but with the tongues of the Dekkan, of the Middices of Macassar and Bah, and with virious forms of Malay. He translated important vorks from and into several of these tongues. At home he had edited the Complaint of Scotlanae, Scotlan Descriptive Poems (including Alberta heretofore unpublished see page 440). But he was more powerful as a scholar than as a poet, though his ballads and shorter poems have more inspiration than his longest piece, the Scanes of Infant.

## Ode to an Indian Gold Coin

Slave of the dark and dirty mine!

What vanity has brought thee here?

How can I live to see thee sline.

So bright, whom I have bon ht so dear?

The tent ropes flapping lone I hear

I or twilight converse, arm in arm

The jackal's shrick bursts on mine ear

When murth and music wont to cheer

By Cherical's dark wandering streams,
Where cane tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Teviot loved while still a child,
Of castled rocks stupendous piled
By I'sk or I den's classic wave,
Where loves of youth and friendships smiled,
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade dry dreams sweet, from memory fade '
The perished bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy placed,
Levices no more in after time
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave,
The daring thoughts that sourced sublime
Are sund in occan's southern wave

Slave of the nunc! the yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb fire drear
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widowed heart to cheer
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to mine,
If I cannot bear to see thee shine

I or thes, for thee, who yellow slave,

I left a heart that loved me tract.
I crossed the tedions of ran wave,

I o to me in come to kind and results of the could a milest the ranger them.
Chill on more there I heart, the first see.

Dail of notines and velous slaves.

Hat comb then to so late to mode A winders who has been too beat he orn.

Now that his fixing the Latin regular to had.

Of sun my a part wall destrates he regular made of from these whip course to he had memory who have the prevalent too had not been too be the sound of the sound the made that the free that the free that the first that the made that the free that

#### From 'The Mermald'

On turn's he th has a cirle on the The more market that some an head thou of the north and the child.

Of this a some sits pare it seals

Hut soft in forthe count in deep.

The memorals so so local or them Inc.

That channels the dimengal rates to sleep.

I close the Lancier Colonia.

Not the purple plan as a real or a particular from the ranks three from Mercens was the seamon broke. Their policies the from have and box

In youth a gas bloom the heave Macphall will blum of the hispering he has delay for her he can the flat, in a suff.
The lovely maid of Colonean

'An' rai le er vl. 'the ring of love.
The marking ung with tearful smale.
When fir to or Jure's hills to rave,
We left ofar the lonely file?

When on the tray of ruly field.

Shall die, she said the crim on hue.

Know that thy fivourite far is dead,

Or prove to thee and love intric?

Now lightly poised the rising our Disper covide the forms spring And echoing far over Crimin's shore, Kesonnals the song of Coloness

'Softly blow thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail'
Soothe to rest the furrowy seas
Before my love, sweet western gale!

\*Where the wave is tinged with red, And the russet sea leaves grow, Mariners with prudent dread, Shun the shelving reefs below

"As you pass through Jura's sound Bend your course by Scarba's shore, Shun, O shun, the gulf profound, Where Cornevecton's surges roar? 'If from that unbottomed deep,
With wrinl led form and wreathed train,
O or the verge of Scarba's steep,
The sea snal e heave his snowy mane.

'Unwarp, unwind his oozy coils, Sea green sisters of the main, And in the gulf where ocean boils, The unwieldy wallowing monster chain

'Softly blow, thou western breeze, Softly rustle through the sail' Soothe to rest the furrowed seas, Before my love, sweet western gale!'

Thus all to soothe the chieftain's woe,

Far from the maid he loved so dear,

The song arose, so soft and slow,

He seemed her parting sigh to hear

The lonely deck he paces o'er,
Impatient for the rising day,
And still from Crinan's moonlight shore,
He turns his eyes to Colonsay

The moonbeams crisp the curling surge, That streaks with form the ocean green, While forward still the rowers urge Their course, a female form was seen

That sea maid's form, of pearly light, Was whiter than the down; spray, And round her bosom, heaving bright, Her glossy yellow ringlets play

Borne on a foamy crested wave,

She reached amain the bounding prow,
Then clasping fast the chieftain brave,
She, plunging, sought the deep below

Ah ' long beside thy feigned bier,
The monks the prayer of death shall say,
And long for thee, the fruitless tear
Shall weep the maid of Colonsay'

But downward like a powerless corse,
The eddying waves the chieftain bear,
He only heard the moaning hourse
Of waters murmuring in his car

The murmurs sink by slow degrees,
No more the waters round him rive,
Lulled by the music of the seas,
He lies within a coral cave

No form he saw of mortal mould It shone like ocean's snowy foam, Her ringlets waved in living gold, Her mirror crystal, pearl the comb

Her pearly comb the siren tool,
And careless bound her tresses wild
Still o'er the mirror stole her look,
As on the wondering youth she similed

I the music from the greenwood tree, Again she ruled the melting hy 'I air warrior, wilt thou dwell with me, And leave the maid of Colonsay? 'Tair is the crystal hall for me With rubies and with emerilds set, And sweet the music of the sea Shall sing, when we for love are met

'How sweet to dance with gliding feet Along the level tide so green, Responsive to the cadence sweet That breathes along the moonlight scene!

'And soft the music of the main Rings from the motley tortoise shell, While moonbeams o'er the watery plain Seem trembling in its fitful swell'

Proud swells her heart! she deems at last fo lure him with her silver tongue, And, as the shelving rocks she passed, She raised her voice, and sweetly sung.

In softer, sweeter strains she sing, Slow gliding o'er the moonlight bay, When light to land the chieftain spring, To hail the maid of Colonsiv

O sad the Mermaid's gay notes fell, And sadly sink remote at sea! So sadly mourns the writhed shell Of Jura's shore, its parent sea.

And ever as the year returns,

The charm bound sailors know the day,
For sadly still the Mermaid mourns
The lovely chief of Colonsay

Leyden's Poetical Remains, with a Memoir were published in 1819 at his centenary in 1875 two separate editions appeared, besides a reprint of the Science of Infancy, with a Life by the Rev W W Tulloch Scott's Memoir of him appeared in the Edinburgh Annual Register for 1811 and there is much about him in Archibald Constalle and his Literary Correspondents (1873) as well as in Lockhart's Life of Scott

## George Clabbe,

in Byron's judgment 'Nature's sternest painter, yet the best,' was born at Aldeburgh in Suffolk, on the Christmas Eve of 1754 His father was collector of salt duties, a clever, strong, violent man, who though poor exerted himself to give his boy a good education, he lived to witness his son's growing fame, and, with parental fondness, to transcribe in his own liandwriting the poem of The Library The mother was a meek, religious woman, of three younger brothers, one penshed miserably with his whole crew, captain of a slaver whose cargo mutinied triumphantly, and another was lost sight of in Honduras George got some schooling at Bungay and Stowmarket, and from 1768 to 1774 was surgeon's apprentice at Wickham-Brock and at Woodbridge. In his first place he had to help the ploughboy, in his second he fell in love with Sarah Elmy ('Mira'), who lived with her uncle, a wealthy veonian, at Parliam. Then a spell of drudgers in his father's varchouse nine months in London, picking up surgery cheaply, some three vears' struggling practice at Aldeburgh, and at last in April 1780 with three pounds in his pocket, he sailed again for London, resolved to try his fortune in literature. Eight years before he had written

verses for Wheble's Magazine, he had published Inebriety, a Poem (Ipswich, 1775), and now his Candidate soon found a publisher, unluckily a bankrupt one A season of penury dire as Chatterton's was borne by Crabbe with pious bravery, he had to pawn clothes and instruments, appeals to Lords Thurlow, North, Shelburne met no response, and early in 1781 he saw himself threatened with arrest for debt, when he made his case known to Burke Forty-one years later he told Lockhart at Edinburgh how, having delivered his letter at Burke's door, he paced Westminster Bridge all night long until daybreak. Burke proved a generous patron, from the hour of their meeting Crabbe was a made man, and as guest at



GEORGE CRABBE
From an Engraving after the Portrait by T Phillips, R.A

Beaconsfield, he met Fox, Dr Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others of the statesman's great friends Lord Thurlow—who now, as in the case of Cowper, came with tardy notice and ungraceful generosity—invited him to breakfast, and at parting presented him with a bank-note for £100 Dodsley that same year brought out the Library, and the very next winter Crabbe took orders, and was licensed to the curacy of his native parish of Aldeburgh. In 1782 Burke procured for him the post of chaplain to the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle, thenceforward he was never in fear of want, but he seems to have felt all the ills of dependence on the great, and in 'The Patron' and other poems has strongly depicted them

In 1783 appeared The Village, already read and corrected by Johnson and Burke Its success was

instant and complete. Some of the descriptions in the poem—as that of the parish workhouse—were copied into all the periodicals, and at once took that place in our national literature they still retain. Thurlow presented him with two small Dorset livings in his gift, and congratulated him, with an oath, on his being as like Parson Adams as twelve to a dozen In 1783 Crabbe married Miss Elmy, and in 1785, taking the curacy of Stathern, near Belvoir Castle, he bade adieu to the ducal mansion and transferred himself to the village parsonage. In 1787 he exchanged his two small Dorset livings for two of greater value in the Vale of Belvoir, one of them the rectory of Muston, and there he lived for a time, but the poet in him remained silent for After thirteen happy years (1792many years 1805) in Suffolk, at Parham, Great Glenham, and Rendham, he returned to Muston, his Leicester shire rectory, and his wife having died there in 1813, exchanged it the next year for Trowbridge in Wiltshire In 1807 he published his Parish Register, which secured an unprecedented success The poem had been previously submitted to Fox, parts of it—especially the story of Phæbe Dawson -were among the last things that interested the The Borough (1810) great Whig on his deathbed is similar in substance but more connected, the Tales in Verse (1812) contain perhaps his finest illustrations of life and character Crabbe spent a great part of his income at Trowbridge (£800 a year) in charity. He was still eagerly active in literary work, and in 1817-18 was engaged on his last notable undertaking, The Tales of the Hall (1819), for which and the remaining copyright of all the earlier poems Mr Murray gave £3000 connection Tom Moore has given an amusing illus tration of his brother-poet's simplicity in money Thomas Campbell commented on his matters mildness in literary argument, strange in so stern a poet of nature, and on his 'vigilant shrewdness that almost eluded you by keeping its watch so quietly' The Tales of the Hall were received with the approval due to an old favourite, but without en In 1822 the now venerable poet paid a visit to Sir Walter Scott in Edinburgh. He arrived the day Scott at Leith welcomed George 1V to Scotland, and it was in Scott's joy at greeting Crabbe as guest that he sat down on and smashed the glass out of which the king had a little before drunk his health, and which Scott had carried off in the skirt of his coat. It was noted that Crabbe soon got wearied of the New Town, but could H15 latter amuse himself for ever in the Old years were spent in clerical duties, in social inter course, and in fossil-hunting, at threescore and ten he was still busy, cheerful, and affectionate. He died at Trowbridge on 3rd February 1832

The Village, the Parish Register, and the shorter tales of Crabbe were his most popular poems. The Tales of the Hall are less interesting, though Edward FitzGerald loved them, they deal with the higher ranks of life, and with them the poet of

the poor was hardly at home Yet some of the episodes are in his best style Sir Owen Dale, Ruth, Ellen, and other stories are marked with Crabbe's sign-manual—a fidelity to nature which redeems verses otherwise dull enough. His field of observation was narrow, his gift of description somewhat limited, but his pictures have a strong dramatic effect—they are visibly drawn direct from the life. They are often too true, human nature exhibited in its naked reality and with all its defects shocks our vanity and mortifies our pride. The life experience of the poet gave the bent to his genius He well knew how untrue and absurd were the pictures of rural life which regularly figured in poetry. His own youth was painfulspent amidst want and misery, changing only from gloom to passion, though in later years he had more of the amenities of refined and intellectual society at his command than Cowper, yet he did not, like Cowper, attempt to paint their manifold When he took up his pen, his mind turned to Aldeburgh and its wild amphibious race-to the parish workhouse, where the wheel hummed doleful through the day—to erring damsels and luckless swains, the prey of overseers or justices-or to the haunts of desperate poachers and smugglers, Gipsies and gamblers, where vice and misery stalked undisguised in their darkest forms. He stirred up the dregs of human society, and while exhibiting to the life the hideous and hateful features, yet worked them into moving poetry Like his own Sir Richard Monday, he never forgot the parish village-life in England in its worst form, with the old poor-laws and game-laws, with a nonresident clergy, displayed a scale of marked contrasts, some bright, some gloomy, and Crabbe drew them all His Isaac Ashford is as honourable to the humbler English poor as Scott's Jeanie Deans or Dandie Dinmont are to Scottish char-The faithful maid who watched over her dying sailor is a noble tribute to the power of true love amongst the lowly, 'The Parting Hour' and 'The Patron' are equally honourable to the poor and to the middle classes But no doubt Crahbe was in general a gloomy painter of life, he was irrepressibly driven to depict the unlovely and unannable, whether for poetic effect or from painful experience, he makes the evil in life predominate over the good, by nature or by force of circumstances, he was a pessimist-a realist, in the sense we associate with the work, in prose and verse, of moderns like Thomas Hardy Even his pathos and tenderness are generally linked to something harsh, startling, or humiliating, to disappointed hopes or unavailing sorrow The minuteness with which he dwells on such aspects of life sometimes makes his descriptions tedious and apparently unfeeling, he drags forward every defect, every vice and failing, not for the purpose of educing something good out of the evil, but, as it would seem, merely for the sake of completing the picture. In his higher

flights, where scenes of strong passion, vice, or remorse are depicted, Crabbe is a moralist poet, purifying the heart by terror and pity, and by appalling realisations of the misery and desolation that mark the track of unbridled passion. His story of Sir Eustace Grey in this kind is told with almost terrific power, and with a lyrical cry in its verse. His usual vehicle is the Popian couplet-Horace Smith dubbed him 'a Pope in worsted stockings'-much less flowing and melodious than its model, and often ending in points and quibbles Thus his thrifty housewife, Widow Goe, falls down in sickness, 'Heaven in her eye, and in her hand her keys,' the apothecary 'carries fate and playsic in his eye.' This kind of thing does really heighten the effect of his humorous and homely descriptions, but it is too much of a mannerism, and it mars the finer passages As a painter of English scenery Crabbe is as original and forcible as in character sketching His seascapes are peculiarly striking, and he invests even sterile marshes and barren sands with interest. His objects are seldom picturesque, but he noted every weed and plantthe purple bloom of the heath, the dwarfish flowers among the wild gorse, the slender grass of the sheep walk, and even the pebbles, seaweed, and shells amid 'the glittering waters on the shingles rolled,' and he passionately loved the sea, It will be remembered by all readers of Lockhart's Life of Scott how on his deathbed Scott insisted again and again on having something by Crabbe read to him, and how, though his memory had lost its grip, he listened always with pleasure to passages his son-in-law read to him from his old favourite. Cardinal Newman declared Tales of the Hall to be a poem, 'whether in conception or in execution, one of the most touching in our language,' proclaimed in The Idea of a University that he read it on its first publication with extreme delight, and had never lost his love of it,' and in successive editions still testified that on a re-reading he was 'even more touched by it than heretofore.'

## Parish Workhouse and Apothecary

Theirs is yon house that holds the parish poor, Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door, There, where the putrid vapours, flagging, play, And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day, There children dwell who know no parents' care, Parents who know no children's love dwell there, Heart broken matrons on their joyless bed, Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed, Dejected widows with unheeded tears, And crippled age with more than childhood fears, The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they! The moping idiot and the madman gay

Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought amid the scenes of grief to grieve,
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixed with the clamours of the crowd below,
Here sorrowing they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man

Whose laws indeed for ruined age provide, And strong compulsion pluds the scrap from pude, But still that sciap is bought with many a sigh, And pride embitters what it can't deny Say ic, oppressed by some fantastic woes, Some jarring nerve that baffles your repore; Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance With thild eye, to read the distant glance; Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease, To name the nameless ever new disease, Who with mock patience alre complaints endure, Which real pain and that alone can care, How would be bear in real pain to lie, Despised, neglected, left alone to die? How would be bear to draw your latest breath Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?

Such is that room which one rude beam divides, And unked rafters form the sloping sides.

Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen, And lath and mind are all that he between, save one dull pane that, coarsely patched, gives way to the rude tempest, yet excludes the day Here on a matted flock, with dust o erspread, The drooping wretch reclines his languid head, tor him no hand the cordial cup applies, Or whees the tear that stagnates in his eyes, No friends with soft discourse his pain beginne, Or promise hope till slekuess wears a smile

But soon a loud and linsty summons calls, Shal es the thin roof, and celioes round the walls, Anon a figure enters, quantly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and concelt,
With looks unritered by these scenes of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go;
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye,
A potent quack, long versed in human ills,
Who first limits the victim whom he kills,
Whose murderous hand a drowsy bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neplect

Paid by the parish for attendance here, He wears contempt upon his sapical sucer, In laste he seeks the bed where unsery hes, Impatience maried in his aveited eyes, And, some habitual queries harried o'er, Without reply, he rushes on the door, His drooping patient, long mured to pain, And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain, The ceases now the feeble help to crave Of man, and silent shiks into the grave

(I rom The Village)

## Isano Ashford

Next to these ladles, but in nought ailled, A noble pensant, Isaac Ashford, died Noble he was, contemming all things mean, this truth imquestioned and his soul science Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid, At no man's question Isaac fold disminyed Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disprace, Iruth, simple truth, was written in his face, Yet while the serious thought his soul approved, Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved, I o bliss domestic he his heart resigned, And with the firmest, had the fondest mind Were others joyful, be looted smilling on, And gave allowance where he needed none,

Good he refused with future ill to bus, Not knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh, A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast No entry stung, no jealousy distressed-Bane of the poor! It wounds their weaker mind To miss one favour which their neighbours find-Yet far was he from store pride removed, He felt humanely, and he warmly loved I marked his action when his infant died, And his old neighbour for offence was tried, The still tears, stenling down that furrowed cheek, Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride, Who, in their base contempt, the great deride, Nor pilde in learning, though my clerk agreed, If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed; Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew None his superior, and his equals few But if that spult in his soul had place, It was the jealous pride that shins disgrace, A pride in honest fame, by virtue galand, In study boys to virtuous labours trained, Pride in the power that guards his country's coast, And all that I nglishmen enjoy and boast, Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied, In fact a noble pression, misnamed pride

He had no party's rage, no sectory's whim, Christian and country man was all with him, I rue to his church he came, no Sunday shower Kept him at home in that important hour, Nor his firm feet could one persuading seet By the strong glare of their new light direct, 'On hope, in inline own sober light, I gaze, But should be blind and lose it in your blaze.'

In times severe, when many a sturdy swain I alt it his pride, his confort to complain, Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide, And feel in that his comfort and his pride

At length he found, when seventy years were run, His strength departed and his labour done, When, save his honest fame, he kept no more; But lost his wife and saw his children poor, 'I was then a spark of—say not discontent—Struck on his mind, and thus he pave it vent

'Kind are your laws -'tis not to be dealed-That in you house for rulned are provide, And they are just, when young, we pive you all, And then for comforts in our weakness call Why then this proud reluctance to be fed, To join your poor and cat the parish bread? But yet I linger, louth with blm to feed Who gains his plenty by the sons of need: He who by contract all your purpers took, And gauges stomachs with an auxious look t On some old master I could well depend, See him with joy, and thank him as a friend; But ill on him who doles the day's supply, And counts our chances who at night may die : Yet help me, Herven! and let me not complain Of what befalls me, but the fate sustain '

Such were his thoughts, and so resigned he grew? Daily he placed the workhouse in his view! But came not there, for sudden was his fate, He dropt expiring at his cottage gate.

I feel lils absence in the hours of prayer, And view his seat, and sigh for Isane there,

I see no more those white locks thinly spread Round the bald polish of that horomed head, No more that awful glance on playful wight Compelled to kneel and tremble at the sight, To fold his fingers all in dread the while, I ill Mister Ashford softened to a smile, No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer, Nor the pure faith—to give it force—are there But he is blest, and I lament no more, A wise good man contented to be poor (I rom The Parish Register)

#### Phobe Dawson.

Two summers since I saw at Lamnias fair The sweetest flower that ever blossomed there, When Phabe Dawson gally crossed the green, In laste to see, and happy to be seen, Her air, her manners all who saw admired, Courteous though cov, and gentle though retired. The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed, And ease of heart her every look conveyed, I native shill her simple robes expressed, As with untutored elegance she dressed, The lads around admired so fair a sight, And Phabe felt, and felt she gave, delight Admirers soon of every age she gained, Her beauty won them and her worth retained, Lnvy itself could no contempt display, They wished her well, whom yet they wished away Correct in thought she judged a surrant's place Preserved a rustic beauty from disgrace, But yet on Sunday eve, in freedom's hour, With secret joy she felt that beauty's power, When some proud bliss upon the heart would steal. That, poor or rich, a beauty still must feel

At length, the youth ordained to move her breast, Before the swains with bolder spirit pressed, With looks less timid made his passion known, And pleased by manners most unlike her own, Loud though in love, and confident though young, I terce in his air, and voluble of tongue. By trade a tailor, though, in scorn of trade, He served the squire, and brushed the coat he made yet now, would Phoebe her consent afford, Her sive alone, again he'd mount the braard, With her should years of growing love he spent, And growing wealth she sighed and looked consent

Now through the lane, up hill, and cross the green-Seen by Lut few, and blushing to be seen-Dejected, thou htful, anxlous, and afraid-Led by the lover, walked the alent mad Slow through the mendor's roved they many a mile, Texas by each bank and traffed at each sale Where, as he printed every blissful view, And in, his coloured what he strongly dre s, The pensive dimisel, prone to tender fears, 1) nuned the fall e pro pect with prophetic tears Thus passed the allotted hour, till, lingering late The lover to tered at the master's gale There he promounced relieut and ye would stay, "I'll childen-inothed-entrettel-fo col run " He would of callines, though indulged complain, In 1 it re ice and of return again When if he ten ingressed her are lare h The grown a unsale more led be to be I red. korlan ould, moder plad ed kinders crace That where stell in the serve

Inch yielding maid and each presumin, 'wain' Lo' now with red rent cloak and bonnet black, And torn green fown loose hanging at her back, One who an infant in her arms sustains, And seems in patience striving with her pains, I inched are har looks, as one who pines for bread Whose cares are growing and whose hopes are fled, Pale her parched hips, her heavy eyes sunk lin, And tears unnoticed from heir channels flow, Serene her intuner, till some sudden pain.

I rets the meel soul, and then she scalin again.

But who this child of weal ness, want, and care? 'fis Phalic Dawson, pride of Lammis fur Who took her lover for his sparkling eyes, Expressions warm, and love inspiring lies Compassion first assailed her gentle heart I or all his suffering, all his bosom's smart and then his prayers they would a lavage move, And win the coldest of the sex to love. but ah! too soon his lool's succe s declared, Too lite her loss the m rringe rite repaired. The faithless flatterer then his vovs forgot, A captious tyrant or a noisy sot If present, ruling till be saw her pained, If absent, spending what their labours gained, Fill that fair form in want and sickness pined, And hope and comfort fled that gentle mind

Then fly temptation, vouth, resist 'refrain'
Nor let me preach for ever and in vain '
(I can Teel mail era, er.)

## The Felon's Dream

Yes' e'en in sleep the impressions all remain, He hears the sentence and he feels the chain He sees the judge and jury when he shalles, And loudly cries, 'Not putty' and awakes. Then chilling tremblings our his body creep full worn out nature is compelled to sleep.

Now comes the dream again at shews each cone With each small circum tance that comes between—The call to suffering, and the very deed—There crowds go vith him follow, and preceder some heartless shout, some part, all condenus, While he in fancied envy looks at them. He seems the place for that said act to see And dreams the very thir at high then will be, A priest attends—it seems the ope he knew. In his best days beneath who clears he prow

At this his terrors take a sudden flight, He sees his native village with delig i The house the chariter where he area arravel His voithful pers in where he had and prived. Then to the comforts he enjoyed a house, The dres of jos the joys it make the even The long of imposence the total top ! Of his lived mail which first her land le tool And to the Topy for fromthe, my of mate Her forced to erve, a dan retreat no man Mrn amprested or min seer Offic resignate - 1 + de 1 d diene 1 Let hen mithing his plem cert, i fem-Gueloul artists of the the Yestall or almore a talkette Inforently project to be Lappy com

Then come his sister and his village friend, And he will now the sy ectest moments rpend I ife has to yield no, never will he find Again on cartly such pleasure in his mind He goes through shrubby walks these friends among, Love in their lool's and honour on the tongue, Nay, there's a charm beyond what nature shews, The bloom is softer, and more sweetly glows, Pierced by no crime, and nrged by no desire I or more than true and honest hearts require, They feel the calm delight, and thus proceed Through the green lane, then linger in the mead, Stray o er the heath in all its purple bloom, And pluck the blo som where the wild bees hum Then through the broomy bound with ease they pass, And press the sandy sheep walk's slender grass, Where dwarfish flowers among the gorse are spread, And the lamb browses by the linner's bed Then 'cro's the bounding brook they make their way O'er its rough bridge, and there behold the bay, The ocean smiling to the fervid sun, The waves that faintly fall, and slowly run The ships at distance, and the boats at hand And now they walk upon the scaside sand Counting the number, and what I and they la, Ships coftly sinking in the electry sea, Now arm in arm, now parted, they behold The glittering waters on the shingles rolled The tunid girls, half dreading their design, Dip the small foot in the retarded brine, And search for crimson weeds, which spreading flow, Or he like pictures on the sand below With all those bright red pubbles that the sun Through the small waves so softly shines upon, And those live lucid jellies which the eve Delights to trace as they swim glittering by Pearl shells and rubied star tish they admire, And will arrange above the parlour fire Tokens of bliss! 'Oh, harrible' a wave Roars as it rises -- save me, I dward, save " She eries Alas! the watchman on his way Calls, and lets in-truth terror, and the day '

(from Tue brough)

# Glpsles

On either side Is level fen, a prospect wild and wide. With dikes on cither hand by ocean's self supplied I ar on the right the distant sca is seen, And salt the springs that feed the marsh between, Beneath an aneight bridge the stratened flood Rolls through its sloping banks of shins mud, Near it a sunken boat resists the tide, That frets and hurries to th' opposing side , The rushes sharp, that on the horders grow, Bend their brown flow'rets to the stream below, Impure in all its course, in all its progress slow Here a grave Flora scareely deigns to bloom, Nor wears a rosy blush, nor sheds perfume The few dull flowers that o'er the place are spread Partake the nature of their fenny bed, Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom, Grows the salt Invender that lacks perfume, Here the dwarf sallows ercep, the seption harsh, And the soft slimy mullow of the mursh, Low on the ear the distant billows sound, And just in view appears their stony bound,

No hadee nor tree conceals the gloving san , Buds, save a vater tube, the district ship, Nor chirp anion, the ree is where I itter naters run

Again, the country was chelosed, a wide And sandy road has bend son either side; Where, lo ! a hollow on the left appeared, And there a pipsy tribe their tent had reared, "Iwas open pread, to eatch the mornin, san, And they had now their early meal begun, When two bro in less just less their grass sout, The early traveller with their prayers to prest While yet Orlar to hold his pence in hand, He saw their si ter on her duty stand, Some tricke year old, demute affected, slr. Prepared the force of early powers to try Sudden a look of languor he descries And well felgned as prehens in in her eyer, Trained but we savage, in her speciate He marked the features of ter sagran race When a light laugh and reguidalest errors of The vice impainted in her youthful boat Fo th from the tent ler eller bech raime, Who seemed offented, yet forbore to blome The young designer, but es all only traces The looks of pry in the traveller's fete Within the father who from fences right Had brought the fuel for the tire a upp f. Watched now the feeble bla c, and s ood dejected by On recal ray, in from a clifforn the lead And by the hand of coarse include to fed, In dirty patchwork negligently ere sel-Reclined the wife on infant at her line is , In her wild face some touch of grace remained, Of vigour palsical and of beauty stained Her blowlshot e es on her unheeding trate Were writhful turne l, and seemed her wan a to state, Cursing his tardy and-1 er mother there With gipsy state engrossed the only chair, Solemn and dull her look, with such she stands. And reads the milk maids for one in her hands Fricing the lines of life assumed through very, Fach feature now the steady falsehoord wears With hard and savage eve she views the food, And grudging pinches their nitruding brood Last in the group, the worn out grandsire sits Ne elected, lost, and living but by fits Useless, despised, his worthless labours done And half protected by the victous son, Who half supports him the with heavy glance Views the young ruffinns who around him dance, And, by the sadness in his face, uppears To true, the progress of their future years Hirough what strunge course of misers, vice, decent, Must wildly wander each unpractised cheat What shaine and grief what punishment and pain, Sport of fierce passions, must each child sustain-Lre they like him approach their latter end, Without a hope, a comfort, or a friend! (From Tales-' Lover's Journe) ?

## Approaching Age

Six years had passed, and forty ere the six, When Time began to play his usual tricks The locks once comely in a virgin's sight, Locks of pure brown, displayed th' encroaching white,

The blood once fervid now to cool began, And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man I rode or walked as I was wont before, But now the bounding spirit was no more, A moderate pace would now my body heat, A walk of moderate length distress my feet. I showed my stranger guest those hills sublime, But said, 'The view is poor, we need not climb' At a friend's mansion I began to dread The cold neat parlour, and the gay glazed bed, At home I felt a more decided taste, And must have all things in my order placed, I ceased to hunt, my horses pleased me less, My dinner more, I learned to play at chess, I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute Was disappointed that I did not shoot, My morning walks I now could bear to lose, And blessed the shower that gave me not to choose In fact, I felt a languor stealing on, The active arm, the agile hand were gone, Small daily actions into habits grew, And new dislike to forms and fashion new, I loved my trees in order to dispose, I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose, Told the same story oft-in short, began to prose. (From The Tales of the Hall.)

#### The Crazed Maiden's Song

Let me not have this gloomy view
About my room, around my bed,
But morning roses, wet with dew,
To cool my burning brows instead.
As flow'rs that once in Eden grew,
Let them their fragrant spirits shed,
And every day the sweets renew,
Till I, a fading flower, am dead

Oh ' let the herbs I loved to rear
Give to my sense their perfinned breath,
Let them be placed about my bier,
And grace the gloomy house of death
I'll have my grave beneath a hill,
Where, only Lucy's self shall know,
Where runs the pure pellucid rill
Upon its gravelly bed below,
There violets on the borders blow,
And insects their soft light display,
Till, as the morning sunbeams glow,
The cold phosphorie fires decay

That is the grave to Lucy shown,
The soil a pure and silver sand,
The green cold moss above it grown,
Unplucked of all but maiden hand
In virgin earth, till then unturned,
There let my maiden form be laid,
Nor let my changed clay be spurned,
Nor for new guest that bed be made.

There will the lark—the lamb, in sport,
In air—on earth—securely play,
And Lucy to my grave resort,
As innocent, but not so gay
I will not have the churchyard ground
With bones all black and ngly grown,
To press my shivering body round,
Or on my wasted limbs be thrown

With ribs and skulls I will not sleep,
In clammy beds of cold blue clay,
Through which the ringed earth worms creep,
And on the shrouded bosom prey,
I will not have the bell proclaim
When those sad marriage rites begin,
And boys, without regard or shame,
Press the vile monldering masses in.

Say not, it is beneath my care,
I cannot these cold truths allow,
These thoughts may not afflict me there,
But, O' they vex and tease me now
Raise not a turf nor set a stone,
That man a maiden's grave may trace,
But thou, my Lucy, come alone,
And let affection find the place.

Oh! take me from a world I hate,
Men cruel, selfish, sensual, cold,
And, in some pure and blessed state,
Let me my sister minds behold
From gross and sordid views refined,
Our heaven of spotless love to share,
For only generous souls designed,
And not a man to meet us there.

(From The Tales of the Hall)

## Sketches of Autumn

It was a fair and mild autumnal sky, And earth's ripe treasures met th' admiring eye, As a rich beanty, when her bloom is lost, Appears with more magnificence and cost The wet and heavy grass, where feet had strayed, Not yet erect, the wanderer's way betrayed, Showers of the night had swelled the deepening rill, The morning breeze had urged the quickening mill, Assembled rooks had winged their seaward flight, By the same passage to return at night, While proudly o'er them hung the steady kite, Then turned him back, and left the noisy throng, Nor deigned to know them as he sailed along Long yellow leaves, from osters, strewed around, Choked the small stream, and hushed the feeble sound, While the dead foliage dropped from loftier trees, Our squire beheld not with his wonted ease, But to his own reflections made reply, And said aloud, 'Yes! doubtless we must die' 'We must,' said Richard, 'and we would not live To feel what dotage and decay will give,

'We must,' said Richard, 'and we would not live To feel what dotage and decay will give, But we yet taste whatever we behold, The morn is lovely, though the air is cold There is delicious quiet in this scene, At once so rich, so varied, so serene, Sonnds to delight us—each discordant tone Thus mingled please, that fail to please alone, This hollow wind, this rustling of the brook, The farm yard noise, the woodman at yon oal—See, the axe falls!—now listen to the stroke! That gun itself, that mirders all this peace, Adds to the charm, because it soon must cease.'

(From The Tales of the Hall)

Cold grew the foggy morn, the day was brief, Loose on the cherry hung the crimson leaf, The dew dwelt ever on the herb, the woods Roared with strong blasts, with mighty showers the floods All green was vanished, save of pine and yew,
That still displayed their melancholy hue,
Save the green holly with its berries red,
And the green moss that o'er the gravel spread
(From Fales—'The Patron.')

It is hardly unfair to compare Crabbe's

Better to love amiss than nothing to have loved,
from The Struggles of Conscience, with Tennyson's

'Tis better to have loved and lost Than never to have loved at all

It was Crabbe who opined, not without reason, that he 'who often reads, will sometimes wish to write.' It is in *The Widow's Tale* that we read of

A tender, timid maid! who knew not how To pass a pig sty, or to face a cow,

and who was aggreed

When the coarse cloth she saw, with many a stain Soiled by rade hinds who cut and come again

[An admirable Life of the poet by his son the Rev George Crabbe (1785-1857), for twenty three years vicar of Bredfield, Suffolk, was prefixed to the edition of the works published in eight volumes in 1834. There are studies by Kebbel (1898) and Canon Ainger (Men of Letters, 1903). The best edition of the works is that by A. W. Ward (3 vols. 1905-7).]

FRANCIS HINDES GROOME

Jeremy Bentham (1748-1832), for more than half a century conspicuous as an author on jurisprudence and ethics, lived in intimate correspondence with the leading men of several generations and of various countries, and was unceasingly active in the propagation of utilitarianism and in insisting on reform in law. The son of a pushing and prosperous London attorney, he was educated at Westminster School and Queen's College, Oxford He was little over twelve when he went to Oxford, but even then he was, from his precocity, not unjustly known by the name of 'the philosopher,' and though he never liked Oxford methods of study or of life, he took his degree of BA in 1763, and after studying law at Lincoln's lnn, was called to the Bar He had a strong dislike to the legal profession, and never but once pleaded in public. His first publication was an acute but hypercritical examination of a passage in Blackstone's Commentaries, and was called A Fragment on Government (1776) The critique was prompted, no doubt, by 'a passion for improvement in those shapes in which the lot of mankind is meliorated by it,' but also by a profound contempt for Black-He was stimulated by Priestley's writings 'In the phrase, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," I then saw delineated, says Bentham, 'for the first time, a plain as well as a true standard for whatever is right or wrong, useful, useless, or mischievous in human conduct, whether in the field of morals or of politics' The famous phrase was used first by Hutcheson (1726), then in Italian by Beccarra, and was found by Priestley in a translation of Beccarn's Crimes and Punishments

(1766), but unhappily Priestley, Bentham, and the rest have none of them given a final and uni versal definition of liuman liappiness To ensure it, Bentham considered it necessary to reconstruct the laws and government—to have annual parlia ments and universal suffrage, secret voting, and a return to the ancient practice of paying wages to parliamentary representatives. In all his political, sociological, and juridical writings this doctrine of utility, so understood, is the leading and penading principle. In 1778 he published a pumphlet on The Hard Labour Bill, recommending an improve ment in the mode of criminal punishment, amongst those that followed were Letters on Usury (1787), Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Politics (1789), Discourses on Civil and Penal Legislation (1802), Punishments and Re-vards (1811), A Treatise on Judicial Evidence (1813), Codification and Public Instruction (1817), and The Bool of Fallacies (1824) The article in the National Dictionary of Biography quotes a classified list of seventy-four publications By the death of his father in 1792, Bentham succeeded to property in London and to firms in Essex yielding from £5∞ to £600 a year. He lived frugally, but with elegance, in one of his London houses, kept young men as secretaries, corresponded and wrote daily, and by a life of temperance and industry, with great self-complacency and the society of a few devoted friends, the eccentric philosopher attained to the age of eighty-four. He left his body to be dissected, and his skeleton, clothed in his usual attire, is preserved in University College, London

His works were collected and edited by Bowning and Hill Burton, and published in eleven volumes But assome of the works were rearranged, abridged, and altered by Bowring and others, it is sometimes doubtful how far the statements perfectly repre sent Bentham's own words or ideas Bentham's style was natural, clear, and even In his later works he adopted a peculiar uncouth style and nomenclature, which deter ordi nary renders, and indeed have rendered many of The substance of his lus works a dead-letter published works and MSS was rearranged and translated into excellent French by M Dumont, a Genevese disciple, and there were Spanish and James Mill m ide known Portuguese translations his principles at home, Sir Samuel Romilly discussed and criticised them in the Edinburgh Review, and Sir James Mackintosh in his Ethical Dissertation Of his new coined words it should be noted that some-such as codify, minimise, inter national-have been found useful, and have become an essential and permanent part of the English In the science of legislation Bentham exhibited profound capacity and extensive know ledge, but he is chargeable with not sufficiently 'weighing the various circumstances which require his rules to be modified in different countries and times, in order to render them either more useful, more easily introduced, more generally respected,

or more certainly executed' J S Mill declared 'There is hardly anything in Bentham's philosophy which is not true. The bad part of his writings is his resolute denial of all that he does not see, of all truths but those which he recognises' This does not fully indicate the fact that he was both dogmatic and intolerant, holding that those who deliberately differed from him were either fools He greatly furthered the improvement of the lamentable poor-laws, like so many of the older Radicals, he held that both for England and France, colonies are disadvantageous to the mother-country, and should be emancipated. Many of his schemes have been realised, many more are in course of realisation The end and object of them all was the general welfare, and his chief error lay in conceiving that organic changes are possible by manifesto and enactment, or otherwise than through the growth and modification of popular needs, ideas, and In Mill's words, 'he found the institutions philosophy of law a chaos, and left it a science,' and he was the philosophic pioneer of Liberalism and of Radicalism

# From the 'Defence of Usury'

The business of a money lender, though only among Christians and in Christian times a proscribed profession, has nowhere, nor at any time, been a popular one Those who have the resolution to sacrifice the present to the future, are natural objects of envy to those who have sacrificed the future to the present. The children who have eaten their cake are the natural enemies of the children who have theirs While the money is hoped for, and for a short time after it has been received, he who lends it is a friend and benefactor. by the time the money is spent, and the evil hour of reckoning is come, the henefactor is found to have changed his nature, and to have put on the tyrant and the oppressor un oppression for a man to reclaim his own money, it is none to keep it from him. Among the inconsiderate -that is, among the great mass of mankind-selfish affections conspire with the social in treasuring up all favour for the man of dissipation, and in refusing justice to the man of thrift who has supplied him. In some shape or other, that favour attends the chosen object of it through every stage of his career. But in no stage of his eareer can the man of thrift come in for any share of it. It is the general interest of those with whom a man lives, that his expense should be at least as great as his circumstances will bear, because there are few expenses which a man can launch into but what the bencht of them is shared, in some proportion or other, by those with whom he lives. In that circle originates a standing law forbidding every man, on pain of infamy, to confine his expenses within what is adjudged to be the measure of his means, saving always the power of exceeding that limit as much as he thinks proper, and the means assigned him by that law may be ever so much beyond his real means, but are sure never to fall short of them So close is the combination thus formed between the idea of ment and the idea of expenditure, that a disposition to speud finds favour in the eyes even of those who know that a man's circumstances do not entitle him to the means and an upstart, whose chief recommendation is this disposition, shall find himself to have purchased a permanent fund of respect, to the prejudice of the very persons at v hose expense he has been gratifying his appetites and his pride. The lustre which the display of borrowed wealth has diffused over his character awes men during the season of his prosperity into a summission to his insolence, and when the hand of adversity has overtaken him at last, the recollection of the height from which he has fallen throws the veil of compassion over his injustice.

The condition of the man of thrift is the reverse. His lasting opulence procures bim a share, it least, of the same envy that attends the prodigal's transient display but the use he makes of it procures him no part of the favour which attends the prodigal. In the satisfactions he derives from that use—the pleasure of possession, and the idea of enjoying at some distant period, which may never arrive—nohody comes in for any share. In the midst of his opulence he is regarded as a kind of insolvent, who refuses to honour the bills which their rapacity would draw upon him, and who is by so much the more eriminal than other insolvents, as not having the plea of inibility for an excuse.

Could there he any doubt of the disfavour which attends the cause of the money lender in his competition with the borrower, and of the disposition of the public judgment to sacrifice the interest of the former to that of the latter, the stage would afford a compendious but a pretty conclusive proof of it. It is the business of the dramatist to study, and to conform to, the humours and passions of those on the pleasing of whom he depends for his success, it is the course which reflection must suggest to every man, and which a man would naturally fall into, though he were not to think about it. He may, and very frequently does, make magnificent pre tences of giving the law to them hut woe be to him that attempts to give to them any other law than what they are disposed already to receive! If he would attempt to lead them one inch, it must be with great caution, and not without suffering himself to be led hy them at least a dozen Now I question whether, among all the instances in which a horrower and a lender of money have been brought together upon the stage, from the days of Thespis to the present, there ever was one in which the former was not recommended to favour in some shape or other-either to admiration, or to love, or to pity, or to all three-and the other, the man of thrift, consigned to infamy

## From Bentham's 'Commonplace Book.'

'O Locke ' first master of intellectual truth ' without whom those who have taught nie would have been as nothing! let thy blest spirit, if now it looketh down upon the affairs of men, acknowledge my obedience to the first great lesson of thy life, in the assertion of independence, und make its report in my favour to the Throne, the Judgment seat above. Priestley was the first (unless it was Beccaria) who taught my lips to pronounce this sacred truth -That the greatest happi ness of the greatest number is the foundation of morals and legislation Johnson is the pompous vamper of commonplace morality-of phrases often trite without When the truths in a man's book, though many and important, are fewer than the errors. when his ideas, though the means of producing clear ones in other men, are found to be themselves not clear,

that book must die Montesquieu must therefore die he must die, as his great countryman, Descartes, had died before him he must wither as the blade withers when the corn is ripe he must die, but let tears of gratitude and admiration bedew his grave. O Montesquien i the British constitution, whose death thou prophesiedst, will live longer than thy work, yet not longer than thy fame Not even the incense of the illustrious Catharine can preserve thee. Locke-dry, cold, languid, wearisome, will live for ever Montesquieu-rapid, brilliant, glorious, enchanting-will not outlive his century I know-I feel -I pity-and blush at the enjoyment of a liberty which the birth place of that great writer (great with all his faults) forbade him to enjoy I could make an im mense book upon the defects of Montesquieu-I could make not a small one upon his excellencies. It might be worth while to make both, if Montesquieu could hive'

See Life by Bowring in the collected works (in 22 parts, 1838-43 issued in 1844 in 11 vo's by J H Burton) Burton's Benthamiana (1843), and C. M Atkinson's study of his life and work (1905)

# William Godwin,

author of Caleb Williams, was born at Wisbeach in Cambridgeshire, 3rd March 1756, the seventh of the thirteen children of John Godwin (1723-72), a Dissenting minister, who moved to Debenham in 1758, and in 1760 to Guestwick in Norfolk three years' schooling at Hindoly eston, three more with a tutor at Norwich, and one as usher in his former school, Godwin in 1773 entered Hoxton Presbyterian College, in 1778 quitted it as pure a Sandemanian and Tory as he had gone in during a five years' ministry at Ware, Stowmarket, and Beaconsfield, he turned Socinian and Republican, and by 1787 was a 'complete unbeliever' Meanwhile he had taken to literature, in 1783-84 writing three novels for £42, a Life of Chatham, and Sketches of History, in Sir Sermons In 1785 he became principal writer in the New Annual The French Revolution gave him an opening, and his Enquiry concerning Political Justice, and its Influences on General Virtue and Happiness (2 vols 4to, 1793), brought him fame, widespread influence, the leadership of a school of thought, and a thousand guineas - It was calmly subversive of everything (law and 'marriage, the worst of all laws'), but as it preached down violence, and was deemed caviare to the multitude, its author escaped prosecution In Things as they Are, or the Adventures of Caleb Williams (1794), Godwin's aim was to inculcate his characteristic doctrines, and to comprehend 'a general review of the modes of domestic and unrecorded despotism by which man becomes the destroyer of man' His hero tells his own tale of suffering and of wrong-of inno cence persecuted and reduced to the brink of death and infamy by aristocratic power, and by tyrannical or partially administered laws, but his story is so full of interest and vigour that the reader loses sight of the political object and the implied satire, and thinks only of the characters and incidents The imagination of the novelist overpowered his philosophy, he was a greater inventor than propagandist, and his character of Falkland is one of the most striking in the whole range of English fiction But the political views he shared were soon brought still more aggres-His friends, Holcroft, Thelwall, sively forward Horne Tooke, and others, were arrested and tried on a charge of high treason. Godwin had appa rently not been formally associated with their societies, and however obnoxious to those in power, had not rendered himself amenable to the laws of Yet if we may credit a curious entry his country in Sir Walter Scott's diary, he must have been early mixed up with the English Jacobins declared that Canning, while in the Temple, was startled out of somewhat revolutionary opinions by a visit from Godwin, who told him 'to his astonishment that, in expectation of a new order of things, the English Jacobins designed to place him, Canning, at the head of the revolution. He was much struck, and asked time to think what course he should take, and having thought the matter over, he went to Mr Pitt, and made the Anti Jacobin confession of faith? This must have been before 1793 In any case Godwin was readi with his pen in his friends' defence. Judge Eyre, in his charge to the grand jury, had laid down principles very different from his, and he instantly published Cursory Strictures on the judge's charge, so ably written that the pamphlet is said to have mainly led to the acquittal of the accused

In 1796 Godwin issued a series of essays on Education, Manners, and Literature, entitled The Inquirer, in August 1797 he married Mari Woll stonecraft, who died five months later after giving birth to a daughter (Mrs Shelley) Godwin's con tempt of the ordinary English modes of thinking and acting was displayed by this marriage wife brought with her a natural daughter by a former protector, and had lived with Godwin for some time before their marriage 'The principal motive,' he says, 'for complying with the ceremony was the circumstance of Mary's being in a state of pregnancy' In the Memoirs of Mary Wollstone craft Godwin, now written by him, all the details of her life and conduct are minutely related 1799 appeared his St Leon, a story of the 'miracu lous,' and designed to illustrate human feelings and passions in incredible situations. His hero attains the possession of the philosopher's stone, and secures exhaustless wealth by transmuting the baser metals into gold, at the same time he learns the secret of the eliair vitae, by which he has the The romance has power of renewing his youth many attractions—splendid description and true pathos, its chief defect is an excess of the terrible In 1800 Godwin produced his unlucky trigedy of Antomo, in 1801, Thoughts on Dr Parrs Spital Sermon, a reply to attacks made upon him, or on his code of morality, by Parr, Mackintosh, and others. In 1803 he brought out a Life of Chaucer, The Life of Chaucer was ridiculed in two quartos by Scott in the Edinburgh Review for its enormous

bulk, minute details, and extraneous dissertations, but it is, for the time, a good and careful piece of work, exhibiting much sound criticism and a relish for true poetry In 1804 came Fleetwood, or the New Man of Feeling The title was unfortunate, as reminding the reader of the old Man of Feeling, this new one was self-willed and capricious, a morbid egotist, whose irritability, frantic outbursts of passion, and matrimonial troubles moved contempt rather than sympathy The better parts of the novel consist of the episode of the Macneills, a tale of family pathos, and some detached descriptions of Welsh scenery In 1801, after two unsuccessful courtships, Godwin had been married by the bustling widow, Mrs Clements or Clairmont, his next-door neighbour, who accosted him one day from her balcony 'Is it possible that I behold the immortal Godwin!' She had two children already, and a third was born of the marriage. So in the family group as now constituted there were poor Fanny Imlay (1794-1816), who died by her own hand, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin (1797-1851), who in 1816 married Shelley, Charles Clairmont, 'Claire' Clairmont (1797-1879), the mother by Byron of Allegra, and William Godwin (1803-32), to whose posthumous novel, Transfusion, a memoir was prefixed by his father

In 1805 Godwin, having opened a bookseller's shop in London, under the assumed name of 'Edward Baldyin,' sent forth a number of children's books, small histories and other compilations, some of them by himself, Charles Lamb mentions an English Grammar, in which Hazlitt assisted, and Lamb himself wrote a children's book, The King and Queen of Hearts (reprinted He tried another tragedy, Faulkner, in 1807, also unsuccessful. Next year he published an Essay on Sepulchres, and in 1815, Lives of Edward and John Phillips, the Nephews of Milton He had paid a visit to Scotland, and engaged with Constable for another novel, Mandeville, a tale of the times of Cromwell (1817), measured and stately in style, and abounding in that moral anatomy which the author delighted in, but often carried beyond truth and nature. We next find Godwin combating the opinions of Malthus upon Population (1820), and then setting about an elaborate History of the Commonwealth The great men of that era (4 vols 1824-28) were exactly suited to his taste, with their resolute energy of character, their triumphant hostility to monarchy, their republican enthusiasm, and Godwin evidently tasked strange notions of faith himself to produce authorities for all he advanced. He took up, as might be expected, strong opinions, but in striving to be accurate and minute, he became too specific and chronological-it was truly said that the History 'creeps and hitches in dates and authorities' In Cloudesley (1830) he found his new hero, like Caleb Williams, in humble life, and he set him against his patron, but there the parallel ends The elastic vigour,

the verisimilitude, the crowding incidents, the absorbing interest, and the overwhelming catastrophe of Caleb Williams are not to be found in Cloudesley; there is even little delineation of character Instead we have fine English, 'clouds of reflections without any new occasion to call them forth, an expanded flow of words without a single pointed remark.' The next thing was a metaphysical treatise, Thoughts on Mau, &c , and his last (1834) a compilation, Lives of the Neciomancers In 1833 the revolutionary author accepted the sinecure post of yeoman-usher of the Exchequer, conferred on him by Earl Grey's Ministry, and in the house attached to this appointment, in New Palace Yard, he ended his long and laborious life on 7th April 1836 From Old St Pancras church-



WILLIAM GODWIN

From Portrait by John Opie R.A. in the National Portrait Gallery

yard his body and Mary Wollstonecraft's were removed in 1851 to Bournemouth, where also rests Mrs Shelley

The Life of Godwin (1876), by Mr Kegan Paul, is a valuable if over-eulogistic biography of one who in truth was largely a blend of Micawber and Yet he unquestionably was one of the Pecksniff most remarkable and influential men of his times The boldness of his speculations and opinions, his vehemence of feeling, and his irrepressible outspokenness were curiously contrasted with his plodding habits, his imperturbable temper, and the obscure humdrum of his daily life. startling and astounding theories were propounded by him with undoubting confidence, and sentiments that, if reduced to action, would have overturned the whole framework of society, were complacently dealt out by their author as if they had merely formed an ordinary portion of a busy literary life Godwin never willingly destroyed a written line, and his biographer found a vast

quantity of letters and manuscripts, some never opened from the day they were laid aside by Godwin's own hand years before his death. The correspondence includes letters from Charles Lamb, Coleridge, Shelley, Wordsworth, Scott, Mackintosh, Lady Caroline Lamb, Mrs Inchbald, and others. The Life shows Godwin's powerful influence on Shelley and Bulwer Lytton, but it was reserved for a Frenchman, M. Émile Legouis, to show in La Jeunesse de Wordsworth (1896, Eng. trans. 1897) that 'The Prelude' and 'The Borderers' were as strongly Godwinian as the 'Lyrical Ballads' were anti-Godwinian.

Caleb Williams, the most interesting and original of Godwin's novels, is altogether a work of extraordinary art and power It has the planness of narrative and the apparent reality of the fictions of Defoc or Swift Calch Williams, an intelligent young peasant, is employed as secretary and kindly treated by a sombre and mysterious gentleman named Talkland Half by chance and half from curiosity he discovers that his master has been guilty of a murder, for which he has allowed two innocent men to be hanged. His knowledge of this secret costs him a long and crucl persecution from Falkland, who at last has him arrested for Driven to bay, Williams at his trial dis closes the crime of his master, who dies of shame and despair, while the other is acquitted only to suffer agonies of remorse for sacrificing one who had been his benefactor

Of the other novels of Godwin, St Leon alone will probably descend to posterity in company with Caleb Williams, though Godwin's romances have all a strong family likeness If the impossible hypothesis on which St Leon is founded be admitted, then the subordinate incidents are natural and justly proportioned The possessor of the philosopher's stone is an interesting visionary -a French Falkland of the sixteenth century, and as unfortunate, for his miraculous gifts entail but misery on himself and bring ruin to his family Even exhaustless wealth is in itself no blessing, and this is the moral of the story The character of the heroic Marguerite, wife of Leon, is one of the author's finest delineations Bethlem Gabor is also a vigorous and striking sketch, though introduced too late in the novel to relieve flagging interest

## From 'Caleb Williams'

I can conceive of no shock greater than that I received from the sight of Mr Falkland. His appearance on the last occasion on which we met had been haggard, ghost like, and wild, energy in his gestures, and frenzi in his aspect. It was now the appearance of a corpse. He was brought in, in a chair, unable to stand, fatigued and almost destroyed by the journey he had just taken. His visage was colourless, his limbs destitute of motion, almost of life. His head reclined upon his bosom, except that now and then he lifted it up, and opened his eyes with a languid glance, immediately after which he sank back into his former apparent insensibility

He seemed not to have three hours to hive. He had kept his chamber for several weeks, but the summons of the magistrate had been delivered to him at his bedside, his orders respecting letters and written papers being so peremptory that no one dared to disobey them. Upon reading the paper, he was seized with a very dangerous fit, but as soon as he recovered, he masted upon being conveyed, with all practicable expedition, to the place of appointment. I alkland, in the most helpless state, was still Falkland, firm in command, and capable to extort obedience from every one that approached him.

What a sight was this to me! Here was Falkland, solemnly brought before a magistrate to answer to a charge of murder Here I stood, having already declared myself the author of the charge, gravely and sacredly pledged to support it This was my situation, and thus situated I was called upon immediately to act. My whole frame shook. I would eagerly have consented that that moment should have been the last of my I, however, believed that the conduct now most indispensably incumbent on me was to lay the emotions of my soul naked before my hearers. I looked first at Mr Falkland, and then at the magistrate and attendants and then at Mr Talkland again. My voice I began 'Would to Goa was suffocated with agony it were possible for me to retire from this scene without uttering another word 1 I would brave the consequences -I would submit to any imputation of cowardice, falsehood, and proflighey, rather than add to the weight of misfortune with which Mr Falkland is overwhelmed But the situation, and the demands of Mr Fall land him self, forbid me. He in compassion for whose fallen state I would willingly forget every interest of my own, would compel ine to necuse, that he might enter upon his justification. I will confess every sentiment of my Mr Fallland well I nows-I affirm it in his presence-how unwillingly I have proceeded to the extremity. I have reverenced him, he was northy of reverence. From the first moment I saw him, I con ecived the most ardent admiration. He condescended to encourage me, I attached myself to him with the fullness of affection. He was unhappy, I exerted my self with youthful curiosity to discover the secret of his This was the beginning of mitfortune. What shall I say? He was indeed the murderer of Tyrrel He suffered the Hawkinses to be executed, knowing that they were innocent, and that he alone was guilty ' After successive surmises, after various indiscretions on my part, and indications on his, he at length confided to me at full the fatal tale! Mr Falkland I I most solemnly conjure you to recollect yourself! Did I ever prove myself unworthy of your confidence? The secret was a most painful burden to me it was the extremest folly that Ied me unthinkingly to gain possession of it, but I would have died a thousand deaths ruther than betray it. It was the jealousy of your own thoughts, and the weight that hung upon your mind, that led you to watch my motions, and conceive alarm from every particle of You began in confidence—nhi did you my conduct I fell at last into the not continue in confidence? hands of the miscreants. In this terrible situation I, for the first time, attempted, by turning informer, to throw the weight from miself Happily for me, the London magistrate listened to my tale with insolent contempt. I soon, and long, repented of my rushness, and rejoiced

I acknowledge that in various ways in my miscarriage Mr Falkland showed humanity towards me during this period. He would have prevented my going to prison at first, he contributed to my subsistence during my detention, he had no, have in the pursuit that had been set on foot against me he at length procured my dis charge when brought forward for trial. But a great part of his forbearance vas unknown to me, I supposed him to be my unrelenting pursuer I could not forget that, whoever heaped calamities on me in the sequel, they all originated in his forged accusation. The prosecution against me for felony was now at an end Why were not my sufferings permitted to terminate then, and I allowed to hide my weary head in some obscure yet tranquil retreat? Had I not sufficiently proved my con stancy and fidelity? Would not a compromise in this situation have been most wise and most secure? But the restless and jealous anxiety of Mr Fall land would not permit him to repose the least atom of confidence The only compromise that he proposed was, that, with my own hand, I should sign myself a villain. I refused this proposal, and have ever since been driven from place to place, deprived of peace, of honest fame, even of bread For a long time I persisted in the resolution that no emergency should convert me into the assailant In an evil honr I at last listened to my resentment and impatience, and the hateful mistake into which I fell has produced the present scene. I now see that mistal e in all its enormity. I am sure that if I had opened my heart to Mr Fall land, if I had told to him privately the tale that I have now been telling he could not have resisted my rea onable demand. After all his pre cautions, he must ulumately have depended upon my forbearance. Could he be sure that if I were at last worked up to disclose everything I kucw, and to enforce it with all the energy I could exert, I should obtain no credit? If he must in every case be at my mercy, in which mode ought he to have sought his safety-in con ciliation, or in inevorable cruelty? Mr Falkland is of a noble nature. Yes! in spite of the catastrophe of Tyrrel, of the miserable end of the Hawkinses, and of all that I have myself suffered, I affirm that he has qualities of the most admirable kind. It is therefore impossible that he could have resisted a frank and fervent expostulation, the frankness and the fervour in which the whole soul was poured out. I despaired while it was yet time to have made the just experiment, but my despair was criminal, was treason aguist the sovereignty of truth. I have told a plain and unadul terated tale. I came hither to curse, but I remain to bless. I came to accuse, but am compelled to applaud. I proclaim to all the vorld that Mr Talkland is a man worthy of affection and lindness, and that I am myself the basest and most odious of mankind! Never will I forgive myself the iniquity of this day The memory will always haunt me, and imbitter every hour of my existence. In thus acting, I have been a murderer-a cool, deliberate, unfeeling murderer I have said what my accursed precipitation has obliged me to say Death would with me as you please. I ask no favour be a Findness compared to what I feel "?

Such were the accents dictated by my remorse I poured them out with uncontrollable impetuosity, for my heart was pierced, and I was compelled to give vent to its anguish. Every one that heard me was petrified with astonishment. Every one that heard me was

melted into tears I lies could not resist the ardour with which I praised the great qualities of Falkland, they manifested their sympathy in the tokens of my penitence

How shall I describe the feelings of this unfortunate man! Before I began he seemed sunk and debilitated, incapable of any strenuous impression When I men tioned the murder, I could perceive in him an involuntary shuddering, though it was counteracted, partly by the feebleness of his frame, and partly by the energy of his mind This was an allegation he expected, and he had endeavoured to prepare himself for it But there was much of what I said of which he had had no previous When I expressed the anguish of my mind, he seemed at first startled and alarmed lest this should be a new expedient to gain credit to my tale indignation against me was great for having retained all my resentment towards him, thus, as it might be, in the last hour of his existence. It was increased when he discovered me, as he supposed, using a pretence of liberality and sentiment to give new edge to my hos But as I went on, he could no longer resist saw my sincerity, he was penetrated with my grief and compunction. He rose from his seat, supported by the attendants, and—to my infinite astonishment—threw himself into my arms!

'Williams,' said he, 'you have conquered ! I see too late the greatness and elevation of your mind fess that it is to my fault, and not yours, that it is to the excess of jealousy that was ever burning in my bosom that I owe my ruin. I could have resisted any plan of malicious accusation you might have brought against But I see that the artless and manly story you have told has carried conviction to every hearer my prospects are concluded All that I most ardently desired is for ever frustrated. I have spent a life of the basest eruelty to cover one act of momentary vice, and to protect myself against the prejudices of my species I stand now completely detected My name will be con secrated to infamy, while your heroism, your patience, and your virtues will be for ever admired inflicted on me the most fital of all mischiefs, but I bless the hand that wounds me. And now '-turning to the magistrate—'and now do with me as you please am prepared to suffer all the vengeance of the law?

#### From 'Political Justice'

Speak the language of truth and reason to your child, and be under no apprehension for the result. Show him that what you recommend is truly valuable and desirable, und fear not but he will desire it. Convince his under standing, and you enlist all his powers animal and intellectual in your service. How long has the genius of education been disheartened and unnerved by the pretence that man is born all that it is possible for him to become? How long has the jargon imposed upon the world, which would persuade us that in in structing a man you do not add to but unfold his stores? The miscarriages of education do not proceed from the boundedness of its powers, but from the mistakes with which it is accompanied inspire disgust, where we mean to infuse desire are wrapped up in ourselves, and do not observe as we ought, step by step the sensations that pass in the mind of our hearer We mistake compulsion for persuasiou, and delude ourselves into the belief that des potism is the road to the heart.

Education will proceed with a firm step and with genuine lustre when those who conduct it shall know what a vast field it embraces, when they shall be aware that the effect, the question whether the pupil shall be a man of perseverance and enterprise or a stupid and manimate dolt, depends upon the powers of those under whose direction he is placed, and the skill with which those powers shall be applied Industry will be exerted with tenfold alacrity when it shall be generally confessed that there are no obstacles to our improvement which do not yield to the powers of industry Multitudes will never exert the energy necessary to extraordinary success till they shall dismiss the prejudices that fetter them, get rid of the chilling system of occult and inexplicable causes, and consider the human mind as an intelligent agent, guided by motives and prospects presented to the



MARY WOLI STONECRAFT GODWIN From the Portrait by John Opie R.A.

understanding, and not by cruses of which we have no proper cognisance and can form no calculation

Apply these considerations to the subject of politics, and they will authorise us to infer that the excellencies and defects of the human character are not derived from causes beyond the reach of ingenuity to modify and correct. If we entertain false views and be involved in permicious mistakes, this disadvantage is not the offspring of an irresistible destiny We have been ignorant, we have been hasty, or we have been misled Remove the causes of this ignorance or this miscalculation, and the effects will cease. Show me in the clearest and most anambiguous manner that a certain mode of proceeding is most reasonable in itself or most conducive to my interest, and I shall infallibly pursue that mode, as long as the views you suggested to me continue present to my mind. The conduct of human beings in every situation is governed by the judgments they make and the sensa tions that are communicated to them

See, besides the Life by Mr Kegan Paul above ciled (1876), Hazint's Spirit of the Age (1825) Mr Leslie Siephen's English Thought in the Eighteenth Century (1876) and the Shelley literature generally, as well as the works named in the article below on Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin

Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin (1759-97), the protomartyr of the Rights of Women, was born at Hoxton of Irish extraction, the second Her father was a drunken ne'er of six children do weel who squandered £10,000, and was always shifting about. At nineteen Mary went out to earn her own livelihood, and for ten years was a companion at Bath, a schoolmistress at Newing ton Green, and governess in Lord Kingsborough's family at Mitchelstown, Dubhn, and Bristol Of those ten years the chief events were her mother's death (1780), the flight of a sister, with Mary's help, from a brutal husband (1784), and a visit to Lisbon to nurse a dying friend (1785) in 1788, about which time she gave up church going, she turned translator and literary adviser to Johnson, the London publisher, who the year before had paid her ten guineas for her Thoughts on the Education of Daughters In this capacity she became acquainted, not only with the literati of the day, but with reformers-Paine, Priestley, and the painter Fuseli. That acquaintance bore twofold fruit. On the one hand, in 1791, she produced her Answer to Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution, and in 1792 her Vindication of the Rights of Woman, a book, dedicated to Talleyrand, which made her both famous and infamous On the other hand, her friendship for Fuseli ripened into love, and 'to snap the chain of this association' (for Fuseli was a married man) she started alone for Paris in the winter There, as a witness of the 'Terror,' of 1792 she collected materials for her valuable but never-finished Historical and Moral View of the French Revolution (vol 1 1794), and there, in April 1793, she met Captain Gilbert Imlay, an American timber-merchant and author of a book on the western territory of the American Union. In April 1794 at Havre she bore him a daughter, Fanny, in November 1795, after a four months' visit to Scandinavia as his 'wife' and accredited agent, she tried to drown herself from Putney Imlay, whom she adored, had cruelly Bridge But soon she resumed her old deserted her tasks, soon (in nine months' time) she was hving, or rather not living, with Godwin, for both kept their separate lodgings in Somers In August They had first met in 1791 1797, five months after their marriage, she gave birth to a daughter, Mary, who became Shelley's second wife, in September she died (see the articles on Godwin and on Shelley)

The Vindication, whose text is the equality of the seves, is a curious medley of genius and turgidity, religion and over-outspokenness, it was years in advance of its age, if only in its advocacy of government day-schools. Among her other writings were Original Stories for Children (1791, illustrated by Blake), Letters written during a Short Residence in Sweden, Norvay, and Denmark (1796), and Posthumous Works (4 vols 1798), these last comprising The Wrongs

of Woman or Maria, a Fragment, and the passionate Letters to Inlay

Mr Kegan Paul's edition of these Letters (1879) has a Memoir of her see also the Memoirs by Godwin (1798) and by Mrs Pennell ('Eminent Women series, 1885) The Vindication was reprinted with an introduction by Mrs Pennell in the Scott Library (1892).

Thomas Robert Malthus (1766-1834), author of the Essay on the Principle of Population, was born of good family at his father's estate near Dorking, became a Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, and in 1797 curate at Albury in Surrey In 1798 he published anonymously his famous Essay, of which in 1803 he brought out a greatly enlarged and altered edition. In it he maintained that the optimistic hopes of Rousseau and Godwin are rendered baseless by the natural tendency of population to increase faster than the means of subsistence. The only limit to its increase is the want of room and food. With man, the instinct of propagation is controlled by reason, but even in his case the ultimate check to population is the want of food, though there are both preventive and positive checks-the preventive being moral restraint or prophylactic methods The positive checks include unwholesome occupations, severe labour, extreme poverty, bad nursing, large towns, excesses of till kinds, diseases and epidemics, wars, plague, and famine. Malthus gives no sanction to the theories and practices currently known as An amiable and benevolent man, Malthusianism he suffered much misrepresentation and abuse at the hands of both revolutionaries and conserva-The problem had been handled by Franklin, Hume, and many other writers, but Malthus crystallised the views of those writers, and presented them in systematic form with elaborate proofs derived from history Darwin saw, 'on reading Malthus On Population, that natural selection was the inevitable result of the rapid increase of all organic beings,' for such ripid increase necessarily leads to the struggle for existence, and Mr H G Wells, most audacious of those who have a prophetic glimpse of the future reconstruction of social conditions, describes the  $\mathcal{L}ssay$  as the most 'shattering' book that ever has been or will be written In 1804 Malthus married happily, and next year was appointed Professor of Political Economy and Modern History in the East India college at Haileybury, a post which he occupied He wrote other two important till his death works, An Inquiry into the Nature and Progress of Rent (1815), largely unticipating Ricardo, and Principles of Political Economy (1820) Malthus states part of his thesis in the first chapter of the Essay

It may safely be pronounced, therefore, that popula tion, when unchecked, goes on doubling itself every twenty five years, or increases in a geometrical ratio

The rate according to which the productions of the earth may be supposed to increase, it will not be so easy to determine. Of this, however, we may be perfectly

certain, that the ratio of their increase must be totally of a different nature from the ratio of the increase of population

That we may be the better able to compare the increase of population and food, let us make a supposition which, without pretending to accuracy, is clearly more favourable to the power of production in the earth than any experience we have had of its qualities will warrant

Let us suppose that the yearly additions which might be made to the former average produce, instead of decreasing, which they certainly would do, were to remain the same, and that the produce of this island might be increased every twenty five years, by a quantity equal to what it at present produces. The most enthu siastic speculator cannot suppose a greater increase than this. In a few centuries it would make every acre of land in the island like a garden

If this supposition be applied to the whole earth, and if it be allowed that the subsistence for man which the earth affords might be increased every twenty five years by a quantity equal to what it at present produces, this will be supposing a rate of increase much greater than we can imagine that any possible exertions of mankind could male it

It may be fairly pronounced, therefore, that, considering the present average state of the earth, the means of subsistence, under circumstances the most favourable to human industry, could not possibly be made to increase faster than in an arithmetical ratio

The necessary effects of these two different rates of increase, when brought together, will be very striking Let us call the population of this island eleven millions, and suppose the present produce equal to the easy support of such a number. In the first twenty five years the population would be twenty two milhons, and the food being also doubled, the means of subsistence would be equal to this increase. In the next twenty five years the population would be forty four millious, and the means of subsistence only equal to the support of thirty three millions In the next period the population would be eighty eight millions, and the means of subsistence just equal to the support of half of that number the conclusion of the first century the population would be a hundred and seventy six millions, and the means of subsistence only equal to the support of fifty five millions, leaving a population of a hundred and twenty one millions totally unprovided for

Faking the whole earth, instead of this island, cmi gration would of course be excluded, and, supposing the present population equal to a thousand millions, the human species would increase as the numbers 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256, and subsistence as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 In two centuries the population would be to the means of subsistence as 256 to 9, in three centuries as 4096 to 13, and in two thousand years the difference would be almost incalculable.

In this supposition no limits whatever are placed to the produce of the earth. It may increase for ever, and be greater than any assignable quantity, yet still the power of population being in every period so much superior, the increase of the human species can only be kept down to the level of the means of subsistence by the constant operation of the strong law of necessity, acting as a check upon the greater power.

See Bonnt & Malthus and his Work (1885).

George Alexander Stevens (1710-84), author of A Lecture upon Heads, dramatic sketches of contemporary follies, and of the fanious song, 'Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer,' was bred a London tradesman, became an unsuccessful actor, and secured a precurious hyelihood by writing poems, poor dramas, burlesques, skits, and 'humorous miscellanies,' and by giving single-handed 'entertainments,' a department of song, speech, and extravaganza in which he was a pioneer. In a collection of songs by various hands published by him, 'Hearts of Oak' was first definitely ascribed to Garrick

Charles Dibdin (1745-1814), writer and com poser of many famous songs, was born at South ampton, early attracted notice by his singing, and, still a boy, composed an opercita, The Shepherd's Artifice, which was produced at Covent Garden in 1762 He subsequently lived an unsettled life as an actor and composer of stage music, and on occasion sang and accompanied himself on his own instrument. He quarrelled frequently and violently with patrons like Garrick, made himself impossible under Sheridan's management at Drury Lane, neglected his first wife, and cherished irregular relations with various other women In 1788 he commenced a series of musical entertainments (sometimes diversified with equestrian feats), which acquired great celebrity, the first was entitled The Whim of the Moment He retired in 1805 with a pension of £200 granted him two years before, it, was withdrawn in 1807, when he returned to public life with unfortunate financial results Dilxlin v rote nearly a hundred sea-songs, 'the solace of sailors in long voyages, in storms, and in battles'-among the best 'Poor Jack' and 'Tom Bowling,' one of the first, 'Blow high, blow low,' sung in Dibdin's piece called Scraglio in 1776, was brought to birth during a gale on the return voyage from Calais, whither he had fled to escape a debtor's prison Seamen are wont to say it is only too obvious that his sea songs are songs written about the sea and about seamen, not by one of themselves, but by a typical landsman Another famous song of the mexhaustible versewriter is 'The Anchorsmiths' He also wrote nearly seventy dramatic pieces

## Tom Bowling

Here, a sheer hulk, hes poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crev,
No more he'll hear the tempest howling
For Death has broached him to
His form was of the manhest beanty,
His heart was kind and soft
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft

Tom never from his v ord departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many and true hearted
His Poll was kind and fair

And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ali, many's the time and oft'
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
I or I om is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather, When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft

### Poor Jack.

Go, patter to lubbers and swabs, do you see,

I tight water boat and good sea room give me,

Bout danger, and fear, and the like,

And it a nt to a little I'll strile
Though the tempest top gallant mast smack smooth
should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the deek, stow the vards, and bouse everything tight,
And under reefed foresail we'll send
Avast' nor don't think me a milksop so soft,
To be taken for trifles aback,
For they say there is a Providence sits up aloft,

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such,
And, my timbers ' what hingo he'd coil and belay,
Why, 'twis just all as one as High Dutch,
For he said how a sparrow can't founder, dive see,
Without orders that come down below,
And a many fine things that proved clearly to me
That providence takes us in tow
For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
Take the top sails of sailors aback
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
Fo keep watch for the life of poor Jack 1

Two of his sons, Charles (1768-1833) and Thomas John (1771-1841) wrote songs and dramas See Dibdin's Autobiography (4 vols. 1803) and *The Dibdins* by E. R. Dibdin (1888)

To keep watch for the life of poor Jacl 1

John Collins, actor entertainer, and songwriter, was humbly born at Bath, was bred a staymaker but became a fairly successful actor; and from 1775 till the end of the century gave in London and elsewhere popular entertainments which were a medley of anecdotes, theatrical reminiscences, jokes, mock-heroic speeches, sentiments, and caricature of Scotsmen, Inshmen, and Welshmen He died in 1808, having for some years been part-proprietor of a Birmingham newspaper, in which his songs (some of them represented in anthologies like Palgrave's and Locker-Lampson's) were originally published. One 'truly noble poem,' To-morrow, was obviously suggested by Walter Pope's Old Marks Wish (see page 98)

#### To-morrow

In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining, May my lot no less fortunate be
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea,

With an ambling pad point to pace over the last n, While I carol as ay idle sorrost, And blithe as the lark that each day hads the dawn, Look fore and with hope for to morro.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too, As the sunshine or rain may presnil,

And a small spot of ground for the use of the spale too, With a barn for the use of the flail

A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game
And a purse when a friend wants to borroy,
I ll en y no nabob his riches or fame,

Nor what honours await him to morro

From the block northern blast may my cot be completely Secure 1 by a neighbouring hill

And at might may repo e steal up in me more sweetly. By the sound of a murmuring rill. And a hile peace and plenty I find at my board, . With a heart free from siel ness and sorror, . With my friends may I share what to day may afford,

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering Which I've worn for three score years and ten,

On the brank of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,

Nor my thread wish to spin o'er agun

And let them spread the table to morrow

But my face in the glass I il serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow,
As this old worn out stuff which is threadbare to day,

May become everlasting to morrow

Scripter if i ria, or Collins s Dogger I Dish of all Serts (1804)
is a volume of his poems.

Thomas Worton (1764-1838), drimatist, wis born in Durham and quitted Lincoln's Inn for i play writing. For thirty five years he lived at Pangbourn near Reading, and finally settled in London, where he died Between his first drama, Columbus (1792), and his musical farce, The Internables (1828), he produced some five and twenty pieces, besides others written in collaboration with his son. Many of them were very successful, and had parts in them which became Speed the Plougn, acted it Covent Garden forty one times in 1798 and repeatedly revived, is a five act comedy with some of the s orst trults of transpontine melodrums, it is ill constructed, and the incidents are not led up to. the personages behave in an incredibly irrational manner, and often snivel drivel and talk fustion But it contains some happy strokes, and had the luck of introducing Mrs Grundy to the world the play she does not specifically appear in the character the world has insisted in associating with her name. She is by no means the meanna tion of suspicion and consoriousness of narrovmindedness and philistine prejudice contrary slic is simply the neighbour farmer's worths wife of whom Dame Ashfield is just a bttle jealous. Dame Asifield is annoyed when Mrs. Grandi's butter is princed as the best in the murker, she is pleased if she receives a comple ment, that Mrs Grundy should be there to hear is and feels that her happiness at the splendour of her own pretty daughter marrage to a certleman of

rank vill not be complete unless Mr. Grundy to there to vitness it, and be a little humbled in consequence. Mrs. Grundy, so far from be not universal or spiteful censor morium, is from her various and undisputed excellences an inequalities and and conversation, to the great annoyance of Farmer Ashfield. The farmer has nothing to say notines. Mrs. Grundy herself, it is in his wife he sees signs of an unimiable temper. Mrs. Grundy never actually appears in the play, but is referred to in the following passages, and in them only

### Mrs Grundy

FAIMER ASHERED on a stort with his processing in the tall. I now DAMI ASHERED, hit of an area

Amfuld Well, dame, welcome whom What never does thee bring from market

Dire. What news, husban 12. What I have also go told thee that I armer Grundy's wheat brought fi shillings a quarter more than ours did.

1sh All the better yor he

Dime. Ah! the sun seems to shine on purpose for fain 13h. Come, come, Missus, as thee has not the grice to thank God for prosperous times, den't thee grumble when they be unkindly a bit.

Pane And I assure thee Dune Grundy better co-quite the crack of the market

4th 1 c quiet, woolye? the avs ding dinging Traine Grundy into niv ears—what will Mrs Grundy 2xy? Who will Mrs Crundy thinh? Canst thee be quiet, let let alone and behave thiself pratty?

Done Certainly I can-I'll tell thee, Tunimie, who she said it church list Sunday

I I can't thee tell what parson raid? Not? Then I II tell thee. A' and that envi were as foul wood ar grows, and can't ers all wholesome plants that here at a —that s what a raid.

Dince And do you think I case Mrs Grands, indeed Ash. Why dunt thee let end radon, then? I do world think when thee goest to to her world the vors' question thee II as 'ill be if Mrs Grandy schere? Zon'b question help behave pratty, doo'e. Has thee brought herm the Silvatury News!

Dime No, Lummus but I have know, ht a rine but he of news with me. I lest and foremost I see such more of conches servants, and way use all belon us, to Sir Vhel Handy and all eleming to the cast's, and a land one young man dressel all in like publid of his bat to me and said. "Mer Ashbell do me the term riof preserting that better to your high nell." So there is eash without his bat. Oh, Tuning is, had you seen here Mrs. Grundy booked.

Ar Dom Mrs Grands In quiet and le lirent wools. Protect My dear Lormon' (fill of fill). I Think ye, our rame to you so all fay he rice soul. My dear I samer'—

Mire Frimers ally the te blind Timer of the Ms dur bes her - To from erron it is a

I collect defende the section of the desired that the desired or filled the section of the desired that the desired that the desired the desired that the desired the desired that the desired th

Dame Handy Bart—pugh! Bart. stands for Baro night, min.

Ash Likely, likely Drabbit it, only to think of the twips and changes of this world!

Dame Our Nelly married to a great baronet! I wonder, Tummus, what Mrs Grundy will say?

Ash Now, woolye be quiet and let I read—'And she has proposed bringing me to see you, an offer, I hope, as acceptable to my dear fey ther'—

Dame 'And mother'-

Ash Bless her, how prettily she do write 'feyther,' dan't she?

Dame And 'mother'

Ash I es, but feyther first, though—'as acceptable to my dear feyther and mother as to their affectionate daughter, Susan Ashfield'

A facetious personage in the play, seeing Dame Ashfield making lace on a pillow, opens the conversation thus

Bob How do you do? How do you do? Making lace, I perceive Is it a common employment here?

Dame Oh, no, sir, nobody can make it in these parts but myself Mrs Grundy, indeed, pretends, but, poor woman, she knows no more of it than you do

Bob Than I do? that's vastly well. My dear madam I passed two months at Mechlin for the express purpose.

Dame Indeed!

Bob You don't do it right, now I can do it much better than that. Give me leave, and I'll show you the true Meehlin method [Turns the cushion round, Ineels down, and begins vorling] First you see, so—then so—

Even at the next mention of her name, Mrs Grundy is simply a respected neighbour, not a prude or hypocrite

Ash I tell ye, I zee'd un gi' Susan a letter, an' I dan't

Dame Nor I,—If shame should come to the poor child —I say, Tummus, what would Mrs Grundy say then?

Ash Dom Mrs Grundy, what would my poor wold heart say? but I be bound it be all innocence.

When the brave farmer and his wife refuse to turn out of their house, at the wicked baronet's command, the (unrevealed) son of the baronet's brother and victim, the wicked baronet proceeds to sell up the farmer, who is in his debt. The farmer and his wife talk over the unpleasant prospect.

Ash Drabbit it! what can he do? he can't send us to gaol Why, I have corn will sell for half the money I do owe 'un—and han't I cattle and sheep?—deadly lean, to be sure—and han't I a thumping zilver watch, almost as big as thy head? and Dame here ha' got —How many silk gowns have thee got, Dame?

Dame Three, Tummis—and sell them all, and I'll go to church in a stuff one, and let Mrs Grundy turn up her nose as much as she pleases

By a well-nigh miraculous intervention the tide turns, and a wealthy suitor asks the farmer's daughter in marriage.

Ash Drabbit, I shall walk in the road all day to zee Sue ride by in her own coach

Susan You must ride with me, father

Dame I say, Tuinmus, what will Mrs Grundy say then?

And a little farther on

Ash Bless her, how nicely she do trip it away with the gentry '

Dame And then, Tummus, think of the wedding

Ash [Reflecting] I declare I shall be just the zame ever—maybe, I may but a smartish bridle, or a zilver backy stopper, or the like o' that

Dame [Afart] And then, when we come out of elurch, Mrs Grundy will be standing about there

Ash I shall shake hands agreeably wi' all my friends [Afart]

Dame [Apart]. Then I just look at her in this manner

Ash [Afarl, and bowing towards centre] How dost do, Peter? Ah, Dick' glad to zee thee, wi' all my zoul' Dame [Afarl] Then, with n kind of half curtsey, I

shall— [They bump against each other

Ash What an wold fool thee beest, dame! Come along, and behave pratty, doe [Exeunt

Frederic Reynolds (1764-1841), produced about a hundred plays, tragic or comic, of which some twenty were popular for a time at least He was the son of a London merchant, and was educated at Westminster School, but he left law for dramatic work, IVerter (1785), based on Goethe, being his first piece. But the bulk of his work was in comedy, and his most successful play was The Dramatist (1789) In The Caravan, produced by Sheridan at Drury Lane, a live dog was made to save a child from drowning in real water, and, as Sheridan said, saved the theatre too, when at a crisis, by its success. Reynolds published an Autobiography in 1826

John Tobin (1770-1804) was an unlucky dramatist, who spent weary years in trying to get his plays accepted, and seeing them successwely rejected till the very year of his death, when his Honey Moon, his fourteenth piece, was not merely accepted at Drury Lane, but secured a success it maintained for twenty years Tobin, born in Salisbury, was articled to a solicitor in Lincoln's Inn, and practised law there while pro-The Honey Moon, a comedy ducing his plays mostly in verse, was translated into French by Charles Nodier, other comedies, in prose or verse, were The Curfew, The Connoisseur, and The Faro Table A volume of his plays was published in 1820, with a Life by Miss Benger

William Barnes Rhodes (1772-1826), born in Leeds, became a chief teller in the Bank of England, and is barely remembered in literature as the author of a once popular burlesque, Bombastes Furioso, for of the many who know the title of the piece and have some notion of the character of the mouthing braggart who is its hero, comparatively few know anything about the author. The title is obviously a play on Orlando Furioso, and the design is similar to that of Carey's Chronon-hotonthologos, though the plot is, if possible, sillier

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audience could believe it to have been Shake speare's. As the play proceeded, the torrent of ridiculous bombast overtaxed the endurance of the audience, and when Kemble gravely declaimed—

And when this solemn mockers is o'er,

the pit rose and closed the scene with shrieks of So inipudent a fabrication—made the laughter subject of James Payn's The Talk of the Town in 1885-was perhaps never before thrust upon public notice The young adventurer, foiled in this effort, attempted to earn distinction as a novelist and dramatist, but utterly fuled. In 1796 he published a confession of the Shakespearean forgery, An Authentic Account of the Shaksperian MSS, expanded in 1805 into Confessions, in which he makes this declaration 'I solemnly declare, first, that my father was perfectly unrequrinted with the whole affair, believing the papers most firmly the productions of Shalespeare Secondly, that I am myself both the author and writer, and had no aid from any soul living, and that I should never have gone so far, but that the world praised the papers so much, and thereby flattered my vanity. Thirdly, that any publication which may appear tending to prove the manuscripts genuine, or to contradict what is here stated, is false, this being the true account' The old man, whose credit was seriously compromised by the impostures, plaintively professed till his death in 1800 to believe in the whole of the documents, and to deny that his son could have written the plays Of the half dozen novels (The Woman of Teeling, Gondes the Monk, Rissio, &c.), ballads and narratine poems, saures and political squibs, and dramas such as Mutius Scavola, it may at least be said that they showed sufficient facility and faculty to prove that he had all the mental equipment necessary to produce the forgeries He wrote a Life of Napoleon, translated Voltaire's Pucelle, and did a vast amount of precarious and miscellaneous hackwork, but his work brought him little credit and no success, and never attracted a tithe of the notice that attended his youthful exploits

Samuel Ireland, still believing in their authenticity, published *Vortigern* and *Henry II*, but not in the 'original' spelling, in 1799. The following speech by the hero was considered the 'most sublime passage' in *Vortigern* 

Vortigern Time was, alas! I needed not this spur But here's a secret and a stinging thorn, [science! That wounds my troubl'd nerves O! conscience! con When thou didst cry, I strove to stop thy mouth, By boldly thrusting on thee dire ambition Then did I think myself, indeed, a god! But I was sore deceiv'd, for as I pass'd, And travers'd in proud triumph the Basse court, There I saw death, clad in most lindeous colours A sight it was, that did appal my soul, Yea, curdled thick this mass of blood within me Full fifty breathless bodies struck my sight, And some, with gaping mouths, did seem to mock me, While others, smiling in cold death itself,

Scoffingly bade me look on that, which soon Would wrench from off my brow this sacred crown, And make me, too, a subject like themselves. Subject I to whom? To thee, O' sovereign death! That hast for the domain this world immense, Churchyards and charnel houses are thy liaunts, And hospitals thy sumptuous palaces, and when thou wouldst be merry, thou dost choose the grandy chamber of a dying I ing. Oh, then thou dost wide ope thy bony jaws, And with rude laughter and fantasite triels, Thou clapp'st the rattling fingers to thy sides, With itsy hand thou tak'st him by the feet, And upward so till thou dost reach his heart, And wrap'st him in the cloal of lasting night

John Taylor (1750-1826), founder of the literary family of 'the Paylors of Norwich,' was in no wise connected with William Taylor, also 'of Norwich,' the promoter of German studies in England John Liylor was a yarn-factor in Norwich, a writer of many hymns used in the Unitarian churches, and an advanced Liberal, who wrote one famous song, 'The Trumpet of His wife, Susanna Cook, was also a woman of strong character and many accomplishments, the friend of many eminent men and women Among their seven children were several authors -one of them, Sarah, John Austin's wife. This John Taylor was descended from the famous John Taylor (1694-1761), a Dissenting clergyman who taught a modified form of Trinitarianism and as an opponent of Calvinism and the orthodox doctrine of the atonement, exercised a wide and permanent influence in England, Scotland, and New England From 1733 he was a pastor in Norwich, from 1757 a lecturer in the Warrington Academy [Israc Taylor and his family were of 'the Taylors of Ongar']

William Taylor, 'of Norwich' (1765–1836), 15 credited with having given a great impulse to the study of German literature in England, before his time hardly known save in connection with some dramas such as Kotzebue's, and some little read translations from Klopstock and Gessner did much to show his countrymen that German was a great literature, made the study of it incum bent on the learned, and so became the spiritual midwife of Scott and his contemporaries was the son of a Unitarian merchant, entered his father's counting-house in 1779, and sent next year to the Continent, mastered French, Italian, The French Revolution and German (1780-88) indoctrinated him with democratic ideas and began the rum of his father's business-completed by the American troubles and other disasters, and Taylor turned to literature. He introduced to English readers the poetry and drama of Germany, mainly through criticisms and translations in periodicals, collected in his Historic Survey of German Poetry The first fruits were his verse trans-(1828-30) lations of Bürger's Lenote, Lessing's Nathan, and Goethe's Iphigenia in Tauris, all written in 1790.

Pre had already translated Lenore m 1782, but this version was not published till 1795, and it was Taylor's translation, read by Mrs Barbauld in Edinburgh and repeated to him by a friend who had been present, that so stirred Scott-'made him a poet,' Scott said-and sent him too to Tales of York was another book of translations, mainly stories, and another outcome of this miscellaneous work was English Synonyms Discriminated (1813), where, for example, he draws between Fancy and Imagination the distinction Wordsworth adopted and worked out The mannerisms of his prose and his word-coinings led Mackintosh to speak of the 'Taylorian language.' He was advanced in politics, more advanced or even paradoxical in theology Borrow's Lavengro describes his philosophy, his scepticism, and his inveterate smoking

His correspondence vita Southey, Scott Machintosh Godwin and others is given in the Life of him by Robberds (1843), and see Georg Herzfeld, Taylor von Norwick, eine Studie (1897).

Vicesimus Knox (1752-1851) earned a title to commemoration in this v ork as compiler of the long-famous Elegant Extracts, his sermons, his essays, his treatises on Liberal Education and on The Lord's Supper, and his aggressive Wing Spirit of Despotism, 'dedicated to' and levelled at Castlereagh, are all equally forgotten. The son of a master in Merchant Taylors' School, afterwards headmaster of Tunbridge School, he was educated at Merchant Taylors' and St John's Oxford, and from 1778 to 1812 held the post at Tunbridge vacated by his father He was also rector of two small livings in Essex, but from 1812 lived mainly in London The first Elegant Extracts bore to be 'useful and entertaining passages in prose selected for the improvement of scholars at classical and other schools in the art of speaking, in reading, thinking, composing, and the conduct of life,' and appeared in a quarto in 1783, the poetical series appeared in 1789, and the Elegant Epistles, a 'selection of familiar and amusing letters,' followed in 1790 The three series were constantly reprinted, separately or jointly (often in six volumes, sometimes with a select series of sermons appended), on till about the middle of the nineteenth century In spite of the name, the selections constituted a valuable and most serviceable work. Even in their own day they must have been regarded as on the v hole more improving than amusing, one of the things that entertains a modern reader is the vay in which he finds, amidst extracts from Dr Johnson, Dr Parr, Mr Gibbon, &c., others described simpliciter as being by Moses, David, and Job-knors plan comprising passages from the authorised version of Scripture.

Francis Douce (1757-1834), an eccentric and learned antiquare, born in London, was some time keeper of the British Museum MSS, he deserves mention here mainly for his Illustrations of Statespeare (1807) and a book on The Dance of Deatl

(1833) He bequeathed his splendid collection of books, MSS, prints, and coins to the Bodleran, his curiosities to Sir Samuel R. Meyrick, and his letters and commonplace books to the British Museum in a cliest not to be opened till 1900. When the seal on the latter was solemnly broken and the papers examined in May of 1900, the documents were found to contain no important mysteries and to have little interest or value of any kind.

William Sotheby (1757-1833), son of an officer of good family, was born in London and bred at Harrow and the Military Academy of When stationed with his regiment at Edinburgh he became Sir Walter Scott's friend, and when he retired from the army, welcomed Scott to his house in London, and made him known to many of his intimates, who included Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Rogers, Moore, and all the brilliant literary circles they repre Byron afterwards called Sotheby's works trash, and said he 'imitated everybody, and occasionally surpassed his models' Sotheby published Poems in 1790, secured the esteem of Wieland by a translation of Oberon (1798), and when his version of Virgil's Georgies appeared, vas acclaimed by Jeffrey and Christopher North as author of the best translation in the language. None of his dramas Oleron, Julian and Agues, or The Confession, Llewelyn the Great, and the rest (some nine in all, in blank verse), were succcssful, and his odes, epics, poetical epistles, &c, 'On the Battle of the Nile,' on 'Saul,' 'Constance of Castille' (in imitation of the Lady of the Lake), met with little public favour. His last considerable enterprise, a translation of the Iliad and the Odyssey in rhyming couplets, followed Popc's model, but was perhaps less Homeric.

Richard Sharp (1759-1835), commonly called 'Conversation Sharp,' was born in Newfoundland, and made a fortune in London as a West India nicrchant and hat manufacturer After mingling in the distinguished society of London, from the days of Johnson and Burke to those of Byron, Rogers, and Moore, in 1834 he published—at first anonymously—a volume of Letters and Essays in Press and Verse Rogers thought it hardly equal to Sharp's reputation, Maclintosh however, termed Sharp the best critic he had ever known Sharp was in Parliament off and on from 1806 to 1827, and left £250,000 realised in business. The Essays show I-nowledge of the world and cound sense, as may be seen from these maxims and reflections

Satureal writers and tall ers are not half so clever as they think themselves nor as their ought to be. The, do winnow the corn, its true but 'tis to feed upon the chaff. I am sorry to add that their also are always speaking all of others are also here apt to be using all to them. It requires some talent and some generality to find our talent and penerosity in o bers. Then h

by finding valuable ores in his Cuthness territories, but, alas I it was found he had 'salted' the shafts with rich metal from Cornwall—thus doubtless giving Scott a hint for Dousterswivel. He was engaged in presumably more honest mining enterprises in the wild west of Donegal when fever carried him off in 1794.

He had known the veritable Freiherr Karl Friedrich Hieronymus von Munchhausen (1720-97), a veteran who had in the Russian service made several campaigns against the Turks, and at his castle of Bodenwerder, in Hanover, had entertained relays of friends with such marvellous tales of his single-handed provess that 'Munch hausiaden' became a name for exploits of a fabulous height of achievement. Some few actual reminiscences of Munchhausen's talk-for the swindling mineralogist had been the garrulous old gentleman's guest-Raspe mixed with old crusted facetiæ from time-honoured German jest-books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, tales of wholly impossible and frankly incredible feats of ingenuity, dexterity, valour, and eccentricity, and so produced a 'potboiler' of fifty small pages in 1785, which, like the second edition next year, contained but five (II-VI)—but by far the bestof the thirty-four chapters which appear in later editions—the rest, later added, being by quite other and English penmen unknown The original stories are pure extravaganza, without direct or intentional satire, and are written in English which has no distinction or charm, but is so good as to suggest a native reviser Of the additional chapters, those down to Chapter XX appeared in a third edition in 1786, these, with a later supplement and a sequel constituting a second volume (1793), are largely deliberate burlesque, and intro duce reminiscences of Lucian's Vera Historia, and saturical parodies or allusions to Bruce's Travels, Johnson's Tour in the Hebrides, Cook's Voyages, and numerous books of travel and adventure, with more or less facetious references to Mont golfier's and Lunardi's ballooning and other contemporary events of public notoriety successive additions Raspe seems to have had no part or responsibility

The book has passed through innumerable editions, and has been illustrated by Rowlandson, Crowquill, Cruikshank, Strang, and others fiftli edition had the honour of being done into German, with additions by no less a person than the author of Lenore, and for long Burger was supposed to be the original author assumption, long current, was that Raspe was the author, but had written the work at first in German A special German continuation in three volumes was published in 1800, there have also been French, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Danish, Russian, and Magyar translations Indeed, few books of its sort or of any sort have been more industriously circulated and made known flattering imitations of the manner have from time ! to time been produced in England and America, down to the days of Artemus Ward and Mark Twain

See the admirable edition with elaborate introduction by Mr Seccombe (1895) and for fuller details as to the origin of the original tales see Elissens (11th) German edition (1873 reprinted 1890) and Müller Fraureuth's Die Deutschen Lügendichtungen bis auf Münchhausen (1881)

Isaac D'Israeli, author of the Currosities of Literature and a long series of kindred works and compilations, was born at Enfield in May 1766, the only son of a Jewish merchant whose ancestors had been persecuted by the Inquisition out of Spain and had found a refuge in the Venetian republic. Benjamin D'Israeli (1730–1816), settling in England in 1748, made a fortune in business in



ISAAC D'ISRAELI
From an Engraving by Graves after Denning

London, and was naturalised as an English citizen Isaac was educated for two years at Amsterdam under a freethinking tutor, and spent some time in Paris He was wholly devoted to literature, and his parents, who considered him moonstruck, after various attempts to make him a business man, acquiesced in his determination to become a man of letters. After some abortive poetical efforts, he in 1791 published the first volume of his Curiosities of Literature, a second was added in 1793, and a third in 1817 A second series in three volumes was published in 1823-34 During the progress of this magnum opus of the author, he issued essays on Anecdotes, on the Manners and Genius of the Literary Character, a volume of Miscellanies or Literary Recreations, and several volumes of novels and romances long since forgotten. At length lie struck into his natural vein with Calamities of Authors (1813) and Quarrels of Authors (1814), followed by the

Literary and Political Character of James I (1816), Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I (1828-31), Llvd, Hampden, and Pym Though labouring under partial blindness, (1832)he in 1840 issued three volumes entitled The Amounties of Literature, consisting, like the Curi osities and Miscellanies, of detached papers and dissertations on literary and historical subjects, written in a pleasant but somewhat shipshod style, which present the fruits of much curious and miscellineous research, though verified iccurrev is not their strong point (as wis insisted on in a sarcastic volume of Illustrations by Bolton Corney The observant and suggestive comin 1837) piler was apt to magnify overmuch the import ance of small literary discoveries His most systematic and elaborate work—that on Charles 1 -secured lum the DCL of Oxford Byron admired the work of 'that most entertuning and researching writer,' Scott knew some of his poems by heart, and Southey and Rogers were his intimate friends. D'Israeli died at lus seit of Bradenham House, Buels, in 1848, aged eights His fortune was sufficient for his wants, his literary reputation was considerable, and he possessed a happy equanimity of character 'llis feelings,' says his famous son, 'though always amiable, were not punfully deep, and amid jos or sorrow, the philosophic vein was ever evident' His thoughts centred in his library Mways lax in his attitude towards Jewish belief and ritual, he broke with the Synagogue in 1817 and had ill his children baptised-1 daughter and four sons, of whom Benjamin, Earl of Beaconsfield, illustrious both in literature and in statesmanship, was the The following extract is from an essay in the second series of the Curiosities of Litera ture, referred to by Wordsworth in support of an argument on the timidity of authors (in the 'Essay Supplementary to the Preface' of 1815)

## Shenstone's 'School-Mistress'

The immitable 'School Mistress' of Shenstone is one of the feherties of genius, but the purpose of this poem has been entirely misconcerved. Johnson, neknowledge ing this charming effusion to be 'the most pleasing of Shenstone's productions,' observes, 'I know not what elaim it has to stand among the moral works' The truth is, that it was intended for quite a different class by the nuthor, and Dodsley, the editor of his works, must have strangely blundered in designating it 'a moral poem' It may be classed with a species of poeiry till recently rare in our language, and which we sometimes find among the Italians, in their rime piacevoli, or poesie burlesche, which do not always consist of low humour in a frectious style with jingling rhimes, to which we attach our idea of a burlesque poem. There is a refined species of ludierous poetry, which is comic yet tender, lusors jet elegant, and with such a blending of the serious and the facetious that the result of such a poem may often, among its other pleasures, produce a sort of ambiguity, so that we do not always know whether the writer is laughing at his subject, or whether he is to be laughed at Our admirable Whistlecraft me this fate! 'The School Mistre's' of Shenstone has been admired for its simplicity and tenderness, not for its exquisitely hidderons turn

This discovery I owe to the good fortune of possessing the original edition of "The School Mistress," which the author printed under his own directions, and to his own fines. To this piece of "ludicrous poetrs," as he call it, "lest it should be mistal en," he added a ludicrous index, purely to show fools that I am in jet! But the fool, his subsequent editor, thought proper to suppress this amusing "ludicrous index, and the consequence is, as the poet foresaw, that his num has been "nustaken"

The whole history of this poem, and this edition, may be traced in the printed correspondence of Shenstone Our poet had pleased hunself by ornamenting 'A six penny pamphlet' with certain seemly designs of his, and for which he came to town to direct the engraver, he appears also to have intended accompanying it with "The deformed portruit of my old school dame, Sarah I loyd ' The frontispiece to this first edition represents the 'Thitched house' of his old school mistress, and before it is the 'birch tree, with 'the sun setting and gilding the scene. He writes on thir, 'I have the first slicet to correct upon the table. I have laid uside the thoughts of frine a good deal in the unpromising scheme and fix them upon the Iralskip which is engrula, the red letter which I propose, and the fruit piece which you see being the most seemly ornaments of the fir t sypenny pumphlet that was ever so highly honoured I shall mear the same reflection with Obilly, of laving nothing good but my decorations. I expect that in your neighbourhood and in Warwickshire there should lx twenty of my poems sold. I print it myself. I nm pleased with Mynde's engravings

On the publication Shenstone has opened his idea on its poetical characteristic. "I dare say it must be very in correct, for I have added eight or ten stanzas within this fortnight. But inaccuracy is more excusable in ludicrois poetry than in any other. If it strikes any it must be mercly people of taste, for people of wit without taste which comprehends the larger part of the critical tribe, will unavoidably despise it. I have been it some pains to recover myself from A. Philips misfortune of mere childishness, "Little charm of placed mien," &c I have added a ludierous index purely to show (fools) that I am in jest, and my motto, "O, que sol habitabiles illustrat oras, maxime principium l' is calculated for the same purpose I on emnot concerne how large the number is of those that mistake burlesque for the very foolish ness it exposes, which observation I made once at the rcherrsal, at Tom Thumb, at Chrononhotonthologos, all which are pieces of elegant humour. I have some mind to pursue this caution further, and advertise it "The School Mistress, &c, a very children performance every body knows" (nevorum more) But if a person serioush calls this, or rather burlesque, a childish or low species of poetry, he says wrong. For the most regular and formal poetry may be called trifling, folly, and weakness in comparison of what is written with a more manly spirit in ridicule of it '

This first edition is now lying before me, with its splendid 'red letter,' its 'scemly designs,' and, what is more precious, its 'Index'

Lord Beaconsfield prefixed a memoir of his father to an edition of the Currestites in 1849 see also Beaconsfield's own Letters, and the books about the statesman novelist

# William Blake.

poet, painter, and mystic, was born at 28 Broad Street, Golden Square, London, on 28th November He was of Irish extraction Early in the eighteenth century a certain John O Neil married Ellen Blake, a shebeen-keeper at Rathmines, Dublin, and adopted her name, whereupon his son James (the offspring of a previous union) also took the name of Blake. James had married and settled as a hosier in London when William was born. He was an imaginative child, but his visionary bent escaped the schoolmaster, and he dreamed through his boyhood in a mystical rapture, screaming when 'God put His head to the window,' seeing angels in a tree at Peckham Rye, and being beaten by his mother for having encountered Ezekiel sitting under a green bough No poet or prophet ever saw the pageantry of subjective vision more objectively than Blake natural seer, his life was one luminous symbol from birth to death. To him nothing was real but the unreal, nothing unreal but the real 'Behind, the sea of time and space rours and follows He who keeps not right onward is lost.' From youth to age Blake heard the roar of that sea and kept right onward, a 'mental traveller' clothed with supernatural toil

At ten the impulse of utterince drove him to the study of drawing. He haunted print-shops and salerooms, instinctively preferring Raphael, Michelangelo, and Dürer to the elegant medi ocrities then admired In his twelfth year he began to grope after utterance in poetry as well as in painting, and thenceforward riged in him a fierce duel between the two arts. In his fourteenth year he was apprenticed to Basire, an engraver, at whose shop he caught a glimpse of Oliver Goldsmith Basire sent him to make drawings in Westminster Abbey, where Gothic art fed his hungering imagination with its 'living form' His apprenticeship ended in 1778, and for n while he studied at the Royal Academy, but soon rebelling against academic fetters, he began to earn his livelihood by engraving for book sellers, a pursuit which won for him the friend ship of Stothard and Flaaman

In 1782 he married Catherine Sophia Boucher, a comely brunette, then in her twenty first vear Of humble station, she was so illiterate that she could not sign the Parish Register, but she had rarer qualities which made her, in Mr Swinburne's phrase, 'about the most perfect wife on record' The young couple took lodgings at 23 Green Street, Leicester Fields About this time Flayman introduced Blake to Mrs Mathew, a bluestocking and patroness of youthful artists. At her house, 27 Rathbone Place, Blake found himself in a pinchbeck Philistia, but Mrs Mathew had some power of recognising genius, and persuaded her husband to join Flaxman in hearing the cost of privately printing the thin octavo volume, Poetical

Sketches, which was the first blast blown against the Jericho of eighteenth century materialism. In such lyrics as 'My silks in fine array' and the 'Mad Song' Blake recaptured the lost Elizabethan music. The lines 'To the Evening Star' fore shadowed the renascence of verbal glamour in twelve magical words

Speak silence with thy glimmering eves And wish the dusk with silver

In that great dramatic fragment, *Edward the Third*, Blake soared into prophecy, foretelling in majestic images the imperial destiny of England a hundred years before the imperial idea fired the popular imagination

The flowing waves

Of Time come rolling o er my breast, he said,

And my heart labours with futurity

Our sons shall rule the empire of the sea,

Their mighty wings shall stretch from east to west,

Their nest is in the sea, but they shall roam

Like eagles for their prey

Our sons shall rise from thrones in joy, each one Buckling his armour on, Morning shall be Prevented by the gleaming of their swords, And Livening hear their songs of victory Freedom shall stand upon the cliffs of Albion, Casting her blue eyes over the green ocean, Or, towering, stand upon the roaring waves, Stretching her mighty spear o'er distant lands, While with her eagle wings she covereth Fair Albion's shore and all her families

The book is dated 1783, but apparently was never published, the whole impression having been pre sented to Blake. What he did with it is a mystery That a copy found its way to Coloridge, Words worth, Cowper, or Burns seems improbable, but there is no doubt that Blake was 'the first that ever burst into that silent sea' on which our poetry has voyaged ever since. The Poetical Stetchis were all written between 1768 and 1777 Cowper's Poems were published in 1782 Burns issued his Poims in the Scottish Dialect in 1786 Words worth and Coleridge published the Lyrical Ballads in 1798, fifteen years after Blake's Poetical Sketches, nine years after his Songs of Imocence, and four verrs after his Songs of Experience It is possible that Coleridge and Wordsworth had seen the Songs of Innocence and Experience before they wrote the Lirical Ballads, for Blake was not unknown, and his poems were purchased and prized by literary and artistic connoisseurs 1784 Nollekens Smith heard Blake 'read and sing several of his poems' to airs composed by himself These tunes were sometimes 'most singularly beautiful,' and were 'noted down by musical professors' Charles Lamb may well have been the link that united Blake and Coleridge. Robinson, writing in 1825 to Miss Wordsworth, says 'Coleradge has visited Blake, and I am told talks finely about him? But Coloridge may have known the poetry long before he visited the poet.

Whatever may have been the precise moment of their meeting, there is no doubt that the three stars of the romantic renascence mingled their Blake's poems 'excited great interest in Wordsworth,' who finely said that they were 'undoubtedly the production of insane genius, but there is something in the madness of this man that interests me more than the sanity of Lord Byron and Walter Scott' When Crabb Rohinson in 1825 read to Blake Wordsworth's Intimations of Im mortality, the stanza ending with the lines,

> Whither is fled the visionary gleam? Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

'threw him almost into an hysterical rapture.' It is significant that in Wordsworth's Lycumg II alk



WII LIAM BLAKE From the Portrait by Thomas Phillips R A. in the National Portrait Gallery

and Descriptive Sketches (1793), and in Coleridge's Borderers (1795), there is no trace of the romantic wonder that revealed itself in the Lyrical Ballads Was it Blake's poetry that wrought the transfiguration? On the whole, it seems possible, although decisive evidence on the point is not available.

In 1784, his father having died, and his eldest brother having succeeded to the hosier's business at 28 Broad Street, Blake set up shop next door (No 27) as printseller and engraver, in partnership with James Parker, Blake's youngest brother, Robert, living with him as an apprentice. 1787 Robert died, the partnership was dissolved, and Blake went to lodge at 28 Poland Street While pondering over the problem of finding a publisher for his poems, his beloved brother appeared to him in a dream, and revealed a somewhat obvious solution of the difficulty. The process was a kind of relief etching. The poems and designs were outlined on copper with an impervious liquid The rest of the plate was then exten away with an acid, so that the out line was left in relief. After the impressions had been tinted, they were done up in boards by Mrs Blake Ilius with their own hands the poet and his wife made every part of that lyrical missal, the Songs of Innocence In the same year (1789) Blike engraved in like fashion The Bool of Thel, the first of his prophetic books. A year later he produced The Varriage of Heaven and Hell In 1791 the first book of The French Revolution was issued by Johnson the bookseller, at whose shop Blike forgathered with Godwin, Tom Paine, and Fuseli, his republican zeal leading him to flaunt the bonnet rouge in the streets

In 1793 he left Poland Street for 13 Hercules Buildings, Lambeth, where he passed seven busy years, designing, engraving, and issuing further prophetic books, The Gates of Paradise, Visions of the Daughters of Albion, and America time began his long friendship with Thomas Butts, for nearly thirty years a regular purchaser of his drawings, temperas, and 'frescoes' In 1794 he issued the Songs of Laperience and the prophetic books Furope and The Book of Urizen, followed next year by The Song of Los and The Book of Aliania In 1800 Flarman introduced Blake to Hayley, a popular poetaster who posed as 'the Hermit of Eartham' Hayley induced Blake to settle at Felpham while engraving the illustrations for his Life of Couper There he remained three years, but Hayley's vapid triviality vexed his ethercal spirit, and in 1804 he returned to London, taking a first floor at 17 South Molton Street, where he haed nearly seventeen years Here he produced the prophetic books Jerusalem and Millon, and fell into the unscrupulous hands of Cromek, who, after buying his designs for Blair's Grave, cheated him out of the copyright Cromek crowned this treachery by plagiarising Blake's design for the 'Canterbury Pilgrimage, which he persuaded Stothard to fore stall, thus bringing about a permanent estrange Blake vindicated ment between the two friends himself by opening an exhibition for which he wrote a brilliant Descriptive Catalogue, containing the famous study of Chaucer that delighted Lamb But the public remained deaf and blind, and the poet sank into laborious poverty, indomitably toiling over innumerable designs and scores of manuscripts, never resting, never taking a holi day, working valiantly whether ill or well 1813 he found a new friend and patron in John Linnell, who was the staff and stay of his declining years, and through whom he met others, It was for Varley that such as John Varley Blake drew the wonderful 'Spiritual Portruts,' or 'Visionary Heads,' the most celebrated of which are the grotesquely saturical 'Man who built the

Pyramids' and the fantastically humorous 'Ghost of a Flea.' In 1813 Blake moved, for the last time, to 3 Fountain Court, Strand, where he engraved the most sublime of all his drawings, the 'Inventions to the Book of Job,' and the noble designs for Dante. On 12th August 1827 he died, his last hours being radiant with ecstatic visions and spiritual rapture

A divinely patient painter and a divinely impatient poet, his impatient poetry is rarer and finer in quality than his patient designs His revolt against form in poetry, which marched beside his loyalty to form in art, was partly due to his Ossianism and partly to his Swedenborgian mysticism These things choked his imagination with weedy symbolism and wild rhetoric. Although Blake was not quite sane, neither was he quite insane. He lived in that unexplored region which separates madness from sanity, and in which imagination is supreme. He was too sane to be called mad, and too mad to be called sane Wordsworth said the last word on this question The madness of Blake interests us more than the sanity of other men. His swift word flashes out of the clouds, leaping on us like lightning in brief miracles of lyrical beauty. He was the first child to be a poet, the first poet to be a child did not merely sing childhood rather childhood sang in him as it never sang before or since. He was the first evangelist of youth. His songs have influenced our social temper not less than our literature, for to them may be traced the beginnings of that modern reverence for childhood which has followed afar off the modern reverence for womanhood There are gleams of poetry in the chaotic symbolism of the prophetic books, such as the splendid line that breaks through the mists of Millon

# Time is the mercy of eternity

But as a whole the prophetic books may be left to the high priests of dogmatic mysticism whose fantastic evegesis lies outside literature

## Song

My silks and fine array,
My smiles and languished air,
By love are driven away,
And mournful lean Despair
Brings me yew to deck my grave
Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heaven
When springing buds unfold,
Oh, why to him was 't given
Whose heart is wintry cold?
His breast is love's all worshipped tomb,
Where all love's pilgrims come

Bring me an axe and spade,
Bring me a winding sheet,
When I my grave have made,
Let winds and tempests beat
Then down I'll he, as cold as clay
True lo e doth pass away

'Introduction' to 'Songs of Innocence'

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me

'Pipe a song about a lamb''
So I piped with merry cheer
'Piper, pipe that song again,'
So I piped he wept to hear

'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe, Sing thy songs of happy cheer'' So I sang the same again, While he wept with joy to hear

'Piper, sit thee down and write In a book, that all may read' So he vanished from my sight, And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear

## The Chimney-Sweeper

A little black thing among the snov,
Crying, 'Weep' weep' in notes of woe
Where are thy father and mother, say?
'They are both gone up to the church to pray

Because I was happy upon the heath, And smiled among the winter's snow, They elothed me in the clothes of detth And taught me to sing the notes of woo

'And because I am happy and dance and sing,
They think they have done me no injury,
And are gone to praise God and His Priest and King
Who make up a heaven of our misery'

## Infant Joy

'I have no name,
I am but two days old'
What shall I call thee?
'I happy am,
Joy is my name'
Sweet joy befall thee!
Pretty jov,
Sweet joy, but two days old,
Sweet joy I call thee,
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while,
Sweet joy befall thee!

# Infant Sorrow

My mother groaned, my father wept, Into the dangerous world I leapt, Helpless, naked, piping loud, Like a fiend hid in a cloud
Struggling in my father's hands, Striving against my swaddling hands, Pound and weary, I thought best

### The Blossom.

To sulk upon my mother's breast

Merry, merry sparrow ' Under leaves so green A happy blossom Sees you, swift as arrow,
Seek your cradle narrow
Near my bosom
Pretty, pretty robin '
Under leaves so green
A happy blossom
Hears you sobbing, sobbing,
Pretty, pretty robin,
Near my bosom

## Holy Thursday

'Twis on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean, Came children walking two and two, in red and blue and green

Grey headed beadles walked before, with wands as white as snow,

Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thanics waters flow

O what a multitude they seemed, these flowers of London town,

Seated in companies they were, with radiance all their

The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lumbs,

Thousands of little boys and girls raising their innocent hands

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song,

Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of lieuven

Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of the poor

Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from the door

## Nurse's Song

When the voices of children are heard on the green, And laughing is heard on the hill, My heart is at nest within my breast, And everything else is still

'Then come home my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dews of night arise,
Come, come, leave off play, and let us awny,
Till the morning appears in the skies'

'No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
And we cannot go to sleep,
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly
And the hills are all covered with sheep'

'Well, well, go and play till the light fades away, And then go home to bed' The little ones leaped and shouted and laughed And all the lills echocd

# The Tiger

Tiger, tiger, burning bright In the forests of the night, What immortal hand or eye Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies, Burnt the fire of thine eyes? On what wings dare he aspire? What the hand dare seize thy fire? And what shoulder and what art Could twist the sinew of thy heart? And when thy heart began to beat, What dread hand framed thy dread feet?

What the humbler? what the chain? In what furnice was thy hrain? What the anvil? what dread gra p Dired thy deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears And vintered heaven with their tears, Did He smile His work to see? Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Figer, tiger, burning bright In the forests of the night, What immortal hand or eye Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

# 'Introduction' to 'Songs of Experience'

Hear the voice of the bard,
Who present, past, and future sees,
Whose cars have heard
The Holy Word
That walked among the ancient trees,

Calling the lapsed soul,
And weeping in the evening dew,
That might control
The starry pole
And fallen fallen light renew

O I arth, O Larth, return '
Arise from out the dewy grass
Night is worn,
And the morn

Rises from the slumbrous mass.

Turn away no more
Why will thou turn away?
The starry floor,
The watery shore,
Are given thee till the break of day

## Ah! Sunflower!

Ah! Sunflower' weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun,
Seeking after that sweet, golden clime,
Where the traveller's journey is done,

Where the youth pined away with desire,
And the pale virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves and aspire
Where my sunflower wishes to go

#### A Cradle Song

Sleep, sleep, beauty bright, Dreaming in the joxs of night, Sleep, sleep, in thy sleep Little sorrows sit and weep

Sweet babe, in thy face Soft desires I can trace, Secret joys and secret smiles, Little pretty infant wiles

As thy softest limbs I feel, Smiles as of the morning steal O'er thy check, and o'er thy breast Where thy little heart doth rest Oh, the cunning wiles that creep In thy little heart asleep ' When the little heart doth wal e, Then the dreadful light shall break.

The standard Life of Blake is Gilchrist's (2nd ed 1850) with additions by D G Rossetti the best study is Mr Swinburne's Critical Estay (1860). His works including the mystical rhapsodies, were edited by Ellis and Yeats (1893). Mr W M Rossetti wrote a Life for the Aldine edition of the poems and there is another by Story (1893). Mr Sampson printed the poems verbatim from the poets MS for the first time in 1905

JAMES DOUGLAS

William Lisle Bowles (1762-1850), 'the restorer of natural poetry,' born at King's Sutton vicarage, Northamptonshire, was educated at Winchester and Trinity College, Oxford, and in 1804 became rector of Bremhill in Wiltshire and a prebendary of Salisbury (from 1828 a canon residentiary) His first publication was a little volume of Fourteen Sonnets published anonymously at Bath in 1789, to which additions were made from time to time, and which in 1805 had reached a ninth edition. Meanwhile he had not been idle, other poetical works were Coombe Ellen and St Michael's Mount (1798), The Battle of the Nile (1799), The Sorrows of Switzerland (1801), The Spirit of Discovery (1805), The Missionary of the Andes (1815), Days Departed (1828), St John in Patmos (1833), and The Village Verse Book (1837) None of these can be said to have been popular, though all contain passages of fine descriptive and meditative verse. The 1789 sonnets had the extraordinary distinction of doing Coleridge's 'heart more good than all the other books he ever read excepting the Bible, in serving the metaphysician -then only seventeen—as an authentic revelation of the poetic spirit, and deepening his aversion to the poetic theories and artificial didacticism of Pope's imitators and successors Coleridge in his sonnet to Bowles thanks him

For those soft strains Whose sadness soothes me lile the murmuring Of wild bees in the sunny showers of spring,

and praises their 'mild and manliest melancholy' as having relieved the 'thought bewildered man' torn by the 'mightier throes of mind' It was fortunate for Bowles's fame-as it was for Crabbe'sthat he began to publish when there was in England a signal dearth of true poetry, and that his best work was before the world ere the great poetic revival found its greater exponents Now we find in the sonnets grace and tenderness, a gentle melancholy, a sweet and native simplicity sufficient to distinguish their author from his contemporaries, but not enough of power, passion, or magic to lead a movement or mark an epoch. But when in his edition of Pope (1806) lie criticised, severely and somewhat unjustly, his character, and attacked his claim to be ranked amongst the great poets-Pope was only at the head of the second rank he said -he initiated a long-continued and bitter controversy that had a profound historic significance and

influence Boy les insisted that images for what is beautiful and sublime in nature are as such nobler and more expressive and more poetical than images derived from art. As usual in such controversies. each party vehemently affirmed facts that their opponents did not deny explicitly or implicitly Thus Campbell retorted on Bowles, what he did not really dispute, that an exquisite description of artificial objects and manners may be equally characteristic of genius with the disciple of external nature. He further protested against pre-Raphaelite elaboration of detail in description— 'every rock, every leaf, every diversity of hue in nature's variety'-which Bowles actually did demand Byron became the most fervid and thorough going defender of Pope, his stinging sarcasms at Bowles's expense - 'Stick to thy sonnets, Bowles-at least they pay '-were more effective than his serious arguments, and Bowles, an absent minded, eccentric, amiable, musicianly High Church divine, was no match in the arts of effective polemics for Byron But, contrary to what might have been expected from his poetry, Bowles was both vehement and fierce in the great controversy, defending his contention in a series of 'letters' or pamphlets-to Campbell, Byron, Roscoe, a 'Quarterly Reviewer,' and the public. Bowles was no mean antiquity, and wrote a parochial history, the annals of an abbey, and other historical and antiquarian researches, and besides a Life of Bishop Ken and some sermons, he published occasional pamphlets on education, the poor laws, and Church politics The first three specimens are from the Sonnels, which in the later editions were some of them a good deal altered in wording, the fourth is from the opening of the Missionary, the sixth from the Spirit of Discovery, the seventh from Childe Harold's last Pilgrimage, the seventh as well as the eighth being contained in the Miscellaneous Poems ultimately appended to the Sonnets

## The Influence of Time on Grief.

O Time! who I now'st a lement hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence,
Lulling to sad repose the weary sense,
The faint pang stealest, unperceived, away,
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient shower
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while
Yet, ah' how much must that poor heart endure
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure

#### Hope

As one who, long by wasting sickness worn,
Weart has watched the lingering night, and heard,
Heartles, the earol of the matin bird
Silute his lonely porch, now first at morn

Goes forth, leaving his melancholy bed,

He the green slope and level ineadow views,

Delightful bathed in slow ascending dews,

Or marks the clouds that o'er the mountain's head,

In varying forms fantastic wander white,

Or turns his ear to every random song

Heard the green river's winding marge along,

The whilst each sense is steeped in still delight

So o'er my breast young summer's breath I feel,

Sweet Hope! thy fragrance pure and healing incense steal

## Bamborough Castle

Ye holy towers that shade the wave worn steep,
Long may ye rear your aged brows sublime,
Though hurrying silent by, relentless time
Assail you, and the winds of winter sweep
Round your dark battlements, for fur from halls
Of Pride, here Charity hath fixed her seat,
Oft listening tearful when the wild winds lieat
With hollow bodings round your ancient walls,
And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour
Of midnight, when the moon is hid on high,
Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost tower,
And turns her ear to each expiring cry,
Blest if her aid some fainting wretch may save,
And snatch him cold and speechless from the wave

#### In South America

Beneath aerial cliffs and glittering snows, The rush roof of an aged warrior rose, Chief of the mountain tribes, high overhead, The Andes, wild and desolate, were spread, Where cold Sierras shot their icy spires, And Chillan trailed its smoke and mouldering fires. A glen beneath-a lonely spot of rest-Hung, scarce discovered, like an eagle's nest. Summer was in its prime, the parrot flocks Darkened the passing sunshine on the rocks. The chrysomel and purple butterfly Amid the clear blue light are windering by, The humming bird along the myrtle bowers, With twinkling wing is spinning o'er the flowers. The woodpeeker is heard with busy bill, The mock bird sings-and all beside is still. And look! the cataract that bursts so high, As not to mar the deep tranquillity, The tumult of its dashing fall suspends, And, stealing drop by drop, in mist descends, Through whose illumined spray and sprinkling dews, Shine to the adverse sun the broken rainbow hues.

Chequering with partial shade the beams of noon, And arching the gray rock with wild festoon, Here, its gay network and fantastic twine. The purple cogul threads from pine to pine, And oft, as the fresh airs of morning breathe, Dips its long tendrils in the stream beneath. There, through the trunks with moss and lichens white, The sunshine darts its interrupted light, And 'mid the cedar's darksome bough, illumes, With instant touch, the lori's scarlet plumes.

# Winter Evening at Home

Fair Moon' that at the chilly day's decline
Of sharp December, through my cottage pane
Dost lovely look, smiling, though in thy wane,
In thought, to scenes serene and still as thine,

Wanders my heart, whilst I by turns survey
Thee slowly wheeling on thy evening way,
And this my fire, whose dim, unequal light,
Just glimmering, bids each shadowy image fall
Sombrous and strange upon the darkening wall,
Ere the clear tapers chase the deepening night!
Yet thy still orb, seen through the freezing haze,
Shines calm and clear without, and whilst I gaze,
I think around me in this twilight gloom,
I but remark mortality's sad doom,
Whilst hope and joy, cloudless and soft, appear,
In the sweet beam that lights thy distant sphere.

#### The Andes

Andes sweeping the horizon's tract, Mightiest of mountains 1 whose eternal snows Feel not the nearer sun, whose umbrage chills The murmuring ocean, whose volcanic fires A thousand nations view, hung like the moon High in the middle waste of heaven

## From 'Byron's Death.'

So ends Childe Harold his last pilgrimage!
Ends in the region, in that land renowned,
Whose mighty genius lives in Glory's page,
And in the Muses' consecrated ground,
His pale check fading where his brows were bound
With their unfading wreath! I will not call
The nymphs from Pindus' piny shades profound,
But strew some flowers upon thy sable pall,
And follow to the grave a Briton's funeral

# Sun-dial in the Churchyard of Bremhill.

So passes silent o er the dead thy shade
Brief Time, and hour by hour, and day by day,
The pleasing pictures of the present fade,
And like a summer vapour steal away

And have not they, who here forgotten he (Say, hoary chronicler of ages past),
Once marked thy shadow with delighted eye,
Nor thought it fled, how certain and how fast?

Since thou hast stood, and thus thy vigil kept,
Noting each hour, o'er mouldering stones beneath,
The pastor and his flock alike have slept,
And 'dust to dust' proclaimed the stride of death.

Another race succeeds, and counts the hour, Careless alike, the hour still seems to smile, As hope, and youth, and life were in our power, So smiling, and so perishing the while

I heard the village bells, with gladsome sound,
When to these scenes a stranger I drew near,
Proclaim the tidings of the village round,
While memory wept upon the good man's bier

Even so, when I am dead, shall the same bells Ring merrily when my brief days are gone, While still the lapse of time thy shadow tells, And strangers gaze upon thy humble stone!

Enough, if we may wait in calm content
The hour that bears us to the silent sod,
Blameless improve the time that Heaven has lent,
And leave the issue to thy will, O God

The good man of the fifth verse was Mr Bowless predecessor in the living at Brembill.

# Samuel Rogers

was born at the suburban village of Stoke Newington, on the 30th of July 1763. His fither, a City banker, was a Whig and Dissenter, his mother was a great-granddaughter of Philip Henry careful private education, at sixteen or seventeen he entered the bank, in 1784 was admitted to partnership, and on his father's death in 1793 became head of the firm His taste for literature and

for literary society awoke carly, once with a friend he went to call on Dr Johnson ın Bolt Court, but his courage failed him when his hand was already on the knocker In 1781 he contributed eight short essays to the Gentleman's Magazine, next year a comic opera (never acted), and in 1786, the year that witnessed the advent of Burns, an Ode to Suberstition, with some other Poems In 1792 he produced The Pleasures of Memory, in 1798 his Epistle to a Friend with other Poems, in 1812 the fragmentary Voyage of Columbus, and in 1814 Jacqueline, bound up with Byron's Lara

In 1819 appeared Human Life, and in 1822 the first part of Italy, a descriptive poem in blank verse. Rogers, a true poet if not a great one, had little originality or power or passion, but had exquisite taste and much sweetness, grace, and tenderness, all his work proves that he was a careful and fastidious writer In his Table-Talk, published by Dyce, he gives details 'I was en gaged on the Pleasures of Memory for nine years, on Human Life for nearly the same space of time, and Italy was not completed in less than sixteen years' Not unnaturally we find deeper feelings and greater wealth of experience in Human Life than in the earlier Pleasures of Memory, and Italy gives delightful glimpses of Italian life and scenery The Pleasures of Memory had and tradition passed through fifteen editions before 1806, Rogers had his vogue and was famous before the greater of his younger contemporaries made their mark, but though Byron regarded him as a pillar of good taste in contrast to the Lake poets, some of his late poems show that he too was touched with the new spirit. His collected poems were published in various forms-one of them brought out at a cost of £15,000 (2 vols 1830-34), with 114 vignette engravings by Stothard and Turner The wealthy banker was well able to cultivate his favourite tastes, to enrich his



SAMUEL ROGERS

From the Portrait by George Richmond, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery

house at 22 St James's Place with some of the finest and rarest pictures, busts, books, gems, and other articles of virtu, and to entertain his friends with a generous though unostentatious hospitality His conversation overflowed shrewd observa tion, pungent criticism, and personal anecdote, rather too often spiced with sarcasm He soothed the last hours of Sheri dan, and his generosity was largely exerted on behalf of suffering or unfriended talent. 'Genius lan guishing for want of patronage,' recorded Dyce, 'was sure to find in Mr Rogers a generous patron His purse was ever open to

the distressed of the prompt assistance which he rendered in the hour of need to various well known individuals there is ample record, but of his many acts of kindness and charity to the wholly obscure there is no memorial-at When more than ninety, and least on earth a close prisoner to his chair, he still delighted to watch the changing colours of the evening sky, to repeat passages of his favourite poets, or to dwell on the merits of the great painters whose works adorned his walls By slow decay, and without any suffering, he died in St James's Place, 18th December 1855' Five years before he had declined the laureateship His art collections fetched £50,000, and three of his pictures-a Titian, a Guido, and a Giorgione—he bequeathed to the National Gallery

It was as a man of taste and letters, as a patron

of artists and authors, and as the friend of almost every illustrious man that graced our annals for half a century and more that Rogers chiefly At his celebrated engaged the public attention breakfast-parties persons of almost all classes and pursuits were found. He made the morning meal famous as a literary rallying-point, and during the London scason there was scarcely a day that did not see from four to six guests at the hospitable board in St James's Place Discussions as to books or pictures, anecdotes of the great of old, racy sayings of Sheridan, Erskine, or Horne Tooke, social traits of Fox, apt quotations or fine passages read aloud, incidents of foreign travel recounted, charmed the hours till midday Many of his own pointed sayings circulated in society and got into print. Some one said that Gally Knight was getting deaf 'It is from want of practice,' remarked Rogers, Mr Knight being a great speaker and bad listener Lord Dudley (Ward) had been free in his criticisms on Rogers, who retaliated with an epigrammatic couplet

Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it, He has a heart—he gets his speeches by it

When he tried to extort a confession from his neighbour, Sir Philip Francis, that he was the author of *Junius*, Francis gave a surly rebuff, whereupon Rogers concluded that if he was not Junius, he was at least Brutus. The gifts of the gods to himself he thus enumerated

Nature denied him much,
But gave him at his birth what most he values
A passionate love for music, sculpture, puinting,
For poetry, the language of the gods,
For all things here, or grand or beautiful,
A setting sun, a lake amoung the mountains,
The light of an ingenuous countenance,
And, what transcends them all, a noble action
(From Italy)

From 'The Pleasures of Memory'

Twilight's soft dews steal o'er the village green, With magic tints to harmonise the scene. Stilled is the hum that through the hamlet broke, When round the ruins of their ancient oak. The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play, And games and carols closed the busy day. Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more. With treasured tales and legendary lore. All, all are fled, nor mirth nor music flows. To chase the dreams of imocent repose. All, all are fled, yet still I linger here! What secret charms this silent spot endear?

Mark von old mansion frowning through the trees, Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze. That casement, arched with 117's brownest shade, First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed. The mouldering gateway strews the grass grown court, Once the calm scene of many a simple sport, When all things pleased, for life itself was new, And the heart promised what the fancy drew Childhood's loved group revisits every scene, The tangled wood walk and the tufted green.

Indulgent Memory wakes, and lo, they live! Clothed with far softer hues than light can give. Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below, To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know, Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm, When Nature fades and life forgets to charm, Thee would the Muse invoke !- to thee belong The sage's precept and the poet's song What softened views thy magic glass reveals, When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals ' As when in ocean sinks the orb of day, Long on the wave reflected lustres play, Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned, Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray, Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn, Quickening my truant feet across the lawn Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air When the slow dial give a pause to care Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear, Some little friendship formed and cherished here, And not the lightest leaf but trembling teems With golden visions and romantic dreams

Down by you hazel copse, at evening, blazed The gipsy's lagot—there we stood and gazed, Gazed on her sunburnt face with silent awc, Her tattered mantle and her hood of straw, Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o er, The drowsy brood that on her back she bore, Imps in the barn with mousing owlets bred, From rifled roost at nightly revel fed, Whose dark eyes flashed through locks of blackest shade When in the breeze the distant watch dog bayed And heroes fled the sibyl's muttered call, Whose elfin prowess scaled the orehard wall As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew, And traced the line of life with searching view, How throbbed my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears, To learn the colour of my future years '

Ah, then, what honest triumph flushed my breast,
This truth once I nown—to bless is to be blest '
We led the bending beggar on his way—
Bare were his feet, his tresses silver gray—
Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And sighed to think that little was no more,
He breathed his prayer, 'Long may such goodness live!
'Twas all he gave—'twas all he had to give

The adventurous boy that asks his little share, And hies from home with many a gossip's praver, Turns on the neighbouring hill, once more to see The dear abode of peace and privacy, And as he turns, the thatch among the trees, The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the hreeze, The village common spotted white with sheep, The churchyard yews round which his fathers sleep, All rouse Reflection's sadly pleasing train, And of the looks and weeps, and looks again

So, when the mild Tnpia dired explore
Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown before,
And, with the sons of Science, wooed the gale
That, rising, swelled their strange expanse of sail,
So, when he breathed his firm yet fond adieu,
Borne from his leafy hut, his carved canoe,

And all his soul best Ioved—such tears he shed, While each soft scene of summer beauty fied. Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast, Long watched the streaming signal from the mast, Till Twilight's dewy tints deceived his eye, And fairy forests fringed the evening sly

So Scotia's queen, as slov ly dawned the day, Rose on her couch, and gazed her soul away. Her eves had blessed the beacon's glimmering height, That faintly tipped the feathery surge with light. But now the morn with orient lines portrayed. Each castled cliff and brown monastie shade. All touched the talisman's resistless spring, And lo, v hat busy tribes vere instant on the wing l.

Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire, As summer clouds flash forth electric fire. And house this spot gives back the joys of youth, Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth. Hence liome felt pleasure prompts the patriot's sight, This makes him wish to live, and dare to die. For this young Foscari, whose hapless fate. Vonice should blush to hear the Muse relate, When exile wore his blooming years away, To sorrow's long soliloquies a prey, When reason, justice, vainly urged his cause, For this he roused her sanguinary laws, Glad to return, though hope could grant no more, And chains and torture halled him to the shore.

And hence the charm historic scenes impart, Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart Aerial forms in Tempe's classic vale Glance through the gloom and whisper in the gale, In vald Vaucluse with love and Laura dwell, And watch and weep in Cloisa's cell. Twis ever thus Young Ammon, when he sought Where Ilium stood, and where Pelides fought, Sat at the helm himself No meaner hand Steered through the waves, and when he struck the land, Such in his soul the ardour to explore, Pelides like, he leaped the first ashore Twas ever thus As not at Virgil's tomb We bless the shade, and bid the verdure bloom So Tully paused, amid the vircel's of Time, On the rude stone to trace the truth sublime, When at his feet in honoured dust disclosed, Archimedes The immortal sage of Syracuse reposed. And as he long in sweet delusion hung Where once a Plato taught, a Pindar sung, Who now but meets him musing, when he roves His ruined Tusculan's romantic groves? In Kome's great I orum, who but hears him roll

His moral thunders o er the subject soul?

Hail, Memory, hail in thy exhanstless mine.

From age to age unnumbered treasures sline.

Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obry,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!

Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone,
The only pleasures we can call our own.

I ighter than air, Hope's summer visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky,
If but a beam of solver Peason play,
Lo, I ance's fury frost work melts away!

But can the wiles of 'art, the grusp of Power,
Snatch the rich relic. of a well spent hour?

These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight
Pour round her path a stream of living light,

And gild tho e pure and perfect realms of re t, Where Virtue triumphs, and her sone are blest! Tufia, a Tahinan brought off by Capitain Cook in 1759

# From 'Human Life'

The lark has sung his carol in the sky, The bees have hummed their noontide harmony, Still in the vale the village bells ring round, Still in Liewellin hall the jests resound, For now the caudle cup is circling there, Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer, And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire The babe, the sleeping image of his sire A few short years, and then these sounds shall hail The day again, and gladness fill the vale, So soon the child a youth, the youth a man, Lager to run the race his fithers run Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin, The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine, And hashing in the chimney's ample blaze, 'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days, The nurse shall ery, of all her ills beguiled,

"Twas on her knees he sat so oft and smiled"
And soon again shall music swell the breeze,
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white, and hymns be sung,
And violets scattered round, and old and young,
In every cottage porch vith garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene,
While, her darl eves declining, by his side,
Moves in her virgin veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas' nor in a distant hour, Auother voice shall come from yonder tower, When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen, And weeping heard where only joy has been, When, by his children borne, and from his door, Slowly departing to return no more, He rests in holy earth with them that went before.

And such is human life; so gliding on,
It glimmers life; a meteor, and is gone!
Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
As full, methinks, of wild and vondrous change,
As any that the mandering tribes require,
Stretched in the desert round their evening fire,
As any sung of old, in hall or bower,
To ministrel harps at midnight's witching hour!

The day arrives the moment wished and feared, The child is born, by many a pang endeared, And now the mo her, ear has caught his cry, O grant the cherub to her asking eye! He comes—the clasps him. To her bo om pressed, He drinks the balm of his and drops to rest

Her by her smile how soon the stranger knows! How soon by his the glad discovery shews! As to her hips she lifts the locky boy, What answering looks of sympathy and joy! He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word His wants, his withe, and his griefs are heard and ever, ever to her lap he flies, When rosy Sleep comes on with sweet surprice Locked in her arm, his arms across for filing (That name most dear for ever on his tongae), As with soft accents rour libranced he chings, and, cheek to elick her falling song she sings, How blest to feel the live inty of his heart, Breathe his size or his the arm, it is for his art, it,

Loch Long

Thy kirkvard wall among the trees, Where, gray with age, the dial stands, That dial so well known to me' Though many a shadov it had shed, Beloved sister, since with thee The legend on the stone vas read

The fair, isles fled far away,
That with its woods and uplands green,
Where shepherd huts are dimly seen,
And songs are heard at close of day,
That, too, the deer's wild covert fled,
And that, the asylum of the dead
While as the boat went merrily,
Yuch of Rob Roy the boatman told,
His arm that fell below his knee,
His cattle ford and mountain hold

Tarbet, thy shore I climbed at last, And, thy shady region past, Upon another shore I stood, And lool ed upon another flood, Great Ocean's self! ('Tis he who fills That vast and awful depth of hills), Where many an elf was playing round, Who treads unshod his classic ground, And speaks, his native rocks among, As Fingal spoke, and Ossian sung

Night fell, and dark and darker grew That narrow sea, that narrow sky, As o'er the glimmering waves we flew, The sea bird rustling, walling by And now the grampus, half-descried, Black and hage above the tide, The cliffs and promontories there, Front to front, and broad and bare, Each beyond each, with giant feet Advancing as in haste to meet, The shuttered fortress, whence the Dane Blew his shrill blast, nor rushed in vain, Tyrant of the drear domain, All into midnight shadow sweep When day springs upward from the deep 1 kindling the waters in its flight, The prow wakes splendour, and the our, That rose and fell unseen before, Flashes in a sea of light, Glad sign and sure, for now we hail The flowers, Glenfinnart, in the gale, And bright indeed the path should be That leads to friendship and to thee !

O blest retreat, and secred too! Sacred as when the bell of prover Tolled duly on the desert air, And crosses decked thy summits blue. Oft like some loved romantic tale, Oft shall my weary mind recall, Amid the hum and stir of men Thy beechen grove and water fall Thy ferry with its gliding sul, And her—the lady of the Glen!

#### Prestum.

They stand between the mountains and the sea Awful memorials, but of whom we know not The seaman passing, gazes from the deck, The buffalo driver, in his shaggy clock, Points to the work of magic, and moves on Time vias they stood along the crowded street, Temples of gods, and on their ample steps. What various habits, various tongues beset. The brazen gates for prayer and sacrifice. Time was perhaps the third was sought for justice, And here the accuser stood, and there the accused, And here the judges sat, and heard, and judged All silent now, as in the ages past, Trodden under foot, and mingled dust with dust.

How many centuries did the sun go round From Mount Alburnus to the Tyrrhene sea, While, by some spell rendered invisible, Or, if approached, approached by him alone Who saw as though he saw not, they remained As in the darl ness of a sepulchre, Waiting the appointed time! All, all vithin Proclaims that nature had resumed her right, And taken to her-elf what man renounced, No comice, triglyph, or wom abacus, But with thick ivy hung, or branching fern, Their iron brown o'erspread with brightest verdure ! From my youth upward have I longed to tread This classic ground, and am I here at last? Wandering at will through the long porticoes And catching, as through some majestic gove, Now the blue ocean, and not, chaos hi e, Mountains an I mountain gulfs, and, half way up, Tov ns like the living rock from which they grew? A cloudy region, black and desolate, Where once a slave withstood a world in arms. Spartners

The air is sweet with violets, running wild Mid broken friezes and fallen capitals, Sweet as when Tully, writing down his thoughts, Those thoughts so precious and so lately lost—Turning to thee divine philo ophy, Ever at hand to calm his troubled soul—Sailed slowly by, two thousand years ago, I or Athens, when a ship if north east winds Blew from the Pastan gardens, slacked her course.

On as he moved along the level shore,
These temples, in their splendour eminent
Mid arcs and obelisks, and domes and towers,
Reflecting back the radiance of the west,
Well might he dream of glory. No s, coiled up,
The serpent sleeps within them, the she wolf
Suckles her young, and as alone I stand
In this, the nobler pile, the elements
Of earth and air its only floor and roof
How solemn is the stillness. Nothing stirs
Sive the shall voiced cicals flitting round
On the rough pediment to sit and sing.
Or the green lizard rus ling through the gras,
And up the flu ed shaft with short quick spring
To vanish in the chinks that time has male

In such an hour as this, the sun's broad distance at his setting, and a flood of light Filling the courts of these old sanctnance—Giguntic shadoms broken and confused Athwart the innumerable columns flung—In such an hour he came, who saw and told, Led by the mighty ginus of the place.

Walls of some capital end first appeared. Half rosed half sunk, or scattered as in so in An I what within them? What let in the mild. These three in more than their or good grand-ur,

The Star of Bethlehem. Wen marshalled on the right replan, It platerage s maither , , Orm der stone of all 1 to a 1 Can fix the artier artin terral eve Hera 'Inta' + Go! the closus lee hs, irrough fineer e, he tree retterns at jest q I's the sare In II ham Or comment to the 1 The new to the this endance Tempreter a traffettres The most better or mile to the glack Down name - next sat le from Don't in I Terasel that I trus em But all done is all not a se 1 sa han called era I merry to so In a soll Limitentia for ola cour so me con texamin time is theil, Tlelmetriber office her this receipment occurred First for margia dates Interest freeze - c.

Tas y-bet rolelled on

Betain a Trous and Lears Honce We to now a line no - Where her I reflect names, Herpal or and it is District in the dusa Somewhalk on tellocation price And with a supercontinum than a feet treater than the surface of the supercontinum than the surface of the surf The real her deposition is a series of series Office of the horizon may And the sea of notice in the tem, on hombs The yell of degree than O er list mare Her correlation is I room's Silence and the cri Of the lare certee, and the pensi e da h Of die ant historia trent s alsoe no vold Frenzisthe en-are to spon the store The marks there don't ner eagain an Herrs The intern two man in the needs, he shouls From the die my to solute h - Her line's Sing in a lang we that he hipers he f And the restled harps, suspended our their prives, Sax to the deart win is a dying strain Meanwhile the are, in second infines, Price in some di tart clime, and then perchance Some led I adventurer, filled with golden dreams, Steering his bark through trackless solitude, Where take wan lenn, thoughts, no daring provi Hath ever ploughed before—e pies the chiffs O'fallen Albion -To the land uni norm He journey-joyful, and perhaps descries Som vestige of her ancient stateliness, Then he with vin conjecture, fills his mind Of il e unleard of race, a high had arrived At some in that solitary noo', Far from the civil world on I sagely sight And moralises on the strice of man.

Thus far have I pursued my solemn theme,
With all revaining toil, thus far have sung
Of godlike deads, far iofuer than beseein
The lyre which I in early days have strung

And now my spirits faint, and I have hung
The orell, that solate in me in saddest hour,
On the dark express, and the strings v hich rung
With Jesus' pruse, their harpings now are o'er,
Or, when the breeze comes by, mean, and are heard no
more

And must the harp of Judah sleep again?

Shall I to more reanimate the by?

Oh! Thou who visitest the sons of men,

The who dost listen when the humble pray,

One hitle space prolong my mournful da?

One hitle hip a suspen! thy last decree!

I am a vouthful traveller in the vay,

And the shaht boon vould consecrate to thee,

Fre I with Dosth shake hands, and smile that I am free.

The were the lass and is of the uncompleted epic, and were notice and the test and the share white share white share we have a contract the share white share we will be shared the share which were the shared shared the shared shared

Joanna Baillie (1762-1851) was born in the mance of Bodhwell in Landrkshire, in 1776 her father became Professor of Divinity at Glasgow In this household, 'repression of all emotions, even the gentlest and those most honourable to human nature, seems to have been the constant lesson? Journ is eis er, Ignes, told Lucy Aikin that their fadier was an excellent parent. 'When she had once been butten by a dog thought to be mad, he had sucked the wound, at the hazard, as was supposed, of his own life, but he had never given her a liss Johnna spoke of her ventning to be She would sometimes raressed then a child centure to clasp her little arms about her mothers I nees, who would seem to chide her, but the child kner she liked it? In 1784 Joanna went to live in London, where her brother, Matthew Bailbe, had established himself as a physician, in 1806 she and Agnes took a house for themselves at Hampstead, and there she died, Agnes surviving her till 1861. No authoress ever enjoyed a larger share than the 'immortal Joanna' of the esteem and affection of her contemporaries. She was one of the friends whose society Sir Walter looked forward to as one of the chief pleasures a visit to London had in store for him, even America sent its votaries to her shrine at Hampstead Her greatest achievement lay in her Plays on the Passions (1798-1836), which, though ineffective as acting plays, contain much impressive poetry and often show true dramatic power In 1804 she produced a volume of miscellaneous dramas, and in 1810 The Family Legend, a tragedy founded on a Highland tradition, was successfully staged at Edinburgh with a prologue by Scott. Mentfort was brought out by Kemble shortly after its appearance, and was acted eleven nights It was revised in 1821, with Kean as De Montfort, Kenn admitted that, though a fine poem, it would never be an acting play. Scott, on the other hand, extra agantly eulogised 'Basil's love and Montfort's hate' as something like a renewal of Shakespeare's inspired strain, for Count Basil and De Montfort are much liker the works of Shirley or Massinger than anything of Shakespeare's

Miss Baillie's style is smooth and regular, but without distinction, her carefully constructed dramas have few commanding situations, andpartly from the restrictions imposed by her working theory—are deficient in variety and fullness of pission, the mainspring of human life and of dramatic action, the tragic scenes are too exclusively connected with the crime of murder, one of the ensiest resources of a tragedinn Scott said that fear was the most dramatic passion touched The plot is too often obvious almost from the first act-a defect fatal to success in repre-Some of the poems in her Fugitive Pu is were written when she was over eighty Of the songs, her versions of years of age 'Woo'd an' married an a'' and 'Saw ve Johnnie



JOANNA BAILLIE
From an Engraving after Newton

comin' are the best known, there is another with the old refrain, 'Poverty parts good company,' 'Tam o' the Lin,' 'Up, quit thy Bower,' and 'Good night' are often cited, and there are new sets of words to many well-known Scotch and Irish tunes and rhythms, with or without the old refrains—'The Boatie Róws,' 'The Weary Pund o' Tow,' 'Hooly and Fairly,' 'Fy, let us a' to the Bridal,' &c.

# From 'The Kitten'

Wanton droll, whose harmless play
Beguiles the rustic's closing day,
When, drawn the evening fire about,
Sit aged erone and thoughtless lout,
And child upon his three foot stool,
Waiting until his supper cool,
And maid, whose clicek outblooms the rose,
As bright the blazing fagot glows,
Who, bending to the friendly light,
Plies her task with busy sleight,
Come, show thy tricks and sportive graces,
Thus circled round with merry faces!

Backward coiled, and erouching low, With glaring eychalls watch thy foc, The housewife's spindle whirling round, Or thread or straw that on the ground Its shorlow throws, by urchin sly Held out to luce thy roving eye, Then stealing onward, fiercely spring Upon the tempting, faithless thing Now, wheeling round with bootless shill, Thy bo peep tail provokes thee still, As still beyond thy curving side Its jetty tip is seen to glide. Till from thy centre starting far, Thou sidelong veerst with rump in air Lrected stiff, and gait away, Like inadam in her tintrums high . Though ne er a madam of them all, Whose silken lirtle sweeps the hall, More varied trick and whim displays To catch the admiring stranger's gaze

The featest tumbler, stage bedight, To thee is but a clums; wight, Who every limb and sinew struns To do what costs thee little pains, For which, I trow, the gaping crowd Requite him oft with plaudits loud

But, stopped the while thy wanton play, Applauses too thy pains repay. For then, beneath some urchin's hand, With modest pride thou tak'st thy stand, While many a stroke of kindness glides. Along thy back and tabby sides. Dilated swells thy glossy fur, And loudly eroons thy busy pur, As, timing well the equal sound, Thy clutching feet bepat the ground, And all their harmless claws disclose. Like prickles of an early rose, While softly from thy whiskered cheek. Thy half closed eves peer, mild and meck-

But not alone by cottage fire Do rustics rude thy feats admire The learned sage, whose thoughts explore The widest range of human lore, Or with unfettered fines fly Through airy heights of poesy, Pausing smiles with altered air To see thee climb his elbow chair, Or, struggling on the mat below, Hold warfare with his slippered toe. The widowed dame or lonely maid, Who, in the still but cheerless shade Of home unsocial, spends her age, And rarely turns a lettered page, Upon her hearth for thee lets fall The rounded cork or paper ball, Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch, The ends of ravelled skein to catch, But lets thee have thy way ward will, Perplexing oft her better skill

E'en he, whose mind of gloomy bent, In lonely tower or prison pent, Reviews the coil of former days, And loathes the world and all its ways. What time the lamp's unsteady gleam Hath roused him from his moody dream, Feels, as thou gambol'st round his seat, His heart with pride less fiercely beat, And smiles, a link in thee to find, That joins it still to living kind.

From the Birthday 'Address' to her Sister Dear Agnes, gleamed with joy and dashed with tears, O'er us have glided almost sixty years Since we on Bothwell's bonny braes were seen, I'y those whose eyes long closed in death have been, Two tiny imps, who scarcely stooped to gather The slender harebell or the purple heather, No taller than the forglove's spiky stem, That der of morning studs with silvery gem Then every butterfly that crossed our view With joyful shout was greeted as it flew, And moth and lady bird and beetle bright In sheeny gold were each a wondrous sight. Then as we paddled harefoot, side by side, Among the sunny shallows of the Clyde, Minnows or spotted parr with twinkling fin, Swimming in mazy rings the pool within, A thull of gladnes through our bosom sent, Seen in the power of early wonderment

A long perspective to my mind appears, Looking behind me to that line of years, And yet through every stage I still can trace Thy visioned form, from childhood's morning grace To woman's early bloom, changing how soon! To the expressive glow of woman's noon, And now to what thou art, in comely age, Active and ardent Let what will engage Thy present moment, whether hopeful seeds In garden plat thou sow, or noxious needs From the fair flower remove, or ancient lore In chronicle or legend rare explore, Or on the parlour hearth with Litten play, Stroking its tabby sides, or take thy way To gain with hasty steps some cottage door, On helpful errand to the neighbouring poor, Active and ardent, to my fancy's eye Thou still art young in spite of time gone by Though oft of patience brief and temper keen, Well may it please me, in life's latter seene, To think what now thou art, and long to me hast been.

'Twas thou who woo'dst me first to look
Upon the page of printed book,
That thing by me abhorred, and with address
Didst win me from my thoughtless idleness,
When all too old become with bootless haste
In fitful sports the precious time to waste
Thy love of tale and story was the stroke
At which my dormant fancy first awoke,
And ghosts and witches in my busy brain
Arose in sombre show, a motley train
This new found path attempting, proud was I,
Lurking approval on thy face to spy,
Or hear thee say, as grew thy roused attention,
'What' is this story all thine own invention',

Then, as advancing through this mortal span, Our intercourse with the mixed world began. Thy fairer face and sprighther courtesy (A truth that from my youthful vanity

Lay not concealed) did for the sisters twain, Where'er we went, the greater favour gain, While, but for thee, vexed with its tossing tide, I from the busy world had shrunk aside. And now in later years, with better grace Thon helpst me still to hold a veleome place With those, whom nearer neighbourhood has made The friendly cheerers of our evening shade.

The change of good and evil to abide, As partners linked, long have we side by side Our earthly journey held, and who can say How near the end of our united way? By nature's course not distant, sad and 'rest Will she remain,—the lonely pilgrim left. If thou be taken first, who can to me Like sister, friend, and home companion be? Or who, of wonted daily kindness shorn, Shall feel such loss, or mourn, as I shall mourn? And if I should be fated first to leave This earthly house, though gentle friends may grieve, And he above them all, so truly proved A friend und brother, long and justly loved, There is no living wight, of woman born, Who then shall mourn for me us thou wilt mourn.

Thou ardent, liberal spirit 'quickly feeling
The touch of sympathy and I indly dealing
With sorrow or distress, for ever sharing.
The unhoarded mite, nor for to morrow caring,—
Accept, dear Agnes, on thy natal day,
An unadorned but not a careless lay
Nor think this tribute to thy virtues paid
From tardy love proceeds, though long delayed
Words of affection, howsoe'er expressed,
The latest spoken still are deemed the best
Few are the measured rhymes I now may write,
These are, perhaps, the last I shall indite

#### The Shepherd's Song

The gowan glitters on the sward,
The lavrock's in the sky,
And Collie on my plaid keeps ward,
And time is passing by
Oh no' sad and slow,
And lengthened on the ground,
The shadow of our trysting bush,
It wears so slowly round'

My sheep bell tinkles frac the west,
My lambs are bleating near,
But still the sound that I lo'e best,
Alack! I canno' hear
Oh no! sad and slow,
The shadow lingers still,
And like a lanely ghaist I stand
And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,
The mill wi' clacking din,
And Lucky scolding free her door,
To ca' the bairnies in
Oh no! sad and slow,
These are na' sounds for me,
The shadow of our trysting bush,
It creeps sae drearily!

blaze

I coft yestreen, frac chapman Tam, bought A snood of bonnic blue, a maiden's head band And promised when our trysting cam', To tie it round her brow Oh no! sad and slow, The mark it winna' pass,

The shadow of that weary thorn
Is tethered on the grass

Oh now I see her on the way,
She's past the witch's knowe,
She's climbing up the Browny's brae,
My heart is in a lowe!
Oh no! 'tis no' so,
'Tis glam'rie I have seen,
The shadow of that hawthorn bush

My book o' grace I'll try to read,
Though conned wi' little skill,
When Collie barks I'll raise my head,
And find her on the hill,
Oh no ' sad and slow,
The time will ne'er be gane,
The shadow of the trysting bush

Will move na' mair till e'en

# From 'De Montfort'

Is fixed like ony stane

De Montfort No more, my sister, urge me not again, My secret troubles cannot be revealed From all participation of its thoughts My heart recoils I pray thee be contented

Jane What! must I, like a distant humble friend, Observe thy restless eye and gait disturbed In timid silence, whilst with yearning heart I turn aside to weep? O no, De Montfort! A nobler task thy nobler mind will give, Thy true intrusted friend I still shall be.

De Mon Ah, Jane, forbear! I cannot e'en to thee Jane Then, fic upon it! fic upon it, Montfort! There was a time when e'en with murder stained, Had it been possible that such dire deed Could e'er have been the crime of one so piteous, Thou wouldst have told it me

De Mon So would I now—but ask of this no more. All other trouble but the one I feel
I had disclosed to thee I pray thee spare me
It is the secret weakness of my nature

Jane Then secret let it be , I nrge no further The eldest of our valuant father's hopes, So sadly orphaned, side by side we stood, Like two young trees, whose boughs in early strength Screen the weak saplings of the rising grove, And brave the storm together-I have so long, as if by nature's right, Thy bosom's inmate and adviser been, I thought through life I should have so remained, Nor ever known a change Forgive me, Montfort, A humbler station will I take by thee The close attendant of thy wandering steps, The cheerer of this home, with strangers sought, The soother of those griefs I must not know This is mine office now I ask no more

De Mon. O June, thou dost constrain me with thy love! Would I could tell it thee!

Jane Thou shalt not tell me. Nay, I'll stop mine cars. Nor from the yearnings of affection wring

What shrinks from utterance Let it pass, my brother I'll stay by thee, I'll cheer thee, comfort thee, Pursue with thee the study of some art, Or nobler science, that compels the mind To steady thought progressive, driving forth All florting, wild, unhappy fantasies, Till thou, with brow unclouded, smil'st again, Like one who, from dark visions of the night, When th' active soul within its hicless cell Holds its own world, with dreadful fancy pressed Of some dire, terrible, or murderous deed, Wakes to the dawning morn, and blesses Heaven De Mon. It will not pass away, 'twill haunt me still

De Mon It will not pass away, 'twill haunt me still Jane Ah' say not so, for I will haunt thee too, And be to it so close an adversary, That, though I wrestle darkling with the fiend, I shall o'croome it.

De Mon Thou most generous woman!
Why do I treat thee thus? It should not be—
And yet I cannot—O that cursed villain!

He will not let me be the man I would [these? Jane What say'st thou, brother? Oh' what words are They have awaked my soul to dreadful thoughts. I do beseech thee, speak! By the affection thou didst ever bear me, By the dear memory of our infant days, By kindred living ties, my, and by those Who sleep in the tomb, and caunot call to thee, I do conjure thee, speak!

Ah ' wilt thou not?

Then, if affection, most unwearied love,
Tried early, long, and never wanting found,
O'er generous man little more authority,
More rightful power than crown or sceptre give,
I do command thee!
De Montfort, do not thus resist my love.
Here I entreat thee on my bended knees
Alas, my brother!

De Mon [Raising her, and kneeling]
Thus let him kneel who should the abased be,
And at thine honoured feet confession make!
I'll tell thee nll—but, oh! thou wilt despise me
For in my breast a raging passion burns,
To which thy soul no sympathy will own—
A passion which hath made my nightly couch
A place of torment, and the light of day,
With the gay intercourse of social man,
Feel hke th' oppressive, airless pestilence
O Jane! thou wilt despise me.

Inv. Say not so

Jane Say not so
I never can despise thee, gentle brother
A lover's jealousy and hopeless pangs
No kindly heart contemns.

De Mon A lover, sayst thou?

No, it is hate! black, lasting, deadly hate!

Which thus has driven me forth from kindred peace,

From social pleasure, from my native home,

To be a sullen wanderer on the earth,

Avoiding all men, cursing and necursed!

Jane De Montfort, this is fiend like, frightful, terrible?
What being, by th' Almighty Father formed
Of flesh and blood, created even as thou,
Could in thy breast such horrid tempest wake,
Who art thyself his fellow?

Unknit thy brows, and spread those writh clenched hands. Some sprite accursed within thy bosom mates

And be end taits in the early of cer

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To work thy rain. Strive with it, my brother !
5th e brively with it, drive it from the breast,
Tis the degrader of a noble heart
Cere it, and bid it part
  De Mon It will not port [His hand on his Ireast]
      I've ludged it here too long
With my first cares I felt its rankling touch,
I bethed him when a boy
 fune. Whom didst thou say?
                         Oh! that de ested Rezenvelt!
  D Mon
F'en in our early sports, like two young v helps
Of Fostile breed, instinctively reverse,
lach 'quint the other pitched his ready pledge,
And frowned defirince. As we onward passed
From youth to man's estate, his narrow art
And envious gibing malice, poorly veiled
In the affected carelessness of murth,
Sull more detestable and odious grew
There is no living being on this carth
Who can conceive the malice of his soul,
With all his gay and danined merriment,
To those by fortune or by merit placed
 Above his paltry self When, low in fortune,
 He look it upon the state of pro perous men,
 As nightly birds, roused from their murky holes,
 Do scowl and chatter at the light of day,
 I could endure it, even as we bear
 The impotent bite of some half trodden worm,
 I could endure it But when honours came,
 And wealth and new got titles fed his pride,
 Whilst flattering knaves did trumpet forth his praise,
 And grovelling idiots granned applauses on him,
 Oh, then I could no longer suffer it '
 It drove me frantic. - What, what would I give '
 Wha would I give to crush the bloated toad,
 So rinkly do I louthe him '
   lane. And would thy butred crush the very man
 Who give to thee that life he night have taken?
 Il this which thou so rishly didst expose
  To im at his? Oh, this is horrible!
   Do In Ha! thou liest heard it, then? I rom all the
  Pot no of all from thee, I thought it hal
   July I heard a secret whisper, and resolved
  Up with mount to return to thee.
  Delit thou receive my letter?
    De Men I did! I did! Twas that which drove me
  I cadd to bear to meet thine eye reain
    Jan Alas' that, temp ed by a sister's tear,
  I tre- left he how or These for past rights.
  Il exhert months, he e brought us alette woe.
  Il I I to an ned with thie, it had not been
   for ret, medical can should not more youth s
  this rod him to the field, both lanch 1 aght
  He, now limit, distribed you, courteen he
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Who capr to ma, 11 -Until that on, till that were the in I known shalf in the cost the fell Which barres after there. Her or shift for fire hun t Jar Oh, the sub all thou at, the bear Let Herver's vergence light up in the Lend I or the none import with Hill ili De Van Tormen more fell than II sof ' it d It cannot send. To be un hilsted, What all mea shrink from a triber Were blis to me compared to the I are Jere Ohl voold the full cars tree desertat mord-? De Mer Let me I ne ke upen hin n lo . Then client and excellent a Ha' how i the? The 'nill then ser pile What have I done or ther? And alie! Imarino to distre the -Other for Jan I cannot spend to the ... This Sha I there Turn, turn thee net army lole net ll! Oh t droop not they all his, my prole, and they Look on me vet agur Jere Th u too, De Mer ! In let cridi sa reason to le magail D Mn Inma wielch ma i erimnie if And sall in to wread ed in the prin I give Oh, curse that allum, the dete elsa head He has pread my over motor all life He will und bu all for I validling warned fort out a treathfact of And bene with scale mind na tore efall. For thou were then the bely steer in the Patnert incofficing dule o And hid a is passion to in the Coco the heat Blisting the weith-I come time vertiles Yo Win What of all I doe A Coun is I !! I ent a meil " s Lack hill contame of a portion of Stells out be conditionally on the money, I de to a half so to real to be in the And a digreented to a to a to the Reasonteren for anti- is t H FI THY SATISFY TO THE TO A Western the the Proothr = "restr ) i = Il haceben t

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Of 'nighted travellers, who shall gladly bend Their doubtful footsteps towards the cheering din Solemn, and grave, and cloistered, and demure We shall not be Will this content ye, damsels?

Every season

Shall have its suited pastime—even winter
In its deep noon, when mountains piled with snow,
And choked up valleys from our mansion bar
All entrance, and nor guest nor traveller
Sounds at our gate, the empty hall forsaken,
In some warm chamber, by the crackling fire
We'll hold our little, snug, domestic court,
Plying our work with song and tale between

(From Orra)

# Prince Edward in his Dungeon

Doth the bright sun from the high arch of heaven, In all his beauteous robes of fleckered clouds, And ruddy vapours, and deep-glowing flames, And softly varied shades, look gloriously? Do the green woods dance to the wind the lakes Cast up their sparkling waters to the light? Do the sweet harrlets in their bushy dells Send winding up to heaven their curling smoke On the soft morning air? Do the flocks bleat, and the wild creatures bound' In antic happiness? and mazy birds Wing the mid air in lightly skimming bands? Ay, all this is, all this men do behold The poorest man Even in this lonely vault, My dark and narrow world, oft do I hear The crowing of the cock so near my walls, And sadly think how small a space divides me From all this fair creation

(From Ethwald)

# Jane De Montfort

Page Madam, there is a lady in your hall Who begs to be admitted to your presence.

Lady Is it not one of our invited friends?

Page No, far unlike to them It is a stranger Lady How looks her countenance?

Page So queenly, so commanding, and so noble, I shrunk at first in awe, but when she smiled, For so she did to see me thus abashed, Methought I could have compassed sea and land To do her bidding

Lady Is she young or old?

Page Neither, if right I guess, but she is fair

For Time hath laid his hand so gently on her,

As he too had been awed

Lad; The foolish stripling!
She has bewritched thee Is she large in stature?
Pagz. So stately and so graceful is her form,
I thought at first her stature was gigantic,

But on a near approach I found, in truth, She scarcely does surpass the middle size.

Lad; What is her garb?

Page I cannot well describe the fashion of it She is not decked in any gallant trim. But seems to me clad in the usual weeds. Of high habitual state, for as she moves. Wide flows her robe in many a waving fold, As I have seen unfurled banners play. With the soft breeze.

Lady Thine eyes deceive thee, boy, It is an apparition thou hast seen.

Freberg [Starting up]. It is an apparition he has seen,
Or it is Jane de Montfort (From De Montfort)

The characterisation in the last extract was regarded as a picture of Mrs Siddons. Of the Plays on the Passions, four are comedies and one is a tragedy in prose. Of fourteen miscellaneous plays one is on Constantine Palæologus and one (in prose) on Withcraft, the Metrical Legends include poems on William Wallace, Columbus and Grizell Baillie. And in the collected one volume edition of her Dramatic and Poetical Works (1851), her other work, are distributed into Figitive Verses, Miscellaneous Poetry, and Verses on Sacred Subjects. For a word picture of her, see Miss Thackerays (Mrs Richmond Ritchie's) Book of Sibyls (1883)

Richard Lovell Edgeworth (1744-1817) was born at Bath, and came of a family that for a hundred and sixty years had been settled in Ireland, latterly at Edgeworthstown in County Longford. After nine years' schooling at Warwick, Drogheda, and Longford, and five months of dissipation at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1761 he was removed to Oxford, where, as a gentleman commoner of Corpus, he passed two 'delightful, profitable' years At Blackbourton, fourteen miles off, lived a friend of his father's, Paul Elers, a squire whose quiver was fuller than his purse with one of his daughters Edgeworth eloped to Scotland (1763) The voung couple spent a twelve month at Edgeworthstown, and finally settled at Hare Hatch near Reading, Edgeworth meanwhile keeping terms in the Temple, till his father's death (1769) allowed him to give up all thought of the As a boy of seven he had become 'irrecoverably a mechanic' through the sight of an electrical machine, and his whole life long he was always inventing something-a semaphore, a velocipede, a pedometer One of his inventions brought him across Dr Darwin, and at Lichfield, during the Christmas of 1770, he conceived a passion for His wife was away in lovely Honora Sneyd Berkshire ('she was not of a cheerful temper'), but Thomas Day was with him, and urged him to flight So with Day and his eldest boy, whom he was educating on Rousseau's system, he did fly to France, and at Lyons diverted himself and the course of the Rhone. Then his wife died, and four months afterwards he wedded Honora (1773), to lose her in 1780, and the same year marry her She too died of consumption sister Elizabeth (1797), but the next wife, Miss Beaufort (1798), survived him by many years In all he had nine 'I am not,' he observed, 'a man of teen children I have had four wives The second prejudices and third were sisters, and I was in love with the He advo second in the lifetime of the first.' cated parliamentary reform and Catholic emancipa tion, his house was spared by the rebels (1798), and in the last Irish Parliament (1798–99) lie spoke for the Union, but voted against it, as a measure 'forced down the throats of the Irish, though fivesixths of the nation were against it.' Masterful, versatile, brilliant, enlightened, he stands as a type of the Superior Being, 'cocksureness' his principal foible. He was the idol of his own womankind, the friend of Watt and Wedgwood and many more better and greater than himself The Memoirs of

Richard Lovell Edgeworth (1820, 3rd ed 1844) are autobiographical up to 1782, the completion, less interesting, is by his daughter Maria.

#### A Penitent

The family at Black Bourton at this time consisted of Mrs Elers, her mother Mrs Hungerford, and four grown up young ladies, besides several children. The eldest son, an officer, was absent The young ladies, though far from being beauties, were handsome, and though destitute of accomplishments, they were notwithstanding agreeable, from an air of youth and simplicity, and from unaffected good nature and gasety. The person who struck me most at my introduction to this family group was Mrs Hungerford. She was near eighty, tall and majestic, with eyes that still retained uncommon lustre. She was not able to rise from her chair without the assistance of one of her granddaughters, but when she had risen, and stood leaning on her tortoise shell cane, she received my father, as the friend of the family, with so much politeness and with so much grace as to eclipse all the young people by whom she was sur rounded. Wrs Hungerford was a Blake, connected with the Norfolk family She had formerly been the wife of Sir Alexander Kennedy, whom Mr Hungerford killed in a duel in Blenheim Park Why she dropped her title in marrying Mr Hungerford I know not, nor can I tell how he persuaded the beautiful widow to marry him after he had killed her husband. Mr Hungerford brought her into the retirement of Black Bourton, the ancient seat of his family, an excellent but antiquated house, with casement windows, divided by stone frame work, the principal rooms wainscoted with oak, of which the antiquity might be guessed from the varnish it had In the large hall were hung spears, acquired from time and hunting tackle, and armour, and trophies of war and of the chase, and a portrait, not of exquisite painting, of the gallaut Sir Edward Hungerford This portrait had been removed hither from Farley Castle, the principal seat of the family In the history of Mrs Hungerford there was something mysterious, which was not, as I perceived, known to the younger part of the family made no enquines from Mrs Elers, but I observed that she was for a certain time in the day invisible. She had an apartment to herself above stairs, containing three or four rooms, when she was below stairs, we used to make a short way from one side of the house to the other, through her rooms, which occupied nearly one side of a quad rangle, of which the house consisted. One day, forget ting that she was in her room, and her door by accident not having been locked, I suddenly entered I saw her kneeling before a crucifix, which was placed upon her toilette, her beautiful eyes streaming with tears, and cast up to Heaven with the most fervent devotion, her silver locks flowing down her shoulders, the remains of exquisite beauty, grace, and dignity in her whole figure I had not, till I saw her at these her private devotions, known that she was a Catholic, nor had I, till I saw her tears of contrition, any reason to suppose that she thought herself a penitent The scene struck mc, young as I was, and more gay than young-her tears seemed to comfort, not to depress her-and for the first time since my childhood I was convinced that the consolations of religion are fully equal to its terrors. She was so much in earnest that she did not perceive me, and I fortunately had time to withdraw without having disturbed her devotions

Maria Edgeworth (1767-1849), daughter of the eccentric Richard Lovell Edgeworth, was born at Blackbourton on New-year's Day 1767, and in 1775 was sent to a school at Derby, in 1780 to a fashionable establishment in London When still a child she was famed for her story-telling powers, and at thirteen she wrote a tale on Generosity She accompanied her father to Ireland in 1782, and thenceforth till his death the two were never separate. For his sake mainly she sacrificed her one romance, refusing the hand of the Swedish Count Edelcrantz in 1802 at Paris, where, as again in 1820, and during frequent visits to London, she was greatly lionised. She was at Bowood (Lord Lansdowne's) in 1818, and at Abbotsford in 1823, Scott two years later returning the visit at Edge



MARIA EDGEWORTH From a Drawing by Joseph Slater

worthstown For the rest, her home life was busy and beneficent, if uneventful Her eyesight often troubled her, but, active to the last, at seventy she began to learn Spanish, and at eighty two could thoroughly enjoy Macaulay's History She died in her stepmother's arms

To the literary partnership between father and daughter we are directly indebted for Practical Education (2 vols 1798) and the Essay on Irish But most of her other works, Bulls (1802) though they do not bear the joint names, were inspired by her father, and gained or (it may be) lost by his revision Published between 1795 and 1847, they filled upwards of twenty volumes (1893 reprint in 10 vols) Besides the Moral Tales, the Popular Tales, and Tales from Fashionable Life (Ennin, The Dun, &c.), and Harrington (an apology for the Jews), there are her three Irish masterpieces, Casth Rackrent (1800), The Absence (1812), and Ormand

These, Scott says, 'have gone so far to make the English familiar with the character of their gay and kind-hearted neighbours of Ireland, that she may be truly said to have done more towards completing the Union than perhaps all the legislative enactments by which it has been followed up Without being so presumptuous as to hope to emulate the rich humour, pathetic tenderness, and admirable taste which pervade the works of my accomplished friend, I felt that something might be attempted for my own country of the same kind with that which she has so fortunately achieved for Ireland' The praise from Scott is extravagant, but Turgenief has put it on record that he 'was an unconscious disciple of Miss Edgeworth in setting out on his literary It is possible, may probable, that if Maria Edgeworth had not written about the poor Irish of County Longford and the squires and squireens, it would not have occurred to me to give a literary form to my impressions about the classes parallel to them in Russin' Her novels are doubtless too didactic, the plots may be poor, the dramatis persona sometimes wooden, but for wit and pathos, for lively dialogue and simple directness, for bright vivacity and healthy realism. and for their vivid presentation of their times and of that 'most distressful country' in which their best scenes are laid, they well deserve still to be read And her children's stories-'Lazy Laurence,' and 'Simple Susan,' and the other delightful old friends-are worth all the unchildish books about children which mawkish sentimentality has brought into recent vogue.

# Irish Landlord and Scotch Agent

'I was quite angry,' says Lord Glenthorn, 'with Mr M'Leod, my agent, and considered him as a selfish, hard hearted miser, because he did not seem to sympathise with me, or to applaud my generosity. I was so much irritated by his cold silence that I could not forbear pressing him to say something "I doubt, then," said he, "since you desire me to speak my mind, my lord -I doubt whether the best way of encouraging the industrious is to give premiums to the idle " But, idle or not, these poor wretches are so miserable that I cannot refuse to give them something, and surely, when one can do it so easily, it is right to relieve misery, is it not? "Undoubtedly, my lord, but the difficulty is to relieve present misery without creating more in future Pity for one class of beings sometimes makes us cruel to others I am told that there are some Indian Brahmins so very compassionate that they hire beggars to let fleas feed upon them, I doubt whether it might not be better to let the fleas starve,"

'I did not in the least understand what Mr M'Leod meant, but I was soon made to comprehend it by erowds of eloquent beggars who soon surrounded me, many who had been resolutely struggling with their difficulties slackened their exertions, and left their labour for the easier trade of imposing upon my credulity. The money I had bestowed was wasted at the dram shop, or it became the subject of family quarrels, and those whom I had relieved returned to my honour with

fresh and insatiable expectations. All this time my industrious tenants grumbled because no encouragement was given to them, and looking upon me as a weak, good natured fool, they combined in a resolution to ask me for long leases or a reduction of rent

'The rhetorie of my tenants succeeded in some instances, and again, I was mortified by Mr M'Leod's I was too proud to ask his opinion I ordered, and was obeyed A few leases for long terms were signed and sealed, and when I had thus my own way completely, I could not refrain from recurring to Mr M'Leod's opinion "I doubt, my lord," said he, "whether this measure may be as advantageous as you hope. These fellows, these middle men, will underset the land, and live in idleness, whilst they rack a parcel of wretched under tenants" But they said they would keep the land in their own hands and improve it, and that the reason why they could not afford to improve before was, that they liad not long leases "It may be doubted whether long leases alone will make improving tenants, for in the next county to us there are many farms of the Dowager lady Ormsby's land, let at ten shillings an acre, and her tenantry are beggars, and the land now at the end of the leases is worn out, and worse than at their commencement."

'I was weary of listening to this cold reasoning, and resolved to apply no more for explanations to Mr M'Leod, yet I did not long keep this resolution infirm of purpose, I wanted the support of his approbation, at the very time I was jealous of his interference

'At one time I had a mind to raise the wages of labout, but Mr M'Leod said "It might be doubted whether the people would not work less, when they could with less work have money enough to support them"

'I was puzzled, and then I had a mind to lower the wages of labour, to force them to work or starve. Still provoking, Mr M'Leod said "It might be doubted whether it would not be better to leave them alone."

'I gave marriage portions to the daughters of my tenants, and rewards to those who had children, for I had always heard that legislators should encourage population. Still Mr M'Leod hesitated to approve he observed "that my estate was so populous that the complaint in each family was that they had not land for the sons. It might be doubted whether, if a farm could support but ten people, it were wise to encourage the birth of twenty. It might be doubted whether it were not better for ten to live and be well fed, than for twenty to be born and to be half starved."

"To encourage manufactures in my town of Glenthorn, I proposed putting a clause in my leases compelling my tenants to buy stuffs and linens manufactured at Glenthorn, and nowhere else. Stubborn M'Lood, as usual, began with "I doubt whether that will not encourage the manufacturers at Glenthorn to make bad stuffs and bad linen, since they are sure of a sale, and without danger of competition."

'At all events I thought my tenants would grow rich and independent if they made everything at home that they winted, yet Mr M'Leod perplexed me by his "doubt whether it would not be better for a man to buy shoes, if he could buy them cheaper than he could make them" He added something about the division of labour and Smith's Wealth of Nations To which I could only answer, "Smith's a Scotchman." I cannot

express how much I dreaded Mr M'Leod's I doubt and it may be doubted' (From Eurun.)

#### An Irish Postillion.

From the inn vard came a liackney chaise, in a most deplorably crazy state, the body mounted up to a prodigious height, on unbending springs, nodding forward, one door swinging open, three hlinds up, because they could not be let down, the perch tied in two places, the iron of the wheels half off, half loose, wooden pegs for linch-pins, and ropes for harness The horses were worthy of the harness, wretched little dog tired creatures, that looked as if they had been driven to the last gasp, and as if they had never been rubbed down in their lives, their bones starting through their skin, one lame, the other blind, one with a raw back, the other with a galled hreast, one with his neck poking down over his collar, and the other with his head dragged forward by a bit of a hroken bridle, held at arm's length by a man dressed like a mad beggar, in half a hat and half a wig, both awry in opposite directions, a long tattered coat, tied round his waist hy a hay-rope, the jagged rents in the skirts of this coat shewing his bare legs, marbled of many colours, while something like stockings hung loose about his ankles. The noises he made, by way of threatening or encouraging his steeds, I pretend not to describe. In an indignant voice I called to the landlord 'I hope these are not the horses—I hope this is not the chaise intended for my servants. The innkeeper, and the pauper who was preparing to officiate as postillion, both in the same instant exclaimed 'Sorrow better chaise in the county " "Sorrow " said I-" what do you mean by sorrow?' 'That there's no hetter, plase your honour, can be seen. We have two more, to be sure, but one has no top, and the other no bottom. Any way, there's no better can be seen than this same.' 'And these liorses " cried I 'why, this horse is so lame he can hardly stand' 'Oh, plase your honour, though he can t stand, he'll go fast enough. He has a great deal of the rogue in him, plase your honour He's always that way at first setting out' 'And that wretched animal with the galled breast '' 'He's all the better for it when once he warms, it's he that will go with the speed of light, plase your honour Sure, is not he knockecroghery? and didn't I give fifteen guineas for him, barring the luckpenny, at the fair of Knocke croghery, and be rising four year old at the same time?"

Then seizing his whip and reins in one hand, he clawed up his stockings with the other, so with one easy step he got into his place, and seated himself, coachman like, upon a well worn bar of wood, that served as a coach box. 'Throw me the loan of a trusty, Bartly, for a cushion,' said he. A frieze coat was thrown up over the horses' heads. Paddy caught it. 'Where are you, Hosey?' cried he to a lad in charge of the leaders. 'Sure I'm only rowling a wisp of straw on 'Throw me up,' added this my leg,' replied Hosev paragon of postillions, turning to one of the erowd of idle hy standers. 'Arrah, push me up, can't ye?' A man took hold of his knee, and threw him upon the horse. He was in his seat in a trice. Then clinging by the mane of his horse, he scrambled for the bridle, which was under the other horse's feet, reached it, and, well satisfied with bimself, looked round at Paddy, who looked back to the chaise door at my angry servants, 'secure in the last event of things'. In vain the Englishman, in monotonous anger, and the Frenchman in every note of the gamut, ahused Paddy Necessity and wit were on Paddy's side. He parried all that was said against his chaise, his horses, himself, and his country with invincible comic dexterity, till at last both his adversaries, dumfounded, clambered into the vehicle, where they were instantly shut up in straw and darkness. Paddy, in a triumphant tone, called to my postillions, hidding them 'get on, and not he stopping the way any longer' [One of the horses becomes restive.] 'Never fear,' reiterated Paddy 'I'll engage I'll be np wid him. Now for it, Knockecroghery' O the rogue, he thinks he has me at a nonplush, but I'll shew him the differ'

After this brag of war, Paddy whipped, Knocke croghery kicked, and Paddy, seemingly unconscious of danger, sat within reach of the kicking horse, twitching up first one of his legs, then the other, and shifting as the animal aimed his hoofs, escaping every time as it were hy miracle. With a mixture of temerity and pre sence of mind, which made us alternately look upon him as a madman and a hero, he gloried in the danger, secure of success, and of the sympathy of the spectators

'Ah' didn't I compass him cleverly then? O the villain, to be browbating me! I'm too 'cute for him vet See there, now, he's come to, and I'll be his bail he'!! go asy enough wid me. Ogh! he has a fine spirit of his own, but it's I that can match him 'Twould be a poor case if a man like me couldn't match a horse any way, let alone a mare, which this is, or it never would be so vicious' (From Ennum)

#### English Shyness, or 'Mauvaise Honte'

Lord William had excellent abilities, knowledge, and superior qualities of every sort, all depressed by exces sive timidity, to such a degree as to be almost useless to himself and to others Whenever he was, either for the business or pleasure of life, to meet or mix with numbers, the whole man was, as it were, snatched from himself He was subject to that nightmare of the soul who seats himself upon the human breast, oppresses the heart, palsies the will, and raises spectres of dismay which the sufferer combats in vain-that cruel enchantress who hurls her spell even upon childhood, and when she makes youth her victim, pronounces Henceforward you shall never appear in your natural character Inno cent, you shall look guilty, wise, you shall look silly, never shall you have the use of your natural faculties That which you wish to say, yon shall not say, that which you wish to do, you shall not do You shall appear reserved when you are enthusiastic-insensible, when your heart sinks into melting tenderness. In the presence of those whom you most wish to please, you shall be most awkward, and when approached by her you love, you shall become lifeless as a statue, and under the irresistible spell of 'mauvaise honte. Strange that France should give name to that malady of mind which she never knew, or of which she knows less than any other nation upon the surface of the civilised globe!

There is a Memoir of Miss Edgeworth (privatel) printed 3 vols 1867 edited by Aug J C. Hare 2 vols 1894) on which are founded the Life by Helen Zimmern (Eminent Women series 1883) and the exquisite sketch by Miss Thackeray [Mrs Richmond Ritchiel in her Book of Siörls (1883). See too the introductions by the latter to the excellent reprints of Castle Rackrent, The Absentee, and Ormond, issued in 1895 and the autohographical Memoir of Miss Edgeworth's father, completed by herself

Thomas Day (1748-89), the author of Sand ford and Merton, was born in London, and, when thirteen months old, by his father's death came into £900 a year From the Charterhouse he passed to Corpus College, Oxford, and presently struck up a close friendship with Richard Lovell Edgeworth In 1765 he entered the Middle Temple, in 1775 was called to the Bar, but he never practised A good, clever eccentric, a dis ciple of Rousseau, he brought up two girls, an orphan blonde and a foundling brunette, one of whom should become his wife That scheme miscarried, and, admitted to the Lichfield coterie, he proposed first to Honora Sneyd, and next to her sister Elizabeth She sent him to I rance to acquire the French graces, as acquired by him, they but moved her to laughter Finally in 1778 he married an appreciative heiress, and spent with her eleven happy years, farming on philanthropic and costly principles in Essex and Surrey, till in 1789 he was killed by a fall from a colt he was breaking in. His wife died broken hearted two years afterwards, and they both lie in Wargrave churchyard, near Henley Two only of Day's eleven works call for mention-The Dying Negro, partly by his friend James Bicknell, a barrister (1773), and the History of Saudford and Merton (3 vols 1783-89) The poem struck the keynote of the anti slavery movement, the child's book, like its author, is sometimes ridiculous but always excellent See Lives of Day by Keir (1791) and Blackman (1862), the Mentoirs of R L Edgeworth (1820), and Miss Thackerny's Book of Sibyls (1883)

Sir Nathanael William Wraxall (1751-1831), born at Bristol, was for three years in the East India Company's service, travelled over Europe (1772-79), and discharged various confidential and diplomatic missions. He published his Cursory Remarks made in a Tour in 1775, his Memoirs of the Valois Kings in 1777, entered Parliament in 1780 as a follower of Lord North, but went over to Pitt, and was made a baronet in 1813 His next books were the History of France from Henry III to Louis XIV (1795), Memoirs of the Courts of Berlin, Dresden, Warsaw, and Vienna (1799), and the famous Historical Memoirs of my own Time, 1772-84, not published, however, till 1815 For a libel there made on Count Woronzov, Russian envoy to England, he was fined £500 and sentenced to six months' imprisonment Violent attacks on his veracity were made by the reviews, the Quarterly and the Edunburgh being, strange to say, equally denunciatory, Macaulay unkindly discovered and named a new scientific species 'Men dacium Wravillianum,' but Wrwall's Auswers were accounted sufficient to re establish his credit on the whole, though not perhaps to authenticate all his anecdotes A continuation of the Memoirs (1784-90) was published in 1836 See Wheatley's edition of the whole work (5 vols 1884)

Robert Hall (1764-1831), born at Arnsby near Leicester, was educated at a Baptist academy at Bristol and at Aberdeen, and was appointed assistant minister at Bristol and tutor in the academy Even at Bristol his eloquent preaching attracted overflowing audiences, and at Cambridge, whither he went in 1790, he rose to the highest rank of British pulpit orators Among his writings are an Apology for the Freedom of the Press (1793) and On Terms of Communion (1815) For twenty years he laboured in Laicester, but he returned in 1826 to Bristol His most famous sermon was that on the death of the Princess Charlotte in 1817 His works, with a Memoir by Dr O Gregory, were published in 1831-33 (11th ed 1853) It cannot be said that they give an adequate notion of the fuscination he produced on his audiences by his Dugald Stewart praised his fervid eloquence style as 'the English language in its perfection' There is a short Life of him by Paxton Hood (1881)

John Foster (1770-1843), 'the essavist,' was born in the parish of Halifax, Yorkshire, the elder son of a yeoman-weaver, and was trained for the ministry at Brierly Hall and the Baptist College in Bristol, but, after preaching for twenty-five years with indifferent success to various small congrega tions, lived by literature from 1817 on in a series of Letters (1805), were only four in number-the best-known that 'On Decision of Character' In 1819 appeared his Essay on the E-uls of Popular Ignorance, urging the necessity of national education. In 1806-39 he contributed one hundred and eighty-four articles to the Eclectic Review, some of which were republished in two volumes in 1844, and, in extracts, in Fosteriana. He died at Stapleton, Bristol, his home for twenty Mackintosh regarded him as 'one of the most profound and eloquent writers England had produced' His Life and Correspondence was edited by J E Ryland (1846, new ed 1852)

## From the Essay 'On the Epithet Romantic'

If they chose, for their own and others' amusement, to dismiss a sound judgment awhile from its office, to stimu late their imagination to the wildest extravagances, and to depicture the fantastic career in writing, the book might be partly the same thing as if produced by a mind in which sound judgment had no place, it would exhibit imagination actually ascendant by the writer's voluntary indulgence, though not necessarily so by the constitution of his mind. It was a different case if a writer kept his judgment active amidst these very extravagances, with the intention of shaping and directing them to some particular end, of saure or sober truth But, however, the romances of the ages of chivalry and the preceding times were composed under neither of these intellectual They were not the productions either of conditions men who, possessing a sound judgment, chose formally to suspend its exercise, in order to riot awhile in scenes of extravagant fancy, only keeping that judgment so far awake as to retain a continual consciousness in what degree they vere extraviguat, or of men designing to give effect to truth or malice under the disguise of

a fantastic exhibition. It is evident that the authors were under the real ascendency of imagination, so that, though they must at times have been conscious of committing great excesses, yet they were on the whole wonderfully little sensible of the enormous extravagance of their fictions. They could drive on their career through monstrous absurdities of description and narra tion, without, apparently, any check from a sense of inconsistency, improbability, or impossibility, and with an air as if they really reckoned on being taken for the ventable describers of something that could exist or happen within the mundane system. And the general state of intellect of the age in which they lived seems to have been well fitted to allow them the utmost license. The irrationality of the romancers, and of the age, provoked the observing and powerful mind of Cervantes to expose it by means of a parallel and still more extravagant representation of the prevalence of imagination over reason, drawn in a ludicrous form, by which he ren dered the folly palpable even to the sense of that age. From that time the delirium alated, the works which inspirited its ravings have been blown away beyond the knowledge and curiosity of any but bihliomaniaes, and the fabrication of such is gone among the lost branches of manufacturing art

Yet romance was in some form to be retained, as in dispensable to the craving of the human mind for some thing more vivid, more elated, more wonderful, than the plain realities of life, as a kind of mental balloon, for mounting into the air from the ground of ordinary ex perience To afford this extra rational kind of luxury, it was requisi e that the fictions should still partake, in a limited degree, of the quality of the earlier romance. The writers were not to be the dupes of wild fancy, they were not to feign marvels in such a manner us if they knew no better, they were not wholly to lose sight of the actual system of things, but to keep within some measures of relation and proportion to it, and yet they were required to disregard the strict laws of verisimili tude in shaping their inventions, and to magnify and diversify them with an indulgence of fancy very con siderably beyond the bounds of probability Without this their fictions would have lost what was regarded as the essential quality of romance

If, therefore, the epithet Romantic, as now employed for description and censure of character, sentiments, and schemes, is to be understood as expressive of the quality which is characteristic of that class of fictions, it imputes, in substance, a great excess of imagination in proportion to judgment, and it imputes, in particulars, such errors as naturally result from that excess

It is not strange that a faculty of v hich the exercise is so easy and beyrtching, and the scope infinite, should obtain a predominance over judgment, especially in young persons, and in such as may have been brought up, lil e Rasselas and his companions, in great seclusion from the Indeed, a consider sight and experience of the world able vigour of imagination, though it be at the expense of a frequent predominance over juvenile understanding, seems necessary, in early life, to cause a generous ex pansion of the passions, by giving the most lively aspect to the objects which must attract them in order to draw forth into activity the faculties of our nature. It may also contribute to prepare the mind for the exercise of that faith which converses with things unseen, but converses with them through the medium of those ideal

forms in which imagination presents them, and in which only a strong imagination can present them impressively And I should deem it the indication of a character not destined to excel in the liberal, the energetic, or the devout qualities, if I observed in the youthful age a close confinement of thought to bare truth and minute accuracy, with an entire aversion to the splendours, amplifications, and excursions of fancy The opinion is warranted by instances of persons so distinguished in youth, who have become subsequently very intelligent indeed, in a cer tain way, but dry, cold, precise, devoted to detail, and incapable of being carried away one moment by any inspiration of the beautiful or the sublime. They seem to have only the bare intellectual mechanism of the human mind, without the addition of what is to give it life and sentiment. They give one an impression analogous to that of the leafless trees observed in winter, admirable for the distinct exhibition of their branches and minute ramifications so clearly defined on the sky, but destitute of all the green soft luxury of foliage which is requisite to make a perfect tree. And the affections which may exist in such minds seem to have a bleak abode, somewhat like those bare deserted nests which yon have often seen in such trees

If, indeed, the signs of this exclusive understanding in dicated also such an extraordinary vigour of the faculty as to promise a very great mathematician or meta physician, one would perhaps be content to forgo some of the properties which form a complete mind, for the sake of this pre eminence of one of its endowments, even though the person vec to be so defective in sentiment and fancy that, as the story goes of an eminent mathic matician, he could read through a most animated and splendid epic poem, and on being asked what he thought of it, grively reply, 'What does it prove?' But the want of imagination is never an evidence, and perhaps but rarely a concomitant, of superior understanding

Catherine Maria Fanshawe (1765–1834), the deformed and sickly daughter of a Surrey squire, was, like the two sisters with whom she lived in London, an accomplished draftswoman, and, though her poems were not printed till much later, was famous as a poetess towards the end of the eighteenth century best known poem is the fanious 'Riddle on the Letter H,' commonly credited to Lord Byron, of which the first line was altered-apparently by Horace Smith-to the form now current, "Twas whispered in heaven, 'twis muttered in hell,' though some of her serious poems are equally noteworthy The serio-comic Elegy on the Buthnight Ball is also famous, it begins

Now cease the exulting strain,
And bid the warbling live complain,
Heave the soft sigh and drop the tuncful tear,
And mingle notes far other than of mirth,
E'en with the song that greets the new born year,
Or hails the day that give a monarch birth

## A Riddle on the Letter H.

'Twas in heaven pronounced—it was muttered in hell, And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell, On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest, And the depth of the ocean its presence confessed 'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder, Be seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder 'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath, Attends at his birth and awaits him in death Presides o'er his happiness, honour, and health, Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care, But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir It begins every hope, every wish it must bound, With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs is crowned Without it the soldier, the serman may roam, But woe to the wretch who expels it from home ! In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found, Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion is drowned 'I'will not soften the heart, and tho' deaf be the ear, It will make it acutely and instantly hear Yet in shade let it rest like a delicate flower, Ah, breathe on it softly-it dies in an hour

James Beresford (1764-1820), born at Upham in Hampshire, was educated at the Charterhouse and at Merton College, Oxford, and died rector of Kibworth Beauchamp in Leices tershire. He wrote verse translations, religious works, and, in humorous dialogues, The Miseries of Human Life (1806-7), which scored a great success and found numerous imitators. It went through ninc editions in a twelvemonth-largely because it formed the subject of an amusing critique in the Edinburgh Review from the pen of Sir Walter Scott 'It is the English only,' Scott declared, 'who submit to the same tyranny, from all the incidental annoyances and petty vexations of the day, as from the serious calamities of life, 'and it is these petty miseries which in this work form the subject of dialogues between the imaginary interlocutors, Limothy Testy and Samuel Sensitive The jokes are frequently artificial, overstrained, and trifling, and the classical quotations far-fetched, but the author's aim was doubtless attained - the book give him éclat, and its readers laughed. These are two of the briefer 'groans'

After having left a company in which you have been galled by the raillery of some wag by profession, thinking at your leisure of a repartee which, if discharged at the proper moment, would have blown him to atoms

Rashly confessing that you have a slight cold in the hearing of certain elderly ladies 'of the faculty,' who instantly form themselves into a consultation upon your case, and assail you with a volley of nostrums, all of which, if you would have a moment's peace, you must solemnly promise to take off before night—though well satisfied that they would retaliate by 'taking you off' before morning

William Robert Spencer (1769–1834), a grandson of the third Duke of Marlborough, was educated at Harrow and Christ Church, Oxford, and from 1797 to 1826 was a commissioner of stamps. He wrote many vers de société, somewhat evaggerated in compliment and adulation, and wittily purodied in Rejected Addresses. Falling into pecuniary difficulties, he migrated in 1825 to Paris, and there he died. He was one of several

English authors (H J Pye, Taylor of Norwich, Sir Walter Scott amongst them) who about the same date translated Burger's Lenore Spencer's (1796) had many excellences, though the swift movement of Burger's varied measure is but imperfectly reproduced in monotonous verses of this kind

The fiend horse snorts, blue fiery snakes
Collected roll his nostrils round;
High reared his bristling mane he shakes,
And sinks beneath the rending ground
Demons the thundering clouds bestride,
Ghosts yell the yawning tombs beneath,
Leonora's heart, its life blood dried,
Heaves heavy in the grisp of death

Of his original poems, 'Too late I stayed' his been often quoted, but by fir the best-known (based on the Welsh form of the widespread and greatly varying folk tale) was his ballad of

# Beth Gelert, or the Grave of the Greyhound.

The spearmen heard the bugle sound, And cheerly smiled the morn, And many a brach and many a hound Obeyed Llewelyn's horn

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer
'Come, Gelert, come, west never last
Llewelyn's horn to hear

'Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam, The flower of all his race, So true, so brave—a lamb at home, A lion in the chase?'

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board
The faithful Gêlert fed,
He watched, lie served, lie cheered his lord,
And sentincled his bed

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John,
But now no Gêlert could be found,
And all the chace rode on

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowden's eraggy chaos yells
The many mingled cries!

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chace of hart and hare,
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gêlert was not there

Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied, When, near the portal seat, His truant Gêlert he espied, Bounding his lord to greet

But when he gained his castle door,
Aghast the chiefinin stood,
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore,
His lips, his fungs, ran blood

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise,
Unused such looks to meet,
His favourite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched, and licked his feet

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn passed, And on went Gelert too, And still, where'er his eyes he cast, Fresh blood gouts shocked his view

O erturned his infant's bed he found, With blood stained covert rent, And all around, the walls and ground With recent blood besprent

He called his child—no voice replied— He searched with terror wild, Blood, blood he found on every side, But nowhere found his child.

'Hell hound 'my child's by thee devoured' The frantic father eried, And to the hilt his vengeful sword He plunged in Gelert's side

His suppliant looks, as prone lie fell, No pity could impart, But still his Gelert's dying yell Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused ly Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wal ened nigh
What words the parent's joy could tell
To hear his infant's cry'

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap His hurried search had missed, All glowing from his rosy sleep, The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread, But, the same couch beneath, Lav a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead, Tremendous still in death

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain '
For now the truth was clear,
Itis gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewelyn's heir

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe,

'Best of thy kind, adieu'
The frantic blow which laid thee low
Flus heart shall ever rue'

And now a gallant tomb they raise, With cos ly sculpture decked, And marbles storied with his praise Poor Gélert's bones protect.

There, never could the spearman pass, Or forester unmoved, There, oft the tear-besprinkled grass Llewelyn's sorrow proved

And there he hung his horn and spear, And there, as evening fell, In fancy's ear he oft would hear Poor Gélert's dying yell

And, till great Snowden's rocks grow old, And cease the storm to brave, The consecrated spot shall hold The name of Gelert's Grave

# The Visionary

When midnight o er the moonless skies Her pall of transient death has spread, When mortals sleep, when spectres rise, And nought is vakeful but the dead No bloodless shape my way pursues, 'No sheeted ghost my couch annoys, Visions more sad my fancy views, Visions of long departed joys!

The shade of vonthful hope is there,
That lingered long, and latest died,
Ambition all dissolved to air,
With phantom honours by his side.

What empty shadows glimmer nigh?
They once were Friendship, Truth, and Love!
Oh, die to thought, to memory die,
Since lifeless to my heart ye prove!

These last two verses Sir Walter Scott, who knew and esteemed Spencer, quotes in his diary as fine lines expressing his own feelings amidst the wreck of his fortunes at Abbotsford A Memoir of Spencer was prefixed to a volume of his poems reprinted in 1835

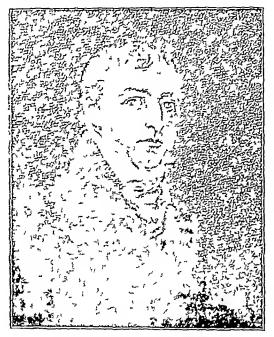
Francis Wrangham (1769–1842), son of a Yorkshire farmer, studied at Cambridge, and became an accomplished classic, English poet, and miscellaneous writer With Basil Montagu's assistance he took in pupils at his Surrey curacy, issuing an elaborate scheme of study which led Sir James Mackintosh to say 'A boy thus educated will be a walking encyclopædia,' he was ultimately Archdeacon of the East Riding of Yorkshire and Prebendary of Chester The thirty six publications by him named in the Dictionary of Vational Biography comprise Latin poems, English poems, songs, translations from Aristophanes, Virgil, Horace, Petrarch, sermons, books on the evidences of Christianity, and the English version commonly printed of Milton's second Definsio

Sh John Malcolm (1769-1833) was born at Burnfoot near Langholm, and at thirteen entered the Madras army, distinguished himself at Seringapatam (1799) and in the wars with the Pindaris and Holkar, and besides holding minor political appointments in Mysore, the Deccan, &c., was thrice ambassador to Persia in 1800-10, and Governor of Bombay (1827-30) In 1812-17 and ngain in 1822-30 he was in England, being knighted in 1812, in due time he became GCB, and having entered Parliament in 1831, opposed the Reform Bill. Several of his works became standard authorities A History of Persia (1815), Memoir of Central India (1823), Political History of India, 1784-1823 (1826), Sketches in Persia (1827), and Life of Clive (1836) A Life of him was written by Knye (1856)

James Montgomery (1771-1854) was born at Irvine in Avrshire, the son of a Moravian pastor, who from Ireland went to Barbadoes in 1783, and there died. The boy had in 1777 been sent to the Moravian school at Fulneck near Leeds, and, after ten dreamy years there, was put apprentice to a grocer at Mirfield. In his sixteenth year, with 3s 6d in his pocket, he ran away from Mirfield, and, after some suffering, became a shop boy in the village of Wath. He next tried London, carrying with him a collection of his poems, but failed to obtain a publisher. In 1792 he was clerk

in a newspaper office in Sheffield, four years later he became editor of the Sheffield Iris, a weekly journal, which he conducted on Liberal lines and in a kindly spirit till 1825 But his course did not always run smooth. In January 1795 he was tried for having struck off a broadsheet ballad by a Belfast clergyman on the demolition of the Bastille, it was really his predecessor who had printed it, but Montgomery was sentenced to three months' imprisonment in York Castle, and a fine of £20 In January 1796, tried for a paragraph in his paper on the conduct of a ningistrate in qualling a riot at Sheffield, he was again convicted, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine of £30

The Wanderer of Switzerland, and other Poems



JAMES MONTGOMERY
From an Engraving after Chantrey

(1806), dealing with the French occupation, was his first poem to catch the public ear, and speedily went through two editions, his publishers had just issued a third, when the Edinburgh Review of January 1807 'denounced the unfortunate volume in a style of such authoritative reprobation as no mortal verse could be expected to survive,' and prophesied immediate oblivion for the author and Nevertheless a score of editions of all his works what is admittedly a feeble poem appeared a lyric in it, 'The Grave,' has been always recognised as one of his best things, both Blackwood and Byron commended it. The West Indies (1809), written (in heroic couplets) in honour of the abolition of the since trade, is an eloquent, sincere, and tender expression of the kindlier sentiment of the time. Prison Amusements he had written during his nine months' confinement in York Castle. The World before the Flood, a more elaborate poem in ten

cantos, describes with much energy and with frequent touches of real human interest the antediluvian patriarchs in their happy valley, the invasion of Eden by the descendants of Cain, the loves of Javan and Zillah, the translation of Enoch, and the final deliverance of the little band of patriarchal families from the giants Thoughts on IVheels (1817) was a verse denunciation of State lotteries, and The Climbing Boy's Soliloquies, also in verse, was levelled by him and others against the cruel practice of sending boys up Greenland (1819), a poem in five chimneys cantos, dealing with the Ancient Moravian Church, its revival in the eighteenth century, and its missions to Greenland, secured favour even outside devout circles both by descriptive power and narrative interest. Montgomery's only other long poem, The Pelican Island, in nine cantos of blank verse, was suggested by a passage in Captain Flinders's voyage to Terra Australis, describing the ancient haunts of the pelican on the small islands off the Australian coast.

He wrote also a number of short pieces pub lished in periodicals, short translations from Dinte and Petrarch, and many hymns which have found wide acceptance, such as 'Go to dark Gethsemane,' 'For ever with the Lord,' 'Songs of praise the angels sang, 'Hail to the Lord's anointed,' 'According to thy gracious word, and 'Pour out thy spirit from on high' Dr John Julian computes that about a hundred of his hymns are still in common use. His selection of hymns, with introduction and notes, called The Christian Psalmist (1825), has been said to have laid the foundation of scientific hymnology 1830 and 1831 he delivered a course of lectures at the Royal Institution on Poetry and General Literature, published in 1833 A pension of £,150, conferred at the instance of Sir Robert Peel in 1835, he enjoyed till his death, at eighty-three, in 1854. Montgomery was a warm-hearted, earnest, good man, a philanthropist universally esteemed, but was great neither as a thinker nor as a poet His later poems, just touched by Shelley's influence instead of Campbell's, are decidedly better The longer ones are too long, than his earlier and tediously didactic, though relieved here and there by admirable descriptive passages 'Conscience, the bosom-hell of guilty man,' 'Where justice reigns, 'tis freedom to obey,' and the like fragments quoted from him, are rather ethical maxims than poetical thoughts Many of his shorter pieces and lyrics are really fine, but his following was always mainly amongst those who sympathised most heartily with his theological views and prized his works for their religious tone and ethical teaching. He did not overestimate his own powers as a poet, and frankly anticipated that none of his poems would live—'except perhaps a few of my hymns? He was apparently a true prophet, save for the hymns and a few selections, he is even now hardly read or remembered

## From 'Greenland.'

'Tis sunset, to the firmament serene The Atlantic wave reflects a gorgeous scene, Broad in the cloudles west, a bult of gold Girds the blue hemisphere, above unrolled The keen clear air grows palpable to sight, Embodied in a flush of crimson light, Through which the evening star, with milder gleam, Descends to meet her image in the stream Far in the cast, what spectacle unknown Allnres the eye to gaze on it alone? Amidst plack rocks, that lift on either hand Their coun less peaks, and mark receding land, Amidst a tortuous labyrinth of seas That shine around the Arctic Cyclades, Amilit a coast of dreames continent, In many a shap-less promontory rent O'er tocks, seas, islands promontories spread, The ice blink rears as undulated licad, On which the sun, beyon I the horizon shrined, Hath Lift his richest garniture behind Piled on a hundred arches, ridge by ridge, Oer fixed and fluid strides the alpine landge, Whose blocks of sapphire seem to mortal eye Hern from cerulean quarric, in the sky, W 'h graeier hattlements that crowd the spheres, The slow creation of six thousand years, Arnidst immensity it towers si blime, Wm er's eternal palace, built by Time Ali human structures by his touch are borne Do in to the dust mountains themselves are worn With his light footsteps, here for ever grow, imid the region of unnielting enous, A monument, where every flale that falls Gives adaman ine firinness to the walls The san beholds no mirror in his rice. That shed is a brighter image of his face, The stars, in their nocturnal vigils, rest like signal fire, on its illumined crest, The gliding moon around the ramparts wheels, And all its magic lights and shades reveals, Beneath, the tide with equal fury raves, To undermine it through a thousand caves, Rent from its roof, though thundering fragments oft Plunge to the gulf, immovable aloft, From age to age, in air, o er sea, on land, Its turrets heighten and its piers expand

Hark through the calm and silence of the scene, Slow, solemn, sweet, with many a pause between, Celestial music swells along the air I No ' 'tis the evening liymn of praise and prayer From yonder deck, where, on the stern retired, Three liumble voyagers, with looks inspired, And hearts enkindled with a holier slame Than ever lit to empire or to fame, Devoutly stand their choral accents rise On wings of harmony beyond the skies, And, 'midst the songs that seruph minstrels sing, Day without night, to their immortal king, These simple strains, which erst Bohemian hills Echoed to pathless woods and desert rills, Now heard from Shetland's azure bound-are known In heaven, and He who sits upon the throne In human form, with mediatorial power, Remembers Calvary, and hails the hour

When, by the Almighty Father's high decree, The utmost north to him shall bow the knee, And, won by love, an untamed rebel race kiss the victorions sceptre of his grace Then to his eye, v hose instant glance pervades Heaven's heights, earth's circle, hell's profoundest shades, Is there a group more lovely than those three Night watching pilgrims on the lonely sea? Or to his ear, that gathers in one sound The voices of adoring worlds around Comes there a breath of more delightful praise Than the faint notes his poor disciples raise, Er, on the treacherous main they sink to rest. Secure as leaning on their Master's breast? They sleep, but memory walles, and dreams array Night in a lively masquerade of day,

The land they seek, the land they leave behind, Meet on mid ocean in the plastic mind. One brings for aken home and friends so nigh, That tears in slumber swell the unconscious eye The other opens, with prophetic view, Penls which e'en their fathers never knew (Though schooled by suffering, long mured to toil, Outerst- and exiles from their natal soil), Strange scenes, strange men, untold, untried distress, Pain, hardships, famine, cold, and nul edness, Diseases, death in every hideous form, On shore at sea, by fire, by flood, by storm, Will beasts, and wilder men-unmoved with fear, Health, comfort, safety, life, they count not dear, May they but hope a Saviour's love to sher, And warn one spirit from eternal woe Nor will they faint, nor can they strive in vain, Since thus to live is Christ, to die is gain I is morn the bathing moon her lustre shrouds,

Tis morn—the bathing moon her lustre shrouds Wide o'er the east impends in irch of clouds. That spans the ocean, while the infant dawn Peeps through the portal o er the liquid lawn, That ruffled by an April gale appears, Between the gloom and splendour of the spheres, Dark purple as the moorland lieath, when rain Hings in low vapours over the autumnal plain. Till the full sun, resurgent from the flood, I ooks on the waves, and turns then into blood, but quickly kindling, as his beams aspire, The lambent billows play in forms of fire. Where is the vessel? shining through the light, Like the white sea fowl's horizontal flight, I onder she wings, and skims, and cleaves her way. Through refluent foam and indescent spray.

## Night

Night is the time for rest,

How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast

The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams,
The gry romance of life,
When trith that is, and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife,
Ah! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time to weep,

To wet with unseen tears

Those graves of memory where sleep

The joys of other years,

Hopes that were angels in their birth,

But perished young like things on earth

Night is the time to think,

Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and on the utmost brink
Of yonder starry pole,
Discerns beyond the abass of night
The dawn of uncreated light

Night is the time to pray,
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert inountains far away,
So will his followers do,
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And commune there alone with God

Night is the time for death,
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the wears breath,
From sin and suffering cease
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends—such death be mine!

#### From 'The Pelican Island,'

Light as a flake of foam upon the wind, keel upward from the deep emerged a shell, Shaped like the moon ere half her horn is filled, Truight with young life, it righted as it rose, And moved at will along the yielding water The native pilot of this little bark Put out a tier of oars on either side, Sprend to the wafting breeze a twofold sail, And mounted up and glided down the billow In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air, And wander in the luxury of light Worth all the dead creation, in that hour, To me appeared this lonely Nantilus, My fellow being, like myself alive Entranced in contemplation, vigue yet sweet, I watched its vigrant course and rippling wake, Fill I forgot the sun amidst the heavens

It closed, sunk, dwindled to a point, then nothing, While the last bubble crowned the dimpling eddy, Through which mine eye still giddily pursued it, A joyous creature vaulted through the air-The aspiring fish that fain would be a bird, On long, light wings, that flung a diamond shower Of dew drops round its evanescent form, Spring into light, and instantly descended Ere I could great the stranger as a friend, Or mourn his quick departure, on the surge A short of dolphins, tumbling in wild glee, Glowed with such orient tints, they might have been The runbow's offspring, when it met the ocean In that respleadent vision I had seen While yet in ecstasy I hung o'er these, With every motion pouring out fresh beauties, As though the conscious colours came and went At pleasure, glorying in their subtle changes Enormous o'er the flood, Leviathan Looked forth, and from his roaring nostrils sent Two fountains to the sky, then plunged amain In headlong pastime through the closing gulf

Aspirations of Youth.

Higher, higher, will we climb,
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country s story
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls '

Deeper, deeper, let us toil
In the mines of knowledge,
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil,
Win from school and college,
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems

Onward, onward, will we press
Through the path of duty,
Virtue is true happiness,
I reclience true beauty
Minds are of supernal birth,
Let us male a heaven of earth

Clo er, closer, then we knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit,
In the wildest weather
Oh they wander wide who roam,
For the joys of life, from home.

Nearer, dearer hands of love Draw our souls in union, To our l'ather's house above, To the saints' comminion, Thither every hope assend, There may all our labours end

## The Common Lot

Once, in the flight of types past,

There had a man and who was he?

Mortal! howe or the lot be east,

That man resembled thee

Unknown the region of his birth,

The land in which he died inknown
His name has perished from the earth,
This truth survives alone

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
Alternate triumphed in his breast.
His bliss and woe—a smile, a tear!
Oblivion hides the rest

The bounding pulse, the langual limb,
I he changing spirits' rise and fall,
We know that these were felt by lum,
For these are felt by all

He suffered—but his pange are o er, Enjoyed—but his delights are fled, Had friends—his friends are now no more, And foes—his foes are dead

He loved—but whom he loved the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb
Oh, she was fair! but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb

He saw whatever thou hast seen,
Encountered all that troubles thee
He was—whatever thou hast been,
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life, and light,
To him exist in vain

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flev

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this—there lived a man'

### Prayer

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire Uttered or unexpressed, The motion of a hidden fire That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lip, can try,
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath, The Christian's native air, His watchword at the gates of death He enters heaven by prayer

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice Returning from his ways, While angels in their songs rejoice, And say, 'Behold, he prays'

The saints in prayer appear as one In word, and deed, and mind, When with the Father and his Son Their fellowship they find

Nor prayer is made on earth alone The Holy Spirit pleads, And Jesus, on the eternal throne, For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God, The Life, the Truth, the Way, The path of prayer thyself hast trod Lord, teach us how to pray '

#### Home

There is a land, of every land the pride, Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside, Where brighter suns dispense serener light, And milder moons emparadise the night, A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth, Time tutored age, and love evalted vouth The wandering mariner, whose eve explores The wealthiest isles, the mot enchanting shores, views not a realm so bountiful and fair, Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air. In every clime the magnet of his soul, Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole, For in this land of heaven' peculiar grace, The heritage of nature's noblest race,

There is a spot of earth supremely blest, A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rust, Where man, creation's tyrant, casts uside His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride, While in his softened looks benignly blend The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend. Here woman reigns, the mother, daughter, wife, Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life ' In the clear heaven of her delightful eye, An angel guard of loves and graces lie, Around her I nees domestic duties meet, And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found? Art thou a man?-a patriot?-look around, Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam, That land the country, and that spot the home

Montgomery's works, in four volumes, were published in 18x1, and continued to be occasionally reprinted and portentous Memoirs were published by his friends Holland and Everett (7 vols. 1°54-50).

Thomas Hope (1770?-1831), the author of Anastasius, was one of three brothers, merchant princes of Amsterdam, whose Scottish ancestor settled in Holland in the seventeenth century When a young man he studied architecture as a profession, and spent some years sketching buildings in Egypt, Greece, Syria, Turkey, Sicily, and Spain On the French occupation of Holland, he settled in London, purchased a town house and a country mansion (Deepdene, near Dorking), which he decorated with magnificence, and in his splendid galleries he collected sculptures, vases, antiques, and pictures In 1807 he published a folio volume of drawings and descriptions of Household Furniture and Decorations The ambitious style, and the author's then quite eccentric devotion to the forms of chairs, sofas, couches, and tables, provoked a witty piece of ridicule in the Edinbin (1 Review, Byron jeered at him as a house furnisher But Hope had his revenge, through his efforts a change of taste observably gained ground. I wo other splendid publications, The Costume of the Ancients (1809) and Designs of Modern Costumes (1812) show wide knowledge and curious research In 1819 Hope dawned on society as a novelist of the first order. He had studied human nature as well as architecture and costume, and his travels had brought him into close contact with men of various creed and race. The result was Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Modern Greek, written at the close of the Lighteenth Century, in three volumes, anonymously published as a ventable history credited to Byron and others, and the idea of Hope's authorship was ridiculed till he expressly announced in Blackwood that it was his And then Hope, from being reputed a learned upholsterer or clever draftsman, was at once clevated into a rivaley with Byron as a painter of foreign scenery and manners, and with Le Sage and the other masters of the picaresque novel. The author, turning from fiction to philosophy, wrote next On the Origin erd Prospects of Man, and amidst his paradoxes, unorthodox conceits, and abstruce speculations are many original suggestions and eloquent disquis -

tions He was author also of an Essay on Architecture, published in 1835, which went through several editions At his death probate was granted for £180,000 worth of personal property Parallels have been instituted between Hope and Anastasius and Beckford and Vathek

The hero of Hope's very original romance is, like Zeluco, a villain spoiled by early indulgence, he becomes a renegade to his faith, a mercenary, a robber, and an assassin, but the elements of his better nature show themselves at times To avoid the consequences of an amour with a consul's drughter, he runs off to sea in a Venetian vessel, which is captured by pirates The pirates are in turn taken by a Turkish frigate, and Anastasius, released, fights with the Turks in the war against the Arnaouts, and accompanies the Greek dragonian to Constantinople Disgrace and beggary reduce him to various shifts and adventures follows a Jew quack doctor selling nostrums, is thrown into the Bagnio, the state prison, embraces the Turkish faith, revisits Greece, proceeds to Egypt, ranges over Arabia, and visits Malta, Sicily, and Italy In the story of his innumerable intrigues, adventures, and disasters, every aspect of Greek and Turkish society is depicted, sarcasm, piquant allusion, pathos and passion, and descrip tions of scenery being strangely intermingled Epigram and rhetorical amplification occupy too much space, but the constantly shifting scene idds the variety of a book of travels to the fasci nation of a romance The story-teller, gifted with keen insight into human weakness, describes his idventures without hypocrisy or reserve. If the pictresque elements are the most sprightly and entertaining, the most powerful passages are perhips the pathetic-the scenes with Euphrosyne, whom Anastasius has basely dishonoured, his sensations on revisiting Greece and the tomb of Helena, his reflections on the dead Arnaout soldier whom he had slain, the horrors of the plague and famine, and the death of Alexis, in whom were centred the only remains of his love and hope.

# Anastasius begins Life

My family came originally from Epirus, my father settled at Chios. His parentage was neither exalted nor yet low. In his own opinion he could boast of purer blood than any of the Palæologi, the Cantacusenes, or the Comneni of the present day. These mongrel de scendants, he used to observe, of Grecks, Venetians, and Genoese, had only picked up the fine names of former age, when the real owners dropped off he wore his own, and Signor Sotiri saw no reason why he should not, when he went forth into public, toos his head, swing his jubbee like a pendulum, from side to side, and shuffle along in his papooshes, with all the airs of quality

This worthy man combined in his single person the various characters of diplomatist, husbandman, merchant, mannfacturer, and master of a privateer. To be more explicit—he was drogueman to the French consul at Chios, in town he kept a silk loom at work, in the

country lie liad a plantation of agricum, he exported his stuffs and fruits to the principal scaports in the Archi pelago, and, in the first Russian war, he employed all his spare money in fitting out a small vessel to cruise against the enemy-for so he chose to consider the Russians. in spite of all their amicable professions towards the Greeks As a loyal subject of the Porte, and an old servant of the French Government, he felt no sort of wish to be delivered from the yoke of the Turks, and he looked upon those burbarians of the north, who cared no more for the patriarch of Constantinople than for the Pope of Rome, as little better than rank heretics, not worthy of being treated even like his silk worms, which he got every year carefully evorcised before their spinning I however remember, when a child, some buzz in the family about my father's partner in the privateer-an Ipsariote reis-having one day made a mistake, in cap turing under the rocks of Jura a rich Turkish vessel, which he went and sold to the Russians themselves, then stationed at Paros Signor Sotin shook his head at this intelligence as if he did not approve of the transaction, and observed, 'The less that was said about it the better' -I suppose therefore it was out of sheer humanity that he preferred receiving his share of the prize money, to the sterile and barbarous satisfaction of hanging his associate

Much improved in his circumstances by this untoward accident, my father would now willingly have given np his interpretership. Besides rendering him more or less dependent, it was uncomfortable in as far as, heing very deaf, he never heard what it was his business to repeat. But my mother liked the title of droguemaness. She had never heard of the necessity of a drogueman reporting speeches as he received them, and she reminded her husband how essential the protection of the French mission might be to some of his Greek speculations.

My mother was a native of Naxos, and esteemed a great heiress in her country. Slie possessed an estate of three hundred phastres a year clear, managed by a relation of her own, Marco Pohti—very wealthy himself, primate of all the Greek villages of the island, and a very great rogue

My brothers and sisters—and there came, one by one, just three of each—all contrived to take precedence of me at their birth, and consequently throughout the whole of their subsequent lives. The punctilio of the thing I should not have minded, but, among my countrymen, a foolish family pride exhausts people's fortunes in their lifetime in portioning their daughters, the elder sons ran away with what remained, and poor Anastasius brought up the rear with but an indifferent prospect. My kind parents, however, determined to make up for leaving me destitute at their death, by spoiling me as much as possible during their lives.

After all the rest of the brood had taken wing, I re mained alone at home to solace my purents. Too fond of their favourite to damp my youthful spirits by fitting me for a profession, they kindly put off from day to day every species of instruction—probably till I should beg for it, which my discretion forbade. Unfortunately nature chose not, in the meantime, to be equally dilatory with my parents, and from an angel of an infant, I became by degrees a great lubberly boy, without any other accomplishment but that of flogging my top with the left hand, while with the right I despatched my sign of the cross—for in some things I understood the value of time. My parents, as may be supposed, were great

sticklers for punctuality in every sort of devout practice, mass going, confession, Lent observance, &c. Of moral duties-less tangible in their nature-they had, poor souls! but a vague and confused notion, and the criminality of actions, in reference to one's neighbour, they taught me chiefly to estimate according to the greater or smaller risk connected with them of incurring the bastinado from the Turks As to manual correction at the hands of my own father, it seemed so desirable a circumstance, from the ample amends my mo her never failed to make her 'poor, dear, ill used boy' that my only regret on the subject arose from being able to ob'ain it so seldom.

These good people having contented themselves for a reasonable unmber of years with wistfully contemplating -the drogueman my active make and well set limbs, and the droguemaness my dark eyes, ruddy cheeks, and raven locks-they at last began to ponder how they might turn these gifts to the best advantage agreed that something should be done, but neither knew exactly what, and the one never proposed a profession which the other did not immediately object to,-till an old relation stepped in between, and recommended the church, as a never-failing resource to those who can think of no other My cousin had set the example by making his own son a little caloyer at thelve hibited by the Turks from the trade of a soldier, and by my parents from that of a sailor, I myself saw nothing better, and agreed to the proposal. It now became necessary to give me a smattering of learning, and I vas put under the tuition of a teacher of the Hellenie language, who assumed the title of Logiotatos, and only averred himself inferior to Demosthenes out of sheer My idleness got the better of my preceptor's learning and diligence. All the gold that flowed from the lips of his favourite St Chrysostom could not, to my taste, gild the bitter pill of his own tiresome comments, and even Homer, much as I lil ed fighting out of doors, found but an indifferent welcome in the study truth is, I had a dislike to reading in the abstract but when away from my books I affected a great admira tion for Achilles, called him in reference to Epirus, the land of my ancestors, 'my countryman,' and regretted that I was not born two thousand years ago, for no other purpose but to be his Patroclus In my fits of heroism I swore to treat the Turks as he had done the Trojans, and for a time dreamt of nothing but putting to the sword the whole Seraglio-dwarfs, eunuclis, and all. These dreams my parents highly admired, but advised me not to disclose in common 'Just rancour,' they said, 'gathers strength by being repressed '-Upon this principle they ennged to the ground to every Moslemin they met.

The inclinations of the little future papas for the church militant began, meantime, to appear more pro I had collected a troop of ragamuffins of m) own age, of whom I got myself dubbed captain, and, having purloined from my uncle, the painter, one of his most smirking Madounas for a banner, took the field under the auspices of the Panagia, and set about robbing orchards, and laving under contribution the villagers, with all the devotion imaginable. So great was the terror which our crusades inspired, that the sufferers durst not even complain, except in a body Whenever as chief of the band I became the marked object of animadversion, I kept out of the way till my father had paid the damage, and had moreover sued my

pardon for his backwardness in doing so Once, indeed, when, tired of my prants, he swore I would be his ruin, I suggested to him an effectual mode of quicting his fears, by granting me an unlimited leave of absence. and pledged myself not to return till doomsday was too much for a dotting parent. Sooner than part with his Anastasius, Dimitri Sotiri would live bribed the peasants beforehand to suffer all my future depredations

Thus early disposed and trained to the business of tithing my father felt a little surprised when, on the eye of taking orders, I begged to be excused For the first time in his life Signor Sotiri insisted on implicit obedience, but that first time came too late. I made it the last, by swearing that if he forced me to take the mitre, I vould hide it under a turban. He yielded, and contented himself with quietly asking what I finally meant to "Nothing," vas the answer of my heart but the profession of doing nothing requires ample means. therefore pretended a wish to learn trade. assented, and forthwith wrote to a Smyrna merchant of his acquaintance to receive me into his counting house.

Meantime I found an employment for my leisure hours which put an end to all childish pastimes. Signor Sotiri, though, as before mentioned, a little hard of hearing, wanted not fluency of speech. His oratory had chiefly been exerted to render his patron dumb constantly represented to him how absolutely the dignity of his station forbade his having the least conversation with the natives, and how incumbent upon him it was, though born and bred in the Levant, to appear not to understand a single word of its idioms. By this device he kept all the speechifying to himself, and in truth, with the Turks in office, at all times more prone than strict politeness permits to compliment the representatives of Christian powers with the titles of 'infidel, vaoor, and Christian dog,' and at this particular juncture morethan usually out of humour in consequence of the Russian war, this was often the only way to save the consular pride from some little rubs, otherwise unavoidable in the necessary intercourse with the local government. Hence Mr de M--- not only never stirred from home without his interpreter by his side, but had him constantly at his elbow within doors, and made him the sole channel of his official transactions a circumstance which my father perfectly knew how to turn to the best advantage.

I too, in my capacity as the drogueman's chief assistant and messenger, was in daily attendance at the consular mansion, which proved useful to ine in one respect, as it gave me an opportunity of learning the Tiench language,-and that with the greater fluency, from the circumstance of no one offering expressly to teach me. The old consul had, between his dignity with the Greeks and his princtilio with the Turks, but little society, and I therefore soon became by the sprightliness of my repartees a very great favourite. Mr de M-- not only encouraged me to take a part in conversation but would even condescend to laugh most heartily both at my wittieisms and my practical jokes, whenever nei her him self, nor his servants, nor his relations, nor his friends, nor his proteges, were made to smart from their keenness, or involved in their consequences.

Fublee, flowing gown frequencia (At tryuman) interpre dragoman nerwire, oranges and lemons. If the te test shipmaster of the island of Ipsara cultyer, fran Leguiates, mon learned Chrisateria means golden-mouthed Matteria pro-fessor of Islam true believer, fatas priest pope Fanagia, all holy the Virgin Mary From, gracur infidel

Matthew Gregory Lewis (1775-1818)-'Monk Lewis'-was born in London, his father being deputy-secretary in the War Office, and owner of large estates in Jamaica. Mat was educated at Westminster and Christ Church College, Oxford, and, at Weimar in 1792-93, was introduced to Goethe. As a child he had pored over Glanvill on Witchcraft and other books of diablerie, in Germany romance and the drama were his favourite studies, and whilst resident at the Hague he composed in ten weeks his novel of Ambrosio, or the Monk (1795), which makes extravagant use of supernatural machinery, and in many passages frankly panders to lubricity A prosecution was not unnaturally threatened on account of some of the luxurious scenes and more than risky descriptions, and to avert trouble Lewis pledged himself to recall the printed copies and recast the work-though how opposition could be silenced without stultifying the whole plot it is not easy to conceive. But throughout life he adhered to the same strain of marvellous and terrific composition-now clothing it in verse, now moulding it into a drama, and at other times contenting himself with the story form His Tales of Terror (1799), Tales of Wonder (1801)-to which Scott and Southey contributed -Romantic Tales (1808), The Bravo of Venice and Fendal Tyrants (both translated from the German), and the tragedies Alphonso (1801), Adelgitha (1807), &c., appeal to a temporary taste nurtured on Mrs Radcliffe. The Last Indian (1799) was a comedy, Timour the Tartar a melodrama, and One o'clock a 'musical romance,' Crazy Jane (1797), a once popular poem, was based on an encounter with an actual maniac, and The Captive, a Monodrama, exploited the ravings of a lunatic. In his first novel are found several of the poems, the loveditties, drinking-songs, or anecdotes in rhyme he had the knack of throwing off, and his ballads of 'Alonzo the Brave' and 'Durandarte' proved to his contemporaries as attractive as Ambrosio's own adventures He brings in weird tales 'from the Danish' of the Erl King or Oak King, of the Fire King, and the Water King, translating the latter in verse, and he refers familiarly to the old romances of Amadis, Perceforest, Palmerin of England, and the Loves of Tristan and Queen Iseult. Flushed with the brilliant success of his romance, and fond of prominence and distinguished society, Lewis in 1796 procured a seat in Parliament for the borough of Hindon, as Beckford had done before him, but he never attempted to address the House, and sat for only six years The theatres offered a more attractive arena for. his talents, and his play of The Castle Spectre, produced in 1797, was applauded as enthusiastically as his romance

While on a visit to Edinburgh in 1798 he met young Walter Scott, who had recently published his translations from Burger, and who thirty years

afterwards told Allan Cunningham that he never felt such elation as when Lewis asked him to dine with him at his hotel! Lewis schooled the great poet on his incorrect verses, and proved himself, as Scott says, 'a martinet in the accuracy of rhymes and numbers' Furthermore, 'he had always dukes and duchesses in his mouth, and was pathetically fond of any one that had a title, you would have sworn he had been a parvenu of yesterday' Yet Scott, though like Byron he admitted Lewis was at length tiresome, recognised his good qualities 'He was one of the kindest and best creatures that ever lived. His father and Mr Lewis allowed his mother li ed separately son a handsome income, but reduced it by more than one-half when he found that he paid his mother a moiety of it. Mat restricted himself in all his expenses, and shared the diminished income with her as before. He did much good by stealth, and was a most generous creature.' The publication of his correspondence twenty vears after his death proved that much good sense, discretion, and kind feeling had been too completely hidden by the exaggerated romance of his writings, by his lax morals and frivolous The death of his father in 1812 made manners him a man of independent fortune ceeded to plantations in the West Indies, besides a large fortune in money, and to better the con dition of his slaves there, good-hearted, loquacious, clever little 'Mat' forsook the society of the Prince Regent and all his other great friends, and sailed for the West Indies in 1815 Of this and a sub sequent voyage he wrote a narrative, the Journal of a West Inaia Proprietor (1834), which Coleridge pronounced 'delightful,' it is valuable still if only for its wealth of negro folklore, and is, perhaps, his best work.

Lewis returned to England in 1816, but after a visit to Byron and Shelley at Geneva, went on to Naples, and in 1817 sailed again for Jamaica, where he found that his attorney had grossly mismanaged his property. Having adjusted his affairs, the 'Monk' embarked on his homeward voyage, but the climate had impaired his health, and he died of yellow fever while the ship was passing through the Gulf of Florida (1818)

The main plot of the Monk is taken from the tale of the Santon or dervish Barsisa in Steele's Guardian, as that came from the Turkisl Tales, translated from Petis de la Croix's version of Shaikh Zadah Ambrosio, the hero, is abbot of the Capuchins at Madrid, and called from his reputed sanctity and his eloquent preaching the Man of Holiness Severe in his saintly judgments, full of religious pride, he thinks himself proof against all temptation, but tempted to his fall by a young and beautiful she demon, he proceeds from crime to crime, his female Mephistopheles, Matilda, aiding him by her unexpected powers of sorcery, till, detected in a deed of murder, he is tried, tortured, and convicted by

the Inquisition While trembling at the approach ing auto da ft, his evil genius brings him a my sterious book, by help of which he may summon Lucifer The Evil One appears with thunder and carthquake, and the wretched monk, having sold his hope of salvation to recover his liberty, is borne aloft and afar, only to be dashed to pieces on a rock. Lewis relieved a story which never shrinks from the supernatural machinery Mrs Radcliffe adopted only in semblance, by episodes and lovescenes, one of which—the Bleeding Nun—is told with exceptional narrative power, though it tends to embarrass the progress of the main tale a whole the story is ill put together, and shows neither skill in character-painting nor graces of style. Men and women alike melodrimatic, almost Byronic, are completely subject to their passions, temptation and opportunity justify any fall from virtue, it is difficult to remember which character is at any moment talking or acting. Incredible conjunctures and manifest impossibilities constantly occur even when supernatural aid has no, been invoked Convent life is represented from the point of view not of an ultra-Protestant but a Voltairean freethinker, a truly pious Spanish lady had carefully to expurgate the Bible before submitting it to a pure-minded girl's reading Vraisemblance is little regarded, and 'local colour' defied, the 'Monk' is no monk but a Franciscan frar, an abbot of Capuchins, and though the scene is Madrid, the characters address one another as 'signor' and 'signora,' and ejaculate scraps, not of Spanish, but of stage Italian famous scene at a robber's hut in a forest was evidently suggested by Smollett's Count Fathom Besides his copious use of magic, incantations, and spirits to carry on his story, and his wanton gloating over scenes of luxury and license (hideously complicated by matricide and unconscious incest), Lewis resorted to an even more revolting category of horrors-loathsome images of mortal corruption and decay the festering relics of death and the grave. But even when its startling aefects and blemishes are fully admitted, the Mank remains in every way a marvellous production for a boy of twenty The Bravo of Venice has enough and to spare of banditti, disguises, plots, and mysterious adventures, daggers and bowls, but nothing to match the best parts of the Monk, though the style is simpler In none of h s works does Lewis show any sense of humour

## A Conjuration by the Wandering Jew

Raymond in the Monk is pursued by a spectre representing a Deeding nun, which appears at one o clock in the morning repeating a bleod-curdling chant, and pressing her lips to his I very succeeding visit inspires him with greate horror, and he becomes exces ively ill. His servant Theodore, meets with a stranger intimately ascertained to be the Wandering Jew who I-Ts him to hid his mas er with for him when the clock strikes one are Respaced tells what he fell when the summons was obesied.

He was a man of majes to presence, his counterance was strongly marked, and his eyes were large, black,

and sparkling, yet there was a something in his look which, the moment that I saw him, inspired me with a secret awe, not to say horror He was dressed plainly, his hair was unpowdered, and a band of black velvet, which encircled his forehead, spread over his features an additional gloom. His countenance were the marks of profound melancholy, his step was slow, and his manner grave, stately, and solemn He saluted me with politeness, and having replied to the usual compli ments of autroduction, he motioned to Theodore to quit the chamber The page instantly withdrew 'I know your business,' said lie, without giving me time to speak "I have the power of releasing you from your nightly visitor, but this cannot be done before Sunday the hour when the Sabbath morning breaks, spiritsof darkness have least influence over mortals. After Saturday, the nun shall visit you no more.' 'Max I not inquire,' said I, 'by what means you are in posses sion of a secret a luch I have carefully concealed from the knowledge of every one?' 'How can I be ignorant of vour distresses, when their cause at this moment stands before you?' I started The stranger continued -'Though to you only visible for one hour in the twentyfour, neither day nor night does she ever quit you, nor will she ever quit you till you have granted her request ' ' And what is that request?' 'That she must herself explain, it lies not in my knowledge. Wait with prince for the night of Saturday, all shall be then cleared up ' I dared not press him further He soon after changed the conversation, and talked of various matters. He named people who had ceased to exist for many contunes, and yet with whom he appeared to have been personally acquainted. I could not mention a countri, however distant, which he had not visited, nor could I sufficiently admire the extent and variety of his informa-I remarked to him, that having travelled, seen, and known so much, must have given him infinite pleasure. He shook his head mournfully 'Do one,' he replied, is adequate to comprehending the miscry of my lot! Fate obliges me to be constautly in movement, I am not permitted to pass more than a fortnight in the same place. I have no friend in the world, and, from the restlessness of my destiny, I never can acquire one Fun would I lay down my miserable life, for I envy those who enjoy the quiet of the grave, but death eludes me, and flies from my embrace. In vain do I throw myself in the way of danger. I plunge into the ocean-the waves throw me back with abhorrence upon the shore, I rush into fire-the flames recoil at my approach, I oppose myself to the fury of bandittitheir swords become blunted, and break against nix breast. The hungry tiger shudders at my approach, and the alligator flies from a monster more horrible than itself God has set his seal upon me, and all his creatures respect this fatal mark. He put his hand to the velvet which was bound round his forehead. There was in his eves an expression of fury, despur, and malevolence, that struck horror to my very soul. An involuntary convulsion made me shudder. The stranger perceived 'Such is the curse imposed on me, he continued, 'I am doomed to inspire all who look on me with terror and detestation. You already feel the influence of the charm and with every succeeding moment vall I will not add to your suffering- hi my ful it more presence. Farewell till Saturday As soon as the clock stakes twelve, expect me at your chamber

Having said this, he departed, leaving me in aston ishment at the mysterious turn of his manner and conversation. His assurances that I should soon be relieved from the apparition's visits produced a good effect upon my constitution Theodore, whom I rather treated as an adopted child than a domestic, was sur prised, at his return, to observe the amendment in my looks 11e congratulated me on this symptom of return ing health and declared himself delighted at my having received so much benefit from my conference with the Great Mogul [so called, really the Wandering Jew]. Upon inquiry I found that the stranger had already passed eight days in Ratisbon According to his own account, therefore, he was only to remain there six days longer Saturday was still at a distance of three Oh, with what impitience did I expect its arrival l In



MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS

From the Portrait by H. W. Pickersgill, R.A., in the National

Portrait Gallery

the interim, the bleeding nun continued her noctifrial visits, but hoping soon to be released from them altogether, the effects which they produced on me became less violent than before

The wished for night arrived To avoid creating suspicion, I retired to bed at my usual hour, but as soon as my attendants had left me, I dressed myself again, and prepared for the stranger's reception. He entered my room upon the turn of midnight. A small chest was in his hand, which he placed near the stove He saluted me without speaking, I returned the com pliment, observing an equal silence. He then opened the cheet. The first thing which he produced was a small wooden crucifix, he sank upon his knees, gazed upon it mournfully, and east his eyes towards heaven He seemed to be praying devoutly. At length he bowed his head respectfully, kissed the crucifix thrice, and quitted his I neeling posture. He next drew from the chest a covered goblet with the liquor which it con tained, and which appeared to be blood, he sprinkled the floor and then dipping in it one end of the crueifix, he described a circle in the middle of the room. Round about this he placed various reliques, skulls, thigh bones, &c. I observed that he disposed them all in the form of crosses Lastly, he took out a large Bible, and beckoned me to follow him into the circle. I obeyed

Be cautious not to utter a syllable!' whispered the stranger 'step not out of the circle, and as you love yourself, dare not to look upon my face.' Holding the crucifix in one hand, the Bible in the other, he seemed to read with profound attention The clock struck one, as usual, I heard the spectre's steps upon the staircase, but I was not seized with the accustomed shivering. I waited her approach with confidence. She entered the room, drew near the circle, and stopped muttered some words, to me unintelligible. Then rais ing his head from the book, and extending the crucifix towards the ghost, he pronounced in a voice distinct and solemn 'Bentrice' Beatrice' 'What wouldst thou?' replied the apparation in a hollow falter ing tone 'What disturbs thy sleep? Why dost thou afflict and torture this youth? How can rest be restored to thy unquiet spirit?' 'I dare not tell, I must not tell Fain would I repose in my grave, but stern commands force me to prolong my punishment '' 'Knowest thou this blood? Knowest thou in whose veins it flowed? Beatrice ' Béatrice ' in his name I charge thee to answer me' 'I dare not disobey my taskers' 'Darest thoa disobev me?' He spoke in a commanding tone, and drew the sable band from his forehead. In spite of his injunction to the contrary, curiosity would not suffer me to keep my eyes off his face. I raised them, and beheld a burning cross impressed upon his brow horror with which this object inspired me I cannot account, but I never felt its equal. My senses left me for some moments, a mysterious dread overcame my courage, and had not the exorciser caught my hand, I should have fallen out of the circle. When I recovered myself, I perceived that the burning cross had produced an effect no less violent upon the spectre. Her counten ance expressed reverence and horror, and her visionary limbs were shaken by fear 'Yes,' she said at length,
'I tremble at that mark! I respect it! I obey you' Know, then, that my bones he still unburied-they rot in the obscurity of Lindenberg hole. None but this youth has the right of consigning them to the grave His own lips have made over to me his body and his soul, never will I give back his promise, never shall he know a night devoid of terror unless he engages to collect my mouldering bones, and deposit them in the family vault of his Andalusian castle. Then let thirty masses be said for the repose of my spirit, and I trouble this world no more. Now let me depart, those flames are scorching '

He let the hand drop slowly which held the crucifix, and which till then he had pointed towards her The apparation bowed her head, and her form melted into air

## A Welcome from his Negroes

As soon as the carriage entered my gates, the uproar and confusion which ensued sets all description at de fiance. The works were instantly all abandoned, every thing that had life came flocking to the house from all quarters, and not only the men, and the women, and the children, but, 'by a bland assimilation,' the liogs, and the dogs, and the geese, and the fowls, and the turkeys, all came hurrying along by instinct, to see what could possibly be the matter, and seemed to be afraid of

arriving too late. Whether the pleasure of the negroes was sincere may be donbted, but, certainly, it was the loadest that I ever witnessed, they all talked together, sang, danced, shonted, and, in the violence of their gesuculations, tumbled over each other, and rolled about upon the ground Tv enty voices at once inquired after zacles and aunts, and grandfathers and great grand mothers of mine, who had been buried long before I was m existence, and whom, I verily believe, most of them only knew by tradition. One woman held up her little maked black child to me, grinning from ear to ear-Look, massa, look here ' bim nice lilly neger for massa ' Another complained—'So long since none come sec we, massa, good massa come at last.' As for the old people, they were all in one and the same story now they had lived once to see massa, they were ready for dying to morrow-them no care.' The shouts, the guety, the wild laughter, their strange and sudden bursts of singing and dancing, and several old women, wrapped up in large cloaks, their heads bound round with different coloured handkerchiefs, leaning on a staff, and standing motionless in the middle of the hubbub, with their eves fixed upon the portico which I occupied, formed an exact counterpart of the festivity of the witches in Mac beth. Nothing could be more odd or more novel than the whole scene, and yet there was something in it by which I could not help being affected Perhaps it was the consciousness that all these human beings were my

### Durandarte and Belerma

Sad and fearful 15 the story Of the Roncevalles fight On those fatal plains of glory Perished many a gallant knight

There fell Durandarte, never Verse a nobler chieftain named, He, before his hips for ever Closed in silence, thus exclaimed

'Oh, Belerma' oh, my dear one, For my pain and pleasure born, Seven long years I served thee, fair one, Seven long years my fee was scorn.

'And when now thy heart, replying To my wishes, burns like mine, Cruel fate, my bliss denying, Bids me every hope resign

'Ah' though young I fall, believe me, Death would never claim a sigh 'Tis to lose thee, 'tis to leave thee, Makes me think it hard to die!

'Oh' my cousin, Montesinos, By that friendship firm and dear Which from youth has lived between us, Now my last petition hear

'When my soul, these limbs forsaking, Eager seeks a purer air, From my breast the cold heart taking, Give it to Belerma's care

'Say, I of my lands possessor Named her with my dying breath, Say, my lips I oped to bless her, Ere they closed for aye in death Twice a week, too, how sincerely I adored her, cousin, say,
Twice a week, for one who dearly
Loved her, cousin, bid her pray

'Montesinos, now the honr Marl ed by fate is near at hand, Lo' my arm has lost its power, Lo' I drop my trusty brand

' Eyes, which forth beheld me going Homewords ne'er shall see me hie, Cousin, stop those tears o'erflowing, Let me on thy bosom die

'Thy kind hand my eyelids closing, let one favour I implore— Pray thou for my sonl's reposing, When my heart shall throb no more.

'So shall Jesus, still attending, Gracious to a Christian's vow, Pleased accept my ghost ascending, And a seat in heaven allow'

Thus spoke gallant Durandarte, Soon his brave heart broke in twun. Greatly joyed the Moorish party That the gallant knight was slain

Bitter weeping, Montesinos Took from him his helm and glaive, Bitter weeping, Montesinos Dug his gallant cousin's grave

To perform his promise made, he Cut the heart from out the breast, That Belerma, wretched lady 1 Might receive the last bequest.

Sad was Montesinos' heart, he Felt distress his bosom rend 'Oh' my cousin, Dirandarte, Woe is me to view thy end'

'Sweet in manners, fair in favour, Mild in temper, fierce in fight, Warnor nobler, gentler, braver, Never shall behold the light

'Cousin, lo' my tears bedew thee, How shall I thy loss survive? Durandarte, he who slew thee, Wherefore left be me alive?'

Matilda fascinates Ambrosio by singing this ballad to him, accompanying herself on the harp—that which follows is read, not without qualms of discomfort, in a lonely room at dead of night, out of an old bool of Spanish ballads—hy Antonia, another of Ambrosios victims whom Matilda, after he tired of her, obligingly put in his power hy sorcery

### Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene

A warrior so bold, and a virgin so bright,
Conversed as they sat on the green,
They gazed on each other with tender delight
Alonzo the brave was the name of the knight—
The maiden's, the Fair Imogene

'And, oh!' said the youth, 'since to-morrow I go
To fight in a far-distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
Some other will court you, and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand ''

'Oh! hush these suspicions,' I air Imogene and,
'Offensive to love and to me,
For, if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the Virgin that none in your stead
Shall husband of Imogene be

'If e'er 1, by hist or by wealth led aside,
I orget my Alonzo the Brave,
God grant that, to pinnish my falsehood and pride,
Your ghost at the marriage may sit by my side,
May tax me with perjury claim me as bride,
And bear me away to the grave "

To Palestine hastened the hero so bold,

His love she lamented him sore;
But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when, behold?
A baron, all covered with jewels and gold,

Arrived at I air Imogene's door

His treasures, his presents, his spicious domain, Soon made her untrue to her vows, He dazzled her eyes, he bewildered her brain, He caught her affections, so light and so vain, And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blest by the priest. The revely now was begun,
The tables they grouned with the weight of the feast,
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceased,
When the bell at the castle told—one

Then first with amazement Fair Imagene found
A stranger was placed by her side
Ilis air was terrific, he attered no sound—
He spake not he moved not, he looked not around—
But earnestly gazed on the bride.

His vizor was closed, and gigantic his height,
His armour was sable to view,
All pleasure and laughter were hushed at his sight,
The dogs, as they eved him, drew back in affright
The lights in the chamber burned blue!

His presence all bosons appeared to dismit,

The guests sat in silence and fear

At length spake the bride, while she trembled 'I pray,

Sir knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,

And deign to partake of our cheer'

The lady is silent, the stranger complies—
His vizor lie slowly unclosed,
O God! what a sight met I air Imogene's cyes!
What words can express her dismay and surprise
When a skeleton's head was exposed!

All present then uttered a terrified shout,
All turned with disgust from the scene,
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And sported his eyes and his temples about,
While the spectre addressed Imagene

'Behold me, thou false one, behold me'' he cried,

'Remember Alonzo the Brave'
God grants that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,
My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side,
Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee is bride,
And bear thee away to the grave''

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While loudly she shricked in dismay,
Then sank with his prey through the wide yawning ground
Nor ever again was Fair Imogene found,
Or the spectre that bore her away

Not long lived the baron, and none, since that time,
To inhabit the castle premine.
I or chronicles tell that, by order sublime,
There Imagene suffers the pain of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom

At midnight, four times in each year, does her sprite,
When mortals in slumber are bound,
Arrayed in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with the skeleton knight,
And shrick as he v hirls her around

While they drind out of skulls nearly torm from the grave, Dancing round them the spectres are seen. Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave. They how! "To the health of Alonzo the Brave, And his consort, the I ar Imogene."

lemms Journal of a West It dia 11 refrect rand the Life and Correst 1 dence, 1 whiched in 18 9, are the Lographical an horner. His Tales of Terror and Wender are region of in Heary Morley's Universal Library. The Ment Lipet in rios libraries.

Charles Robert Haturin (1782-1824), born in Dublin of Huguenot ancestrs, at fifteen en tered Trimity College, and became curate first of Longhren and then of St Peter's, Dublin came forward in 1807 as an imitator of the blood curding and nightmansh style of novel-viring, of which 'Monk' Lewis was the modern master. The style, as Maturin afterwards confessed, was out of date when he was a boy, and he had not power The Fatal Revenge, or the Landy to revive it of Montorio (1807), his first effort, was soon in high favour in the circulating libraries, and seems to have been liked the better because imagination and elaborated diction were carried to the height of extravagance and bombast. To it succeeded Tre-Wild Irish Boy (1808), Inc Milesian Crief (1812), Women, or Pour et Contre (1818), and Melmota the Harderer (1820)—all romances in three or In Honer Maturin nimed at four volumes depicting real life and manners, and we have pictures of Calvinistic Methodists, an Irish Mer Merrilics, and an Irish hero, De Courcy, com pounded of contradictions and improbabilities Eva Wentworth and Zaira, a brilliant Italianwho afterwards turns out to be Evas mother-De Courcy is in are drawn with some skill love with both, and both are blighted by his in Eva, who is purity itself dies calmly constancy and tranquilly, elevated by religious hope, Zaira meditates suicide, but lives on, as if spell bound to the death place of her daughter and lover, and De Courcy very properly perishes of remorse. Maturin's tragedy, Bertram, had a success at Drury Lane in 1816, his next, Hannel and Fredolpho, Meln oth is the were both promptly damned most hyperbolical of Maturin's romances. hero, a compound of Faust, Mephistopheles, the Wandering Jew, and the Prisoner of Chillon. 'gleams with demon light,' and, owing to a compact with Satan, lives a century and a half, meeting with all manner of preposterous adventures, which might be gruesome were they less tedious and puerile, some of the details are absolutely sickening

and loathsome, and suggest the last convulsive efforts and perversities of the 'Monk' Lewis school of romance. There are two real mysteries about Melmoth—one that it should have fascinated Balzac and Rossetti, the other that in 1892 it should have been deemed worthy of republication, with a memoir, a bibliography, and a 'Note on Maturin, whom the nameless editors seem to rank above Goethe, Byron, Calderon, Marlone, and Milton. In 1824—the year of his premature death by accidentally swallowing an embrocation - Maturin published The Albigenses, intended as one of a series of romances illustrative of Euro pean feelings and manners in ancient, mediaval, and modern times Laying the scene of his story in France, in the thirteenth century, the author connected it with the wars between the Catholics and the Albigenses, the latter being the earliest of the reformers of the faith. Such a time was well adapted for the purposes of romance, as has been proved both before and since Maturin pro duced lively but fanciful pictures of the Crusaders, and eloquent descriptions of the Albigenses in their lonely worship among rocks and mountains, but he had not the power of portraying or creating living characters, and his attempts at humour were dismal failures The following, from Melmoth, shows Maturin at his best or worst, according as one takes him

### The Victim of the Inquisition

The rep iles, who filled the hole into which I had been thrust, gave me opportunity for a kind of constaut, miserable, ridiculous hostility My mat had been placed in the very seat of warfare, -I shifted it, -still thev pursued me, -I placed it against the wall, -the cold crawling of their bloated limbs often awoke me from my sleep, and still oftener made me shudder when awake. I struck at them, -I tried to terrify them by my voice, to arm myself against them by the help of m) mat, but, above all, my anxiety was ceaseless to defend my head from their loathsome incursions, and my pitcher of water from their dropping into it. I adopted a thousand precautions, trivial as they were melficacious, but still there was occupation I do assure you, Sir, I had more to do in my dungeon than in my all To be fighting with reptiles in the dark appears the most horrible struggle that can be assigned to mau, but what is it compared to his combat with those reptiles which his own heart hourly engenders in a cell, and of which, if his heart be the mother, solitude is the father? I had another employment,-I cannot call it occupation I had calculated with myself that sixty minutes made an hour, and sixty seconds a minute I began to think I could keep time as accurately as any clock in a convent, and measure the hours of my con finement or-my release. So I sat and counted sixty, a doubt always occurred to me that I was counting them faster than the clock Then I wished to be the clock, that I might have no feeling, no motre for hurry ing on the approach of time Then I reckoned slower Sleep sometimes overtook me in this exercise (perhaps I adopted it from that hope), but when I awoke, I applied to it again instantly Thus I oscillated, reckoned, and measured time on my mat, while time

vithheld its delicious diary of rising and setting suns,—of the devs of dawn and of twilight,—of the glow of morning and the shades of the evening. When my reckoning was broken by my sleep (and I knew not whether I slept by day or by night), I tried to eke it out by my incessant repetition of minutes and seconds, and I succeeded, for I always consoled myself, that whatever hour it was, sixty minites must go to an hour. Had I led this life much longer, I might have been converted into the idiot who, as I have read, from the habit of watching a clock, imitated its mechanism so well that when it was dawn, he sounded the hour as faithfully as ear could desire. Such was my life

Thomas Bowdler (1754-1825) has, as editor of the 'Family Shakespeare,' been made to furnish the English language with a series of words with unjustly suspicious associations Born of wealthy parents at Ashley near Bath, he went at sixteen to St Andrews to study medicine, but graduated WD of Edinburgh in 1776 After some years of tra el in France, Germany, Italy, and Sicily (twice climbing Mount Etna), he settled in London, but did not practise his profession, devoting himself rather to charitable work in connection with prisons, penitentiaries, and Magdalen asylums, he became the continuator of John Howard's good work. He was a friend of Howard's, an intimate of the circle to which Mrs Montagu, Mrs Chapone, and Hannah More belonged, and remembered Dr Johnson vividly For ten years he lived at St Boniface in the Isle of Wight, and for the last fifteen years of his life at Rhyddings near Swansea. His Letters Written in Holland (1788) give an account of the revolutionary movement of the previous vehr, and in 1815 he published one or two minor biographical works But it was in 1818 that he produced 'The Family Shakespeare, in 10 vols, in which nothing is added to the original text, but those words and expressions are omitted which cannot with propriety be read aloud in a family ' The work had a large sale, ran through more than half-a dozen editions, and was long popular, spite of the ridicule it brought down upon the head of its editor last years of Bowdler's life were given to the task of preparing an expurgated edition of Gibbon's History, which was published in six volumes the year after his death, edited by his nephew, and described as being 'for the use of Families and Young Persons, reprinted from the original text, with the careful omissions of all passages of an irreligious or immoral tendency.' And the editor congratulated his uncle on 'the peculiar happiness' of having so purified Shakespeare and Gibbon that they could no longer 'raise a blush on the cheek of modest innocence, nor plant a pang in the heart of the devout Christian' It would be unfair to say that he also Bowdlerized the Old Testament, but he prepared for a Sunday school Society Select Chapters from the Old Testament, with Short Introductions, issued in 1822

The word Bowdlerese, first used apparently in 1836, has become common (usually as Borodlerise) since about 1870, with a whole train of derivatives -Bow dierism, Bowdierization, Bowdierizar, &c.and is rarely used save with sovereign contempt for the process, the theory, and the man, even by those who would unlicitatingly refuse to read floud every and any passage of Shakespeare to boys and girls just old enough to understand and appreciate the jests and allusions Boudler excised If the work was to be done, it is doubtful if it could have been done much more judiciously is one thing to Bowdlerize for a special purpose, quite another to Bowdlerize by omissions what is meant to be a standard text (as Dr Mitchell for the Scottish Text Society has Boudlerized in 1897 some of the Gude and Godlie Ballads), and a third thing to substitute as the author's considerable passages which the original writer never wrote or imagined Bowdler was by no means the first or most prudish preparer of expurgated editions, he was, indeed, considerably less precise than many more recent expurgators of Shake speare for schools Castrated editions of the classics are an old established institution, and the castration of Shirkespeare had long been i familiar art. Girrick Bowdlerized him remorse lessly, both on the stage and in print, all modern stage managers carefully cut most of the passages Bowdler excised, and it is something for the typical English Expurgator to have Mr Swinburne's strong support and hearty commendation 'More nauseous or foolish cant was never chattered than that which would dende the memory or depreciate the merits of Boudler No man ever did better service to Shakespeare than the man who made it possible to put him into the hands of intelligent and imaginative children' (Studies in Prose and Poetry, page 98) Bowdler himself defended his Shikespearean enterprise in a temperately argued pamphlet called A Letter to 'the British Critic,' which he said was occasioned by the censure pronounced in the work on 'Johnson, Pope, Bowdler, Warburton, Theobald, Steevens, Reed, Walone, et Hoc Genus Omne'

It is a really curious fact that, as has been pointed out in Vol I p 433, the name Bowdler was associated with Elizabethan dramatic literature as the cognomen of the very free spoken and 'amorous gallant' (of all things in the world!) in Heywood's Fair Maid of the Exchange

Sir John Barrow (1764-1848), born in a thatched cottage in the village of Drugley Beck in North Laneashire, learnt mathematics at Ulverston, was timekeeper in a foundry, and made a voyage in a Greenland whaler before he became mathematical teacher at Greenwich. Thence he was taken by Lord Macartney as his secretary to China and to the Cape. In South Africa (1797-1802) he was even more eminently serviceable

than in China as explorer, map-maler, and administrator, he was sent on missions to recon cile Boers and Kaffirs, and explored many outlying pirts of the colony He had bought a house near I able Mount an, where he meant to settle as a South African country-gentleman, when the Peace of Amiens restored the Cape (tempo rarily) to the Dutch (1802), and Barro's came home to serve his country for forty years as secretary to the Admiralty under fourteen administrations. His zeid in promoting Arctic exploration is indicated by the way his name figures on the map of the Arctic regions - Barron Straits, Cape Barrow, &c He was all his life an indefatigable worker and an inexhaustible writer. Among his publications are to be counted some two hundred articles in the Quarterly Keniere and a series in the Encyclopadia Britainica, Lives of Lord Macarthes, Lord Howe, and Peter the Great accounts of his travels in Clina and in South Africa-long standard worls, books on romages to Cochin China and the Arctic regions, and a very interesting Autobiografly (1847). There is also a Memoir of him by Staunton (1852)

Robert Plumer Ward (1765-1846) was hore in London and bred at Oxford, vent to the Bar, and was successively a judge, Under Secretary for Loreign Minirs, a lord of admirality, and auditor of the civil list. He wrote a history of the law of nations, several books on the law of heligerents, contribund, and the like, and in 1825 he published anonymously a discursively metaphysical and religious romance, Trenaine, or the Man of Represent As the author illuded to his intimac, with English statesmen and political events and seemed to belong to the Evangelical party in the Church much speculation took place as to The prolivity of the authorship of the novel some of the dissertations and dialogues, where the story stood still for half a volume that the parties might converse and dispute, rendered Tremaine heavy and tedious, in spite of some But it was, as Black- eed thought, onguirlity 'extravagantly overrated,' and ran through four editions in one year . In De Vere, or the Man of In hependence (1827), the public dwelt with keen interest on a portraiture of Mr Canning whose career was then about to close in his premature death, and this desultory roman delef used to be cited as a kind of authority on Cannings views and manner of speech, the Wentworth of the story being a close study of the statesman De Clifford, or the Constant Man (1841), is also a tale of actual life, its hero is secretary to a Cabinet Minister, and the author revels in official details, social rivalines and political intrigue. Canning sarcastically said that Ward's law-books were as pleasant as novels and his novels is dull as lawbooks. Now it but rarely happens that a volume either of the one set or the other is disturbed out of its dust covered repose in old libraries

Henry Luttiell (c. 1765-1851) a man of wit and fashion, and a clever and graceful versifier, was author of Advice to Julia a Letter in Rhyme (1820), of Crockford House (1827), a satire against gambling, and of some elegiacs and shorter pieces He was a natural son of the Lord Carhampton who as Colonel Luttrell had been the defeated Government candidate in opposition to Wilkes, but had by Parliament been declared duly elected, he afterwards became notorious by his severities upon the Irish rebels of 1798 The son sat in the last Irish Parliament 1798-1800, and spent some years managing his father's West Indian plantations, but came back to London to be a society lion and a favourite in the circle of Holland House 'None of the talkers whom I meet in London society,' said Rogers, 'can slide in a brilliant thing with such readiness as he does' As with other brilliant conversationists, his printed works hardly justify his fame, though they have happy descriptive passages, frequent touches of bright social satire, and couplets of epigrammatic inevitableness Byron, Moore, and Christopher North were at one in praising his Advice to Julia, from which these are short extracts

#### London in Autumn

'Tis August. Rays of hercer heat Full on the scorching pavement heat As o'er it the faint breeze, by fits Alternate, blows and intermits For short lived green, a russet brown Stains every withering shrub in town. Darkening the air, in clouds arise Th' Egyptian plagues of dust and flies, At rest, in motion-forced to roam Abroad, or to remain at home, Nature proclaims one common lot For all conditions-'Be ve hot 1' Dry is mtolerable—Night As close and suffocating quite, And still the mercury mounts higher, Till London seems again on fire

# November Fog

First, at the dawn of lingering day, It rises of an ashy gray, Then deepening with a sordid stain Of yellow, like a lion's mane. Vapour importunate and dense, It wars at once with every sense The cars escape not All around Returns a dull unwonted sound Loath to stand still, afraid to stir, The chilled and puzzled passenger, Oft blundering from the pavement, fails To feel his way along the rails, Or at the crossings in the roll Of every carriage dreads the pole. Scarce an eclipse, with pall so dun, Blots from the face of heaven the sun. But soon a thicker, darker cloak Wraps all the town, behold in smoke, Which steam compelling trade disgorges From all her furnaces and forges

In pitchy clouds, too dense to rise, Descends rejected from the skies. Till struggling day, extinguished quite, At noon gives place to candle light. O Chemistry, attractive maid, Descend, in pity, to our aid Come with thy all pervading gases, Thy crucibles, retorts, and glasses, Thy fearful energies and wonders, Thy dazzling lights and mimie thunders. Let Carbon in thy train be seen, Dark Azote and fair Oxygen, And Wollaston and Davy guide The car that bears thee, at the side If any power can, any how, Abate these nmsances, 'tis thou, And see, to aid thee, in the blow, The bill of Michael Angelo, Oh join-sneess a thing of course is-Thy heavenly to his mortal forces, Make all chimneys chew the cud Like hungry cows, as chimneys should ! And since 'tis only smoke we draw Within our lungs at common law, Into their thirsty tubes be sent Fresh air, by act of parliament.

John Hoole (1727-1803), born at Moorfields in London, was from 1744 to 1783 employed in the East India House, and earned the name of 'the translator' by his English versions of the Jerusalem Delivered (1763) and Rinaldo (1792) of Tasso, the dramas of Metastasio (1767), and the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto (1773-83) Scott describes the translator of the Ariosto as 'a noble transmuter of gold into lead.' His dramas Cyrus (1768), Timanthes (1770), and Cleonice (1775) were failures

William Herbert (1778-1847), honourable and reverend, was third son of the first Earl of Carnaryon, and studied at Eton and Clirist Church He sat in Pirliament from 1806 to 1812, took orders in 1814, and from 1840 was Dean of Manchester He had begun to publish poetry in the first year of the century, and became especially famous for his translations from Scandinavian and his own poems on Schildinhvian subjects, insomuch that Byron in English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, speaking of his 'rugged rhymes,' talks of him as 'wielding Thor's hammer' He translated also from German and from Portuguese, contributed to the Edinburgh Review, and wrote much on natural history His chief original poems were Helga (1815), Hedin, or the Spectre of the Tomb (1820), and Attila, or the Triumph of Christianity (1838)

Henry Francis Cary (1772-1844), translator of Dante, was born at Gibraltar, and educated at Rugby, Sutton Coldfield, Birmingham, and Christ Church, Oxford He took orders in 1795, became vicar of Abbot's Bromlev in Staffordshire and Kingsbury in Warwickshire, but from 1807 lived in London, being assistant-librarian at the British Museum from 1826 to 1837 He was buried in

Westminster Abbey Cary, who at sixteen pub lished poetry, was very widely read in Italian and French, as well as in the classics and In 1805 he published the English literature Inferno of Dante in blank verse, and an entire translation of the Diruna Commedia in the same measure in 1814 He afterwards translated the Bir is of Aristophanes and the Odes of Pindir, and wrote a scries of short memoirs in continuation of Johnson's Lives of the Poets, which, with I was of the only French poets, appeared anonymously in the London Magazine First brought into notice by Coleridge whom Cary had met on the sea shore at Littlehampton, the English Dante passed through four editions during the life of the trans lator, and it still ranks as one of the principal It has some of the mevitable defects translations of a foreign tongue and an alien measure, but has many merits, and is more Linglish and more easily read than the metrical translations that endeavour. by terza rima or otherwise, more closely to imitate the rhythm of the original

## Francesca of Rimini

I began 'Bard' willingly I would address those two together coming, Which seem so light before the wind ' He thus "Note thou, when nearer they to us approach, Then by that love which carries them along, I ntreat, and they will come Soon as the wind Swaved them toward us, I thus framed my speech "O werried spirits" come and hold discourse With us, if by none else restrained ' As doves, By fond desire invited, on wide wings And firm, to their sweet nest returning home, Cleave the air, wafted by their will along, Thus issued, from that troop where Dido ranl s They, through the ill air speeding with such force My cry prevailed, by strong affection urged

O gracious creature, and benign! who goest Visiting, through this element obscure Us, who the world with bloody strin unbrued, If for a friend the King of all we owned, Our prayer to him should for thy peace arise, Since thou hast pity on our evil plight Of whatsoe'er to hear or to discourse It pleases thee, that will we hear, of that Freely with thee discourse, while e cr the wind, As now, is mute. The land that give me birth Is situate on the coast, where Po descends To rest in ocean with his sequent streams

Love, that in gentle art is quickly learnt, Entangled him by that fair form, from me In en in such cruel sort, as grieves me still Love, that denial tales from none beloved, Crught me with pleasing him so passing well, That, as thou see'st, he yet deserts me not Love brought us to one death Caina waits The soul who spilt our life ' Such were their words, At hearing which downward I bent my looks, And held them there so long that the bard cried 'What art thou pondering?' I, in answer, thus 'Alas ' by what sweet thoughts, what fond desire, Must they at length to that all pass have reached !'

Then turning, I to them my speech addressed,

And thus began "Francesca! your sad fate, I ven to tears, my gricf and pity moves But tell me, in the time of your sweet sight, By what and how Love granted, that ye knew Your set uncertain wishes. She replied 'No greater grief than to remember days Of joy, when misery is at hand! That I ens Thy learned instructor | Vet so eagerly If thou ar' bent to I now the printal root, I rom whence our love gat being, I will do As one who weep and tells his tale. One day, For our delight, we read of Lancelo, Alone we were, and no How him love thralled Suspicion near us. Ofttimes by that reading Our eve were drawn together, and the hoe I led from our altered cheek But at one point Mone we fell. When of that smile we read, The wished smile, so rapturously lassed By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er From me shall separate, at once my lips All trembling his ed. The bork and writer both Were love's purveyor. In its leaves that day We read no more. While thus one spirit spake, The other washed so sorely that heart struck, I, through compassion frinting, s ented not far I rom death, and like a corse fell to the ground

Creek in the Inferences the place to which courdeness are dountd.

### Ugolino and his Sons

A small grate Within that mew, a high for my sale the name Of frinine bears, where others yet must pine Already through its opening several innons Had shown me, when I slept the evil sleep That from the future tore the curtain off This one, methought, as master of the sport Kole forth to chose the gaunt wolf and his whelps Unto the mountain which forbids the sight Of I ucea to the Pisans With lean brach, Inqui itive and I cen Infore him ranged Lanfranchi with Sismondi and Gualandi After short course the father and the sons Seemed tired and lagging and methought I sau The sharp tusks gore their sides. When I awoke, Before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard My cons—for they were with me—weep and ask I or bread Now had they wakened, and the hour drew near

When they were wont to bring us food, the mind Of each misgave him through his dream, and I Heard, at its outlet underneath, locked up The horrible tower whence, uttering not a word, I looked upon the visage of my sons I wept not so all stone I felt within They wept and one, my little Anselm, cried "Thou lookest so! father, what ails thee?" I et I shed no tear, nor answered all that day Nor the next night, until another sun Came out upon the world When a faint beam Had to our doleful prison made its way, And in four countenances I descried The ininge of my own, on either hand Through agony I bit, and they who thought I did it through desire of feeding, rose O' the sudden, and eried 'Tather, we should grieve Far less if thou wouldst eat of us thou gavest

These weeds of miserable flesh we wear, And do thou strip them off from us again' Then, not to make them sadder, I kept down My spirit in stillness That day and the next Ah, obdurate earth ! We were all silent Why open'dst not upon us? When ve came To the fourth day, then Gaddo at my feet Outstretched did fling him, crying, 'Hast no help For me, my father?' There he died, and e'en Plainly, as thou seest me, saw I the three Fall one by one 'twixt the fifth day and sixth Whence I betook me, now grown blind, to grope Over them all, and for three days aloud Called on them who were dead Then fasting got The mastery of gnef

The story is told by Ugolioo's ghost. During the contests between Grelp's and Ghbellines in 1289, Count Ugolioo della Gherardesca, with two sons and two grandsons, was shut up by Archbishop Ruggiero, and left to perish of starvation in what has unce been called the Tower of Hunger at Pisa. Ugolino who had repeatedly allied himself with the Guelfic cities, and had for a time suppressed the Ghbelline party in Pisa in the hope of becoming despot of the city was finally overthrown by his euemies headed by the arch bishop. Dante describes the count and the archbishop as being deservedly tormented together, 'pent in one bollow of the ice.

This is how Cary renders the passage of Dante that was in Gray's mind when he wrote the first stanza of his *Elegy*, and was imitated by Byron in the third canto of *Don Juan* 

Now was the hour that wakens fond desire
In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart
Who in the morn have bid so eet friends farewell,
And pilgrim newly on his road with love
Thuils, if he hear the vesper bell from far,
That seems to mourn for the expiring day
There is a Life of Cary by his son (1847).

David Ricardo (1772-1823), author of several onginal treatises on economics, was bred to his own business by his father, a Jewish stockbroker originally from Holland, but through reading Smith's Wealth of Nations in 1799 was stirred to think and write on political economy His first works were on The High Price of Bullion (1810), Proposals for an Economical and Secure Currency (1816), and Principles of Political Economy and Taxation (1817) The last work, that on which his reputation rests, is remarkable for its close logical argument and its acumen rather than for any literary merit, it is indeed very hard reading But it was justly considered the most important treatise on that science, with the single exception of Smith's IVcalth of Nations As such it made an epoch in the science of political economy, and became the text-book of the classical or abstract economic school His special aim and achievement was to expound the theory of rent as the excess of the produce of the land over the cost of production of that land And from this thesis came new statements as to wages and value, and as to the incidence of taxation. Ricardo afterwards wrote pumphlets on the Funding System and on Protection to Agriculture. He had amassed breat wealth as a stockbroker, and, retiring from business, he entered Parliament as representative

for the borough of Portarlington, but he seldom spoke in the House, and only on subjects connected with his favourite studies. He died at his seat of Gatcombe Park in Gloucestershire.

His works were edited with a Life by M'Culloch (1841) his letters to Multhus were edited by Bonar in 1887, and these to M Culloch by Hollander in 1892.

James Mill (1773-1836), born a shoemaker's son near Montrose, studied for the ministry at Edinburgh, but in 1802 settled in London as a literary man. He edited and wrote for various periodicals, and in 1806 commenced his History of British India (1817-18) In 1819 the directors of the East India Company made him (though a Radical) assistant-examiner with charge of the revenue department, and in 1832 head of the examiner's office, where he had the control of all the departments of Indian administration of his articles (on government, jurisprudence, colonies, &c) for the Encyclopaana Britannica were reprinted In 1821-22 he published his *Ele*ments of Political Economy, in 1829 an Analysis of the Human Mind, and in 1835 the Fragment on Macl ntosh He was no mere disciple of Bentham, but a man of profound and original thought, as well as of great reading. In psychology and ethics he carried the association principle further than it had yet been applied. In political economy he followed Ricardo His mind was eminently logical, he was a special enemy to all vagueness in thought and argument, to all looseness in statement. He was an unsparing critic, and Mackintosh's credit suffered from Mill's attack. His conversation gave a powerful stimulus to many young men like his own son and Grote. he ranked as one of the main moulders of philosophical radiculism, as his views and Grote's came to be called, and he took a leading part in founding University College, London Throughout life he cherished high ideals for himself and others, and he was a strenuous and unselfish reformer Clearness and precision are the main merits of his literary style. It was to Mill's disadvan tage that when he wrote he had no direct knowledge of India, its peoples and customs, he applied his own precise political principles as a standard for judging men dealing with a civilisation he imperfectly understood. But, as is generally admitted, his History of India remains a great work in spite of the technical blunders specialists have pointed out, and in spite of his somewhat pronounced prejudices The book dwelt perhaps overmuch on abuses, but it helped to bring about changes in administration, as might be expected Mill summed up strongly against Warren Hastings This is his account of

### The Case of Nuncomar

A few days after this suspicious but ineffectival proceeding a new prosecution was instituted against Nuncomar. At the suit of a native, he was taken up on a charge of forgers, and committed to the

He was tried before the Supreme common grol Court, by a jury of Inglishmen, convicted, and No transaction, perhaps, of this whole administration more deeply trunted the reputation of Hastings than the tragedy of Nuncomar moment when he stood forth as the accuser of the Governor general, he was charged with a crime alleged to have been committed five years before, tried, and executed. a proceeding which could not ful to generate the suspicion of guilt, and of an inability to encounter the weight of his testimony, in the man who e power to have prevented, or to have stopped (If he did not cause), the proscention, it is not easy to deny Hastings, aware of the sinister interpretations to which the destruction of an accuser, in circumstance, so extra ordinary, would assuredly expose him, chose rather to sustrin the weight of those suspicions than to inect the charges by preventing or suspending the fate of the necuser, it is a fair inference, though mere resent ment and spite might hirry some men to as great an indiscretion that from the accusations he dreaded something worse than those suspicions. Mr I rancis, in his examination before the House of Commons on the 16th of April 1788, declared that the effect of this transaction upon the inquiries carried on by the Board into the accusations against the Governor was 'to defeat them that it impressed a general terror on the natives with respect to preferring accusations against men in great power, and that he and his conductors were unwilling to expose them to what appeared to him and these coadjutors, as well as thenselves a manifest danger '

The severest censure-were very generally pas ed upon this trial and execution, and it was afterwirds exhibited as matter of impeachment against both Mr Histings and the Judge who presided in the tribunal. The crime for which Nuncomar was made to suffer was not a capital offence by the laws of Hindustan either Moslem or Hindu, and it was represented as a procedure full of eruelty and injustice, to render a people amenable to the most gricious seventies of a law with which they were unacquainted, and from which, by their habits and associations, their minds were totally estranged It was affirmed that this atrocious condemnation and execution were upon an expost facto law, as the statute which created the Supreme Court and its powers was not published till 1774, and the date of the supposed forgery vas in 1770, that the law which rendered forger, capital did not extend to India, as no English statute included the colonies, unless where it was expressly stated in the law, that Nuncomar, as a native Indian, for a crime committed against another Indian, not an Englishman, or even a Luropean, was amenable to the native, not the English tribunals, that the evidence adduced was not sufficient to warrant con demnation, and that, although the situation in which the prisoner was placed with regard to a man of so much power as the Governor general should have suggested to the Judge peculiar circumspection and tenderness, there was every appearance of precipita tion, and of a predetermination to find him guilty and to cut him off In the defence which was set up by Sir Elijali Impey, the Chief Judge, in his answer at the bar of the House of Commons on the 12th of December 1787, lie admitted that a native in habitant of the provinces at large was not amenable to the Inglish laws or to the Luglish tobunals and it was not as uch, he affirmed, that Annomar's as ined. But he infinitelized that a native inhabitant of the Inglish town of Calcutta, which was Inglish property, which had long been coverned by Ingli morn and Institute I was, was amenable to the Inglish tribunals, and justly, because he made it his voluntar chace to live under their protection, and that it we is this expanity, namely, that of an inhabitant of Calcutte, that Nuncourar sufficient the penalties of the Lachish If the competence of the presiletion was admitted, the que tion of evidence, where ealence was complicated and contradictors, could not admit of any very elear and certain decision, and the Judge opposed the afternation of its insufficiency by that of the contrary He denied the doctrine that an English penal statute extended to the colonies only when that extension was expressed. The allegation of preciping tion and unfurne, , still further of corruption, in the treatment of the necusal, he not only defined with strong expression of abhorance, but he a specification of circumstance enleavoured to disprove cyclence it may failly be observed, that though the for ery was completely proved by the oalst of he withe ses to the procention, it was a completely disproved by the orths of the nitnesses to the defence that there was no such difference in the character  $\ell^{\tau}$ the parties or their wither er as to throw the balance greatly to either of the sides, and that the preponder ance, if his, we too went to support in act of so much importance and delicars as the condemnation of Nuncomar I can after the judgment the case cas not without a remedy the execution might have been tived till the pleasure of the King was Inone. and a paidon might have been obtained. This too the Court absolutely refused, and proceeded with unrelenting determination to the execution of Simeomar who, on the 5th of August, with a tranquillity and firmme's that never were surpassed, submitted to his fate not only until the tears and Immentations but the erres and direcks of an extraordinary assembline of his countrymen

Tor Mill. He in I teachings are his son John Smart Mills. Int. In cought and Professor Bains Junes Mill (15 a).

Andrew Cherry (1762~1812), actor, dramatist, and author of 'The Bay of Biscar' was the son of a luncrick printer and bookseller seventeen abandoned his father's business for the stage, he attained some enumence as an actor at Drury Lane, and managed theatres in Swanser and Monmouth Of his nine or ten plays several were furly successful, but only The Soldier's Daughter can be said to 'hold the stage'. On the other hand, it least three of his songs bid fair to prove imperishable—'The Bay of Biscay,' 'The Green little Shamrock of Ireland,' and 'I om Moody, the Whipper-in ' There is probably no piece in English literature so familiar to everybody as 'The Bay of Biscar' whose author's name is so utterly inknown, not one in ten thousand who know the song by heart have any idea who wrote it (as is the case with not a few of our most popular songs), or ever heard of Andrew Cherry or his works. Nor is it always easy to see why some songs have attained

and maintained their exceptional popularity, though doubtless it depends well-nigh as often on the music as on the words. In this case the composer, John Davy, is also little known 'Tom Moody' ends with the following characteristic stanza

Thus Tom spoke his friends ere he gave up his breath 'Since I see you're resolved to be in at the death, One favour bestow—its the last I shall crave—Give a rattling view hollow thrice over my grave, And unless at that warning I lift up my head, My boys, you may fairly conclude I am dead 'Honest Tom was obeyed, and the shout rent the sky, For every one joined in the tally ho cry,

Tally ho! Hark forward'
Tally ho! Tally ho'

Edward Lysaght (1763-1811), vit and songwriter, was the son of a proprietor at Brickhill in County Clare, graduated B 1 at Trinity College, Dublin, and MA at Oxford, studied law at the Middle Temple, and was called both to the Irish and to the English Bar Ultimately he practised m Dublin only, where he was a commissioner of banl ruptcy, was a successful political pamphleteer, and had a brilliant reputation in literary and social circles He died in poverty Among his songs are 'Our Ireland,' 'The man who led the van Of the Irish Volunteers,' and 'Kate of Garnavilla.' 'Kitty of Coleraine' has been claimed for a him on doubtful grounds, and 'The Sprig of Shillelah,' usually printed as his, appears to have been by another hand Some of his best verses were addressed to his godchild Lady Morgan (see page 780)

Theobald Wolfe Tone, born a coachmaker's son in Dublin, 20th June 1763, studied there at Trinity College and at the Middle Temple in London, and was called to the Irish Bar in 1789, but acted as secretary of the Catholic Committee, helped to organise the United Irishmen in 1791, and four years later had to flee to America and thence to France. He laboured there incessantly to induce the Directory to invade Ireland, and held a command in Hoche's expedition to Bantry Bry in 1796 In 1798 he again embarked in a small French squadron, which was captured after a fierce fight at the mouth of Lough Swilly was taken to Dublin, tried, and condemned to be hanged as a traitor, but cut his throat in prison, 19th No ember 1798 His fragmentary autobiography and journals describing the greater part of his career were edited by his son and published in America in 1826 Written with considerable spirit and vividness, their revelation of an adventurer and a character of reckless audacity has largely helped to male Tone the chief popular hero of rebellious Nationalism in Ireland reprinted in Barry O'Brien's Autobiograpy of Wolfe Tone (1893) Contrasted estimates of Tone may be found in Madden's United Irishmen (3rd series, 1846), and the Duke of Argyll's article in the Nineteenth Century for 1890

George Augent Reynolds (1770 >-1802), author of many songs ('Kathleen O'More' one of them), of a long epic, and of a musical dramatic piece on the French invasion of Ireland in 1796, was the son of a proprietor at Letterfyan in County Leitrim. His loyalty was suspected by the Government, so that he was removed from his magistracy, and he had come to England to study law a year before his death. He has had the misfortune to have credited to him a number of pieces demonstrably by other authors, thus from 1830 on his friends persistently asserted that Campbell's 'Exile of Erin' was his production

Thomas Dermody (1775~1802), who has been called 'the Irish Chatterton' rather from his sad fate than from the originality of his poctry, was the son of a schoolmaster at Ennis in County Clare He showed extraordinary aptitude for the classics and a precocious facility in writing English verses of all kinds, but having run away 10 Dublin, he lost the friends his abilities conciliated by irrepressible idleness and drunkenness, and threw away several chances of a good education. Having enlisted, he beliaved well during a spell of foreign service, but, back in England, he swiftly sank into ruinous dissipation, and died in misery. The two or three collections of poems published in his lifetime were after his death collected as The Harp of Erm (2 vols 1807) by J G Raymond, who also published his Life (2 vols 1806)

William Hone (1780-1842), famous as 'infidel' author, publisher, and Radical reformer, was born at Bath the son of strictly religious parents, at ten became a London lawyer's clerk, and at twenty started a book and print shop which soon failed Already a pronounced democrat, he struggled to make a living by writing for various papers, started The Fraviller (1815), and next The Reformist's Register (1817), and made himself notorious by a series of squibs and satires against the Government, some of which, such as The Political Litary, unmistakably contained parodies of the Catechism, the Athanasian Creed, and the He was accordingly prosecuted, but in December 1817 he was acquitted after three separate trials for publishing things calculated to injure public morals and bring the Prayer book Among his later satires, illustrated into contempt by George Cruikshank (long his most intimate friend), were The Political House that Jack built, The Queen's Matrimonial Ladder, The Man in the Moon, and The Political Showman Apocryphal New Testament (1820) was not designed to promote the reverent study of Scripture, and the Quarterly Review denounced him as 'a poor illiterate creature' and 'a wretch as con temptible as lie is wicked'-unjustly, as the sequel Ancient Mysterics dealt largely with showed the old miracle-plays, and showed some curious But his Miscellanies, The Every-day reading

Book (1826), The Table-book (1827-28), and The Year book (1829) were recommended by Southey to all interested in our national and local customs as having rendered good service in an important department of literature, they constitute a calendar of popular English amusements, sports, pastimes, ceremonies, manners, customs, and events incident especially to several days of the year Lamb was as commendatory—'I like you and your book, ingenuous Hone,' was the beginning of verses to him, the Lvery day Book was, in deed, dedicated to Lamb Scott and Christopher North were also hearty in praise of these miscellanics, filled with curious lore. Yet in the end Hone found himself in a debtor's prison, from which his friends extricated him to start him in a coffee house—also a predestined failure. In 1830 he edited Strutt's Sports and Pastimes, and he contributed to the Penny Magazine and the Patriot By this time he had become a generally popular personage, old grudges having been forgotten, in the later years of his life he became devout, and used, indeed, to preach for orthodox independent ministers. Among the sixty-four publications given under his name in the Dictionary of National Biography (most of them written, compiled, or edited by himself) are two autobio graphical works on his own early life and his conversion in later years

William Stewart Rose (1775-1843), the translator of Ariosto, was the second son of the Treasurer of the Navy Educated at Lton, he sat in Parliament 1796-1800, and then till 1824 was reading clerk of the House of Lords, but his tastes were wholly literary To gritify his father, he began A Naval History of the Late War (vol 1 1802), which he never completed Later works were verse translations from the French of the first part of Annadis de Gaul (1803) and of Le Grand's text of Partenopea de Blots (1807), Letters to Henry Hallam, Esq, from the North of Italy (2 vols 1819), and a free metrical version of Casti's Animali Parlanti (1819), to whose cantos he prefixed introductory addresses to his friends Ugo Foscolo, Hockham Frere, Sir Walter Scott, and others In 1823 he published a condensed translation of Bouardo's Orlando Innamorato, and commenced his famous version of the Orlando Furioso (vol viii 1831) not merely Rose's best work-it is still the best extant English translation of Ariosto, the only one which preserves much of the spirit of the original. It was finished at Sir Walter Scott's request Rose was also author of a poem on The Crusade of St Louis (1810), Rhymes (1837), of epistles to his friends, and of tales and sonnets, and he was an occasional contributor to the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews Ill health latterly compelled him to withdraw from society Hoole in his translation of Ariosto had adopted the heroic couplet, whereas the original ottava rima was reproduced | by Rose with some success, as may be seen from these stanzas

Let him make haste his feet to disengage, Nor lime his wings, whom Love has made a prize. For love, in fine, is nought but frenzied rage, By universal suffrage of the wise And albeit some may shew themselves more sage Than Roland, they but sin in other guise. For what proves folly more than on this shelf, Thus for another to destroy one's self? Various are love's effects, but from one so irce All I sue, though they lead a differen way He is, as 'twere, a forest where, perforce, Who enter its recesser go as ray, And here and there pursue their devious course In sum, to you I, for conclusion, say, He who groves old in love, besides all pain Which wait such passion, well deserves a chain.

Noel Thomas Carrington (1777-1830) was the son of a Ph mouth procer, who served in the nay, taught a school at Maidstone, and for ten years manifed successfully a private academy at Ph mouth Dock. From his youth he wrote poems, mainly in pruse of Devonshire, its scenery, customs, and traditions. His best known pieces were The Banks of Tamar (1820) and Dartweer (1826). His collected poems, with a Life, were published in 1830. The extract is on the disappearance from earth of the pixes.

They are flown, Beautiful fictions of our fathers, wove In Superstation's veb when Time was young, And fondly loved and cherished they are flown Before the wand of Science! Hills and vales, Mountains and moors of Devon, at line lot The enchantments, the delights, the visions all, The clfin visions that so blessed the right In the old days romantic. Nought is heard Now in the leafy world but earthly strains-Voices, vet sweet, of breeze, and bird, and brook, And water fall, the day is silent else, And night is strangely mate! the hymnings high-The immortal music men of ancient times Heard, ravished, oft, are flown! Oh ye have lost, Mountains, and moors, and meads, the radiant throngs That dwelt in your green solitudes, and filled The air, the fields, with beauty and with joy Intense, with a rich mystery that awed The mind, and flung around a thousand hearths Divinest tales, that through the enchanted year Found passionate listeners! The very streams Brightened with visitings of these so sweet Tthereal creatures! They were seen to rise From the charmed waters, which still brighter grew As the pomp passed to land, until the eye Scarce bore the unearthly glory Where they trod, Young flowers, but not of this world's growth, arose, And frigrance as of amaranthine bowers Florted upon the breeze. And mortal eyes Looked on their revels all the luseious night, And, unreproved, upon their ravishing forms Gazed wistfully, as in the dance they moved, Voluptuous to the thrilling touch of harp Elysian!

Thomas Brown (1778 - 1820), writer philosophy, was son of the minister of Kirkmabreck in Galloway, and was trained a physician He appeared as an author before his twentieth year, his first work being a review of Dr Darwin's Zoonomia On the establishment of the Edinburgh Review he became one of the contributors on philosophical subjects, and when Leslie's fitness for the Mathematical chair in the university was disputed by the orthodox because he had approved of Hume's theory of causation, Brown, who still practised medicine, warmly espoused Leslie's cause, and vindicated his opinions in an Inquiry into the Relation of Cause and Effict modifying Hume's doctrine in one or two points he sought to show that it does not necessarily lead to scepticism in theology In 1810 the philosophical physician was appointed colleague and successor to Dugald Stewart in the chair of Moral Philosophy, and he discharged the duties amidst universal respect till his death Part of his leisure was devoted to the cultivation of a taste for poetry, and he published The Paraaise of Coquettes (1814), The Wanderer of Norway (1815), and The Bower of Spring (1816) Though not without fine thoughts and images, his verse wanted force and passion, and is now utterly forgotten. In philosophy, his exposition was relieved by passages of old fashioned eloquence, he quoted largely from the poets, especially Akenside, and was too flowery in his illustrations His Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind were long popular as a textbook, but were never original nor profound, and are now antiquated He departed from Reid and Stewart and the Scottish school in the direction of the English associationism, under the influ ence of French sensationalism Mackintosh held that he had rendered an important service to mental science by his 'secondary laws of suggestion or association-circumstances which modify the action of the general law, and must be distinctly considered in order to explain its connection with the phenomena?

Sir Humphry Davy (1778–1829) was a great original investigator in chemistry and physics, a brilliant lecturer, and an author who expounded scientific verities in a wonderfully popular style He was born at Penzance, where his father was a wood carver Both at school there and at Truro he developed a taste for story-telling, poetry, and angling, and for experimental science, and in virtue of several rather pleasing poems was regarded as a poetical genius Apprenticed to a Penzance surgeon in 1795, lie made chemical experiments and entered on an encyclopedic course of study, and in 1797 seriously took up chemistry At Clifton, where in 1798 he became assistant to Dr Beddoes in his Pneumatic Institute, he met Coloridge and Southey, experimented on the respiration of gases (more than once nearly losing his life), and discovered the effect of laughing gas The account he gave of this in his Researches, Chimical and Philosophical (1799), led to his appointment as lecturer to the Royal Institution, where he delivered his first lecture in 1801, and his eloquence and the novelty of his experiments soon attracted brilliant audiences ln 1803 he began those researches in agriculture in connection with which were delivered his epoch making lectures, published as Elements of Agricultural Chemistry (1813) His fame chiefly rests on the views originated in his Bakerian lecture On Some Chemical Agencies of Electricity (1806), followed up by the grand discovery that the alkalies and earths are compound substances formed by oxygen united with metallic bases He first decomposed potrsh in 1807, when he saw the globules of the new metal, potassium, his delight was ecstatic He next decomposed soda, baryta, strontin, lime, and magnesia, discovered the new metals sodium, barium, strontium, calcium, and magnesium, and proved the earths proper to consist of metals united to oxygen In 1812 Davy was knighted, and married a lady of wealth, in 1813 he resigned the Chemical chair of the Royal Institution investigate his new theory of volcanic action he visited the Continent with Faraday, and was received with the greatest distinction by the French savans, though England and France were at war In 1815 he investigated fire damp and invented the safety lamp. He was created a baronet in 1818, and had succeeded Sir Joseph Banks as President of the Royal Society, when in 1820-23 his researches on electro-magnetism were communicated to the society After an apoplectic attack in 1826, he twice wintered in Italy, and he died at Geneva on his way homeward Among his writings were Elements of Chemical Philosophy (1812), a disquisition On the Safetylamp (1818), Salmonia, or Days of Fly-fishing (1828), an entertaining and popular volume modelled on Izaak Walton, but of considerable scientific interest-for Davy was not merely an enthusiastic angler but a patient student of the natural history problems suggested by the pastime. The interlocutors are Halieus, an accomplished angler, Ornither, a country gentleman interested in sports generally, Poietes, an enthusiast for nature, and Physicus, a naturalist-all mainly imaginary characters, though the substance of actual conversations is sometimes given, and notes from Davy's journal were systematically worked in In his Consolations in Travel (written at Rome in his last winter there, and posthumously published in 1830), we linve a series of speculations on moral and ethical questions, with descriptions of Italian scenery, mainly in conversations between Ambrosio, an enlightened Roman Catholic, Onuplino, an English patrician verging on scepticism, and a third interlocutor, Philalethes, who may generally be taken as representing Davy lumself, though sometimes his views are put in

the mouth of 'The Unknown' Eubruhes, who occasionally appears, was Dr Wollaston Days, though a member of no communion but 'the Church of Christ' in the widest sense, was keenly interested in the defence of spiritual religion and the belief in immortality and God against materialism or the more radical forms of scepticism

### Salmon and Sea Trout

## Scrnr-Ioch Marce Tim -/uli

Poictes I begin to be tired. This is really a long day's journey, and these last ten miles through bogs, with no other view than that of mountains half hid in mists, and brown waters that can hardly be called lates, and with no other trees than a few stunted birelies, that look so hitle nlive that they might be supposed immediately descended from the bog wood, everywhere scattered beneath our feet. This is the most barren part of one of the most desolate countries. I have ever passed through in Lurope, and though the inn at Strathgarve is tolerable, that of Auchnasheen is certainly the worst. I have ever seen,—and I hope the worst I shall ever see. We ought to have good amusement at Pool Live, to compensate us for this uncomfortable day's journey.

Halieus I trust we shall have sport, as far as salmon and sea trout can furnish sport. Put the difficulties of our journey are almost over. See Loch Maice is stretched at our feet, and a good boat with four ours will carry us in four or five hours to our fishing ground and that time will not be inispent, for this lake is not devoid of beautiful and even grand seeners.

First The scenery begins to improve, and that cloud breasted mountain on the left is of the less character of Scotch mountains these woods, likewise, are respect able for this northern country. I think I see islands also in the distance and the quantity of cloud always gives effect to this kind of view, and perhaps, without such assistance to the imagination, there would be nothing even approaching to the sublime in these countries, but cloud and mist, by creating obscurity and offering a substitute for greatness and distance, give something of an Alpine and majestic character to this region

Ornther As we are now fixed in our places in the bont, you will surely put out a rod or two with a set of flies, or try the tail of the par for a large trout or salmon our fishing will not hinder our progress.

Hal In most other lakes I should do so, here I have often tried the experiment, but never with success. This hale is extremely deep, and there are very few fish which haunt it generally except char, and salmon seldom rest but in particular parts along the shore, which we shall not touch. Our voyage will be a pie turesque rather than an angling one. I see we shall have little occasion for the oats, for a strong breeze is rising, and blowing directly down the lake, we shall be in it in a minute. Hoist the sails! On we go!—we shall make our voyage in half the number of hours. I had calculated upon, and I hope to catch a salmon in time for dinner.

Point The scenery improves as we advance nearer the lower parts of the lake. The mountains become higher, and that small island or peninsula presents a hold eraggy ontline, and the birch wood below it, and the pines above, make a scene somewhat Alpine in

character. But what is that large bird souring above the pointed rock, towards the end of the labe? Surely it is no engle?

Hal You are right, it is no caple, and of a care and peculiar species—the grey or salver eagle, a noble bird! I rom the size of the autoral, it into the finale and her very is in that high rock. I date say the male is not far off.

Phys. ris. I think I see another bird of a smaller size, perched on the roof below, which is similar in form

Hal You do it is the consort of that beautiful and powerful bird, and I have no doubt their young ones are not far off

Point Look at the bird. She dashes into the water falling hi e a rook, and rusing a column of sprace, she has fallen from a great height. And now she rises a sun into the air, what an extraordinary sight.

Hat She is pursing her prey and i one of our fraternity,—a catcher of fish. She has into all her quart this time, and has moved further down to varis the river, and falls again from a great height. There ' You've her ric with a fish in her talons.

Pore' She gives an interest vinch I hardly expected to have found to this scene. Play are there many of the elaminals in this country?

Hal Of this species, I have seen but these two, and I believe the young ones migrale as soon as they can pro ide for themselves, for this solitary bird requires a large spher to move and feed in, and doe no allow it offspring to partalle its reign, or to live norr t other species of the engle, there are some in different parts of the mountains, particularly of the Osprey and of the great fishing or brown eagle, and I once saw a very fine and interesting sigh in one of the Crags of Ben Weevis, near Strathgarve, as I was going on the 20th of August, in pursuit of black game Tro parent ergles were tending if oir offspring-two roun, bridsthe infinenties of flight. They began in rising from the top of a mountain in the eye of the sun (it was about midding, and bright for this climate). They at first made small circles, and the young birds initiated them, they proved on their wings, writing till they had made their first flight, and then took a second and larger gyration -alvays rising towards the sun and inlarging their eircle of flight so as to make a gradually ex ending The young ones still slowly followed, apparently flying better as they mounted and they continued this sublime I ind of exercise, always rising till they became mere points in the air, and the young ones were lost, and afterwards their parents, to our aching sight. But we have touched the shore, and the lale has terminatedyou are now on the ever I we

Red Are we to fish here? It is a broad clear stream, but I see no fish, and cannot think it a good angling river

Hal We are nearly a mile above our fishing station, and we must first see our quarters and provide for our lodging before we begin our fishing we must walk a little way before we find the inn.

Point Why, this inn is a second edition of Auchna sheen

Hal The interior is better than the exterior, thanks to the Laird of Brahan we shall find one tolerable room and bed, and we must put up our cots and provide our food What is our store, Mr Purveyor?

Phys I I now we have good bread, ten, and sugar

Then there is the quarter of roebuch we got at Gordon Castle, and Ormi'her has furnished us with a brace of wild ducks, three leash of snipes, and a brace of goldon plovers, by his mountain expedition of vesterday, and for fish we depend on you. Let our host says there are fresh herrings to be had, and small cod fish, and salmon and trout in any quantity, and the claret and the Ferm tosh are safe.

Hal Why, we shall fare sumptuously. As it is not time yet for shooting grouse, we must divide our spoil for the fev days we shall stay here. Let there are young snipes and plovers on the mountains above, and I have no doubt ve might obtain the Laird's permission to kill a reebuck in the woods or a hart in the mountains, but this is always an uncertain event, and I advise you, Ornither, to become a fisherman

Orn I shall wait till I see the results of your skill. At all events, in this country I can never want amute ment, and I dare say there are plenty of seals at the mouth of the river, and killing them is more useful to other fishermen than catching fish

Ma! Let there be a kettle of water with salt ready boiling in an hour, mine hot, for the fish we catch or how, and see that the posatoes are well dressed the servants will look to the rest of our fare. Now for our rods

(From Salmonia)

#### The Future State

Ambrono Revelation has not disclosed to us the nature of this state but only fixed its certainty. We are sure from geological facts, as well as from sacred history, that man is a recent animal on the globe, and that this globe has undergone one considerable revolution, since the creation, by water, and we are taught that it is to undergo another, by fire, preparatory to a new and glorified state of existence of man, but this is all we are permitted to know, and as this state is to be entirely different from the present one of misery and probation, any knowledge respecting it would be useless, and indeed almost impossible.

Philalether My genius has placed the more exalted spiritual natures in cometary worlds, and this last fiery revolution may be produced by the appulse of a comet.

An b Human fancy may imagine a thousand ways in which it may be produced, but upon such notions it is absurd to dwell. I will not allow your genius the slightest approach to inspiration, and I can admit no verisimility in a reverse which is fixed on a foundation you now allow to be so weak. But see, the twilight is beginning to appear in the orient sky, and there are some dark clouds on the horizon opposite to the crater of Vesuvius, the lower edges of which transmit a bright light, shewing the sun is already risen in the country b reath them. I would say that they may serve as an image of the hopes of immortality derived from revela tion, for we are sure from the light reflected in those clouds that the lands below us are in the brightest sun shine, but we are entirely ignorant of the surface and the scenery, so, by revelation, the light of an imperish able and glorious world is disclosed to us, but it is in eternity, and its objects cannot be seen by mortal eye or imaged by mortal imagination

Pat I am not so vell read in the Scriptures as I hope I shall be at no very distant time, but I believe the pleasures of heaven are mentioned more distinctly than you allow in the sacred writings. I think I remember that the saints are said to be crowned with

palms and amaranths, and that they are described as perpetually hymning and praising God

Amb This is evidently only metaphorical, music is the sensual pleasure which approaches nearest to an intellectual one, and probably may represent the delight resulting from the perception of the harmony of things and of truth seen in God. The palm as an evergreen tree, and the amaranth a perdurable flower, are emblems of immortality. If I am allowed to give a metaphorical allusion to the future state of the blessed, I should image it by the orange grove in that sheltered glen, on which the sun is now beginning to shine, and of which the trees are at the same time loaded with sweet golden fruit and balmy silver flowers. Such objects may well portray a state in which hope and fruition become one eternal feeling. (From the Cor solations.)

There was an edition of Davy's collected works (9 vols.) in 18,9-40 and his bro.he., Dr John Davy prepared his *Viemoirs* (e vol.). See also his *Fragmentary Remains* (1856) and the Lives by Dr Paris (1831) and Dr T. E. Thorpe (1895)

Dr Thomas M'Crie (1772-1835), Scottish historian, biographer, and divine, was born at Duns in Berwickshire, studied at Edinburgh, and was ordained in 1795 pastor of a Secession congregation there belonging to the section known as 'Anti burgher,' from their refusal to sanction the burgess's oath of allegiance to an uncovenanted Ling He also acted as professor of divinity works exhibit vast and minute research, and conscientious though they are, are almost inevitably biassed in favour of the high Presbyterian polity and its defenders and heroes. His best-known books are a scholarly Life of Knox (1812), which for the first time gave a substantially historical and not obviously partisan view of a great actor on the national stage, an equally original Life of Andrew Melville (1819), and histories of the 'progress and suppression' of the Reformation in Italy and in Spain (1827-29) In 1817 he published in three successive numbers of the Christian Instructor a trenchant review of The Tales of My Landlord, whose authorship was not yet revealed, as regards their treatment of the Covenanters and their per-His aim was to prove that the author showed gross partiality to the persecution of the Presbyterians by ignoring or glossing over the severities and cruelties they perpetrated, and by maling the oppressors, especially Claverhouse, secm admirable, contrary to historical truth, while he unfairly exaggerated the peculiarities of certain extreme Covenanters, and, in defiance of fact, represented the Covenanters generally as mere ignorant, foolish, and violent fanatics On these matters M'Crie was a much more accurate historian than Scott, and easily convicted him of many misapprehensions and misstatements in general and detail. By his own side he was held as having had a magnificent triumph over 'the Great Unknown.' Scott had at first pooh poohed M'Crie's strictures, and resolved not even to read them, but, as Lockhart said, he 'found the impression they were producing so strong that he soon changed his purpose and devoted a very large part of his

article for the Quarterly Remew to in claborate defence of his own picture of the Covenanters'—that is, Scott as Scott defended in the Quarterly, in a review of his own unacknowledged works, his own historical representations there set forth. The following extracts are from the earlier part of M'Crie's famous review of The Iales

The same regard to the truth of history must be observed when fictitious personages are introduced prosided the reader is taught or induced to form a judgment from them of the parties to which they are represented a If it is permitted to unde embelli linears on the scene, with the view of giving greater interest to the piece, the utmost care ought to be taken that they do not violate the integrity of character and they must be in partially distributed, and equally extended to all parties, and to the virtues and views of each. This is a delicate task, but the undertaker imposes it upon himself, with all its responsibilities. Besides fid lity impartiality, and judgment, it requires an extensive, and minute, and accurate acquaintance with the history of the period selected, including the history of opinions and liabits as well as of events. And we do not hesitate to say that this is a species of intelligence which is not likely to be possessed by the person who holds in sovereign contempt the opinions which were then decined of the utmost moment, and turns with disgust from the very exterior manners of the men whose immost habits he affects to disclose. Nor will the multifarious reading of the dabbler in everything, from the highest affairs of church and state down to the economy of the latelien and the management of the stable, I cep him from blundering here at every step

The guides of public opinion cannot be too jealous in guarding against the eneroschments of the writers of fiction upon the province of true lustors, nor too futliful in pointing out every tran gression, however small it may appear, of the sacred fences he which it is pro-Such writers have it in their power to do much miselues, from the engaging form in which their conver their sentiments to a numerous and, in general, in suspecting class of readers. When the scene is laid in a remote and fabulous period, or when the merits and conduct of the men who are made to figure in it do not affect the great cause of truth and of public good, the writer may be allowed to exercise his ingenuity, and to amuse his readers, without our narrowly inquiring whether his representations are historically correct or But when he speaks of those men who were en gaged in the great struggle for national and individual rights, civil and religious, which took place in this country previous to the Revolution, and of all the cruelties of the oppressors, and all the sufferings of the oppressed, he is not to be tolerated in giving a false and distorted view of men and measures, whether this proceed from ignorance or from prejudice. Nor should his misrepresentations be allowed to pass without severe reprehension when their native tendency is to shade the atrocities of persecution, to diminish the horror with which the conduct of a tyrannical and unprincipled government has been so long and so justly regarded, and to traduce and valify the characters of those men nho, while they were made to feel all the weight of its severity, continued to resist, until they succeeded in emancipating themselves, and securing their posterity

from the falling toke. On this supposition, it is not sufficient to atone for such faults that the work in which they are found displays great talents, that it contains scenes which are described with exquisite propriety and truth, that the leading facts in the listory of the e-times are brought forward, that the author has condemned the severitles of the government, that he is often in a mirthful and factious mood, and that some allowances must be made for a desire to annise his readers, and to impart preater interest to a story which, after all, is for the most part fictitious

One charge which he frequently brings against the strict Presbyterious is that of a morore and gloome lugotry, displayed by their censuring of all imiocent recreations. This he endeavours to impress on the imagination of his reader in the very first scene, by representing them as refusing, from such scruples, to attend the weaponschaus appointed by government 'The ingour of the strict Calvinists' says he, 'increa ed in proportion to the wishes of the government that it should be relaxed. A sup-realious condemnation of all manly pastimers and harmless recreations distinguished those who professed a more than ordinary source of The fact is, that from the Reformation down to the period in which the scene of this tile is laid such exercises and pastimes were quite common throughout Scotland, children were earefully trained to them then at school professors in universities attended and joined in them, as well as their students, and the Presisterian ministers, having practised them at school and at college instead of condenining them as unlawful, did not scruple to countenance them with their presence. There were some of these precise preachers for whom, we suspect, our author (with all his intimate knowledge of such sports) night no have been quite a nintch in shooting at the popinjay, and in playing with them at the rapier or small sword, or in wrestling a fall, we are afraid he might have come off as bally as Sergeant Bothwell did from the brawny arms of John Balfour of Builer

The second instance which goes to prove that the authors statements respecting the religious sentiments and customs of that period are not to be depended upon relates to the use of the bool of Common Praver 'The young nt arms,' says lie, 'were unable to avoid listening to the frayers red in the church's on these occarions, and thus, in the opinion of their repining parents, meddling with the accursed thing which is an abomination in the sight of the Lord' Now, though the author had not stood in ane of that 'dreadful name,' which all Christians are thught to venerate, nor been afrud of the threatening, 'The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain,' we would have thought that he would have at least been careful to save himself from ridicule by ascertaining the truth of the fact which he assumes as the foundation of his irreverent How, then, does the fact stand? Privers were net read in the parish churches of Scotland at that time, any more than they were in the meeting houses of the indulged, or in the conventicles of the stricter Presby The author has taken it for granted that the Prayer Book was introduced into Scotland along with Episcopal government at the Restoration astonished that any one who professed to be acquainted with the history of that period, and especially one who undertakes to describe its religious manners, should take

up this erroneous notion The English Book of Common Prayer was never introduced into Scotland, and, previous to 1637, v as used only in the Chapel Royal, and perhaps occasionally in one or two other places, to please the king The history of the short lived Scottish Prayer-Book is well known At the Restoration neither the one nor the other was imposed, but the public worship was left to be conducted as it had been practised in the Presbytenan Church. Charles II was not so fond of prayers, whether read or extempore, as to interest him self in that matter, his maxim was, that Presbyterianism was not fit for a gentleman, his dissipated and irre ligious courtiers were of the same opinion, and therefore Episcopacy was established As for the aspiring church men who farthered and pressed the change, they were satisfied with seating themselves in their rich bishopries Accordingly, the author will not find the Preslyterians 'repining' at this imposition, and had he examined their writings, as he ought to have done, he would have found them repeatedly admitting that they had no such For the sake of giving effect to a particular scene, the author does not hesitate to violate histone truth and probability, and even to contradict his own statements or admissions. Instances of this occur in some of his best descriptions, and they show that though he has the imagination and feeling of a poet, he is deficient in the judgment and discriminating taste of a historian

M Cries works fill four volumes (1855-57), and there is a Life by his son (1840).

# Thomas Campbell

was born in Glasgow on the 27th July 1777 youngest of eleven, he came of a good Highland family, the Campbells of Kirnan in Argyllshire, who traced their origin to the first lord of Lochawe. The property, however, had passed from the old race, and the poet's father carried on business in Glasgow as a trader with Virginia American Revolution brought disaster, and in his latter days Alexander Campbell subsisted on a small income derived from a merchant's society, uded by his industrious wife, who took in young collegians as boarders Thomas passed in 1791 from the grammar-school to the University of Glasgow, and was particularly distinguished for his translations from the Greek, a translation of part of the Clouds of Aristophanes being specially commended. He had already gained a prize for an English poem, an Essay on the Origin of Evil, modelled on Pope. Other poetical pieces, written between his fourteenth and sixteenth year, show He became his delicate taste and care of diction tutor to a family in Mull, and about this time met with his 'Caroline of the West,' the daughter of a minister of Inveraray In 1794 he begged five shillings from his mother, and walked to Edinburgh to attend the trials of Muir and Gerald for sedition—for he was already a stout Reformer and admirer of the French Revolution The winter of 1795 saw him again at college work in Glasgow, and supporting himself by private tuition year he was again tutor in the Highlands, this time in Appin, thereafter he repaired to Edinburgh, hesitated between the Church and the law, but soon abandoning all hopes of either, employed himself in private teaching and work for the book-Poetry was not neglected, and in April 1799 appeared his Pleasures of Hope The copyright was sold for £60, but for some years the publishers gave the poet £50 on every new edition of two thousand copies, and allowed him, in 1803, to publish a quarto subscription copy, from which he realised about £1000 It was in a 'dusky lodging' in Alison Square, Edinburgh, that the Pleasures of Hope was composed, much of it was thought out in walks round Arthur's Sent, and the opening lines were suggested by the Firth of Forth as seen from the Calton Hill The poem went through four editions in a twelvemonth, having



THOMAS CAMPBELL
From the Portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence in the National
Portrait Gallery

captivated all readers by its varied nielody, polished diction, generous sentiment, and touching episodes, and in picturing the horrors of war and the partition of Poland the poet warmed to noble rage

Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time ' Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime, Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe, Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe! Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear. Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career Hope, for a season bade the v orld farewell, And Freedom slineked—as Kosciusko fell ! The sun went down, nor ceased the carrage there. Tumultuous Murder shook the midnight air-On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow, His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below, The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay! Hark ' as the smouldering piles with thunder fall. A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call '

Earth shook, red meteors flashed along the sky, And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry 4

Defects were noted in the *Pleasures of Hope*—lack of connection between the parts, florid lines, and imperfect metaphors, but such a scries of genial pictures, of dignified and suggestive thoughts, in such terse and polished verse had rarely been found in a poem written at the age of twenty one. More than a hundred and fifty new lines were added after the first edition.

Shortly after its publication C impbell visited the Continent He sailed from Leith for Hamburg in June 1800, and proceeding thence to Ratisbon, witnessed the action which gave that city to the The poet stood with the monks of the Scottish college of St James on the ramparts near the monistery while the Austrian cavalry charged the French He saw no other battle-Hohen linden was fought some weeks after he had left Bayarra-but made many excursions and wis well received by Moreau and other French officers The progress of the war drove him north to If ini burg, where he settled for a winter, and here he wrote some of his minor poems, published in the Morning Chronick Ye Warmers of England was 'made in Germany,' The Battle of the Battle too was inspired by the arrival of the British fleet in the Sound In another vein were some poems in which he imitated Klopstock, whose acquaintance he liad made here. And the Eight of Eight was suggested by a meeting at Hamburg with an Irish rebel, Anthony MacCann 1 or this—so jealous was the British Government of that diy -Campbell was suspected of being a spy, and on his arrival in Fdinburgh was subjected to in examination by the sheriff, which ended happily in mirth and con-Shortly afterwards the poetical wanderer was received by Lord Minto as secretary and literary companion—a function Campbell's temper and democratic spirit rendered uncongenial and crclong intolerable. To the year 1802 belong Lochiel's Warning and Hohenlinden-the latter surely a remarkable battle piece, though it was rejected by the editor of the Greenock Advertiser, and was called by its author a 'mere drum and trumpet thing? In 1803 he settled in London, making literature his profession, and living with Telford the engineer, who continued his friendship throughout a long life For the Edinburgh Encyclopædia Campbell wrote biographics, an account of the drama, and other articles, he compiled three volumes of the Annals of Great Britain from the Accession of George III to the Peace of Amiens, a continuation of Smollett, and, like Goldsmith, often contrived to brighten mere hack-work with literary grace. In 1805, through Fox's influence, the Government granted him a pension of £200-a well merited tribute to the author of Ye Mariners of England and the Battle of the Baltic In 1809 was published his second great poem, Gertrude of Hyoming, a Pennsylvanian Tale, a pathetic story sweetly told in

Spenserian stanzas, how 'the junction of European with Indian ums converted a terrestrial paradisc into a frightful wast." The best of his later pieces were contributed to the New Monthly Magazine, which he edited from 1820 to 1831 One of these minor poems, 'The last Man,' is one of his most notable creations. In 1814, with Mrs Siddons and John Kemble, Campbell visited Pans, and no keenly enjoyed the sculpture and other works of art in the Louvre that they seemed to give his mind a new sense of the humony of art. In 1818 he revisited Germany, and the year after his return published his Spice mens of the British Poets, with biographical and critical notices, in eccen volumes—a sound sen sible, and for the time enimently serviceable piece of work, though some of the criticism lins now in antiquited air, and the standard is not that of the present day In 1820 he lectured on poetry at the Surrey Institution, in 1824 he published Hiedric, an extravagant tale, pointpous and wooden, but containing one fine passage O Country's Child Sir Henry Taylor pronounced to be 'the very soul of song-tragic romantic, passionate -and held that some of the other minor poems, The Spectre Beat, Glenara, The Retter Bane and Lord Clin's Daugliter, have an almost equal charm. Though busy in establishing the London I niversity, he was in 1827 elected Lord Rector of the university of his native city-a compliment heightened by his re election the two following years, the last time Sir Walter Scott being the rejected. In 1834 he made a voyage to Algiers, of which he published an account, and in 1842 he appeared again as a poet in a slight narrative piece unworthy of his fame, The Pilgram of Glerce Among the literity engagements of his latter years were Lives of Mrs Siddons and of Petrarcli In the summer of 1843 he need his residence at Boulogne, but his health was now much impaired, he died the following summer, on the 15th of June 1844, and was buried in Westminster Abbey

Cimpbell's early favourities and models were Milton and Gray, Thomson and Goldsmith but especially Pope, whom he vehemently and, as Byron said, gloriously defended against Bowles and other critics. He shows the influence of these his masters, as well as of Akenside and Rogers and even Erasmus Darwin Spite of his long life of literary work, the whole of his poetry fills but a small volume, and his best a very small bulk 'What a pity it is,' said Sir Walter Scott, 'that Campbell does not write more and oftener and give full sweep to his genius l. He has wings that would bear him to the skies, and he does, now and then spread them grandly, but folds them up again, and resumes his perch, as if he was afraid to hunch away. What a grand idea is that,' said the kindly critic, 'about prophetic boding, or, in common parlance, second sight-

Coming events cast their shadows before!

The fact is 5cot added, Campbell is in a morrer, a bughear to himself. The brightness of his early success is a de arrent to all his further ! efforts. He is afraid of the shados that his h oun fame easts before him! Most of Campalls, Inger points are didactic and unitspred on a in brief passages, felicitous and mellilaous but monotrous. Only in his war sound the manning a cent, and though most of his other work is little ! tend there are of universal acceptance and im-t pershable. And he is secrete as a critic sud, i of in 'immortality of quotation'. Though 'I'd'c angel v site few and fir between, o enest quo ed vas horrowed by Campbell as all as by blair ! from Norres of Bemerton (page 259) some of his phrases lines and couplets are household vords "I sunharst in the storm of death ? "broken" heats die slow,' 'To live in hearts we lewe behind is not to die, With his back to the feld, and his fect to the fee and inotal pleasure' defined as 'the torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below?

"Its distance lend renchantment to the vim.
And robes the mountain in its state hie.

The this runs took he gives me my seal force.

And coming even a cast their shade to before.

# Elegy written in Muli (June 1795)

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# The Dinth of Contract

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There, sad spectatress of her country's vice!
The lovely Gertrude, save from present harm,
Had laid her check, and clasped her hands of snow
On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Inclosed, that felt her heart, and hushed its wild alarm!

But short that contemplation—sad and short
The pause to bid each much loved scene adicu!
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn and banners flew,
Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian erew
Was near?—vet there, with lust of murderous deeds,
Gleamed life a basibsk, from woods in view,
The ambushed formen's eye—his volley speeds,
And Albert Albert falls! the dear old father bleeds!

And tranced in gildy horror, Certrude swooned,
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, but titley, borrowed from her fittler's wound.
These drops? Oh God! the life blood is her own!
And filtering, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown—
Weep not, O love! she cries, 'to see me bleed.
Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone.
Herven's peace commissible for scarce. I heed.
These wounds yet thee to leave is death, is death indeed!

'Clasp me a little longer on the limil
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress
And when this heart hath ecased to beat—oh! think,
And let it initigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness
And friend to more than human friendship just
Oh! by that retrospect of happiness
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assunge thy pangs—when I am laid in dust!"

Hushed were his Gertride's hips! but still their bland And beautiful expression seemed to melt With love that could not die! and still his hand. She presses to the heart no more that felt. Ali, heart! where once each fond affection dwelt, And features yet that spoke a soul more fur. Mute, gazing, agonising as he knelt.—

Of them that stood encirchiag his despur [were He heard some friendly words, but I new not what they

I or now, to mourn their judge and child, arrives
A futhful band With solemn rites between
'I was sung, how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their deaths had not divided been
Touched by the music and the melting scene,
Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd—
Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen
To veil their eyes, as passed each much loved shroud—
While woman's softer soul in woe dissolved aloud

Then monrafully the parting bugle bid Its farewell o'er the grave of worth and truth, Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid Its face on earth him watched, in gloomy ruth, His woodland guide but words had none to soothe The grief that knew not consolation's name, Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth, He watched, beneath its folds, each burst that came Convulsive, ague like, across his shuddering frame!

'And I could weep,' the Oneyda chief His descant wildly thus begun, 'But that I may not stain with grief The death song of my father's son, Or bow this head in voc!

For, by my wronge, and hy my wrath,

To morrow Arconda's breath,

That fire von heaven with storms of death,
Shall light us to the foc

And we shall share, my Christian boy,

The forman's blood, the avencers joy!

But thee, my flower, whose breath was given By milder genu o'er the deep.
The spirits of the white man's heaven Forbid not thee to weep Nor will the Christian hot, Nor will thy father's spirit grieve, To see thee, on the buttle's eve, Lamenting talle a mournful leave Of her who loved thee most She was the rainbow to thy light!
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lo t delight!

'To morrow let us do or die
But when the ho't of death is hirled,
Ah' whither then with the to fly
Shall Outal a roun the world?
Seel ve thy once livel home?
The han list gone that cropt its flowers
I nheard their clock repeats its hours,
Cold is the hearth within their bowers
And should we thither roam,
Its cehoes and its empty trea!
Would sound like voices from the dead!

Or shall we cro won into intains I lur, Who e streams my kin lied nation quaffed, And by my side, in battle true. A thousand warriors drew the shaft? All there, in desolution cold, The desort serpent dwells alone, Where grass o ergrows each mondering bone, And stones themselves to ruin grown, I ike me, are death life old. Then seek we not their camp—for there. The silence dwells of my despair?

But hark, the trump! to morrow thou In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears. Even from the land of shadows now. We father's awful ghost appears, Annote the clouds that round us roll, He bids my soul for battle thirst—He bids me dry the last—the first—The only tears that ever hurst. I rom Outalissi's soul,

Because I may not stain with grief. The death song of an Indian chief!

(From Gertrude of 15 yoming)

## Ye Mariners of England.

Ye manners of England 1
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the braze 1
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe 1
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow,
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow

The spirits of your fathers
Shall'start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave,
Where Blake and mighty Melson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow,
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow

Britannia needs no bnlwarks,
No towers along the steep,
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow,
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blov

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return
Then, then, ye ocean warnors'
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow,
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow'

When the poem was first published in the Naval Chronicle for 1801, the line about Blake and Nelson read 'Where Granvill (boast of freedom) fell 'but after Trafalgar the Georgian hero was substituted for the Elizabethan, Tennysons Sir Richard Grenville and Blake the Cromwellian was added—though Blake did not precisely 'fall, but died of scorbutic fever on board his ship as it entered Plymouth Sonnd.

#### The Battle of the Baltic.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone,
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on

Like leviathans affoat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line
It was ten of April morn by the chime
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene,
And her van the fleeter rushed
O er the deadly space between
'Hearts of oak,' our captains cried, when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun

Again 'again 'again'
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Danc
To our cheering sent us back
Their shots along the deep slowly boom,
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave
'Ye are brothers' ye are men'
And we conquer but to save,
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crev's, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king'

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose,
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrev his shades from the day
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away

Now joy, Old England, raise '
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light,
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts 'to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou,
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave '
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave '

Captain Riou was praised by Lord Nelson as the gallant and the good. The first draft of this porm, sent to Scott in 180, consisted of thirty stanzas—all published in Beattir s Life of Campbell. The piece was greatly improved by condensation but the excision of these verses on English sailors was clearly a loss

Not such a mind possessed
England's tar
Twas the love of noble game
Set his caken heart on flame
For to him Iwas all the same—
Sport and war
All hands and eyes on watch
As they keep—
By their motion light as wings,
By each step that haughty springs,
You might know them for the kings
Of the deep

### Hohenlinden.

On Linden, when the sun was low, All bloodless lay the untrodden snow, And dark as winter was the flow Of Iser, rolling rapidly

Ì

And fast and far, before the tar-Of day spring, I she we thre she the plade. And saw at dawn the lofty or in Of Castle Connor fade Sweet vas to us the hermitage Of this unplough'd, untrodddin el orc, I ike birds all joyous from the enge, For man's neglect we loved it more, Ind well he knew, my hanteman dear, To search the game with he L and spear, While I, his evening food to dre s, Voild sing to him in happiness But, oh, that midnight of despair ' When I was doom d to read my hair The might, to me, of shrieking orrow! The hight, to him, that had no merro s!

When all was hush d, at even tide, I heard the bring of their largle Be hush'd ' my Connocht Mo an cried, "Tis bu the screaming of the eagle. Mas I 'ture not the evene's sound, Their bloody bands had track dus out, Up listening starts our couchan hound -And, hark ' again, that nearer shout Bring, faster on the murderers Spare-spare him-Brazil-Desmond fierce ! In vain-no voice the adder charms, Their weapons cross d my sheltering arms Another's sword has lad lum low-And her s and another s An I every hand that dealt the blow-Ah me tut was a brother sit Yes, when his moanings died an A Their iron han Is had dug the clay Ar loer his barial turf this trol, And I behold '-oh God' oh God'-His life blood oozing from the son!

Warm in his death wourds sepulchied, Alas my warriors spirit brave Nor mass nor ul'a lolla beard, Lamenting son he lis grave Drigged to their bried man in back, H is long in thrildon's grasp I liv I knew not, for my soul was black And knew no change of right or day One night of horior round me gr . Or if I saw, or fel or knee leaste when the eguinoste, The angry broth is of mis in a Glared on each escitable uch apithiotic All shock degler in a provento who Or when my learn with pures dreve Bes like a death which to mile t

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From Ode to the Memory of Burns.

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portrays with warmth and sympathy the domestic affections, and the charms of benevolence and virtue, but in *Don Sebastian* we have besides an interesting though melancholy plot and characters vividly sketched. Anna's sister, Jane, was later in developing her literary talent, but had a much greater gift, and her two romances, *Thaddeus of Warsaw* (1803) and *The Scottish Chiefs* (1810), were both exceptionally popular in their day. *Thaddeus*, high-flown and but imperfectly true to Polish character or historical setting, was translated into French



JANE PORTER
From the Drawing by George Henry Harlow in the National
Portrait Gallery

and German, delighted Kosciuszko, and brought its authoress an honorary office from the King of Würtemberg The Chiefs is wonderfully untrue to real lustory and national manners, it is stilted, conventional, sentimental, and its Wallace is alternately a drawing-room hero and a stagey poseur, not the rough captain of a rougher nulitia Yet the story is animated and picturesque, was enormously popular in Scotland, was translated into French, German, and Russian, and had the honour of being proscribed by Napoleon to be credited (contrary to probability) with an even higher honour-that of having suggested to Scott the idea of the Waverley Novels Thaddens and the Chiefs are almost the only historical novels before Scott's time that can be said still to live. The Chiefs was more than a dozen times reprinted before the end of the nineteenth century, and Thaddens was at least twice reprinted in its last decade. Other novels were The Pastor's Fireside, Duke Christian of Lunehurg (the idea of which was suggested by George IV the materials supplied by Dr Clarkes, and The Ferty Feetsteps Two or three plays by her were

blank fultires. Her last considerable enterprise was on a work given out as a record of real experience merely 'edited' by her Sir Edward Scaward's Shipwreck, as written in his own Diary (1831), although the authorship was long ascribed to her, was probably the vork of her eldest brother, Dr William Ogilvie Porter (1774–1850) Another brother, Sir Robert Ker Porter (1777–1842), battle-painter, travelled much, was consul in Venezuela, and wrote books of travel in Russia, Sweden, Spain, Portugal, Georgia, Persia, and Armenia.

Joanna Baillie borrows freely from June Porter's Wallace for her equally non authentic 'William Willace' in the Metrical Legends, and cites from the Scottish Chiefs this passage as one of 'terrific sublimity'

### The Burning of the Barns of Ayr

When all was ready, Wallace, with the mights spirit of retribution nerving every limb, mounted to the roof, and tearing off part of the tiling, with a fluming brand in his hand, showed himself glittering in arms to the afrighted revellers beneath, and as he threw it blazing amongst them, he cried aloud, 'The blood of the murdered calls for vengeance, and it comes.' At that instant



ANNA MAKIA PORITR.
From the Drawing by Ceorge Henry Harlow in t - National Portrait Gallery

the matches were put to the faggots which a rounded the hudding and the whole party, springing from their seats, hastened towards the doors all were fatened and retreating again in the midst of the room that fearfully looked up to the tremendous again above which like a supernatural being seemed to average that crimes and ruin down fire on their guilty heals. The rising smole form within and without the healthing

now obscured his terrific form. The shows of the Sections the fire covered its wills, and the saca may flames

and there is even a section which advocates the pre-eminence of Vertnanger Abbet'-1 proof, surely, of the abounding charm of all of them. Sense and Sensibility has fewest champions, or none for pre emmency I hough none of her works was published till the next century, three of her most characteristic ones-Pride and Prejudice, Northanger Ables. and the first draft of Sense and Sensibility -were finished in the eighteenth and her manner was

fully formed. Her work shows the most charac-

as early as 1798 the letter finished only in 1816

By pretty general consent Pride and Prepring is

ranked as her masterpiece. But is Mr Austin

Dobson has recorded 'There are who swear has Persuasion, there are who prefer Exima and

Wansfield Parl,

she should write a movel depicting the habits of life and character and eithusiasm of a clergiman i ha should pass his time between the natronalis and the country and tried to the her ambition with the suggestion that on such a subject she might be it both Goldsmith and In Fortune. But Miss Austen was not to be tempted part, she said she might do that not the good the enthusiastic the literary' She had not be

Mr Clarke signs add at

ecuthum in Except

knowledge to imagine conversations on 'science and philosophy for to supply the quotations and allusions' that should adorn the talk of a learned divine. Nor was she less decided in her rejection of Mr Clarke's next proposal fin view of the projected marriage of the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold) of 'an historical rollance ill stative of the august house of Coburg. I could not, she answered, 'sit seriously down to write a serious romance under any other more than to save my life, and if it were indispensable for me to leep it up and never relax into lughning at miself or at other people, I am sure I should be ming before I had finished the first chipter No, I must keep to my own style, and go on in my own wity, and though I may never succeed again in that, I am convinced that I should totally fail in any other.

The details in large the her off is the frequency of the large transport in the fail in any other.

I me cell of an objection, they have the frequency of the first of the frequency of the first of the first chipter in the summer and increase it for the first of the first chipter in the summer and increase it is the first of the first chipter in the first chipter in the first chipter in the first chipter in the first of the first chipter in the first

The details in Jane Austen's vorks are not, as in Balzic, multiplied overmuch, they all aid in developing and discriminating her characters, v ho, if they do not throb and thrill with passion, ha c amining vitality and lifely eness, they are presented with extriordinary dramatic truth and effect, friery one says the right thing in the right place and in the right way! Of all his succes ors i she is the one who most nearly resembles Richardson in the power of impressing reality upon her characters? Wherever Miss Austen introduces us we soon find ourselves amongst frends and neighbours, more familiar to us in spite of their old fashioned dresses and old world phrises, than many of the people amongst home ne actually like. She is amazingly deft in delicate ridicule of womanly foibles and vanity and is great on mistakes in the education of gids—on family differences obstraves, and pride on the distinctions between the different classes of society, and the niver slindes of feeling and conduct as their ripen into love or friend-hip or subside into indifference or d slike. We do not find, we do not miss that morbid colouring of the stionier and darker passions which so many novelists of her time afforted. The clear daylight of nature as reflected in domestic life is her genial and irexhaustible element bet as every work of ar, every true story, has its a hight take, a nore pointed moral leron can hardly be convexed than in the disties of the Bertrin furly in Marsield Perk brough about by the wants and callonsn sof the two drughters who had been truent no hing be 'accomplishments'. Such criticisms of life dawn or us in the development of the story, are b the is or disquisit on, and they tell with double fine because one are areal and not in data a stric but he art slidtelly immitting priore Refore to it nees the most it mading graphs

The movels were well reserved from the hear hand out found their nature traditions after the half heart from the most out before the most. Wheret, we had a discretic content to the first out and the content to the first out and the properties of the first out and the first out and

" the en obvier. The best of m r cll m, his slu mere to her eff is a first wors to in poors has not be fore, and the distances I turned her bol or ron in the his Miller of the other realing Price and Prope to the in the time this sum ned up Jame Action is become with the authority of a master which an unfogettable contract. "That wo my lick has a value for describing the involvement of technic and characters of ordinary 11, which is to not the nost wonderful I ever met with. The Egit ~ to serum I can do my tilf life any ox going. but the expense to halloch render enhance commonplies then, said character interes in from the truth of the deception and the tent ment is demed to ric. V hat a pit with a , died ciciture dod so carly " Marning time "I live no vierd once is a all Mr. A weight ch charming the are. Here is in no co-the compositions which approach neares to paper tion and even vent so fir as to de luc and he apprehend nearest to Shakespeater as the richet drawing -an appreciation recent defender to, Mr. Pollo I. Her place a unique and tast romen novelist. Coloridge South and Some Sinh very money her an over a region of tive time. Justin M. Carthy is all to to the 4 d's numer or he writer also he is The configuration speal or him as in distribution, as him to general consensu is that the raise has thou fit of cover both by critic and he the general public. I dwind. I is Gerald in one of his I ser 1500 styles her perfect for morning elemen seer after and he more part medit to judament by complaining hat the is capital as firms she gas his there craim or of the Lie Iver, if her Magnus Trol, or Jack Line care a one of I orling's Butter viola is a culture work the Gentilt, and a cara mand the heart of

### \*fen and Women

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We sty on a some with a sign of the state of

"Ir such cases, a woman has no often much bouts to think of"

But, my deer, you must indeed no in I see Mr ; Firstly when he comes into the neighbourhood

It is more than I engage for, I as une von

But consider your daughters. Unly think a list on leading hinest it a ould be for one of them. Sir William, and Lady Lucas are determined to go, in relative that a count, for, in general, you know, they are no near a courts. Indeed you must go, for it will be impossible for it to visit him if you do not?

Now are over scrup flour surely. I dire say Mr Engley will be very glad to see you, and I will sind a few lines by you to assure him of my hearty consent to his marring whichever he chooses of the first though I must throw in a good word for my I tile I. 28

'I desire you will do no such thine. It is it to a bit better than the others, and I am size she is not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so to do humoured as I sain. But you are always give, for the preference.'

They have none of them much to recomment here toplied he they are all sills and ignorant, like other girls but Lizzy has something more of quiel ness than her species?

"Mr Bennet, how can southher that on the deep it that a way? You take delight in vexing the World lave no omportion on my poor nerve."

Nou mis ake me, m, dear I have a high respect for sour nimes. They are my old friends. I have him to mention them with consideration their to entry to a basis.

th' you do not know what I suffer

"I at I hope you will get over it, in I live to an many roung men of four thousand a lear come in a time neight."

"I vill be no use to us, if twen verify north come encrys a will no visit them."

"Depend upon it, my dear, that their there are then a I will visit them all."

We llenned was so odd a mixture of the property for me harmour, reserve, and captice, that the experience of ince and twenty years had been in office on to use the wife independent by character. Her to directly discretely follow the develop. She is a woman of not in devaluate, lettle information and unce to a timp of while information and unce to a timp of when so was discretely be finded to the reserve.

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## A Cierical Proposal

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## A too kind Half-brother

Mrs John Dachwood now installed herself mistress of Norland, and her mother and sisters in law were de graded to the condition of visitors. As such, however, they were treated by her with quiet civility, and by her husband with as much I indness as he could feel towards anybody beyond himself, his wife, and their child. He really pressed them, with some earnestness, to consider Norland as their home, and, as no plan appeared so eligible to Mrs Dashwood as remaining there till she could accommodate herself with a house in the neigh bourhood, his invitation was accepted.

A continuance in a place where everything reminded her of former delight was exactly what suited her mind. In seasons of cheerfulness no temper could be more cheerful than hers or possess in a greater degree that sanguine expectation of happiness which is happiness itself. But in sorrow she must be equally carried away by her fancy, and as far beyond consolation as in pleasure she was beyond alloy.

Mrs Jo'in Dashwood did not at all approve of what her husband intended to do for his sisters. To take three thousand pounds from the fortune of their dear little boy would be impoverishing him to the most dreadful degree. She begged him to thind again on the subject. How could he answer it to himself to rob his child, and his only child too, of so large a sum? And what possible claim could the Mill Dashwoods, who were related to him only by half blood, which she con sidered as no relationship at all, have on his generosity to so large an amount? It was very vell known that no affection was e or supposed to exist between the children of any man by different marriages, and why was he to ruin himself and their poor little Harry by giving away all his money to his half sisters?

'It was my father's last request to me,' replied her husband, 'that I should assist his widow and daughters'

'He did not know what he was talking of, I dare say, ten to one but he was light headed at the time. Had he been in his right senses, he could not have thought of such a thing as begging you to give away half your for une from your own child'

'He did not stipulate for any particular sum, my dear Fanny, he only requested me, in general terms, to assist them, and make their situation more comfortable than it was in his power to do. Perhaps it would have been as vell if he had left it vholly to myself. He could hardly suppose I should neglect them. But as he required the promise, I could not do less than give it at least I thought so at the time. The promise, there fore, was given, and must be performed. Something mus be done for them whenever they leave Norland and settle in a new home.'

'Well, then, let some hing be done for them, but that something need not be three thousand pounds. Consider,' she added, 'that when the money is once parted with, it never can return. Your sisters will marry, and it will be gone for ever. If, indeed, it could ever be restored to our poor little boy'——

'Why, to be sure,' said her liusband, very gravely, 'that vould male a great difference. The time may come when Harry will regret that so large a sum was parted with If he should have a numerous family, for instance, it would be a very convenient addition'

'To be sure it would.'

'Perhaps, then, it would be better for all parties if the sum were diminished one half. Five hundred pounds would be a prodigious increase to their fortunes ''

'Oh' beyond anything great! What brother on earth would do half so much for his sisters, even if really his sisters? And as it is—only half blood! But you have such a generous spirit!'

'I would not wish to do anything mean,' he replied.
'One had rather, on such occasions, do too much than too little. No one, at least, can think I have not done enough for them, even themselves, they can hardly expect more.'

'There is no knowing what they may expect; said the lady, 'but we are not to think of their expectations the question is, what you can afford to do'

'Certainly, and I thin! I may afford to give them five hundred pounds apiece. As it is, without any addition of mine, they will each liave above three thousand pounds on their mother's death—a very comfortable fortune for any young woman'

'To be sure it is, and, indeed, it stril es me that they can want no addition at all. They will have ten thou sand pounds divided amongst them. If they marry, they will be sure of doing well, and if they do not, they may all live very comfortably together on the interest of ten thousand pounds.'

'That is very true, and therefore, I do not know whether, upon the whole, it would not be more advisable to do something for their mother while she lives, rather than for them—something of the annuity 1 ind, I mean M, sisters would feel the good effects of it as well as herself. A hundred a year would make them all perfectly comfortable.'

His wife hesitated a little, however, in giving her consent to this plan

'To be sure,' said she, 'it is better than paring with fifteen hundred pounds at once. But then, if Mrs Dashwood should live fifteen years, we shall be completely taken in'

'Fusicen years! my dear Fanny, her life cannot be worth half that purchase.'

'Certainly not, but if you observe, people always live for ever when there is any annuity to be paid them, and she is very stout and healthy, and hardly forty annuity is a very serious business, it comes over and over every year, and there is no getting rid of it. You are not aware of what you are doing I have known a great deal of the trouble of annuities, for my mother was elogged with the payment of three to old super annuated servants by my father's will, and it is amazing how disagreeable she found it. Twice every year these annuities were to be paid, and then there was the trouble of getting it to them, and then one of them was said to have died, and afterwards it turned out to be no such thing. My mother was quite sick of it. Her income was not her own, she said, with such perpetual claims on it, and it was the more unlind in my father, because otherwise the money would have been entirely at my mother's disposal, without any restriction what ever It has given me such an abhorrence of annuities that I am sure I would not pin myself down to the payment of one for all the world.'

'It is certainly in unpleasant thing,' replied Mr Dashwood, 'to have those kind of yearly drains on one's income. One's fortune, as your mother justly says, is not one's own. To he tied down to the regular payment.



went to that strange medley of pathos and humour-the Irish character' Her father, Robert Owenson (originally MacOwen), was an actor and manager, a favourite in the society of Dublin, and author of some popular Irish songs She was born in Dublin on the Christmas Day of 1780 or thereby-'cold, false, erroneous, chronological dates' she protests against—and in 1798 turned governess, to support the failing fortunes of her In 1801 she published a small volume of poetical verse, and afterwards The Lay of the Itish Harp and a selection of twelve Irish lyrics, with music-one of them 'Kate Kearney,' which bids fair to outlive all her other achievements Two rubbishy novels had preceded The Wild Irish Girl (1806), which became exceptionally popular This success introduced the authoress into some of the higher circles of Irish and English society, and she became attached to the household of the Marquis of Abercorn She had had 'somewhat mysterious relations' with at least one admirer, Sir Charles Ormsby, when in 1812 she was married off-hand to Thomas Charles Morgan, M.D. (1783-1843), whom the Lord-Lieutenant knighted for the For the next quarter of a century, excepting two long visits to the Continent, the pair made Dublin their home, but in 1837 Lord Melbourne gave her a pension of £300, and in 1839 they removed to London Ere this she had published The Missionary, an Indian Tale (1811), O'Donnel (1814), Florence Macarthy (1818, 4th ed. 1819), and The O'Briens and the O'Flaherty's (1827), in which, departing from the beaten track of sentimental novels, she ventured, like Miss Edgeworth, to portray national manners In Sir Walter Scott's opinion, O'Donnel, though deficient as a story, has 'some striking and beautiful passages of situa tion and description, and in the comic part is very rich and entertaining' But Lady Morgan's high toned society is disfigured with grossness and profligacy, and her subordinate characters are often caricatures The vivacity and variety of these presentations is unquestionable-if not always true, they are lively, 'whether it is a review of volunteers in the Phænix Park, or a party at the Castle, or a masquerade, a meeting of United Irishmen, a riot in Dublin, or a jug-day at Bog-moy-in every change of scene and situation our authoress wields the pen of a ready writer' Complaint was made against these Irish sketches that they were so personal romans a clef, it being plainly indicated that some of the portraits of personages at the vice regal court and in the 'best society' of Dublin represented actual and well-known ludies and gentlemen of the day Their conversation is often a sad jargon of prurient allusion, comments on dress, and superfluous scraps of French and Italian The humbler characters—even the rapparecs—are infinitely more entertaining

than Lady Morgan's representatives of the aristocracy Her strength lay in describing the broad characteristics of her nation, their boundless mirth, their old customs, their love of frolic, and their wild grief under calamity or in bewailing the death of friends and neighbours. In this department she may fairly be compared with Lever and Banim and Carleton Other works were France (1817) and Italy (1821), with dissertations on the state of society, manners, literature, and government. Lord Byron bore testimony to the fidelity and excellence of Italy, but unluckily here also she was too 'ambitious of being always fine and striking,' and too anxious to display her curious reading and high company Lady Morgan wrote also The Princess (a tale founded on the revolution in Belgium), Luxima the Prophetess, an Indian tale, Dramatic Scenes from Real Life (very poor in matter and affected in style), The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa, The Book of the Boudor (autobiographical sketches and reminiscences), Woman and her Master (a philosophical history of woman down to the fall of the Roman empire), and in 1841, in conjunction with her husband (author of Sketches of the Philosophy of Life and Morals, &c.), two volumes entitled The Book without a Name, pieces collected from the writers' portfolios and from stray sketches which had appeared in periodicals Lady Morgan's silly but not unamusing Memoirs were edited by Hepworth Divon (2 vols 1862), and W J Fitzpatrick had already written a Life of her in 1860

#### The Irish Hedge Schoolmaster

A beyy of rough headed students, with books as ragged as their habiliments, rushed forth at the sound of the horse's feet, and with hands shading their un covered faces from the sun, stood gazing in earnest Last of this singular group, followed O'Leary himself in learned dishabille, his customary suit-an old great-coat, fastened with a wooden skewer at his breast, the sleeves hanging unoccupied, Spanish ruise, as he termed it, his wig laid aside, the shaven crown of his head resembling the clerical tonsure, a tattered Homer in one hand, and a slip of sallow in the other, with which he had been distributing some well earned pandies to his pupils, thus exhibit ing, in appearance and in the important expression of his countenance, an epitome of that order of persons once so numerous, and still far from extinct in Ireland, the hedge schoolmaster O'Leary was learned in the antiquities and genealogies of the great Irish families as an ancient Senachy, an order of which he believed himself to be the sole representative, credillous of her fables, and jealous of her ancient glory, ardent in his feelings, fixed in his prejudices, hating the Bodei Sassoni, or English churls, in proportion as he dis trusted them, living only in the past, contemptuous of the present, and hopeless of the future, all his national learning and national vanity were employed in his history of the Macarthies More, to whom he deemed himself hereditary Senachy, while all his early associations and affections were occupied with

the litzadelm family, to an heir of which he had not only been foster father, but, by a singular chain of occurrences, tutor and host. Thus there existed an incongruity between his prejudices and his affections that added to the natural incoherence of his wild, unregulated, ideal character. He had as much Greek and Latin as generally falls to the lot of the inferior Irish priesthood, an order to which he had been originally destined, he spoke Irish as his native tongue with great fluency, and Lughish, with little variation, as it might have been spoken in the days of James or Philabeth, for Lughish was with him acquired by study at no early period of hic, and principally obtained from such bools as earne within the black letter plan of his antiquarian pursuits.

"Words that wise Bacon and grave Kaleigh spoke"

were familiarly uttered by O'I cary, connect out of old Inglish tracts, chronicles, presidential instructions, copies of patents, memorials, discourses, and translated remonstrances from the Irish chiefs, of every date since the arrival of the English in the island, and a few French words, not unusually heard among the old Irish Catholies, the descendants of the faithful followers of the Stuarts, completed the stock of his philological riches

O Leary now advanced to meet his visitant, with a countenance radiant with the expression of complicency and satisfaction, not unningled with pride and importance, as he threw his eyes round on his numerous disciples. To one of these the Commodore gave his horse, and drawing his hat over his eyes, as if to shade them from the sun, he placed himself under the shadow of the Saxon arch, observing

'You see, Mr O Leary, I very eagerly avail mixelf of your invitation, but I fear I have interrupted your learned avocation'

'Not a taste, your honour, and am going to give my classes a holiday, in respect of the turf, sir - What does yez all crowd the gentleman for? Did never yez see a mal gentleman afore? I'd trouble yez to consider yourselves as temporary -There's great scholars among them ragged runngates, your honour, poor as they look, for though in these degendered times you won't get the childre, as formerly, to talk the dead languages afore they can spake, when, says Campion, they had Latin lile a vulgar tongue, conning in their schools of leach craft the aphorisms of Hippocrates, and the civil in stitutes of the faculties, jet there are as fine scholars and as good philosophers still, sir, to be found in my seminary as in Trinity College, Dublin .-- Now, step for ward here, you Homers "Ixeklute moi, Iroes, kai Dardanoi, ed' epikouroi "'

Half a dozen overgrown boys, with bare heads and naked feet, hustled forward

'There's my first class, plaze your hononr, sorrow one of them gassoons but would throw you off a page of Homer into Irish while he'd be clamping a turf stack — Come forward here, Padreen Mahony, you little mitcher, ye Have you no better courtesy than that, Padreen? The upon your manners '—Then for all that, sir, he's my head philosopher, and am getting him up for Maynooth Och' then, I wouldn't ax better than to pit him against the provost of Trinity College this day, for all his ould small cloathes, sir, the crutur! Troth, he'd puzzle him, grate as he is, ay, and bate him too, that's at the

humanities, sir -Padreen, my man, if the pig's sould at Dinore market to morrow, tell your daddy, dear, I'll expect the pintion. Is that your box, Padreen, with your head under your arm, like a rooting hen? Upon my word, I tal a shame for your manners -There, your honour, them s my cordaries, the little leprehains, with their cathali herds and their burned skins, I think your honour yould be divasted to hear their parsing a chapter - Well, now dismiss, lads, jewel-off with vez, extempto, like a piper out of a tent, ara, with jez to the turf and mind me well, 3c flomers, 3c, I'll expect Hector and Androniache to morro; wi hout fail, observe me well, I'll take no excuse for the clar ics harring the bog, in respect of the veather being dry, dismis, I say' The learned disciples of this Irish sage, pulling down the front lock of their hair to designate the how they would have made if they had posses ed hats to move, now scampered off, leaping over tombitones and clearing rocks, while O Lears observed, studing his head and looking after them "No one of them but is sharp witted and has a jamus for poethry, if there was any encouragement for laming in these degendered times (I com Fierer e Vacar 17)

Henry Gally Knight (1786-1846), who wrote Eastern tales in the manner and measure of Byron, was an recomplished man of fortune, born at his fithers Yorlshire sent, educated at Eton and Cambridge, familiarised with foreign manners by trivels in southern Europe, Egypt, and Palestine. The first of these metrical stories, Ildering, c Syrian Tale (1816), was followed by Parasym, a Grecian Fali, and Alashtar, an Iradiar Tale knight also wrote a notable dramatic poem, Hannibal in Bitismic Though showing much tasic and truth to Oriental ways, these poems fuled to attract much notice, and their author obtained more distinction as an authority on architecture, writing (with expert assistance) An Architectural Tour in Normaray, The Normans in Swily, Saracenic and Norman Remains in Suily, The Leclesiastical Architecture of Italy He inherited the family property in 1808, and sat in Pirliament from 1824 till his death

William Knox (1789-1825), born at Lilliesleaf in Roxburglishire, was author of *The Lonely Hearth*, Songs of Israel, The Harp of Zron, and other poems. Sir Walter Scott in his draw gives this brief note of his life work. His father was a respectable yeoman, and he himself succeeding to good farms under the Duke of Buccleuch, became too soon his own master, and plunged into dissipation and ruin. His talent then shewed itself in a fine strain of pensive poetry. Knox, who from 1820 earned a precarious livelihood as journalist in Edinburgh, thus ended his Sorgs of Israel.

My song hath closed, the holy dream
That raised my thoughts o'er all below
Hath fided like the lunar beam,
And left me 'nud a night of woe—
To look and long, and sigh in vain
For friends I ne'er shall meet again.

And yet the earth is green and gay,
And yet the skies are pure and bright,
But, 'mid each gleam of pleasure gay,
Some cloud of sorrow dims my sight
For weak is now the tenderest tongue
That might my simple songs have sung

And like to Gilead's drops of balm,

They for a moment soothed my breast,
But earth hath not a power to calm

My spirit in forgetful rest,
Until I lay me side by side

With those that loved me, and have died.

They died—and this a world of woe,
Of anxious doubt and chilling fear,
I wander onward to the tomb,
With scarce a hope to linger here
But with a prospect to rejoin
The friends beloved, that once were mine.

Edward Fitzball (1792-1873), author of a prodigious number of dramas and melodramaswhich met with much success though they have no permanent value-and of many popular songs ("My pretty Jane' the best known), was the son of a farmer at Burwell near Vildenhall in Cambridge The farmer was called Ball, his wife's maiden name was Fitz, hence the nom de guerre, ultimately adopted as a regular surname, under which their son, bred a printer in Norwich, began about 1813 to publish poems His first melodrama dates from 1819, his Innheeper of Abbetulle was successfully played at Norwich in 1820 and in London in 1821 He dramatised novels like The Fortunes of Nigel, Peveril of the Peak, and Fenimore Cooper's Pilot, found plots in the stories of Joan of Arc and Andreas Hofer, 'the Tell of the Tyrol,' and worked up legends and ballads such as The Flying Dutchman and the Inch cape Rock. He wrote five librettos for Balfe, produced the English versions of La Favorita, Adelaide, and Maritana, and manufactured songs innumerable-patriotic, sentimental, and comic, good, bad, and indifferent. 'My pretty Jane' had the good fortune to be set to music by Bishop, 'Let me like a soldier fall' is inseparable from Vincent Wallace's melody Fitzball had been doing dramatic and miscellaneous literary work for forty years when in 1859 he published an autobiography, and ceased his indefatigable industry

The Marquis of Normanby (1797-1863), first of the name, wrote anonymously Matilda (1825), Yes and No, a Tale of the Day (1827), and several other novels, which were well received, as being vastly superior to the ordinary run of fashionable novels. Lord Normanby was the English ambassador at Paris in 1848, and in 1857 he published A Year of Revolution, from the journal he had kept at that stormy period. The work was poorly written, and by its indiscreet allusions to Louis Philippe and others raised unpleasant controversies

James Justinian Horier (1780-1849), author of Hajji Baba, was the son of Isaac Morier, a member of a refugee Huguenot house settled at Smyrna, who became a British subject and British consul-general at Constantinople. James, born like his father at Smyrna, was educated at Harrow, but by 1800 was back in the Levant. In 1809-16 he served in Persia as secretary of legation and envoy, and wrote a first and a second Journey through Persia, Arminia, and Asia Minor (1812-18) Subsequently, save for a diplomatic mission to Mexico, he lived a literary life His marvellously minute, varied, and ın London accurate knowledge of the East, and especially of Persia, he embodied in a series of novels-The Adventures of Hajji Baba, of Ispahan (1824, with its continuation, Hajn Baba in England, 1828), Zohrab, the Hostage (1832), Ayesha, the Maid of Kars (1834), and The Mirza (1841) The hero of Moner's great picaresque novel-his first and by far his most famous work-is an adventurer like Gil Blas, and is at least as much buffeted about in the world. The son of a barber of Ispahan, he is successively one of a band of raiding Turkomans, a menial servant, a pupil of the physician royal of Persia, an attendant on the chief executioner, a religious devotee, and a seller of tobacco pipes in Constantinople Having by stratagem espoused a rich Turkish widow, he becomes an official to the Shah, and on his further distinguishing himself for his knowledge of the Europeans, he is appointed secretary to the mission of Mirza Firouz, and accompanies the Persian ambassador to the court of England. In the course of his multiplied adventures, misfortunes, and escapes, the light hearted, unprincipled Hajji mixes with all ranks and conditions of mankind, in regions as various as Teheran, Kurdistan, Georgia, Bagdad, and Constantinople. The work at once secured a hearing 'The novelty of the style,' said Sir Walter Scott, 'which was at once perceived to be genuinely Oriental by such internal evidence as establishes the value of real old chma—the gay and glowing descriptions of Eastern state and pageantry—the character of the poetry occasionally introduced-secured a merited welcome for the Persian picaroon,' and in the Talisman he linked the authors of Anastastus and of Hajji Baba as having depicted Eastern manners with 'the fidelity and humour of Le Sage and the ludicrous power of Fielding himself' The most accomplished and experienced residents in Persia give as high commendation, and continue to repeat the traditional counsel to intending travellers in Persia an English saddle and a copy of Hajji Baba' Mr E G Browne in his edition says that 'considered as a faithful picture of the living East (as opposed to the purely imaginary and unreal East of Moore and Southey) it lias no rival Indeed, I may venture to assert that never has any writer of any nation succeeded in portraying, not merely the manners and forms of speech, but the character

and modes of thought of an alien race, as Morier has portrayed the Persians in his immortal pages To appreciate his incomparable book as it deserves, one must be fairly intimate with both the Persians and their language, the greater the intimacy the greater the appreciation' Dr Wills, who has also edited the Hajji, repeats after nearly twenty years' residence in Persia the assurance actually given him when he went thither 'When you read this you will know more of Persia and the Persians than if you had lived there with your eyes open for twenty years' Lord Curzon, in his edition, adds his testimony, so does Sir Frederic Goldsmid the Persian experts admit themselves their difficulty in discovering more than three or four cases in which Morier seems to have made even a minor slip of any kind in his presentment of Persian life and character As Persia was in Morier's time, so is it now-there is next to no change, as it was in Morier's time, so was it in the days of the ancient Persian heroes Noldeke, the great Orientalist, finds much to learn from Hajji Baba for the better understanding of the Persian princes of the Sassanian dynasty

As delightful, if not so marvellous as its startling truth to fact and its vividness, is the ever-present rich humour and delicately pointed satire, the racy phrasing and dramatic brightness of a narrative which combines the charm and the power of the Arabian Nights and Montesquieu's Lettres Persanes, of Le Sage, of Sterne, and of Dickens, the book is a genus apart. Mr Browne with much probability regards as a mystification of Moners the story—treated as a fact in the first edition of this work (1843), and still accepted in the Dictionary of National Biography—of a letter received by the author from a Persian minister of state expressing the displeasure the king felt at the 'very foolish business of the book,' and so showing that the satirical descriptions and allusions had been felt at the court of Persia. Mr Browne also points out that though the characters are created by Morier and not caricatures of actual persons, very many of the incidents (none of which are improbable to those who know Persia) are drawn from Morier's own experiences, and not a few of them are actually described in his two volumes of travels Oriental scenes are doubtless the most novel and fascinating portions of the Hajji's experiences, yet his account in the sequel of the constant embarrassment and surprise of the Persians at English manners and customs is only a degree less vraisemblable and entertaining. The ceremonial of the English dinner-table, that seemed to them 'absolutely bristling with instruments of offence,' blades of all sizes and descriptions, sufficient to have ornamented the girdles of the Shah's household, could not but puzzle those who had been accustomed simply to take everything up in their fingers, the mail coach, the variety of our furniture and accommodation, and other demestic l observances, were equally astonishing, but it was the want of ceremonial among our statesmen and public officers that chiefly surprised the embassy

Zohrab is a historical novel, of the time of Aga Mohammed Shah, the Persian prince described by Sir John Malcolm as having taught the Russians to beat the French by making a desert before the line of the invader's march In Ayeshah Morier was also on familiar ground, as in the slighter Misselmah, a Persian Tale (1847) His other work is of less account-Abel Allnutt, a Novel (1837), The Banished, from the German of Hauff (1839), Tom Spicer, a poem (1840), St Roche, also a romance from the German (1847), and Martin Toutrond (1849), which, professedly translated from the French, is really a satire on English ways and prejudices, conveyed in the farcical adventures of a Frenchman whom he, with an obvious pun, calls Tout-rond—a name which in English books, even the most authoritative, is usually misspelt Tourtond, Tourtrond, Troutrond, and even Frontrond

In the following extracts from Hajp Baba, the liero is presented at the crisis of his fortunes. Having undergone some all but overwhelming changes of fortune in Constantinople, and being reduced to extremities, he resolves to appeal to the Persian ambassador, then just arrived on a mission to the Sublime Porte, against the Turk who was the cause of his misfortunes. When introduced to the presence of Mirza Firouz, the Hajii had been wearing the Turkish costume, which, like everything Turkish, true Persians detest

# The Hajji makes a Friend.

When we had interchanged our greetings as true believers, he said to me, 'Are you an Irani?'

'Yes,' said I, 'so please you'

'Then why in looks an Osmanli?' said he 'Praise be to Allah that we have a king and a country of whom no one need be ashamed'

'Yes,' answered I, 'vour ordonnances are truth, and I am become less than a dog, since I have put on the airs of a Turk. My days have been passed in bitterness, and my liver has melted into water, since I have entangled myself by a connexion with this hated people, and my only refuge is in God and you'

'How is this?' said he 'spenk—Has a child of Ispahan (for such you are by your accent) been taken in by a Turk? This is wonderful indeed! We trivel all this way to make them feed upon our abomination, not

to learn to eat theirs.'

I then related the whole of my adventures from the beginning to the end. As I proceeded he seemed wonderfully interested. When I got to my marriage he became much amused, and round with laughter at the settlements I had made on my wife. The account I give of the entertainment, the respect with which I was treated, my magnificence and grandeur, afforded him great delight, and the more I descanted upon the deception which I had practised upon the cows of Turks, as he called them, the more interest he took in my narrative, which he constantly interrupted by his exclamations, 'Ay, well done, oh Ispahami'—Oh! thou bankrupt'—By Allah! you did well!—If I had been there, I could

no have done better' But when I informed him of the manner I had been served by my envious countrymen, of the finishing scene in my own house, of the screams of my women, of the speeches of my wife's relations,—and when I represented the very words, look, and attitude with which I made my exit, far from having produced the sympathy I expected, his mirth was excited to such a degree that I thought the veins in his forehead would have burst, and he actually rolled himself on his sofa in the convulsions of laughter

'But those Turks, those heavy buffaloes of Turks,' roared lie, still screaming with laughter, 'praise be to Allah! I can see them now with their long beards, their great caps, and their empty heads, believing all that the sharp-witted madman of Persia chose to tell them, and they would have gone on believing, had they not been undeceived by a similar species of madman. But what have I to do in the husiness?' said he to me. 'I am neither your father nor your uncle, to interfere and make it up with your wifes relations, nor am I a cadi, or a mufit, who can judge the case between you'

'No,' answered I, 'hut you are my refuge here, and the representative of God's vicegerent upon earth, and you can see justice done me, and not let a poor un finended stranger be oppressed'

#### The Hajji receives a Commission.

Now that I was thrown into the ambassador's society, my ideas took a new turn, and hearing matters discussed which had never even reached my understanding, I became more inquisitive. He seemed pleased to have found in me one who took interest in his views, and at length let me entirely into his confidence. One morn ing having received letters from his court, he called me to him, said that he wished for some private conversa tion, and accordingly ordered every one to depart from before him except myself. He made me sit, and then in a low voice said, 'Hajji, I have long wished to speak to you. Those who compose my snite, between you and I, do not possess the understanding I require. 'Tis true, they are Persians, and are endowed with more wit than all the world beside, but in affurs of the dowld (the state) they are nothing, and rather impede than forward the husiness upon which I have been sent. Now, praise be to Allah I I see that you are not one of them. You are much of a man, one who has seen the world and its business, and something may come from out of your You are a man who can make play under another's beard, and suck the marrow ont of an affair without touching its outside Such I am in want of, and if you will devote yourself to me, and to our Shah, the King of Kings, both my face as well as your own will be daily whitewashed and, by the blessings of our good destinies, both our heads will touch the skies '

'Whatever is of my strength,' replied I, 'is at your service. I am your slave and your servant, and I myself will place my own ear into your hand. Order and command me by my head and eyes, I am ready'

But a few months ago an ambassador from Enrope arrived at the Gate of Empire, Tehran, and said he was sent by a certain Boonapoort, calling himself Emperor of the French nation, to hring a letter and presents to the Shah. He exhibited full powers, by which his words were to be looked upon as his master's, and his actions as his actions, and he also affirmed that he had full instructions to make a treaty. He held himself very

high indeed, and talked of all other nations of Franks as dirt under his feet, and not worth even a name promised to make the Russians restore their conquests in Georgia to us, to put the Shah in possession of Teflis, Baadkoo, Derbent, and of all which belonged to Persia in former times. He said that he would conquer India for us, and drive the English from it, and, in short, whatever we asked he promised to be ready to grant. Now, 'tis true, we had heard of the French before, and I new that they made good cloth and rich hrocades, but we never heard that they could do all this ambassador However, we were not very long in doubt, for when the English infidels who trade between India and Persia, some of whom reside at Abusheher, heard of the arrival of this ambassador, they immediately sent off messengers, letters, and an agent, to endeavour to impede the reception of this Trenchman, and made such extraordinary efforts to prevent his success that we soon discovered much was to be got between the rival "By my crown," exclaimed the Shah, "all this cometh from the ascendant of my good stars Here sit I npon my throne, whilst the curs of uncleanness come from the north and the south, from the east and west, hringing me vast presents for the liberty of fighting and quarrelling at the foot of it. In the name of the Prophet, let them approach 1" When I left the imperial gate, an ambassador from the English was expected, and the letters which I have just received are full of the cir cumstances of his proposed reception, and the negotia tions on foot concerning it,-but the Shah cannot well enter upon them before he hears from me, because, having been informed that specimens of all the different Enropean nations were to be seen at Constantinople, each of whom had an ambassador there, he in his wisdom, has judged it expedient to despatch me lither, to obtain all the information of which we are so much in want, to clear up every donht that exists in Persia about the French and English, and if possible to find out whether all they say of themselves he true or false. Now, Hajji,' said the ambassador, 'I am only one man, and this is a business, as I have found out, sufficient for fifty The Franks are composed of many, many nations fast as I hear of one hog, another begins to grunt, and then another and another, until I find that there is a whole herd of them. As I told you before, those who compose my suite are not men to help me in research, and I have cast my eyes npon you From your ever tions I expect much. You must become acquainted with some infidels, you understand the Turkish lan guage, and they will be able to inform you of much that we want to know '

#### The Hajji becomes an Authority on European Politics

As soon as the ambassador had furnished me with an extract of his vakajeh nameh, or his instructions, I walked out to an adjacent cemetery to read it over undisturbed I kept the paper carefully folded in the lining of my cap, and as it was my first initiation into public husiness, the principal contents of it have remained in my memory through life. The ambassador was, in the first place, enjoined to discover, in truth, what was the extent of that country called Frangistan, and if the Shah, known in Persia by the name of the Shahi Frank, or King of the Franks, actually existed, and which was his capital In the second place, he was ordered to discover how

many Ils, or tribes of Franks, there were, whether they were divided into Shehernisheens and Sahranisheens, inhabitants of towns and dwellers in the desert, as in Persia, who were their khans, and how governed Thirdly, to inquire what was the extent of France, a hother it was a tribe of the Franks, or a separate king dom, and who was the infidel Boonapoort calling him self emperor of that country In the fourth place, his attention was to be turned particularly to what regarded the Ingliz, who had long been known in Persia, by means of their broadcloth, watches, and pen knives. He was to inquire what description of infidels they were, whether they lived in an island all the year round, without possessing any Lishlak (warm region) to migrate to in the summer, and whether most of them did not inhabit ships and ent fish, and if they did live there, how it happened that they had obtained possession of India, and he was to clear up that question so long agitated in Persia, how England and London were connected, whether England was part of London, or London part of England?

I astly, he was ordered to write a general history of the Franks, and to inquire what would be the easiest method of making them renounce pork and wine, and converting them to the true and holy faith-that is, to the religion of Islam Having well pondered over this paper, I considered that it would be easy to get it answered through the means of a katib, or scribe, attached to the then Reis Effendi, and with whom, during the short gleam of splendour and riches which had shone upon me, I had formed a great intimacy I knew the coffee house he frequented, and the hour when he was most likely to be found there, and although he was not much addicted to talking, yet I hoped, as he sipped his coffee and smoked his pipe (particularly if I treated him), his heart might expand, and I might obtain his real opinion Full of this idea, I immediately imparted it to the ambassador, who seemed so delighted that he at once did me the honour to take all the merit of it to I went to the coffee house at the proper time, and there found my friend I approached him with great demonstrations of friendship, and calling to the waiting man, ordered some best Yemen coffce, which was served up as we sat one opposite the other In the course of conversation he pulled out his watch, when I seized the opportunity of introducing my subject

'That is an European watch,' said I, 'is it not?'

'Yes, truly,' said he, 'there are none in the world beside.'

'Wonderful,' answered I,—'those Franks must be an extraordinary people'

'Yes,' said he, 'but they are Kafirs' (infidels)

'In the name of Allah,' taking my pipe from my niouth and putting it into his, 'tell me something re specting them. This Frangistan, is it a large country? Where does it, I ing reside?'

'What say vou, friend?' answered he, 'a large country, do you ask? A large country indeed it is, not governed by one king alone, but by many kings'

'But I have lieard,' said I, 'it is composed of many tribes, all having different names and different chiefs, still being, in fact, but one nation'

'You may call them one nation if you choose,' said he, 'and perhaps such is the case, for they all shave their clins, let their hair grow, and wear hats,—they all wear tight clothes,—they all drink wine, cat pork, and do not

believe in the blessed Mahomed. But it is plain they are governed by many kings, see the numerous ambas sadors who flock here to rub their foreheads against the threshold of our Imperial Gate. So many of these dogs are here that it is necessary to put one's trust in the mercies of Allah, such is the pollution they create.'

'In the name of the Prophet speak on,' said I, 'and I will write—Praise be to Allah' you are a man of wisdom' Upon which, whilst I took out my inl stand from my girdle and composed myself to write, he stroked his beard and curled the tips of his mustachios, recollecting within himself which were the principal nations of I urope

He prefaced his information by saying, 'But why trouble yourself? They are all dogs alike, -all sprung from one danghill, and if there be truth in Heaven, and we believe our blessed Koran, all will burn hereafter in one common furnace But, stop,' said lie, counting his fingers 'in the first place, there is the Nemse Giaour, the Austrian infidel, our neighbours, a quiet, smoking rice, who send us cloth, steel, and glassware, and are governed by a Shah springing from the most ancient race of unbelievers he sends us a representative to be fed and clothed Then come those heretics of Musco vites, a most unclean and accursed generation country is so large that one extremity is said to be buried in cternal snows, whilst its other is raging with heat They are truly our enemy, and when we kill them, we cry Mashallah, praise be to God! Men and women govern there by turns, but they resemble us masmuch as they put their sovereigns to death almost as frequently as we do. Again, there is a Prussian infidel, who sends us an ambassador, Allah only knows why, for we are in no need of such vermin but you well I now that the Imperial Gate is open to the dog as well as the true believer, for the rain of Providence descends equally upon both. Whom shall I say next, in the name of the Prophet? Let us see there are two northern un believers, living at the extremity of all things,—the Danes and Swedes They are small tribes, scarcely to be accounted among men, although it is said the Shah of Denmark is the most despotie of the kings of Franks, not having even jamissaries to dispute his will, whilst the Swedes are famous for a madman, who once naged a desperate war in Europe, caring little in what country he fought, provided only that he did fight, and who, ia one of his acts of desperation, made his way into our borders, where, like a wild beast, lie was at length brought to bay and taken prisoner Owing to this cir cumstance we were introduced to the knowledge of lus nation, or otherwise, by the blessing of Allah, we should never have known that it even existed I will mention one more, called Flemengs, infidels, dull, heavy, and boorish, who are amongst the Franks what the Armenians are amongst us,-having no ideas beyond those of thrift, and no ambition beyond that of riches They used to send us a sleepy ambassador to negotiate the introduction of their cheeses, butter, and salt fish, but their government has been destroyed since the appearance of a certain Boona poort, who (let them and the patron of all unbelief have their due) is in truth a man, one whom we need not be asliamed to class with the Persian Nadir, and with our own Snleiman '

Here I stopped the Katib in his narrative, and catch ing at the name, I exclaimed, 'Boonapoort, Boonapoort,
—that is the word I wanted! Say something concern

ing him, for I have heard he is a rure and a daring infidel

'What can I say,' said my companion, 'except that he once was a man of nothing, a mere soldier, and now he is the Sultan of an immense nation, and gives the law to all the Franks? He did his best endeavours to molest us also, by taking Egypt, and sent innumerable armies to conquer it, but he had omitted to try the edge of a true believer's sword ere he set out, and was obliged to retreat, after having frightened a few Mamelules and driven the Bedouins into their deserts'

'But is there not a certain tribe of infidels called Ingliz?' said I, 'the most unaccountable people on earth, who live in an island, and make pen knives'

'Yes, truly,' said the Katib, 'they, amongst the Franks, are those who for centuries have most rubbed their heads against the imperial threshold, and who hase found most favour in the sight of our great and magnanimous Sultan. They are powerful in ships, and in watches and broadcloth unrivalled.'

'But what have you heard of their government?' said

1 'is it not composed of something besides a king?'

'Yes,' returned he, 'you have been rightly informed, but how can you and I understand the humours of such madmen? They have a Shah, 'tis true, but it is a farce to call him by that title. They feed, clothe, and lodge him, give him a searly income, surround him by all the state and form of a throne, and mock him with as fine vords and with as high sounding titles as we give our sovereigns, but a common Aga of the Janissaries lins more power than he, he does not dare even to give the bistinado to one of his own viziers, be his fault what it may, whereas the Agi, if expedient, would crop the ears of half the city, and still receive nothing but reward and encouragement Then they have certain houses full of madmen, who meet half the year round for the pur porcs of quarrelling. If one set says white, the other cries black, and they throw more words away in settling a common question than would suffice one of our multis during a whole reign. In short, nothing can be settled in the state, be it only whether a rebellious Agr is to have his head cut off and his property confiscated, or some such trifle, until these people have wrangled. Then what are we to believe? Allah, the Almighty and Allyise, to some nations giveth visdom, and to others folly! Let us bless Him and our Prophet that we are not born to eat the miseries of the poor English infidels, but can smole our pipes in quiet on the shores of our own peace nl Bosphorus 1'

After a pause, 'Now,' said I, 'have I learnt all, or are there more unbelievers? By vonr beard, tell me, for who would have thought that the world was so composed?'

He reflected for some time, and said, 'O yes, I forgot to mention two or three nations, but, in truth, they are not worthy of notice. There are Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian infidels, who eat their swine, and worship their image after their own manner, but who, in fact, are nothing even amongst the Franks.'

I returned to my ambissador full of the information I had acquired, and all joyons at the success which had attended my first essay in diplomatic life. He was delighted at the memoir I had drawn up from the materials furnished me by the Katib, and as long as we remained at Constantinople daily sent me in search of further particulars, until we both thought ourselves suffi

ciently in force to be able to draw up a general History of Europe, which the Centre of the Universe in his in structions to the ambassador had ordered him to present on his return Most assiduously did I apply myself in composing this precious morsel of history I made a rough draft, which was submitted to the correction of my chief, and when he had seasoned its contents to the palate of the King of Kings, softening down those parts which might appear improbable, and adding to those not sufficiently strong, he delivered it over to a clerk, who in a fair hand transcribed the whole, until at length a very hand-ome volume was produced. It was duly bound, ornamented, and inserted in a silk and mislin bag, and then the ambassador conceived it might be fit to be placed in the hands of the Shah

There were new editions of Happi Baba in 1829, 1835–1856–1863 f.c. and between 1895, and 1897 there were no less than three admirable editions—one by Mr E G Browne (1895), one by Lord Curron (1895) and one by Dr C. J Wills (1897). Sir Robert Morier, so long British Ambassador at St Petersburg, was Morier's nephew

James Baillie Traser (1783-1856) also described the life and manners of the Persians by fictitious as well as true narratives. Born in Inverness shire, he travelled extensively in India, Persia, and Central Asia, and wrote a series of books of travel and stories of Oriental adventure and romance, The Kuzzilbash, a Tale of Khorasan (1828), and its sequel, The Persian Adventurer Neither in his travels nor in his tales did he show the marvellous insight and notable literary skill of Morier. Fraser wrote also a Scotch story, The Highland Smiggless.

Herbert Knowles (1798-1817) was humbly born at Gomersal near Leeds, and was sent to Richmond Grammar School by the kindness of In 1816, disappointed in his three clergymen. hopes of a Cambridge career, he sent to Southey his poem of 'The Three Tabernacles,' described as 'written in the churchyard of Richmond, Yorkshire, and suggested by Matt. xvii 4.' Southey, struck by the exceptional promise of this work by a boy of eighteen, secured patronage for him, and some of his other verses appeared in the magnitines of the time. But the voung poet died of consump tion just after his election to a Cambridge sizarship His one remembered poem has been praised by Dr Richard Garnett-extravagantly-for its solemn and tender pathos, exquisite diction and melody, and faultless finish, by the omission of the last verse and the transposition of the fifth and sixth, it would, he says, have made the impression of absolute perfection St Peter talked of building the three tabernacles 'not knowing what he said,' and Knowles was at least as hazy in his ideas when he debated the propriety of building tabernacles to Ambition, Beauty, and Pride in the Yorkshire The anapæstic measure is jerky churchyard (closely resembling 'The Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast'), and unsuitable to the solemn thoughts which, taken separately, are not far removed from commonplace, though, by reason of their subjects, impressive and otherwise

well worded. Yet as a whole the poem has touching suggestions and a certain grave attraction—especially for those who have learnt the poem in youth from a school-book.

#### The Three Tabernacles

Methinks it is good to be here,
If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear,
But the sliadows of eve that encompass with gloom
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah no 'Affrighted, he shrinketh away,

For see, they would pin him below In a small narrow cave, and, begirt with cold clay, To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey

To Beauty? Ah no! she forgets
The charms which she wielded before,
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which but vesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held or the tint which it wore

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas, they are all laid aside,
And here's neither dress nor adornments allowed,
But the long winding sheet and the fringe of the shroud

To Riches? Alas! 'tis in vain, Who hid, in their turns have been hid, The treasures are squandered again, And here in the grave are all metals forbid But the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin hid

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford, The revel, the laugh, and the jeer? Ah' here is a plentiful hoard! But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer, And none but the worm is a reveller here

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah no! they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied

Unto Sorrow?—the dead cannot grieve,
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear
Which Compassion itself could relieve
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, or fear,
Peace! peace is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow? Ah no! for his empire is known,

And here there are trophies enow!
Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise!
The second to Faith, which insures it fulfilled,
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when He rose to the skies.

Charles Wolfe (1791-1823) was born at Dublin On the death of his father, a well born Kildare landholder, the family came to England, and the box got his chief education at Winchester In 1809 lie entered Trinity College, Dublin, gained a scholarship, and in 1814 took his BA In 1817

his 'Burial of Sir John Moore'-the one short poem that has secured him immortality-was suggested by Southey's impressive narrative in the Edinburgh Annual Register of 1808 'Sır John Moore had often said that if he was killed in battle, he wished to be buried where he fell was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there by a body of the 9th Regiment, the aides de camp attending by turns No coffin could be procured, and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets The interment was hastened, for about eight in the morning some firing was heard, and the officers feared that if a serious attack were made, they should be ordered away, and not suffered to pay him their last duty The officers of his family bore him to the grave, the funeral-service was read by the chaplain, and the corpse was covered with earth' When the ode was published anony mously in an Irish newspaper in 1817, and reprinted in the same year in Blackwood and other magazines, it was ascribed to Byron and others of the most notable authors of the day, Shelley considered it not unlike a first draft by Campbell Wolfe took orders, and was curate first of Ballyclog in Tyrone, and then rector of Donoughmore. Symptoms of consumption appearing, he tried in search of health England, the south of France, and finally the sheltered Cove of Cork, and there he

In 1841 an otherwise unknown Scottish schoolmaster sought to pluck the laurel from the young author's grave, claiming the 'Burial' as his pro duction But Wolfe's friends came forward, and established his right beyond controversy, and the new claimant was forced to confess his imposture A still more curious debate as to the authorship of the poem was started in Bentley's Miscellany for 1837 by the ingenious 'Father Prout,' who had produced a Latin original for Campbell's 'Hohenlinden,' and Latin and French originals for many of Tom Moore's best-known (and accordingly plagrarised') songs Prout-Mahony, that iscalmly alleged that 'The Burial of Sir John Moore' was but a clever version of French verses by an unknown author on the hurried burial of Colonel de Berumanoir, killed in the defence of Pondi cherry in 1790-91 against Sir Eyre Coote, and in evidence he produced the verses—surprisingly vraisemblable French verses like this

De minuit c'etait l'heure, et solitaire et sombre, La lune offrait à peine un debile rayon, La lanterne luisait péniblement dans l'ombre, Quand de la baionette on creusa la gizon

Obviously the one set of verses was a very close rendering of the other, and Mahony's witty mystification was accepted for a while by some sensible persons, and even now the mare's nest is from time to time rediscovered (as in a letter to the Spectator, 8th September 1900) by somebody who

usually refrains from citing his authority Wolfe's other poems—apart from mere boyish rhymes, little over a dozen in number—confirm the impression that the author of the 'Burial' had in him poetic sensibilities and the gift of utterance.

#### The Burial of Sir John Moore

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note, As his corpse to the rampart we hurried, Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dunly burning

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,

Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,

With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed, And smoothed down his lonely pillow, That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head, And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But hitle he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring,
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing

Slowly and sadly we lud him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory,
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory!

#### To Mary

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee,
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be
It never through my mind had passed
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should smile my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that free I lool,
And think 'twill smile again,
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain
But when I speak—thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid,
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary, thou art dead

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art, All cold and all serene, I still might press thy silent heart, And where thy smiles have been While c'en thy chill bleak corse I have Thou seemest still mine own, But there I lay thee in thy grave— And I am now alone

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me,
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore.

This touching lyrie, to the Irish nir Gramachree was composed by Wolfe, he tells us, after he had sung the air over and over again, till he burst into a flood of tears. Wolfe's literary Remains mainly sermons and poems were published with a Memoir in 1815 by Arch deacon Russell. The poems were edited by Latton Falkiner in 1904.

Thomas Pringle (1789-1834), the first nameworthy contributor to the colonial literature of British South Africa, was born at Bluklaw in Roxburghshire, studied at Edinburgh University, and in 1811 entered the Register House, the Scottish Record Office, as a transcriber of old documents He took early to writing, had a share (1817) in the beginnings of Blackwood's Magazine in its first (unsuccessful) stage, before Blackwood assumed the management himself, and was author of Scenes of Teviotdale, Ephemerides, and other poems, which show that he possessed something more than fine feeling and cultivated taste Although from lameness ill fitted for a life of hardship, Pringle, with his father and several brothers, emigrated to the Cape of Good Hope in 1820, and there established a little township or settlement named Glen Lynden He afterwards removed to Cape Town, where he became libraman, taught, and tried journalism zine and newspaper he projected and edited vere the first things of the kind published at the Cape. But he ventilated colonial grievances and frankly discussed the arbitrary proceedings of the Government, and having had both his papers suppressed by the Governor, and having refused to bind himself to abstain from commenting on governmental policy, he returned to England in 1826, and earned a livelihood by his pen. He was for some time editor of the annual, Friendship's Offering, and in the issue for 1834 published one of John Ruskin's very first poems-that on Salz His services were also engaged by the Anti-Slavery Society, and as its secretary he worked zealously until within a few months of his death His last work was the reissue of his poems on African subjects, the African Sketches (reprinted in 1902), together with the Narrative of a Residence 11 South Africa, a graphic record of his sojourn beneath the Southern Cross, already he foresaw in vision a 'British South African Empire' to which the equator might 'prove no ultimate limit.' Of the poem that follows, Coloridge, in an unusually enthusiastic mood, said it was 'among the two or three most perfect lync poems in our language."

No critic would now idmit such a culogistic judgment, though the poem has a distinctive note of its own, and it certainly helped to fundrinse. Pringle's generation of home leepers with South African words and ideas—viei, I loof, and karroo, kraal and commando, with Kiffir and Bechumi legends, and the sufterings of all three native races at the hands of the white man

#### Afar in the Desort

Afar in the Desert I love to ride, With the silent Bush boy alone by my side When the sorrows of life the soul o creast, And, sick of the present, I turn to the past. When the eye is suffused with regretful terrs, I rom the fond recollections of former years, And the shirdows of things that have long since fle l I lit over the brun hi c the ghosts of the dead Bright visions of flory -that vanished too soon, Day dreams-that departed ere manhood's noon Attachments-by fate or by filschool reft, Companions of early days - lo t or left, And my Native I and -who e magical name Thrills to my heart his electric flame, The home of my childhood-the limits of my prime, All the passions and scenes of that repturous time When the feelings were young and the world was new, I il e the fresh howers of I den unfolding to view! All-all now forsal en, forgotten, foregone ' And I, a lone extle remembered of none, My high runs abandoned, my gool acts undonc-Awerry of all that is under the sun, With that sadness of heart which no stranger may can I ily to the De cit after from man

Mar in the De ort I love to ride, With the silent Bush boy alone by my side When the wild turnfol of this wears ome life, With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife The proud man's frown, and the base man's tear And the scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear And malice and me time s, and fals hood and folls, Dispose me to musing and darl medurcholy, When my bo om is full, and my thoughts are high, Atid my soul is siel with the bondinan's sigh-Oh then, there is freedom, and joy, and pride, After in the Desert alone to ride ! There is rapture to vault on the champing steed, And to bound away with the engle's speed, With the death fraught brelock in my hand-The only law of the Desert land

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush boy alone by my side,
Away—away from the dwellings of men,
by the wild deer's haunt by the buffilo's glen,
By valleys remote, where the orbit plays,
Where the gnu, the gizelle, and the hartebeest graze,
And the gemsbol and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forests o'erhung with wild vine,
And the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the eley where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

After in the Desert I love to ride, With the silent Bush boy alone by my side South Africa. The first of the following passages describes his experience of the Boers after he had learnt Dutch enough to communicate with them and preach to the 'Colonial' Hottentots, the second was added just before the publication of the Narrative in 1834.

#### Boer Neighbours in 1820

I thus found myself all at once, and not a little to my own surprise, performing the novel and somewhat incon gruous functions of a sort of civil and military officer, of a medical practitioner, religious instructor, engineer, architect, gardener, plasterer, cabinet maker, and, I might add, tinker! In short, I was driven to do the best I could in the peculiar position in which circumstances had placed me, and when (as was frequently the case) my own knowledge and the experience of o hers failed me, I was obliged to trust to 'mother wit.'

About this period we were somewhat teased by Sunday visits from our Dutch African neighbours of the lower part of the Glen Lynden valley and the Tarka. Solieit ous to keep upon friendly terms with these people, I always made it a point to receive them courteously, and usually asked them to dine with me. But finding that they made a practice of visiting us on Sundays, either to gratify idle curiosity or with a view to commercial dealings, I fell upon a scheme which effectually relieved us from this annovance. I tool care to acquaint them that it was contrary to our principles to transact secular business on the Sunday, and when any of them came, I offered them a seat among my Hottentot audience, and invited them to read aloud the Sunday service them, I found, could read even the New Testament with out much stammering and spelling, and they considered it, moreover, a shocking degradation to sit down amidst a group of Hottentots. We were therefore speedily relieved altoge her from their Sunday visitations. other respects, we found them generally, however uncul tivated, by no means disagreeable neighbours were exceedingly shrewd at bargain making, it is true, and too sharp sometimes even for cautious Scotch rich, but they were also generally civil and good natured, and, according to the custom of the country, extremely hospitable. On the whole, their demeanour to us, whom they might be suppo ed naturally to regard with exceeding jealoust, if not dislike, was far more friendly and obliging than could, under all the circum stances, have been anticipated

# Vision of a British South African Empire

Nay, more, howe er Utopian such 'visions' may appear to some people, I vall venture to predict that if some such sys em (I speak of the granciple, not of the details—which may perhaps require to be greatly altered from this rude outlinel shall be now adopted, and judiciously and per everingly carried into operation, we shall at no remo e period see the tribes beyond the frontier earnestly soliciting to be received under the protection of the colony, or to be embraced within its limits The native tribes, in short, are and purisdiction. ready to throw themselves into our arms Let us open our arms cordially to embrace them as men and as brothers. Let us enter upon a ne i and noller career Let us subdue savane Africa la justice, of conquest by Lindness by the talisman of Christian truth. Let us thus go forth, in the name and under the blessing of

God, gradually to extend the moral influence, ar l, if it be thought desirable, the territorial boundar, also of our colons, until it shall become an Empire, embracing Southern Africa from the Keisi and the Garcep to Mozambique and Cape Negro—and to a high, peradventure, in after days, even the equator shall prove no ultimate limit

There is a Life of Pringle, by I exch Ritchie, prefixed to the Poetical Works (1839).

Francis Egerton, Earl of Ellesmere (1800-57), second son of the first Duke of Sutherland, was born in London, and educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford He sat for Bletchingle), Sutherland, and South Lancashire, and was Irish Secretary (1828-30) and Secretary for Wir (1830) In 1833, on succeeding to the Bridgewater estates, he assumed the name of Egorton, in lieu of Leveson-Gover, and in 1846 was created Farl of Ellesmere He translated a large number of books on military history, on subjects Italian, Turkish, and Chinese, and on things in general, in prose and in verse, from French, German, and Italian -from Dumas, Victor Hugo, Goethe, Schiller, and others—his Faust being perhaps his feeblest claim to remembrance, for it was neither vigorous nor His own poems were graceful, King Ilfred and Blueboard were plays

Joseph Blanco White (1775-1841), a Spaniard by birth, has the glory of having written what was by Coloridge overpraised as 'the finest and most grandly conceived sonnet in our language'-save for a single unimportant He was born at exception, his one poem Seville, son of an Irish Catholic merchant settled in Spain who had translated his name of White to Blanco and become practically a Spaniard Ordained a priest in 1799, he acted for a while as chaplain and confessor, but having lost his faith, he came in 18to to London, added White to his name, and for four years edited a monthly Spanish paper, subsidised by the English Government and designed to stir up national feeling against the French, then in Spain. He received an English pension of £250, was tutor to I ord Holland's son (1815-16), and was admitted to Angliern orders Made a member of Oriel College, he became the intimate of Newman and Pusey, who learnt much from his knowledge of He was for a time totor in Catholic theology Whately's family at Dublin (1832-35), and became a Protestant champion, but fled to Liverpool when he found himself gradually driven to become Though he worked diligently at 1 Unitarian. English, he was never thoroughly it home in it, but he published Letters from Sfin li Der Leucad o Doblado (1822), Internal L sucrees against Catholicism (1825), Second Transis of an Irish Gentleman in Second of a Religion Im answer to Moores, 1633), and other works both in English and Spanish His Autobigrap w (edited by J. H. Thom, 1845) is reviewed in Glad

stone's Gleanings The following (Academy, 12th September 1891) is his latest version of the 'Sonnet on Night'

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this goodly frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
But through a curran of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Ilesperus with the host of heaven came
And lo! Creation broadened to man's view!
Who could have guessed such darkness by concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who divined,
When bud and flower and insect has revealed,
I hou to such countless worlds hadst made us blind?
Why should we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If I ight conceals so much, wherefore not 1 ife?

The Second Lord Thurlon (EDWARD) HOVELL THURLOW, 1781-1829), minor poet, was the son of the Bishop of Durham and nephew and successor (in the peerige) of the Lord Chancellor (see page 631) Born in London and educated at the Charterhouse and Magdalen College, Oxford, from 1810 onwards he pub hshed several collections of poems which, anid much affectation and some bad taste-sarcasti cally dealt with by Moore, Byron, and the critics-contain not a little real poetry. Charles Lamb said of his work 'A profusion of verbal drinties, with a disproportionate lack of matter and circumstance, is, I think one reason of the coldness with which the public has received the poetry of a nobleman now living, which, upon the score of exquisite diction alone, is entitled to something better than neglect. I will venture to copy one of his sonnets in this place [the London Magazine], which for quiet sweetness has serreely its parallel in our language.

#### To a Water-bird

O melancholy bird, a winter's day
Thou standest by the margin of the pool,
And, taught by God, dost thy whole being selicol
To patience, which all evil can allay
God has appointed thee the fish thy prey,
And given thyself a lesson to the fool
Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,
And his unthinking course by thee to weigh
There need not schools, nor the professor's chair,
Though these be good, true wisdoin to impart
He who has not enough, for these, to spare
Of time, or gold, may yet amend his heart,
And teach his soul, by brooks and rivers fair
Nature is always wise in every part

More frequently quoted, and at least equally characteristic, is the following

#### Song to May

May! queen of blossoms, And fulfilling flowers, With what pretty music Shall we charm the hours? Wilt thou have pipe and reed, Blown in the open mead? Or to the late give like I In the green boy era?

Thou hast no need of us,
Or pipe or wire,
Thou hast the polden bee
Espaned with fire
And many thou and more
Songsters, that thee alore,
I illing earth's grassy floor
With new desire

Thou hast the mighty herds,
Tane, and free livers.
Doubt not, thy music too
In the deep rivers,
And the whole plums dight,
Warbhup the day and night—
Up at the pates of light,
See, the lark quiver.

When with the jointh

Cov fountains are tressed,
And for the mournful bird

Greenwoods are dressed

That did for Tereus pine;
Then shall our son, be thine,
To whom our hearts incline

May, be thou blend

Robert Pollok (1798-1827), a young beentinte of the United Secession Church, sirvived only a few months the publication of his most notable work, The Course of Time, which speedily attained great popularity, especially among 'corious' people in Scotland Many who scarcely ever dipped into inodern poetry were tempted to read a work i liich set forth their theological tenets in this unwonted and impressive form, while for less devout readers the poem had force and originality enough to attract, in spite of its theme Course of Time is a long blank-verse poem in ten books, written in a style that sometimes innitates. Milton, and at other times resembles the work of Cowper, Blair, and Young In describing the spiritual life and destiny of man, the secryanes the religious speculations of an unhesitating Calvinist with episodical pictures and narratives poem is often harsh, turgid, and antipathetic, its worst fault-ill but inseparable from the subject and plan—is its tediousness, whole sections are like a dull sermon in blank verse. But those who welcomed it warmly were more in the right than the moderns who neplect it utterly, there are ninny suprisingly fine things in it 'The Course of Time,' said Professor Wilson, 'for so young a He has much to man is a vast achievement learn in composition Rut the soul of poetry is there, though often dimly developed, and many passages there are, and long ones too, that heave and hurry and flow along in a divine enthusiasm? The encouraging critic of this scriptural poem is, be it remembered, the Kit North who loved cockfighting, and dealt so severely with Coloridge, Wordsworth, and Keats

Pollok var born at the farm of North Moorhouse in the parish of Englesham in Renfres shire, and after some schooling at Mearns and Fennick, and a brief interlude of cabinet miding, was sent to the University of Glas, row While he was a student of divinity in the Hall of the United Scottssion Church, he wrote a series of proce Tales of the Covenanters, published anon mously The Course of Time was all viritien in the eighteen months between the end of 1824 and the middle of 1826, before his last term at the divinity half, and was published in the spring of 1827 by Blackwood on the advice of Professor Wilson and 'Delta' Moir, who both gave highly complimentary verdicts on the poem with the somewhat formidable Pollok was duly 'licensed to preach the gospel' in May, preached his first sermon after license in the church of Dr John Brown, father of the author of Rab and his Friends, and re ceived kindly courtesy and encouragement from the literary patriarch of a long past generation, Henry Mackenzie, the 'Man of Feeling,' now over eighty four years of age. The poet probationer was fast becoming famous but pulmonary disease land declared itself, and it was evident that he was doomed to an early grave. The anxiety and effort of composition had aggravated the malady, the milder air of Shirley Common near Southampton brought no improvement, and after lingering a fer weeks, the victim died on the 17th of September

This description of Lord Byron was one of the two passages first read by Wilcon that moved him to his unexpectedly friendly and favourable judgment of the Course of Tirue

And first in rambling school boy days, Botannia a mon itain walks, and heath girt 1-1 es, And story telling stens, and fourts, and brooks And marks as dest despe pure and fair, his soul With grandeur filled, and melods and love Then travel came, and too' him where he wislick He cities an, and courts, or I protectly pour And mused alone on ancien in hontain froms And much on battle helds, where valour fought In older days, and mised on miss grea With years and drank from ell and fabilities welle, And placed the sine that are horn proplets placked And mu clon for astorbis and en the wrice Offerson much mater I desert master The horizon leanh of even to nin and Where'er the i'l tespuise Genu di e i, high the tear lineare expended either all That or bonce, at I make the there.

He whell slope of the nethers on an of the amount interest in the entire.

Is a new that less dones for more must.

And a direct form and it is in the entire.

Where the slot of the interest in the first of the first of the entire that we have a state of the entire that we have entire that we have entire that we have entire that it is a first of the entire that we have entire that it is a first of the entire that it is a firs

I mouth the engineering of the pulse of He from above descending, + > (-1 to the The latte t thought, a digram area god out of It issued smaller one. With Not invest He seemed an ell on o in arre, from the At will a 11% all I er plotted a min er v He laid had and upo the Our as mare! 3rd p' yel familiar with his to ry lives Stood on the Alph, so I so the Aprentice, And with the than ber talked, as fire by to him! And note has pulled of the limited to wing, In sportice twist-the I retning a fire wing. Which, as the foo epo of the dree I'd Givi M reling upon the zorm in venyezo c sector of-Then timed, and will the perce top, are all them His evening sorp bonouth his fee, converged Great man t the not ons , rank, and a interest not, And praised surlaman, called hors pool We save a in from of his ned often And kings to do burn her our took it habt Thus full of titles, fl tters, bensur fr in, Beyond des re, beyond sinler en full,-He died-he died of ulat? Of wretele ners Drink every dip of jes, heard every trump Of fune drank carls, comply drank, drank c'ercality That common millions might have quenche?-t early 1 Of thirst, because there was non-re-to-denk

(Inm 1 - 11)

#### Love

Hallove, fire love that would that wan sail is.
The spail in cream of the Fines there are in.
The sill en down of last pression plate?
Discrete of the ripe, grapes of joy.
She gathered and is keeted with her hard,
All the credities, all factors of its.
All the colours of himself exitors.
All thoughts, all feeling the truth in a limit bright the hall making the last maximal of e. a. I thus?
The heart with all last explaint, which is not messed of each who would that explaint, which is not messed of each love, and there enforces are the said of each love, and there enforces are of each love, and there enforces are only love, and there enforces are only

It was an exectan uning toler thickly The confells but min Citting Iril 4, Soul mady frito traje a print that Artill the unit step own the Startmer of In her contemportion cate I Water Non-arthur the got our lenformed hound by the com And, resisted the term is that end one On orlang? I wond I rime ant. Milh how show wase I to go gureaugh If Convers not all told by all all a Irme I - se mich e mish ni. Aplications and to set tons Whattens a green ever trace Assistances es en en entre we transcribe the firm of When head a the tent of tent of tent of the tent of the tent of the tent of tent of tent of tent of tent of tent o 157 mm 1 - 2 f -Hamang nang nang salah mengangan The service of the se a materna a Tar ram & 2

Beyond the wave and hither now repured, Nightly, the maid, by God's all seeing eye. Seen only, while she sought this boon alone—"Her lover's safety and his quiel return." In holy, humble attitude she kneeled, And to her bosom, fair as moonbeam, pressed One hand, the other lifted up to heaven. Her eve, upturned, bright as the star of morn, I or all are friends in heaven, all faithful friends, And many friendships in the days of time. Begun, are lasting here, and growing still. So grows ours evenuore, both their and mine.

Nor is the hour of lonely wall forgot In the wide de ert where the view was large Plea int were many scenes, but mo t to me The obtaile of vist extent untouched By hand of art, where nature sowed herself, And resped her crops whose parments were the clouds, Whose nunsticls, brooks whose lamps, the moon and Whose organ choir, the voice of many waters, Whose binquets, morning dews, whose heroes, storms Whose warriors, mights winds who elovers flowers Who corntors, the thun lerbolts of God, Whose pulaces, the everlasting hills Who calling, heaven's unfathomable blue And from whose to by turrets, buttled high, Prospect immense spread out on all sides round, Lost nov beneath the vell in and the main Now willed with hills that slept above the storm

#### Happiness

(Frontisks)

Whether in crowds or solitudes, in streets
Or shody groves dwelt Happine's, it seems
In vain to osle, her nature find exit vain,
Though poets uniel, and herinits, tall ed and sung
Of brooks and crystal founts, and weeping dew,
And myrtle bowers, and solitary vale,
And with the nymph made as ignations there,
And woold her with a love sich oaten reed
And sages too, although le's positive,
Advised their sons to court her in the shade?
Delitions babble all 1. Was happines,
Was self approving, God approving joy,
In drops of dew, however pure? in gales,
However sweet? in wells, however clear?
Or groves, however thick with verdant shade?

I rue, these were of themselves exceeding for, How fair at morn and even I worthy the walk Of loftiest mind, and gave when all within Was right, a feast of overflowing blass. But were the occasion, not the cause of joy. They walled the native fountains of the soul. Which slept before, and stirred the holy tides. Of feeling up, giving the heart to drinl. From its ovin treasures draughts of perfect sweet.

The Christian fath, which better I new the heart Of man, him thither sent for peace, and thus Declared. Who finds it, let him find it there, Who finds it not, for ever let him seek. In vain, 'tis God's most holy, changeless will

Frue Happiness had no localities,
No tones provincial, no peculiar garb
Where Duty went, she went, with Justice went,
And went with Meckness, Charity, and I ove
Where'er a tear was dried, a wounded heart
Bound up, a bruised spirit with the dew

# SCOTTISH VERNACULAR WRITERS UNDER GEORGE III



In 1792 Burns wrote in his first letter to George Thomson 'Apropos, if you are for English verses, there is on my part an end of the matter Whether in the simplicity of the ballad or the pathos of the song, I can only hope to

please myself in being allowed at least a sprinkling of our native tongue.' So that Burns, who fairly represented the practice of his older contempo raries, and who became the standard of all later writers of Scottish verse, followed Ramsav's nondescript and elastic linguistic principle, and with better taste and vastly greater command of his instrument wrote - at times indiscriminately almost pure English, nearly the broadest surviving vernacular, or a broken English, more or less largely 'sprinkled' with Scotch words times even the words vere not vernacular Scotch, but archaisms taken from Ramsay (who, as Lord Hailes proved, in ancient Scotch was sadly to seck), sometimes, as Dr Murray has pointed out, they were not Scotch words at all, but 'fancy Scotch' made by Scottifying ordinary English words on an assumed analogy As a rule Burns was most broadly Scotch when he was most jocular, most largely English when the matter vas most scrious. In the longer poems, as The Cotter's Saturday Night, some verses are pure English, some nearly pure vernacular, and some a curious arbitrary mixture. Only in some of the songs does the (largely Anglicised) Scotch of his Ayrshire neighbours form the warp and woof of the whole, with English words thrown in In some of the songs that are recloned quite Scotch the blend is still more curious-the diction is substantially English, or even the somewhat stilted 'poetic diction' of contemporary southern versewriters, with a few of the words translated into imitation Scotch 'My Nannie's ava'' is one of Burns's most popular 'Scotch' songs, but nothing is less like the language of Scottish shepherds of any date thun

Now in her green months blithe nature array, And listens the lambkins that bleat o er the bries

Braes is the onl, genuine Scots word here, 'nature arraying in a green mantle and listening lambkins bleating' being not ordinary but poetic English, such as was used in many of the songbool's current in Burns's time. Most of the

phrases actually occur in the songs given in Cecilia (1784), for example. Dr Murray has said ""Scots wha hae" is fancy Scotch, that is, it is mercly the English "Scots who have" spelled as Scotch Barbour would have written "Scottis at hes," Dunbar or Douglas, "Scottis quhilkis hes " and even Henry Charteris, in the end of the sixteenth century, "Scottis quhn hes" who hae wi' Wallace blcd, 'although composed of Scotch words, is not vernacular Scotch any more than ' How you carry vou?" as a translation of "Comment yous portez yous," is vernacular English' 'Scots at hes,' it may be added, is still the current Scots form, as it was in Burns's time, 'wha hae' appears only as an imitation of Burns's imitation

North Germans sometimes use Low German words in High German stones, but the stones themselves do not thus become Platt Deutsch works. And though a southern Frenchmin in Paris gives his articles or verses a southern flavouring of words or phrases from his native Nimes or Avignon, he is not therefore ranked amongst Provençal authors Nor would Burns have been the greatest of unters in Scottish dirlect unless he had in many of his best poems closely followed the Scottish spoken vernacular of his time. But, as we have seen from his own explicit testimony, while refusing to write 'English verses' at all, Burns was content to write 'Scotch verses' in which there was inextly a 'sprinkling of his native tongue.' And this whether he was bowdlensing the old Scots songs for Thomson, making new ones to the old tunes and with the old refruns, or inditing his own most spontaneous and original strains. Most of his contemporaries, carlier and later, and almost all his successors have adopted a similarly fluctuating standard of mixed dialect, for many, Burns's very modest minimum of Scotticism has amply sufficed But when it is remembered that the actually spoken Scotch has long been itself a mired tongue, a patois rather than a dialect, their practice is not so strange as at first it might appear Scottish writers, accepting Beattie's dictum page 308) that 'to write in the vulgir broad Seach and yet write scriously had become impossible,? essayed at times to find or construct a dialect which was not sulgar and was not exactly broad Scotch

Futher Goddess remarks, quoted below (page 799), are interesting as coming from a philological

scholar of great acquirements and thoroughly familiar with the vernicular. In the introduction to one of his own poems, Sir Alexander Boswell, one of Burns's most fervent admirers, and author of some of the most popular and 'broadest' Scotch songs since Burns's time, idmirably and authoritatively summed up the case is it stood in 1810 with regard to 'the mixed dialects of English and Scotch, which, though they afford so many facilities in measure and rhyme, are, I am told, not quite legitimate. I shall therefore [in this par ticular poem] endeavour to confine myself to that which, till the Gentle Shepherd once more make the Scottish reed scemed to be for ever the destined dialect of British Poess But while our later Baids have woold the Scottish muse- and even Robert Burns is subject to the criticismone half of what has been written, by a slight alteration of vowels and a few consonants added or subtracted, becomes plain Liphsh Jamieson will tell you it is not Scotch, but is is a pleasing melange, which carries to the soul the sweetest sentiments, and we care not how we come by them?

Sir Alexander's pronouncement holds good of l the score of Burns's contemporaries, earlier and later, from whom extracts are given below. Some of the ininor writers have left a few admirable f songs, but whether for songs or total achieve , ment, none of them stands near Burns, and none of them is worthy to be named beside him save Fergusson of those earlier in dite, and Tannahill and Lady Nairne amongst those who were born | soon after him. Meanwhile the principal writers of Scottish birth and blood were doing their best in book English. What they accomplished may be seen in the preceding pages, and may be recalled here by the names of Beattie, Bruce and Logan, Vacpherson and Mickle, the two Blairs, Dugald Stewart, Henry Mackenzie, Mackintosh, Bruce and Mungo Park, Grahame and Levden, Johnna Baillie and Thomas Campbell

DР

Jean Elliot and Mrs Cockburn. - I wo songs, both by women, and both bearing the name of The Howers of the Forest, still divide the favour of lovers of Scottish song. The first be wailing the losses sustrined at Flodden, was written by Jean Elliot of Minto (1727-1805), daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot, and sister of the author of the lyric, 'My slicep I neglected, I broke my sheep hook' (page 423) The second song (1765), which is usually taken to have been on the same subject, was in reality occasioned by the bank ruptcy of a number of gentlemen in Selkirkshire it was written by Alicia Cockburn (1713-95), the daughter of Robert Rutherford of Fernile, who in 1731 married Patrick Cockburn, advocate, and died in Edinburgh Most modern Scotsmen agree with Allan Cunningham in preferring Miss Elliot's song, but both have their ments, the second is most usually sung Sir Walter Scott praises the l shill shown by Miss Elliot in imitating the manner of the ancient imistrels

# The Flowers of the Forest,

By Texa Flot

I we heard the lilting at our you e milling,

Lasse a bling before the dawn of day

But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—

The Flower, of the Lore trace at yell small

At buchts, in the morning, nac bitthe lads are corning.
The lasses are lonely, and do se, and vac.
Not daffin' are public, but suching and subling,
Ill ane lifts her leghn and hers her any send

In hairst, at the shearing, and vouths row are jeering.

The l and ters are livit, an l runkled, rid gray,

At fair, or at preaching one vocing one fleeching—

The I lovers of the I orest are at wede a six

At e en, at the gloamin, one swanting are roaming. Bout sto I so we the least at looks to play. But ilk are sees dreame comention her deane —

The Howers of the Lore thate of weden vay.

Dool and who for the older sent cur lads to the Lorder'
The Inglish, for once by goide won the day
The I lorger of the I orgs, that fought are the foremost,
The prime older and, orgently in the class

We hear not mair hilling of our vowe milking,
Women and baims are heartless on I was,
Sighing and incoming on ill a green looning—
The I lowers of the hores' are at wede away

I thing I upon arous a nging growt are exect find one of the feet of a large ty an gray in red and enotice with led. The digits the importunate bescenting of loss to translate young galanta.

# The Flowers of the Forest.

Ly Mrs CXL um

I 're se n the smiling
Of fortune beguling,
I 've felt all its favour, and found its deem,
Sweet was its bles ing
Kin I its cares ing,
But now its fled—fled for away

I've seen the forest,
Adorned the foremost
With flowers of the fairest most pleasant and gay,
She bonny was their blooming,
Their scent the air perfuming?
But now they are withered and weeded away

I we seen the morning
With gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempest storning before the mid day,
I've seen Tweed's silver streams,
Shining in the sunny beams,
Grow drainly and dark as he rowed on his way

Oh fielde Fortune,
Why this cruel sporting?
Oh, why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?
Ane mair your smiles can cheer me,
Nae mair your frowns can fear me,
I or the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away

David Herd (1732-1810) did for Scottish song what Bishop Percy had done for the old English The son of a farmer in Kincardineshire, he became an accountant's clerk in Edinburgh, and devoted the scanty leisure and savings of a bachelor life to the acquisition of a valuable library and a sound knowledge of the popular lyric poetry of Scotland. Sir Walter Scott, who praises his 'shrewd manly common sense and antiquarian science,' made use of his rich manuscript collections for the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, and recent editors of Burns have been glad to draw illustrations from the same His Ancient Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads, &c., appeared at first anonymously in a single volume in 1769, and afterwards, with his name, in two volumes, in 1776 (the best edition) and 1791 It was, as Scott described it, 'the first classical collection' of the kind, for the earliest Scottish song-books do not count for much as literature, and the Ancient Scottish Poems of Lord Hailes (1770) were not songs, but a more critical reprint of some of the contents of the Bunnatyne MS than Allan Ramsay had presented in his Evergreen (1724-27), called a collection of 'Scots poems wrote by the ingenious before 1600' Watson's Choice Collection of Scottish Poems (1706-11) con tained only a few songs, such as 'Old Long Syne,' 'Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament,' and the verses attributed to Montrose, and these are not Scotch in language at all. More notable in this regard is Allan Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, the first volume of which appeared in 1724. Ramsay printed some of the older songs, and published many from the pens of contemporary verse-writers like Robert Clawford and the Hamiltons of Bangour and Gilbertfield (pages 309, 310) But not a few of these new songs were eighteenth-century English in language and sentiment, too many of the old ones were the spurious imitations pro duced by Durfey and his school, and nowhere is Ramsay's treatment of his texts to be trusted Quite as uncritical was the Orpheus Caledonius, a collection of songs (largely appropriated from the Tea-Table Miscellany, which, however, revenged itself by such reprisals as that of Lady Grizel Baillie's famous song) set to music and published by a certain William Thomson in 1725-33 Of the same order were the collection of Scottish melodies by James Oswald, Yair's Charmer (1749-51), and the selection entitled The Lark -the last a Scottish and English medley, blending 'Todlin Hame' and 'The Ewe Bughts,' 'Waly, waly' and 'The Blithesome Bridal,' with 'Chevy Chace,' first issued in London in 1746, and reprinted at Edinburgh in an edition which contained Mrs Cockburn's 'Flowers of the Forest,' and is known to have been possessed by Burns On such merely popular publications the critical collection of Herd was a great advance texts have always enjoyed the reputation of superior accuracy, and his choice of specimens is ample

and judicious Ballads as well as songs were included in his work, and it is noteworthy that when one has made subtraction from it of 'Gil Morice' and 'Sir Patrick Spens' and their like, as well as of Anglicised verses like 'The Bush aboon Traquair' and the 'Broom o' the Cowdenknowes,' very little of what is now recognised as classical Scottish song remains The majority and assuredly the best of the genuine old Scottish songs printed by Herd are of the bacchanalian, comicamorous, and not always too decorous kind, evemplified by 'The Tailor,' 'The Bob o' Dumblane,' and 'Todlin Hame' Songs of passion and pathos, such as are now taken as typical of Scottish minstrelsy, are conspicuously few They make their appearance first from the master-hand of Burns in James Johnson's Scots Musical Museum (1787-1803) and George Thomson's Collection of Scottish Songs and Airs (1793-1841), which, by grace of the genius of their chief contributor rather than through any editorial scholarship, rank along with Herd's modest anthology as the great books of Scottish song Pinkerton's rather unreliable Select Scotish Ballads (1783, Pinkerton and some others made a point of spelling Scotisti) and Joseph Ritson's scholarly volume of Scottish Songs (1794) also deserve mention St Cicilia, or the Lady's and Gentleman's Harmonious Companion, also called IVilson's Musical Miscellany, published at Edinburgh 'for C Wilson' in 1779, was of the Lark type. It complained that all previous collections 'had one general fault-viz. that they abounded too much with obscene songs, that tend to suppress virtue, which proves that the editors thereof have had but a mean taste Particular care hath been taken in the selection of this collection, and nothing is inserted that can give the least offence to that delicacy of taste for which the present age is so remarkable,' and yet used considerable freedom in this very department collection, English and Scotch, contains many of the Scotch songs Burns commended and imitated, and was doubtless known to him The Chearful Companion (Perth, 1780, 3rd ed 1790) was one of several provincial song-books Herd's collection was reprinted in 1869, and re edited from the MS by Dr Hans Hecht in 1904

Robert Graham (c. 1735-97) of Gartmore inherited the family estate (part of it handed on from the last Earl of Menteith) on the death of his brother William in 1774. He as sumed the name of Cunninghame before Graham (Cunninghame-Graham) on succeeding to the estates of the Glencurn earldom at the death of his cousin, the fifteenth and last Earl of Glencurn (1796), through his mother, Lady Margaret Cunninghame, daughter of William, twelfth Earl Graham studied at Glasgow, was for some years Receiver-General of Jamaica, and from 1794 to 1796 was MP for Stirlingshire. An advanced Liberal, the friend of Charles James Fox, and an

admirer of the French Revolution, he had in 1785 been elected Rector of Glisgow University in opposition to Burke. He gathered about him a Firge and valuable library and a rich collection of admirable printings, and when Sir Walter Scott was at Gartmore while writing Rob Roy, Graham lent him many documents and MSS, about the finily and the district. Grahim sincestor of Mr Cunningliame Graham a well known writer of a later day whose wife is also an authoress wrote songs and lyrics, of which by far the hert and the only one I nown is that printed by Scott in the first edition of the Border Minstriles as verses 'tal en s down from recitation and increed to be of the They have indeed much of the 1 and of Charles 1 romantic expression of passion common to poets of that period, whose rays still reflected the setting beams of chivalry. But in later editions he had a to add that he "was assured they were by the late 1 Mr Graham of Gartmore' He told I odd har he had believed them to be the work of a greater Graham-the famo is Marquis of Montrose him self (see Vol. 1 p 817)

#### If Doughty Deeds.

If doughty deed my ladve please leight soon I il moun my seed,
And strong his arm and fast his seat,
That bears frace me the need
I il wear thy colours in my cap
Thy picture at my heart
And he that bends not to think eye
Shall rue it to his smort!

Then tell me how to woo thee, I ove,
O, tell me how to woo thee!
I or thy dear sale use care I if tall e
Tho ne'er another trow me

It gay aftere delight there eve I Il diglit me in array I'll tend thy chamber door all night, And squire thee all the dis-If sweetest sounds can win thinc ear, The e sounds I'll strive to entel: Thy voice I'll steal to woo this ell, That voice that nane can match But if fond love the heart can gain, I never broke a vow, Nie maiden lavs her skrith to me, I never loved but you For you alone I ride the ring, l or you I wear the blue, For you alone I strive to sing-O, tell me how to woo! Then tell me how to woo thee, Love O, tell me how to woo thre! For thy dear sake one care I'll take, Tho' ne'er another trow me

Alexander Geddes (1737-1802), one of the most remarkable and curiously gifted Scotsmen of his time, was born in Ruthren parish, Banffshire, of Roman Catholic parentage, and was educated for the priesthood at the seminary of Scalan in Glenhvat and at Paris (1758-64), where he

Robertson, Reid, and Beattie, and in 1780 the author was made an LL D of Aberdeen On his being elected a corresponding member of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, he addressed to the society a poetical epistle in 'geud ald Scottis' phrase, printed in the first volume of their Transactions, along with a dissertation on 'The Scoto Saxon Dialect' which represents truer views than were then current, and trans lations of an eclosue of Virgil and an idyl of Theocritus in Scots His Epistola Macaronica ad Fratrem (1790), on a great public dinner of the English Protestant Dissenters, is a clever and amusing performance, and Bardomachia, on a battle between two rival bards in a bookseller's shop (1800, when 'Peter Pindar' attacled Gifford in a shop in Piccadilly) was also macaronic, with an English version appended.

Linton, a Trueeddale Pastoral (1781), celebrated the birth of an heir to the house of Traquair, where Geddes had been tutor, the Carmen Seculare pro Gallica Gente (1790, followed by two others) praised the French Revolution were also A Norfolk Tale (1791), suggested by a journey to visit Lord Petre, L'Avocat du Diable, on a lawsuit against Peter Pindar, a doggerel parody of a Cambridge University sermon, a painfully literal verse translation of the first book of the Iliad, and a mock-heroic poem in nine cantos on an electioneering affair in which the Bishop of Bangor took a conspicu ous part, called The Battle of Bangor, or the Church's Trumph Another of his clever trans lations in lambics was Ver Vert, or the Parrot of Nevers, from the French of Gresset, a poem afterwards translated by Father Prout He used to be credited, on no sufficient grounds, with the authorship of the pathetic song Lewie Gordon, and of the broadly and vulgarly humorous IVee Wifukie, more probably the work of Alexander Watson, Lord Byron's Aberdeen tailor Gcddes was companionable and brilliant in conversation, full of anecdote, wit, and epigram, but he was apt to be trying to his friends by his indiscretions in speech and writing, and seemed too willing to startle people by the audacity of his paradoves

# From the 'Dissertation on the Scoto-Saxon Dialect'

It is my opinion that those who, for almost a century past, have written in Scots, Allan Ramsay not excepted, have not duly discriminated the genuine Scottish idiom from its vulgarisms. They seem to have acted a similar part with certain pretended imitators of Spenser, Shake speare, and Milton, who fondly imagine that they are copying from those great models, when they only mimie their antique mode of spelling, their obsolete terms, and their irregular construction. Thus, to write Scottish poetry (for prose has been seldom attempted), nothing more was deemed necessary than to interlard the composition with a number of low words and trite proverbal phrases, in common use among the illiterate, and the imore anomalous and farther removed from polite usage.

those words and phrases were, so much the more apposite and eligible they vere accounted. It was enough that they were not found in an English lexicon to give them a preference in the Scottish glossary, nor was it ever once considered that all words truly Anglo Saxon vere as truly Scoto Saxon verds, and that every exotic term which the English have borrowed from other languages, the Scots had an equal right to appropriate

By the last sentence he claims an antihistoric liberty that allowed him to introduce in his own poems, as most of his contemporaries had done, along with indubitable Scotch words, as many English words and spellings as were found convenient—a practice which produces a highly artificial dialect, and like his contemporaries, too, Geddes permitted himself to manufacture Scotch words for English ones, obviously on crroneous analogies Thus because the English o is in Scots often (not always) a, because the English home is in Scotch hame, therefore roum is rame, the city of Rome, Rame, and moment, mament' The two translations from Virgil and Theocritus were printed in a curious phonetic system of his own, which makes them all but unintelligible even to those familiar with old Scotch thus, hame is hem, frae is fre, case is de, braid, brad, thou, that, praise, preis, wha, hua, while, huyl, vou, zhu, deem, dian, laughs, laklis, power, piùr, and the Aberdeenshire value of the Scotch u or ui is given by c (= ee in English), muses becoming *meses* 

In the *Epistle* to the Antiquaries he laments the low estate of the Muse of vernacular Scots, surveys her achievements in the past, and pays a tribute to Burns, remarkable even in the year (1792 when it was printed in the Transactions, which could obviously not have formed any part of the epistle as sent to the society immediately on Geddes's election in 1785, before the Kilmarnock edition had appeared and before Burns had been heard of in Edinburgh

#### From the Epistle to the Society of Antiquaries

I or tho' 'tis true that Mither tongue. Has had the melanelioly fate. To be neglekit by the great, She still his fun an open door. Amang the uncoruptit poor, Wha be no weent to treat we' seem. A gentley oman bred and born, Bot bid her, thoch in totters drest, A hearty welcome to their best.

There is on ben maist bink she sits, And shurps the edge of cuintry wits, Wi'routh of gabby saws an' savs, An' jokes an' jibes of uther days That gi'e si'k gust to rustie sport And gar the langsome night leuk short.

At other times in some warm neuk She to the eutehok ha'ds a beuk, And reids in si'k a magic tone The deeds that our forbeirs ha' done Sa here, gif ye attention gi e. Si l ald warld wunders we may see,

Ularing fire

wont

bench

May see the muden stap her wheel, The mistress cease to turn the reel, Lizzie wi' laddle in her hand Til pot boil over, gipand stand Ev'n hungry Gib his speun depose And for a mament spare his brose!

An' nou the Muse wi' rapture turns To Coila's glory, self taught Burns Wha mid the constant avocation Of a laborious occupation, Finds time to cull si'k transient flours As bleum on Galovidean moors, And, at the pleugh, or at the team, Glows with a pure poetic gleam

Whether, in numbers smooth and easy, He sing the dirgic of a deasy daisy Or in a strain niair free an' frisky Resoun' the praise of Highland whisky Or with a Goldsmith's pencil trace The virtues o' the cottage race Or, wieldan' satire's heavy flail, The eantan' hy poerite assul Or mind a patriot of his duty, Or tune a safter pipe to beuty, Or, in a frolie wanton teen, tune Describe the fun of Hallow e'en Tho' some few notes be livrsh an' hard, Yet still we see the genuine Bard

Hale be thrue heart,—thoa wale o' swains, That grace the Caledonian plains Mny ilka sort o' bliss thee follow, That suits the vot'ries of Apollo A merry heart, a murkless head, clear A conscience pure, an' void o' dread, A weil thak't hut, an ingle clear, thatched A fu' pint stowp of reaming beer, foaming A daily sark, a Sunday coat, shirt Thy pocket ne'er without a great, An' for the solace of thy life, A bonny, braw, belovit wife.

Su'd Fortune, mur outowr, befriend thee, An' fouth o' gowd an' gear attend thee wealth Bewar of indolence an' pride, Nor east thine aiten reed aside oaten Bot trim, an' blaw it mair an' mair, An' court the Muses late an air early Wi' eritie skill explore the grain An' fan an' fan it owr again 'Till ne'er a bit of caff remain. chaff So sal thy name be handit down With uther poets o renoun, An' Burns in gowden cyphers shine Wi' Inglis, Lindsay Ballandyne, Gilbraith, Montgomery, an' far Before the laif, ornate Dunbar

Thy rare example sal inspire Our rising youth with rival fire Wha yet may emulate the lays Of loftiest bards of ancient days

From Horace's Satires—I 4.
Chaucer and Shakespeare, Lydgate, Ben,
And other such old comic men,
Were wont, while poets yet had grace,
To laugh at Folly, to its face

Butler, tho' in a diff'rent pace,
Pursued the same inviting chase
Butler, a bord of matchless wit,
Had he in smoother numbers writ
How could he?—In an hour, he'd bring
Two hundred verses in a string—
Then pause—and, in another hour,
He'd bring two hundred verses more
Copious he flow'd, but wanted shill
Or patience to restrain his quill
Yet in his motley, muddy stream
Full many a pearl is seen to gleam

'Tis not the number, but the weight Of lines that we should estimate.

Crispinus challenges to rhime—
'Appoint a judge—1 place—1 time—
Give paper, ink—and let us try
Who writes most verses? You or 1?'

The Gods did vell, that form'd my mind Of the pacific, gentle kind,
And made me of a temp'rature
Such boist'rous boasting to endure
Be thou, Crispinus! and thy fellows,
The emblem of a blacksmith's bellows,
Which, the it make a constant din,
Has nought but noisy wind within!

Three liappy Bays! He twice a year Can charm ev'n mighty George's ear, And see each dark and dulsome line. In Boyce's deathless music shine. While—these of mine, scarce one in twenty Can bear—their palates are so dainty!

Stire, my friend ('twist me and you),
Can never please but very few
The reason if you ask—'Trs plain, sir!
The most of manl ind ment censure
Th' ambitious knave, the wealthy fool,
Corruption's tamperer and tool,
The slave of luxury and lust,
The virtuoso mad for rust,
The virtuoso mad for rust,
The trader, whose insatiate soul
Drives him like dust from pole to pole—
All these with one accord (you know it)
Dread poetry, and damn the poet

'Shun, shun (they ery) the dangerous man He 'Il kiek or euff you, if he can Let hun but have his darling joke, He cares not whom he may provoke. Ev'n sacred friendship vainly tries To scape his wanton railleries And, once your name is fairly down, You're made the sport of all the town.'

The charge is heavy—But agree To hear, at least, my counter plea. And, first, I solemnly disclaim A poet's venerable name For, sure, you cannot think that those, Who write in verse resembling prose, Are poets?—He who boldly soars Above the reach of vulgar pow'rs, Whose bosom, if the Muse inspire, Glows with a more than mortal fire,

And who, in ev'ry rapt'rous line,
Displays an energy divine,
Commands, not courts, our approbation—
He, he deserves that appellation!

And hence there are (perhaps you know 'em) Who deem ev'n comedy no poem, Because it wants that force and fire Which we in poetry require, And, but that numbers interpose, Is nothing more than naked prose.

#### From the 'Epistola Macaronica.'

All in a word qui se oppressos most heavily credunt Legibus injustis test-oathibus atque profanis, While high church homines in ease ct luxury vivuut, Et placeas, postas, mercedes, munia graspant! Ita cuncti keen werc, fari ant pugnari parati Prisca pro causa

It is a curious commentary on the brevity of Geddes's poetic fame that not one of his poems, save the translations from Horace and the things contained in the first volume of the Antiquarian Transactions, is to be found in any public library in Edinburgh. There is a Life of Geddes by Dr Mason Good (1803) a shorter Life in Lives of Scottish Poets (vol. ii. 1822), and one in Dr Robert Chambers & Emunat Scottmen

Susanna Blamure (1747-94), the 'Muse of Cumberland,' was, somewhat paradoxically, distinguished for her Scottish songs and poems She was born of good family in Cumberland, at Carden Hall near Carlisle, but was brought up by an aunt at Thackwood, endearing herself there to a circle of friends and acquaintance at many a 'merrie neet.' Her elder sister becoming in 1767 the wife of Colonel Graham of Gartmore, Susanna often visited them in Perthshire, where she acquired that taste for Scottish melody and music which prompted her lyrics, The Nabob, And ye shall walk in Silk Attire, The Siller Croun, and others She knew Allan Ramsay's works, but seems not to have seen anything of Burns's her Scotch songs, she wrote pieces in the Cumbrian dialect, a number of addresses to friends and occasional verses, and a descriptive poem of some length entitled Stoklewath, or the Cumbrian I illage The Scotch lyrics, much more numerous than the Cumbrian ones, are in a rather artificial Some are partly Cumbrian and partly Scotch, and with the Cumbrian words altered (like nobbet in Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee) appear regularly in Scotch Miss Blamire died unmarried at collections Carlisle in her forty-seventh year, and her name had almost faded from remembrance, when, in 1842, her poetical works were collected by Dr Lonsdale and published in a small volume, with a memoir and notes by Patrick Maxwell

#### /The Nabob

When silent time, wi' lightly foot, Had trod on thirty years, I sought again my native land Wi' mony hopes and fears Wha kens gin the dear friends I left May still continue mine? Or gin I e'er again shall taste The joys I left langsyne?

As I drew near my ancient pile
My heart beat a' the way,
Ilk place I passed scemed yet to speak
O' some dear former day,
Those days that followed me afar,
Those happy days o' mine,
Whilk made me think the present joys
A' naetling to langsyne!

The ivied tower now met my eye,
Where minstrels used to blaw,
Nae friend stepped forth wi' open hand,
Nae weel kenned face I saw,
Till Donald tottered to the door,
Wham I left in his prime,
And grat to see the lad return
He bore about langsyne

I ran to ilka dear friend's room,
As if to find them there,
I knew where ilk ane used to sit,
And hang o er mony a chair,
Till soft remembrance threw a veil
Across these een o' mine,
I closed the door, and sobbed aloud,
To think on auld langsyne

Some pensy chiels, a new spring race,
Wad next their welcome pay,
Wha shuddered at my Gothic wa's,
And wished my groves away
'Cut, cut,' they cried, 'those aged clms,
Lay low you mournfu' pine'
Na! na! our fathers' names grow there,
Memorials o langsyne

To wean me frae these waefn' thoughts,
They took me to the town,
But sair on ilka weel kenned face
I missed the youthfu' bloom
At balls they pointed to a nymph
Wham a' declared divine,
But sure her mother's blushing cheeks
Were fairer far langsyne!

In vain I sought in music's sound
To find that magic art,
Which oft in Scotland's ancient lays
Has thrilled through a' my heart.
The song had mony an artfu' turn,
My ear confessed 'twas fine,
But missed the simple melody
I listened to langsyne.

Ye sons to comrades o' my youth,
Forgie an auld man's spleen,
Wha 'midst your gayest scenes still mourns
The days he ance has seen
When time has passed and seasons fled,
Your hearts will feel like mine,
And are the sang will maist delight
That minds ye o' langsyne!

#### What Ails this Heart o' Mine?

What ails this heart o mine?
What ails this watery ce?
What girs me a' turn pale as death
When I take leave o' thee?
When thou art far awa',
Thou It dearer grow to me,
But change o' place and change o' folk
May gar thy fancy jec.

When I gae out at e'en,
Or walk at morning air,
Ilk rustling bush will seem to say
I used to meet thee there
Then I'll sit down and cry,
And live aneath the tree,
And when a leaf fa's i' my lap,
I'll ca t a word fracthee

I'll hie me to the bower
That thou wi' roses tied,
And where wi' mony a blushing bud
I strove myself to hide
I'll doat on ilka spot
Where I hae been wi' thee,
And ea' to mind some kindly word
By ilka burn and tree

#### Auld Robin Forbes (in Cumbrian).

And ruld Robin Forbes hes gien tem a dance, I put on my speekets to see them an pranec, I thout o' the days when I was but fifteen, And skipped wi' the best upon Forbes's green Of an things that is I think thout is meast queer, It brings that that 's bypast and sets it down here, I see Willy as plain as I dui this bit leace, When he tunk his ewort lappet and decilited his face.

The lasses aw wondered what Willy end see
In yen that was dark and hard featured levke me,
And they wondered ay mair when they talked o' my wit,
And shily telt Willy that cudn't be it
But Willy he laughed, and he meade me his weyfe,
And when was mair happy thro aw his lang leyfe?
It's e'en my great comfort, now Willy is geane,
That he offen said—nea pleace was leyke his awn heame!

I mind when I carried my work to you steyle, Where Willy was deyken, the time to beguile, He wad fling me a daisy to put 1 my breast, And I hammered my noddle to mek out a jest But merry or grave, Willy often wad tell There was nin o' the leave that was leyke my awn sel, And he spak what he thout, for I'd hardly a plack When we married, and nobbet ae gown to my lack

When the clock had struck eight, I expected him heame, And wheyles went to meet him as far as Dinnleane, Of aw hours it telt, eight was dearest to me, But now when it streykes there's a tear i my ce O Willy! dear Willy! it never can be That age, time, or death can divide thee and me! For that spot on earth that's aye dearest to me, Is the turf that has covered my Willie frac me

Hector Machell (1746-1818), son of an old captain of the 42nd who turned farmer in Stirling shire, spent some years in the West Indies, in 1780-86 was assistant-secretary on an admiral's flagship, and after two visits to Jamaica settled in Edinburgh on an annuity given him by a friend He wrote several pamphlets, two novels, and some saturical poems denouncing modern changes, a legendary poem, The Harp (1789,, and a descriptive poem, The Carse of Forth, but his name is associated with Scotland's Skaith, or the History & Will and Jean telling how a husband reduces a happy family to beggary by drinking, and reco ers himself after a spell of soldiering and the loss of a leg. But far better known are Macneill's lyrics, several of which-'My boy famm,?' I lo'ed ne er a laddie bu ane' and 'Coine under my plaidic,' for example - ire still popular Scotch songs, and 'Mary of Castle Cary,' in spite of her 'soft rolling ee,' is constantly sung 'Mary' is appended, as also a verse of each of the two other songs, and part of Scotland's Stortl

I lo'ed ne'er a laddie but ane, He lo ed ne'er a las it but me He s willing to mak me his ain, And his ain I am villing to be He has coft me a rockly o' blue, And a pair o' mitters o' green. The price was a kiss o' ms mou. And I paid him the debt yestreen.

ngirlium shittelook

inug

Come under my plaidie, the might's grain to fi',

Come in frie the enald llas, the drift and the snaw,

Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me

There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.

Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me,

I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can blaw

Oh' come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me,

There's room in t, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.

#### From 'Scotland's Skaith.'

In a howm, whose bonny burne.
Whimpering rowed its crystal flood,
Near the road, where travellers turn ave,
Neat and beild a cot house stood.

White the wa's, wa' roof new theekit, thatched Window broads just painted red, boards I owne 'inang trees and braes it reakit, Sheltered—smoked Haffins seen and haffins lud Haff

Up the givel end, thick spreadin', gable
Crap the elasping ivy green,
Back ower, firs the high eraigs eleadin', Behind-clothing
Ruised a' round n cosy screen

Down below, a flowery meadow
Joined the burnie's rambling line,
Here it was that Howe the widow
That same day set up her sign

Brattling down the brae, and near its Bottom, Will first marvelling sees 'Porter, Ale, and British Spirits,' Painted bright between twa trees. wealth

'Godsake, Tam ' here's walth for drinking!
Wha can this new comer be?'

'Hout,' quo' Tam, 'there's drouth in thinking— thirst Let's in, Will, an' syne we'll see.'

# Mary of Castle-Cary \*

'Saw ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing,
Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?
Crossed she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming,
Sought she the burne where flowers the haw tree?
Her hair it is lint white, her skin it is milk white,
Dark is the blue of her soft rolling ee,
Red, red are her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses—
Where could my wee thing wander frae me?'

'I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea,
But I met my honny thing late in the gloaming,
Down by the burnie where flowers the haw tree
Her hair it was lint white, her skin it was milk white,
Dark was the blue of her soft rolling ee,
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses—
Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.'

'It was nae my wee thing, it was nae my ain thing, It was nae my true love ye met by the tree Proud is her leal heart, and modest her nature, She never loved ony till ance she lo ed me. Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle Cary, Aft has she sat when a bairn on my knee Fair as your face is, were't fifty times fairer, Young bragger, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee.'

'It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle Cary,
It was then your true love I met by the tree,
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.'
Sair gloomed his dark brow, blood red his cheek grew,
Wild flashed the fire frae bis red rolling ee,
'Ve'ee the sair this morning your boasts and your seorance

'Ye'se rue sair this morning your boasts and your seorning,
Defend ye, fause traitor, fu' loudly ye lie.'

'Away wi' begushing,' cried the youth, similing—
Off went the bonnet, the lint white locks flee,
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark rolling ee

'Is it my wee thing, is it my ain thing, Is it my true love here that I see?'

'O Jamie, forgie me, your heart's constant to me, I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee.'

John Lowe (1750-98), son of the gardener at Kenmure Castle in Galloway, studied for the Presby terian ministry at Edinburgh. His one popular song, Mary's Dream, was written on the drowning of a ship's doctor named Miller, who was attached to a daughter of the house in which Lowe was tutor. Lowe afterwards emigrated to America, where he taught a while, then took orders as an Episcopal clergyman, but having made an unhappy marriage, became dissipated, and died in great misery near Fredericksburg in Virginia. Only fragments of his other poems have been printed

#### Mary s Dream

The moon had climbed the highest hill Which rises o'er the source of Dee, And from the eastern summit shed Her silver light on tower and tree, When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
When, soft and low, a voice was heard,
Saying 'Mary, weep no more for me!'

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head, to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
With visage pale, and hollow ee.
'O Mary dear, cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a stormy sea
Far, far from thee I sleep in death,
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

'Three stormy nights and stormy days
We tossed upon the raging main,
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain
Even then when horror chilled my blood,
My heart was filled with love for thee
The storm is past, and I at rest,
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

'O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
We soon shall meet upon that shore,
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more!'
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see,
But soft the passing spirit said
'Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!'

Lady Anne Barnard (1750-1825) was the eldest daughter of James Lindsny, fifth Earl of Balcarres Her life was divided between Balcarres in East Fife and Edinburgh, till in 1793 she married Andrew Barnard, son of the Bishop of Limerick, and afterwards appointed by Dundas as Colonial Secretary, under Lord Macartney, at the Cape of Good Hope. On his death in 1807 she settled in London Her Auld Robin Gray, one of the most perfect, tender, and affecting of all our ballads of humble life, was written when she was a girl of twenty two, published anonymously, and assumed to be an ancient piece She revealed the secret of its authorship, which till then had been carefully kept, in a letter (8th July 1823) to Sir Walter Scott

Robin Gray, so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarres, was born soon after the close of the year 1771 My sister Margaret had married, and accompanied her husband to London I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles There was an English Scotch melody of which I was passionately fond Sophy Johnstone, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarres. She did not object to its having improper words, though I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and give its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister [Clizabeth], now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me, 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear, I am oppressing my heroine with I have already sent her Jamie to many misfortines sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother

fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for a lover, but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help nie to one!' 'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little I brabeth. The cow was immediately histed by me, and the song completed. At our fireside and amongst our neighbours 'Auld Robin Gray' was always called for I was pleased in secret with the approbation it met with, but such was my dread of being suspected of writing anything, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write nothing, that I carefully lept my own secret

With this letter Lidy Anne sent two continua tions of the ballad, which, like most continuations, are greath inferior to the original. Scott published them, however, in his Auld Robin Gray a Ballad (Bannatyne Club, 1825), to which reference may be made, as also to Lord Crawford's Lives of the Lindsays (1849) Indy Anne was brought before the public as an authoress once more during the South African troubles in 1899-1902, when nine teen interesting letters written home by her from the Cape in 1797-1801 were published as South Africa a Century Ago (1901) In these admirable specimens of the eighteenth century style of letter writing 'a shrewd humorous, and widely expenenced gentlewoman gives with entire frankness and frequent flashes of wit a clear and instructive account of the state of South Africa when the British flag was first hoisted over Cape Fown,' and by no means omits the difficulties that beset attempts 'to conciliate the Dutch as much as possible, twenty years before her countryman Pringle recorded his experience of the settlers

#### Auld Robin Gray

When the slicep are in the fauld, when the Lve's come And a' the wears world to rest are gane, [hame, The wees o' iny heart fa' in showers free ma ee, Unkent by my guidman, who sleeps sound by me

Young Jame lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride, But saving he crown piece he had maching beside. To make the crown a pound my Jamie gaed to sea, And the crown and the pound—they were buth for me

He hadne been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
When my father brake his arm and the cow was stown
My mather she fell sick—my famic was at sea, fawar,
And auld Robin Gray came a courting me

My father cauldna wark—my mother couldna spin— I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win, Auld Rob maintained them built, and, we'tears in his cc, Sud 'Jeanie, O for their sakes, will ye no marry me?'

My heart it said no, and I looked for Jamie bock, But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack, His ship was a wrack—why didno Jamie die, Or why am I spared to ery woe is me?

My father urged me sair—my mither didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break,
They gied him my hand—my heart was in the sea—
And so Robin Gray he was guidman to me

I hadna been his wife a week but only four, When, mournfu' is I sat on the stane at my door, I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I couldn't think it he, full lie said. "I'm come hame, love, to marry ther!"

Oh, sair sair did we greet, and miel le say of a',
I gied him ac 1154, and bade him gang awa —
I wish that I v ere dead, but I in na like to die,
I'or, though my heart is broken, I'm but young wacisme!

I pring like a girn t, and I carena much to spin, I darent thind o' Jamie, for that will be a sin, But I'll do my be the pude vife to be, I or, oh! Robin Gray, he is I ind to me.

## Robert Fergusson.

Robert 1 ergusson was born, on 5th September 1750, in Cip-and-Leither Close, off the High Street of Edinburgh His fither was a poor clerk, but both father and mother were of pentle Aberdeenshire blood, ind a miternal uncle was a landed proprietor and factor in that county, his best higgripher, Dr. Grosart, assigns him two clene il great grandfathers. Pergus on vas sent to a private school at the age of six, and entered I dinburgh High School in 1758. He spent four vents there, and is reputed to have been quick at making up leaves lost by frequent absences due to native delicacy of constitution and to have been a decourer of books In 1761 hc procured a bursary which provided for smain tenince and education, at the Grammar School of Dundee and the University of St Andrews and after spending three verts at the School he matriculated at St. Andrews in 1765 The town life it St. Indrews was not refined swarmed with ale houses, and the bursais had a too liberal supply of ale in their otherwise So it is mainly not too generous commons the 'larks' of Fergusson's university career that contemporary gossip has preserved, a college servant described him as in tricky callant, but a fine laddic for it that that and careless biographers have stated virongly that he was expelled for participation in a 'row'. But he is reputed to have loved and known Virgil and Horace, he rend much good English and he had a close friend in Professor William Wilkie whom Charles lownshend pronounced the most singular combination of god and brute he had ever met (see page 441) Fergusson had rhymed in the vernacular from a very early period, and one of his extra academical performances was an elegy on the death of Professor Gregori, which showed that at fifteen he was on equal terms with Ramsay

Now mourn we college masters a '
And frac your een a tear let fa,
Fam'd Gregory Death has then awa'
Without remerd
The skarth ye've met wi's nac that sma' hurtnot so
Sin Gregory's dead

His university studies were broken off by the death of his father. He had intended to qualify for the Church, but he left St Andrews in 1768 A visit to the well to do uncle in the north, who

might have helped him to a career, proved fruitless, ending indeed in a violent quarrel mother had to support herself by 'taking lodgers,' and want of means barred all the professions to him. He secured employment in the office of the Commissary Clerk in Edinburgh, and remained there, an industrious drudge, till shortly before his early death He was accustomed to eke out the scanty wage he got for his mechanical office work by copying other legal documents, and he did not discontinue his essays in verse. 'R. Fergusson' was announced as the author of the 'words' of 'three favourite Scots airs' incorporated in Arne's opera, Artaxerxes, as performed in the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh, in 1769 At this period he was unaware that the vernacular to which he had been faithful in boyhood was the right medium for his poetic ideas The prose writers who had made Edinburgh a literary centre were laborious imitators of English models So when an oppor tunity of printing his manuscripts came to Fergusson, it was natural that he should emulate Pope and Gay rather than Ramsay or Hamilton Weekly Magazine in 1771 offered hospitality first to three pastorals of the conventional type, then to 'A Saturday's Expedition in mock heroics,' to another serious 'Pastoral Elegy,' and a burlesque, all in English. Immediately, however, Fergusson found his *metier*, and showed that he knew it by signing the pieces in the vernacular which he contributed to the Magazine in rapid succession throughout 1772 and 1773, taking his place between Ramsay and Burns in that long line of realist-painters of the humours of homely Scottish life, a line which included the authors of Peblis to the Play and Chrystis Kirk in the sixteenth century (see Vol I p 210), and the Sempills in the seventeenth (Vol. I pp 818, 819) The first of these vernacular pieces was 'The Daft Days' Then an 'Elegy on the Death of Scots Music' proved pretty conclusively that a poet had arrived who could use his mother-tongue skilfully, if unequally, to paint nature and express natural though as yet superficial feeling

Nac lasses now, on simmer days,
Will lilt at bleachin' o' their claes,
Nac herds on Yarrow's bonny braes,
Or banks of Tweed,
Delight to chant their hamely lays,
Sin Music's dead

By the end of 1773 his contributions to the Magazire had accumulated to such an extent that he felt warranted in publishing a selection of cleven of the best, and he cleared £50 by the volume. Then the poet's sun set suddenly Fergusson was eminently sociable, but he was also physically incapable of sparing 'slices of his constitution' to those who courted his society. The Magazine had at once profited by his contributions and brought him fame. He was both talker and singer, and clearly an attractive personality apart from his growing reputation as a poet. The Edinburgh of

that day lived in taverns a drily life which was much too fast for a reakly lad engaged all day at a laborious and mechanical occupation

To Luckie Middlemist's loup in, jump
And sit fu' snug
O'er oysters and a dram o' gin,
Or haddock lug,

was seemingly glorious to Fergusson as it was to nine out of ten men of his day. He was Sir Precentor of the Cape Club, and retained his St Andrews fondness for high jinks There is plenty of evidence to show that he never neglected his daily task, and that he was not more dissipated than the average of his contemporaries, much less so, indeed, than many who have escaped the I ish of the moralist that has fallen too lieavily on the shoulders of the 'poor poet.' He had a severe illness in the beginning of 1774 and gradually sanl into religious melancholia He had to be confined in a madhouse, and expired there on the 16th of October 1774, at the age of twenty four He was buried in the Canongate churchyard, where, fifteen years later, Burns, at his own expense, erected a memorial stone with a poetical inscription on it to his 'elder brother in the Muses'

It is neither possible nor desirable to dissociate the achievements of Robert Fergusson from the 'acute painful youth' of 'the poor, high soaring, deep falling, gifted and misguided man' he has been described by the most generous and accurate of his censors From first to last, from the St Andrews bursar's protest against 'rabbits hot and rabbits cold' to the 'half fed, half mad, halfsarket' law clerk's spirited protest against Samuel Johnson's representation of Scotland, this undergraduate in life and in literature was a realist and a humourist-a humourist because he was a realist. It is, therefore, at once impossible to say how much he might have done within the field which Nature had marked out for him, and easy to mark the bounds of that field 'His limitations' says Mr lithen, 'are evident enough He had no lyric vein, no high reach of imagination, and no large constructive skill? The observation is as true as it is succinct. He had no lyric vein because he lind had no lyric experiences. The battle of life was hard enough with him, and vent against him, but it was not sufficiently varied or long to allow him to escape from his dreary, if also picturesquely sordid, environments into the audacious satire of Dunbar, into the mystical yet profoundly humanitarian confidence of Burns that 'the universal plan will all direct,' or even into the sagacious and mildly sensual Horatianism of Allan Even if time and sanity had been allowed him, Fergusson could not have risen to the heights of the 'Dance of the Sevin Dridly Synnis' or the ultra Rabelais inism of the 'Tourna ment,' he could not have given 'the windering train' immortal glory and almost immortal justification in 'The Jolly Beggars,' or supplied a democracy

-of which he had but an imperfect conceptionwith such a marching song as 'A man's a man for a' that' It is even doubtful whether he could have written a second and truer Gentle Shepherd Although he knew every potato on 'Epigoniad,' Wilkie's farm in Tife, and every inch of ground within walking or ferrying distance of Edinburgh, the world of lads and lasses, of 'the cannie hour at e'en,' and of 'the rigs o' barley' was outside the range of his sympathy, and its adequate representation was 'abune his micht' But there is no reason to believe that he could not have written many companion sketches to 'Leith Races' and 'The Farmer's Ingle,' 'The Election' and 'The Daft Days,' 'Braid Clath' and 'Hallow-Pair' Nay, given time and a little judicious encourage ment on the part of the 'Embro' gentra,' this warm hearted lad, who could be sature but never bitter, would have done justice to that solid strenu ous, municipal Edinburgh which was springing up in his time, whose members had their faults of habit and demeanour, but yet, on the showing of the courteous and gently scanning Topliam, were not 'so intemperate as the Germans' even by the torso of his poetry, Pergusson must be accounted a man not of talent but of genius Much of his English verse-the bulk of what he has to say on Boreas and Phochus, Cynthia and Clarinda, Sol and Damon-is unreal enough but not a whit more unreal than that of the majority of his English contemporaries. When he was satirically in earnest he could write English that was sufficiently incisive, as in his metrical parody of Johnsonese or in verses like

Thanks to the gods who made me poor 'No lukewarm friends molest my door Who always show a busy care. In being legatee or heir. Of this stamp no one will ever follow, The youth that's favoured by Apollo,

and

Virtue and vice in him alternate reign d, That fill'd his mind and this his pocket drun'd, Till in the contest they so stubborn grew, Death give the parting blow and both withdrew

Fergusson was above all things the poetical Ian Steen of the Old Fown of Edinburgh during its transition through 'jink and drink' from poverty to comfort, of the tipsy brotherhood and sinning sisterhood of its closes, of the coarse joys of its burghal life, of the often dismal grieties of its high feasts and festivals, of the 'wanwordy, crazy, dinsome' noise of its bells and its crowds—in a word, of the good nature and good fellowship of 'Auld Reekie,' where

Couthy chiefs at e'ening meet, sociable fellows
Their bizzin' craigs and mou's to weet, throats
And blythely gar auld Care gae bye, make
Wi' blinkin' and wi' bleerin' eye

A humourist and realist above all things, Fergusson

could be more happily reflective than Ramsay, as in the close of his 'Ode to the Bee'

The Muse
Souds our and hoursome o'er the dows, early
I n' vogue and fu' blyth to map eager-glait
The winsome flow'rs frae Nature's lap,
The wing har having condens there

Twining her living gardens there That leart Time can ne or impair

Larr

All the world knows what Burns once to his elder brother in misfortune—it was loudly and cordailly proclaimed from the house-tops by the debtor, and has been exhibited in innumerable 'parallels' e er since—for the conception and execution of 'The Cottar's Saturday Night,' The Twa Briss,' Hallowe'en,' and 'The Mouse' There are anticipations of Robert Louis Stevenson not only in the life of 'the poor white faced drunlen, vicious boy that raved himself to death in an Edinburgh mad house,' but in the dry crusticity of 'Braid Clath' and in such legitimate tours deforce of style is

Through his n inimum o' space
The bleer es d sun,
Wi' blinkin' light, on I stealin' pace
His race doth run

All unconsciously Fergusson prepared the way for Burns as the best pupil in the studio prepares the way and the work for the master. In the heart of Scotland he holds the place next to Burns, in all the range of such Scotlish verse is being based on reality is destined to immortality there is only Dunbur between him and Burns.

# Verses written at the Hermitage of Braid, near Edinburgh

Would you relish a rural retreat,

Or the pleasure the groves can inspire,
The city's allurements forget,

To this spot of enchantment retire

Where a valley and crystalline brook, Whose current glides sweetly along Give nature a fanciful look, The beautiful woodlands among

Off let me contemplative dwell
On a scene where such beauties appear
I could live in a cot or a cell,
And never think solitude near

#### The Daft Days

ma

Now mirk December's down face Glow is on'r the rigs we sour grimace, While, thro' his minimum o' space, dark—sad stares simps of field

The bleer ey'd sun,
Wi' blinkin' light, and stealin pace,
His race doth run

Frie naked groves nae hirdie sings,
To shepherd's pipe nie hilloek rings,
The breeze nae od'rous flavour brings
From Borean cave,

An' dwynin' Nature droops her wings, decaying Wi' visage grave

shouting

Mankind but scanty pleasure glean
Frae snawy hill or barren plain,
Whan Winter, 'midst his nipping train,
Wi' frozen spear,
Sends drift ow r a' his bleak domain,
And guides the weir

Auld Reekie' thon'rt the canty hole,
A bield for mony a canldrife soul,
Wha snugly at thine ingle loll,
Baith warm and couth,
While round they gar the bicker roll,
To weet their mouth.

Ye browster wives, now busk ye bra', An fling your sorrows far awa', Then come and gie's the tither blaw O' reaming ale, brewer-deck --bravely yet anotherdraught foaming

Mair precious than the well o' Spa, Our hearts to heal

Fiddlers, your pins in temper fix,
And rozet weel your fiddle-sticks,
But banish vile Italian tricks
Frae ont your quorum,

rosin

Nor fortes wi' pianos mix,
Gie s Tullochgorum

And thou, great god of Aqua Vita '
Wha sways the empire o this city,
When fou we're sometimes capernoity,
Be thou prepard
To hedge us frae that black banditti,

The City Guard

tipsy-peevish

#### Hallow-Fair

At Hallowmas, whan nights grow lang,
And starnies shine fu' clear,
Whan fock, the nippin' canld to bang,
Their winter hap warms wear,
Near Edinburgh a fair there hads,
I wat there 's nane whase name is,
For strappin' dames and sturdy lads,
And cap and stoup, mair famous,

bowl and cup
Than it that day

Upo' the tap o' ilka lum every chimney The sun began to keek, peep And bade the trig made maidens come пеат A sightly joe to seek. At Hallow fair, where browsters rare brewers Keep guid ale on the gantries, racks And dinna scrimp ye o' a skair stint-share O' kebbucks frae their pantries cheeses Fn' sant that day

Here kintry John in bannet blue,
An' eke his Sinday claes on,
Rins after Meg wi' rokelay new,
An' suppy I isses lays on ,
She'il tauntin' say, 'Ye silly coof!
Be o' your gab mair sparin','
mouth
He'il tak the hit, and criesh her loof
Wi' what will buy her fairin,
To chow that day

Without the cussers prance and nicher, horses—neigh
An' ow'r the leying scud, fallow strip of land
In tents the carles bend the bicker, dnnk—hooped cup
An' rant and roar like wud mad

Than there's sic yellowcliin' and din,
Wi' wives and wee anes gabblin',
That ane might trow they were akin
To a' the tongues at Babylon,
Confus'd that day

#### The Farmer's Ingle

Whan gloming grey ont o'er the welkin keeks,
Whan Batie ca's his owsen to the byre,
Whan Thrasher John, sair dung, his barn-door steeks,
And lusty lasses at the dighting tire
What bangs fu' leal the e ening's coming cauld,
And gars snaw tappit winter freeze in vain,
Gars down mortals look baith blythe and banld,
Nor fley d wi' a' the poortith o' the plain,
Begin, my Muse, and chant in hamely strain.

Frae the big stack, weel winnow't on the hill, Wi' divets theekit frae the weet and drift, Sods, peats, and heath'ry trufs the chimley fill, And gar their thick'ning smeek salute the hift, The gudeman, new come hame, is blythe to find, Whan he out o'er the halland flings his een, That ilka turn is handled to his mind, That a' his housie looks sae cosh and clean, For cleanly house loes he, tho' e'er sae mean

Weel I ens the gudewife that the pleughs require
A heartsome meltith, and refreshing synd
O' nappy liquor, o'era bleezing fire
Sair wark and poortith downa weel be join'd.
Wi' butter d bannocks now the girdle reeks
I' the far nook the bowie briskly reams,
The readied kail stands by the climley cheeks,
And hauds the riggin het wi' welcome streams,
Whilk than the daintiest kitchen nicer seems

The couthy cracks begin whan supper's o'er,
The cheering bicker gars them glibly gash
O' simmer's showery blinks and winter's sonr,
Whase floods did erst their mailin's produce hash.
'Bout kirk and market eke their tales gae on,
How Jock woo'd Jenny here to be his bride,
And then how Marion, for a bastart son,
Upo' the cntty stool was forc'd to ride,
The wacfu scald o' onr Mess John to bide.

Then a' the house for sleep begin to grien,
Their joints to slack frae industry a while,
The leaden god fa's heavy on their ein,
And hafflins steeks them frae their daily toil
The cruizy too can only blink and bleer,
The restit ingle's done the maist it dow,
Tacksman and cottar eke to bed maun steer,
Upo' the cod to clear their drumly pow,
Till wanken'd by the dawning's ruddy glow

Gloming twilight keeks, peeps cas, drives, byrs, cow house sair dung, sorely tired steeks, shuts, dighting winnowing bangs, defeats fu leal, right well gars, makes down melancholy fired frights, dwets, turfs theekst, thatched sods, feats and kealling triple, various turf fuels, gar make smeek, smoke, lift sky halland, partition ilka each cosh, cosy mellith meal synd wash-down downa, dare not bannocks, cakes girdle, hot plate reeks, smokes bowe, beer barrel reams foams riggin roof of open hearth couthy cracks cosy talks bicker, cup gars makes gash, prattle, mailuis, farm cutty stool stool of repent ance scald scold grien long haffins steeks half shuts cruity oil lamp, restit roasted night, chimney-corner dow, can cod, pillow, drinnly foro confused head.

Leith Races	
In July month, ac bonny morn,	
Whan Nature's rokelay green Was spread o'er ilka rigg o' corn	mantle
To charm our roving een,	
Glouring about I saw a quean,	staring
The fairest 'neath the lift,	ek3
Her een were o' the siller sheen, Her skin like snawy drift,	
Sic white that dis	
Quoth she, 'I ferly unco sair was That ye sud inusand gae,	onder very much
Ye who has sung o' Hallow fair, Her winter pranks and play,	
Whan on Leth sands the racers rare	
Wi' jockey louns are inct,	lade
Their orrow pennics there to ware,	odd-spend
And drown themselves in debt	
Fu' deep that day '	
And who are ye, my winsomic dear,	
That taks the gate sae early?	road
Where do ye win, gin and inty spier,	go-if-nk
For I right markle ferly	mucli
That see braw buskit laughing la x Thir bonny blinl's shou'd gie,	bravely decked
An' loup lil e Hele o er the griss,	qı la
As wanton and as free Frae dule this day?	SOLLOW
I dwall among the caller springs	toos
That weet the Land o' Cakes,	
And aften time my canty strings	Joyous
At bridals and late wakes	
They car me Mirth, I ne'er was kend	
For grumble or look sour,	
But blythe would be a lift to lend, Gin ye wood sey my pow'r	glad
An' pith this day '	Inore
A bargun be t, and, by my fegs,	faith
Gif ye will be my mate,	inici
Wi' you I'll screw the cheery peg.,	
Ye shanna find me blate,	backward
We'll reel and ramble through the san	ds,
An' jeer wi' a' we meet,	
Nor hip the dast and gleesome bands That fill Edina's street	mad
She throng this day	crowded
The tinkler billies i' the Bow	Cellous
Are now less eident elinking,	busy
As lang's their pith or siller dow,	holds out
They 're duffin and they 're drinking	Larline
Bedown Leith walk what bouroelis ree	l groups
O' ilka trade and station,	every
That gar their wives and emilder feel	make
Toom wames for their libation	empty stomachs
O' druk thir days	these
The Buchan bodies thro' the bench	
Their bunch o' Findrams ery, An' shirl out baul, in Norland speech	smoked fish

An' skirl out baul, in Norland speech, screech-boldis

dried fish-who

relish-fellow

filled-nsk

stuff

tipsy

'Guid speldings fo' will buy?'

To gust a stirrah's mow,

The price o' being fu'

An', by my saul, they 'te mae wrang gear

Weel staw'd wi' them he 'll never spier

Wi' drink that day

heal the dumps The rices o'er, they hale the dools Wi'drink o' a' kin kind , the majority Great feels pas hirpling hame like fools, -lumping The cripple lead the blind May ne'er the canker o' the drink L'er mak our spirits thrawart, perverse 'Case we get whares itha to winl Len Wi' een as blue's a blawart Mu- brile Wi' strail 5 thir days Loas-these

#### To Hamilton of Bangour-from 'Hame Content A Satire'

O Bangour! now the hills and dales
Note man gie back the tender tales!
The birds on Yarrow now deplore
Thy mournful muse has left the shore
Near what bright burn or crystal spring.
Did you your winsome whistle bird?
The muse shall there, we wai'ry e'e,
Gie the dunk sward a test for thee.
And Yarrow's penius, do by dame,
Shall there forget her blade stain'd stream,
On the sad grace to seek repose.
Who mourn diber fate, condol'd her yoes.

#### Ode to Horror-posthumous

Who is he that with imploring eye Salutes the roly dawning sky?
The cock proclaims the morn in vain, His spirit to drive to its domain,
I or morning light can but return
To lad the wretched wail and mourn
Not the bright dawning a purple eye.
Can cause the frightful rapours fly,
Not sultry Sol a meridian throne.
Can bid surrounding fears begone,
The gloom of night will still preside.
While angry conscience stares on either side.

The chief authorities on Robert Fergusion are P v't. it il orking it is to the by David Irving (1800). The tors a of Refer's Legal and with a ske chief the Inthers I de by I obert his en (1800). Crosnit's Red ret Legalis ("Lamous Scots series 1895). Walker a Three Centuries of Scots his Is creature (1803). and Henderson's Scottisk I errocalise I iterature (1803).

#### WILLIAM WALLACL

John Dunlop (1755-1820) was the son of a Lord Provost of Glasgow, and, himself a successful merchant, attained that same dignity in 1796. It his death he was a collector of customs at Port Glasgow. Of his songs and poems, the best known are 'Dinna ask me gan I loc we' and 'Here's to the year that's awa'? His son, John Colin Dunlop, was the author of the *History of Fiction* (1814)

Elizabeth Hamilton (1758-1816) was author of one excellent little moral tale, The Cottagers of Glenburnie, which was perhaps as effective in promoting domestic improvements among Scottish villagers as Johnson's Journe, to the Hebrides was in encouraging the planting of trees by the landed proprietors. Both these critics of Scottish scenery and manners exaggerated weak points, but the pictures were too provokingly true and justly sarcastic of what was a national reproach to be laughed away or denied. Elizabeth Hamilton was

born in Belfast Her father, of Scottish family, was a merchant, and died early, leaving a widow and three children. The children were brought up by relatives, Elizabeth, the youngest, being sent to Mr Marshall, a farmer in Stirlingshire, married to her father's sister Her brother obtained a cadetship in the East India Company's service. and an elder sister remained in Ireland. Elizabeth, adopted by the Marshalls, was educated with the utmost care. 'No child,' she says, 'ever spent so happy a life, nor have I ever met with anything at all resembling our way of living, except the description given by Rousseau of Wolmar's farm and vintage.' The child soon showed a taste for literature Wallace was her first hero, but meeting with Ogilby's translation of the Iliad, she adored Achilles and dreamed of Hector She visited Edinburgh and Glasgow, carried on a learned correspondence with a philosophical lecturer, and wrote many verses Her first appearance in print was the record of a pleasure party to the Highlands, surreptitiously sent by a friend to a provincial magazine. Her brother's letters and, when he returned on furlough, conversations on Indian affairs stored her mind with the materials for her Letters of a Hindoo Rajah (1796), a work remarkable for good sense and sprightliness. In 1800 she published Memoirs of Modern Philosophers, a novel in defence of virtue and religion against the dangerous elements in Godwin's Political Justice, and between that and 1806 she gave to the world Letters on Education, Memoirs of Agrippina, and Letlers to the Daughter of a Nobleman In 1808 appeared her most popular, original, and useful work, The Cottagers of Glenburnie, and she subsequently published Popular Essays on the Human Mind, and Hints to the Directors of Public Schools, based on Pestalozzi From 1788 she lived mainly in London or elsewhere in England, till 1804, when 'Mrs Hamilton,' as she now liked to be called, settled in Edinburgh She died at Harrogate.

The Cottagers of Glenburme is a tale of humble life in a poor Scottish hamlet, and the heroine, a retired English governess, middle aged and lame, has come to stay as a lodger with her only surviving relative, a cousin married to a small farmer in Glenburnie. On her way she has called at Gowanbrae, the house of the factor or landsteward, who, with his daughter and boys, walks with Mrs Mason to Glenburnie. The house is dirty and uncomfortable, the farmer is a good easy man, but his wife is obstinate and prejudiced, and the children self willed and rebellious Mrs Mason finds the family quite incorrigible, but she effects a wonderful change among their neighbours gets a school established on her own plan, and boys and girls exert themselves to effect a refor mation in the cottages of their parents sturdy sticklers for the old ways at length see the good points of the new system, and the village undergoes a complete transformation Sir Walter called the Cottagers 'a picture of the rural liabits of Scotland, of striking and impressive fidelity' Viss Hamilton was an accomplished kailyard novelist long before the word was invented, and was perhaps the first entitled to the name, her Cottagers appeared twelve years before Galt's Ayrshire Legatees was published by Blackwood

#### Glenburnie

They had not proceeded many paces until they were struck with admiration at the uncommon wildness of the scene which now opened to their view which seemed to guard the entrance of the glen were abrupt and savage, and approached so near each other that one could suppose them to have been riven asunder to give a passage to the clear stream which flowed between them. As they advanced, the hills receded on either side, making room for meadows and corn fields, through which the rapid burn pursued its way in many a fantastie maze. The road, which winded along the foot of the hills, on the north side of the glen, owed as little to art as any country road in the kingdom. It was very narrow, and much encumbered by loose stones, brought down from the hills above by the winter torrents

Mrs Mason and Mary were so enchanted by the change of scenery which was incessantly unfolding to their view that they made no complaints of the slowness of their progress, nor did they much regret being obliged to stop a few mmutes at a time, where they found so much to amuse and to delight them. But Mr Stewart had no patience at meeting with obstructions which, with a little pains, could have been so easily obviated, and as he walked by the side of the car, expatiated upon the indolence of the people of the glen, who, though they had no other road to the market, could contentedly go on from year to year without making an effort to repair 'How little trouble would it cost,' said he, 'to throw the smaller of these loose stones into these holes and ruts, and to remove the larger ones to the side, where they would form a fence between the road and the hill! There are enough of idle boys in the glen to effect all this, by working at it for one hour a week during the summer But then their fathers must unite in setting them to work, and there is not one in the glen who would not sooner have his horses lamed, and his carts torn to pieces, than have his son employed in a work that would benefit his neighbours as much as himself'

As he was speaking they passed the door of one of these small farmers, and immediately turning a sharp corner, began to descend a steep, which appeared so nusafe that Mr Stewart made his boys alight, which they could do without inconvenience, and going to the head of the horse, took his guidance upon himself At the foot of this short precipice the road again made a sudden turn, and discovered to them a misfor tune which threatened to put a stop to their proceeding any further for the present evening. It was no other than the overturn of a cart of hav, occasioned by the breaking down of the bridge along which it had been passing Happily for the poor horse that drew this ill fated load, the harness by which he was attached to it was of so frail a nature as to make little re sistance, so that he and his rider escaped unhurt from the full, notwithstanding its being one of considerable depth.

At first, indeed, neither boy nor horse was seen, but as Mr Stewart indianced to examine whether, by removing the hay, which partly covered the bridge and partly hung suspended on the bushes, the road might still be passable, he heard a child's voice in the hollow exclaiming, 'Come on, ye muckle brite' ye had as weel come on! I'll gar ye! I'll gar ye! That a gude beast now Come awa' That s it ' Ay, ye re a gude beast now! As the last words were uttered, a little fellow of about ten years of age was seen issuing from the hollow, and pulling after him, with all his inight, a great long backed claims, animal of the horse species, though apparently of a very mulish temper 'You have met with a sad recident,' said Mr Stewart 'liow did all this happen?' 'You may see how it happened plain enough, returned the boy, 'the brig bral, and the cart coupet ' 'And did you and the horse coup likewise?' said Mr Stewart 'O at, we'a coupet thegether, for I was ridin' on his back' 'And where is your father and all the rest of the folk?' 'Whair sud they be but in the hay field? Dinna ye ken that we're takin' in our hay? John Tunson's and Junic Forster's was in a weel syne, but we're we alint the lave '

All the parts were greatly amused by the componite which the young peasant evanced under his misfortune, as well as by the shrewdness of his answers, and having learned from him that the hay field was at no great distance, gave him some halfpenee to histen his speed, and promised to take care of his horse till he should return with assistance. He soon appeared, followed by his father and two other men, who came on stepping at their usual pace 'Why, farmer,' said Mr Stewart, 'you have trusted rather too long to this rotten plank, I think' (pointing to where it had given way), 'if you remember the last time I passed this road, which was several months since, I then told you that the bridge was in danger, and shewed you how easily it might be repaired' 'It is a' true,' said the firmer, moving his bonnet, 'but I thought it would do weel enough I spoke to Jamie Forster and John Tamson about it, but they said they wadna fish themselves to mend a brig that was to serve a' the folk in the glen' But you must now mend it for your own sake,' said Mr Stewart, 'even though a' the folk in the glen should be the better for it ' 'Ay, sir,' said one of the men, 'that's spoken like yoursel' 1 Would everybody follow your example, there would be nothing in the world but peace and good neighbourhood.'

One somewhat diductic Scottish song, 'My un Fireside,' by Miss Hamilton, attuined great popularity, and is still often sung. The first verse is as follows

I hae seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,
'Mang lords and fine ladies a' covered wi' braws,
At feasts made for princes wi' princes I've been,
When the grand shine o' splendour has dazzled my een,
But a sight sae delightfu' I trow I ne'er spied
As the bonny blithe blink o' my ain fireside
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O cheery's the blink o' my ain fireside,

My am fireside, my am fireside, O there's nonght to compare wi' ane's am fireside

Mrs Hamilton's Memoirs, with letters and papers, were published in 1815 by Miss Benger

# Minor Scotch Song-Writers.

Among the minor Scotch song-writers of the eighteenth century, many of vhom are not thoroughly identified, the following deserve men tion Ceorge Haitest (died 1756), a drunken Aber deenshire schoolingster, who published in 1727 a worthless volume of 'Occasional Poems,' is credited with the authorship of Logic o' Buchan, and of the spirited Jacobite song, Whirry Whigs Area? Other Jacobite rhymicsters were the Rev Unreform 11 Lennan (1701-83), minister of Cratine, v ho described the Race of Sheriffmur in the spirited balled bearing the refrain 'We ran and they rin,' and Adam Skirsing (1719-1803), a Lentlemin farmer of Haddingtonshire who witnessed the battle of Prestonpans and celebrated it in Tranert Mur and Her Johnne Cofe Isobel Pagan (died 1821), an eccentric spinster who sold unlicensed whish near Muirbirb, is said to have been the authoress of the well I nown pastoral song, Ca Ile Loves to the Know s, which Burns polished up for George Thomson in 1794 A collection of her songs and poems appeared at Glasgow about 1805 -I rom the mouth of Jean Clover (1758-1801), an Avrshire tramp, street singer, and thief, Burns took down the words of her song. Over the Mun among the Heather Another odditi vas Hought Cratiani (1724-79), the hunchback bellman of Glasgow, who in his earlier vears had peddled in Stirlingshire, and accompanied the Jacobite army fas a camp follower, doubtless rather than a combatant) to Derby and Culloden His Account of the Rebellion (1746) though mere doggered has some yorth as an historic document, and Sir Walter Scott thought of editing it for the Bannatine Club. Graham was the author of many popular chapbooks, including John Cheap the Chapmar and The History of Harerel II wes and some of his verses-those notably on the Turnin spike describing the Highlanders notion of the roads of General Wadeare not licking in rude vigour. His works were published in a limited edition in 1883. A vers different figure from these was Dr tdam tastin a fashionable Edinburgh physician, who solaced his grief by writing The Lack of Gold when Miss Jean Drummond of Megginch pited him for the Duke of Uhole in 1749 For Mrs Elizabeth Grant author of Rey s II ist, see above at page 596, and for Jean Adam and There's nae Luck about the House, see page 523

John Marrie (1759-1836), born in Dumfries, died in London proprietor and joint editor of *The Star* newspaper. He was brought up as a printer, and whilst apprentice in the *Dumfries Journal* office in 1777, in his eighteenth year, he published the germ of his Siller Gun in a quarto page of twelve stanzas, and this he continued to enlarge and improve up to the time of his death. The twelve stanzas expanded in two years to two cantos, in 1780, enlarged to three cantos, the poem was published in *Ruddimai's Magazine*,

and in 1808 it was published in London in four Of this edition Sir Walter Scott said (in a note to the Lady of the Lake) 'that it surpassed the efforts of Fergusson and came near to those of Burns? An edition in five cantos was published in 1836 Mayne was author of a short poem on 'Hallowe'en,' printed in Ruddiman's Magazine in 1780, v hich had a direct influence on Burns's treatment of the same subject, and in 1781 he published his fine billad of Logan Bracs, two lines of which Burns copied into his Logan Water Many have thought Mayne's the better poem of His version of Helen of Kirkconnel is often quoted. For five years (1782-87) he was employed in the office of the brothers Foulis in His poem on 'Glasgow,' published in the Glasgow Magazine in 1783, was separately issued in 1803, and is a description of Glasgow and its ways, in the verse specially favoured by Burns, and a laudation of the energy and accomplishments of its citizens The Siller Gun is humorous and descriptive. The subject of the poem is an ancient custom in Dumfries, called 'Shooting for the Siller Gun, the gun being a small silver tube presented by James VI to the incorporated trades as a prize to the best marksman. It is after the manner of Peblis to the Play and cognate rhymes down to Fergusson and Burns

#### Logan Braes

By Logan's streams that rin sae deep, Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep, Herded sheep and gathered slaes, Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes But wae's my heart, that days are gane, And I wi' grief may herd alane, While my dear lad maun face his facs, Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he
Atween the preachings meet wi' me
Meet wi me, or when it s mirl,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk
I weel may sing that days are gane
Frae kirk and fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and I ogan braes

At e en, when hope amaist is gane, I dauncr out and sit alane, Sit alane beneath the tree. Where aft he kept his tryst wrime. Oh! could I see that days again. We lover sliaithless, and my ain! Beloved by friends, revered by fres. We'd hive in bliss on Logan brace!

The characteris is short line,

Herded sheep and gathered slaes, is in one of the versions filed out as—

I we herded sheep or gathered slacs.

And the last verse som times is made to run

At e en, when hope amai t is gane
I dander dowie and f rlane

I dander down and I riane Or ait beneath the trysting the Where first he spak o love to me Reverted by friends and far fare faces We dilive in this on Logan brank Helen of Kirkconnel

I wish I were where Helen lies,
For, night and day, on me she cries
And, like an angel, to the skies
Still seems to beckon me!
For me she lived, for me she sighed,
For me she wished to be a bride
I or me in life's sweet morn she died
On fair Kirl connel Lee!

Where Kirtle waters gently wind,
As Helen on my arm reclined,
A rival with a ruthless mind,
Tool deadly aim at me
My love, to disappoint the foe,
Rushed in between me and the blow,
And now her corse is lying lov
On fair Kirl connel Lee!

Though Heaven forbids my wrath to swell, I curse the hand by which she fell—
The fiend who made my heaven a hell,

And tore my love from me '
For if, where all the graces shine—
Oh ' if on earth there 's night divine,
My Helen ' all these charms were thine—
They centred all in thee '

Ah, what avails it that, amain, I clove the assassin's head in twain, No peace of mind, my Helen slain,

No resting place for me
I see her spirit in the air—
I hear the shrick of wild despair,
When Murder laid her bosom bare,
On fair Kirkconnel I ee'

Oh! when I'm sleeping in my grave,
And o'er my head the rank weeds wave,
May He who life and spirit gave
Unite my love and me!
Then from this world of doubts and sighs,
My soul on wings of peace shall rise,

My soul on wings of peace shall rise,
And, joining Helen in the slies,
Forget Kirkconnel Let!
The story of Helen Irving (or Bell) daughter of the Laird of

kirkenned in Annandale slain by the bullet aimed by a rejected suitor at his favoured rival her betrothed seems to date from the sixteenth century, and is embrined in a fine old ballad. There are modern versions by Pinkerton and Jamesen—net to speak of Wordsworth's Eller Irain—hesides Mayres. Many of the verses of the old ballat are incomparably more poetic such as the last.

I wish I were where Helm lies! Night and day on moshe cries, And I am weary of the skies For her sake that died for me.

From The Siller Gun.

The his was clear, the morn screne,
The sun just glinting of er the scene,
When James M'Noe began again
To beat to arms,

Ro using the heart o man and we...n
Wi' war s slarms

Fractar and near the country lads (The r joes about them on their yads) Flocked in to see the slow in equals,

And what war duffer,

ju'er-nage

Their pawks mither and their dalls.

Cam tro ting after!

And mony a beau and belle were there,

Dotted wi' dozing on a chair,

I or, lest they 'd, sleeping, spoil their hair,

Or miss the sight,

The gowks, like barris before a fair,

Sat up a' night 1

Wi hats as black as ony riven,
I resh as the rose, their beards new shaven,
And a' their Sunday's electing having
She trim and gay,
I orth cain our I rades, some orra saving
Fo wair that day spent

Fair fa' ill canny, cudgy cutle, shrewd, cheery countryma i Weel may be bruil his new appared! engly, And never dree the bitter shart endore O' scowling wife!

But, blest in pantry, barn, and barrel,

Be blithe through life !

Hech, sirs—what crowds can into too n,
To see them mustering up and down!
Lasses and lads, sunburm and brown—
Women and wears,
Gentle and semple, minghing, crown
The gladsome scene.

At first, forenent ilk Dencon's hallan in from of-entry. His ain brigaile was made to fall in ,
And, while the muster roll was calling,
And joy bells jowing, thorong.

Het pints, weel spiced to keep the saul in in a led also Around were flowing.

Broiled kipper, cheese, and bread, and ham, Laid the foundation for a dram
O' whisky, gui free kotterdain,
Or cherry brands
While after, a' was fish that cam
To Jock or Sands

Oh! weel I en they who lo'e their chappin, measure of ale Drink maks the anklest sweek and strappin , sop!'s Gars Care forget the ills that happen—

The blate look spruce — shy
And even the thowless cock their tappin, in recless—Lendgest
And craw fu' croose ' cross briskly

The muster ower, the different bands
File aff in parties to the sands,
Where, 'mid lond laughs and elapping hands,
Give d Geordy Smith
Reviews them, and their line expands
Alang the Aith'

But ne'er, for uniform or air,
Was sie a group reviewed elsewhere!
The short, the tail, fat folk and spare,
Syde coats and dockit,
Wigs, queues, and clubs, and curly hair,
Round hats and cockit!

As to their guns-thac fell engines,

\*Ohon \*\* says George, and gale a grane,
\*The age of chivelry is gane 1

Syne, having over at 1 over a ain

The hale sureyed,

Their route and af things et 4, made plain,

He muffed, and said

\*Now, gentlemen \* now, much the motion,
And dinna, this time, mak a dotton for the ch
Shouther your errors \* Oh \* houd them took on,
And not athra e \* \*\*

Wheel wi' your left hands to the occan,
And much awa. \*\*

Wi that, the dishin dising religion 1, the fifth clarisoners, on I hautbooks on the Thion had on croads, or the ted man that Corporations

The Corporations

I rudge aft, while I think off is distanted

In secondations.

Alexander Wilson (1761-1813) a Scott sh weaver poet, became fungus to the shiful delineator of American birds and the endustrastic describer of American secrety and bird I have Born in Paisles, he was brought up a wealer, but become a pedlar, and in 178, he raided to his mu lin goods and other commodities a prospectus of a volume of poems. But his hope- from the sale of his onn verse proced vian and he to umen to the loom, it I och vimoch aid at Pai-le, In 1792 he issued anonymously his best poem, Well, and Mex. which was at first astributed to Burns Ar I Burns almost justified the implied entire in. His wife told Dr kobert Chamb is that an hearing a his fer of chapbools are Matte and Meg, a real builted by Robert Burns,' Burns exclaimed, 'I ou'd make your plack a bar bee if it were more. A lampoon on the mister weavers during a trade dispute a Paisles, implying indiscreet sympality with reformers and I reach revolutionists drove him to America in 1794. He got work in Padalelphia, trivelled is a peditir in New Jerres, and sas i school teacher in Pennsylvinia. His skill in drawing birds led him to make a collection of all the hirds in America. In October 1804 he set out on his first excursion, it d wrote Tr: Intestas, a In 1806 he was employed on the American edition of Res's Cirlof that He soon p evilled upon the publisher to undertake a new venturea work illustrating by his own drawings and with full descriptions, all the birds of America and in 1808-10 he brought out the first two volumes of In 1811 he made a the Intrain On it elegaemocyopye down the Ohio, and travelled overland through the Mississippi Valley from Nashville to New Orleans. He continued 'collecting birds and subscribers, writing and publishing, triversing swamps and forests in quest of rare birds, and undergoing the greatest privations and fatigues, till he had assued a seventh volume Philadelphia he sank under his severe labours, and there he was buried. In his Oriethelogy he showed he possessed descriptive powers, artistic

sensibilities, and a varied and ornate style quite exceptional even in a Paisley poet.

#### The Bald Eagle

The celebrated cataract of Niagara is a noted place of resort for the bald eagle, as well on account of the fish procured there, as for the numerous carcases of squirrels, deer, bears, and various other animals that, in their attempts to cross the river above the falls, have been dragged into the current, and precipitated down that tremendous gulf, where, among the rocks that bound the rapids below, they furnish a rich repast for the vulture, the raven, and the bald eagle, the subject of the present account. This bird has been long known to naturalists, being common to both continents, and occasionally met with from a very high northern latitude to the borders of the torrid zone, but chiefly in the vicinity of the sea, and along the shores and cliffs of our lakes and large rivers. Formed by nature for braving the severest cold, feeding equally on the produce of the sea and of the land, possessing powers of flight capable of outstripping even the tempests themselves, unawed by anything but man, and, from the ethereal heights to which he soars, look ing abroad at one glance on an immeasurable expanse of forests, fields, lakes, and ocean deep below fum, he appears indifferent to [localities or] change of seasons, as in a few minutes he can pass from summer to winter, from the lower to the higher regions of the atmosphere, the abode of eternal cold, and from thence descend at will to the tornd or the arctic regions of the earth.

In procuring fish he displays, in a very singular manner, the genius and energy of his character, which is fierce, contemplative, daring, and tyrannical-attributes no exerted but on particular occasions, but when put forth, overpowering all opposition. Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree that commands a vide view of the neighbouring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below, the snow white gulls slowly winnowing the air, the busy tringæ coursing along the sands, trains of ducks streaming over the surface, silent and watchful cranes intent and wading, clamorons crows, and nll the vinged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these hovers one whose action instantly arrests his whole attention his vide curvature of wing and sudden suspension in air, he knows him to be the fish hawk, settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eve kindles at the sight, and balancing himself with half opened wings on the branch, he watches the result Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the car as it dis appears in the deep, making the surges foam around. At this moment the eager looks of the eagle are all nrdonr, and, levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish hawk ouce more emerge, straggling with his prey, and mounting in the nir with screams of exultation These are the signal for our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the fish hawk, each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying in these rencontres the most elegant and sublime acrial evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish the eagle, poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears hisill gotten booty silently away to the woods

#### From 'Watty and Meg'

I' the thrang o' stories tellin',
Shakin' hands and jokin' queer,
Swith! a chap comes ou the hallan—
'Mungo' is our Watty here?'

entry

Maggy's weel keut tongue and hurry Darted through him hl e a knife Up the door flew—like a firy In came Watty's scoldin' wife.

'Nasty, gude for naething being ' O ye snuffy drucken sow' Bringiu' wife and weans to ruin, Drinkin' here wi' sie a crew'

'Rise' ye drucken beast o' Bethel!
Drink's your night and day's desire,
Rise, this precious hour! or faith I'll
Fling your whisky i' the fire!'

Watty heard her tongue unhallowed, Paid his groat wi' little din, Left the house, while Maggy followed, Flytin' a' the road behin'

Scolding

Folk frac every door came lampiu', sinding Maggi, curst them ane and a', Clappld wither hands, and stampiu', Lost her banchels i' the snaw old shoes, slippers

Hame, at length, she turned the gavel,
Wi' a face as white's a clout,
Ragiu' like a very devil,
Kickin' stools and chairs about

'Ye'll sit wi' your limmers round ye—paramours
Hang yon, sir, I'll be your death!
Little hauds my hands, confound you,
But I cleave you to the teeth!'

Watty, wha, 'midst this oration, Eyed her whiles, but durst na speak, Sat, like patient Resignation, Trembling by the ingle check.

Sad his wee drap brose he sippet— half boiled po-Maggy s tongue gaed like a bell— Quietly to his bed he shippet, Sighin' aften to himsel

'Nane are free frae some vexation, Ilk ane has his ills to dree, But through a' the hale creation Is nae mortal vexed his me!'

endure-

Volumes viil and ix of the Ornthelogy were published after Wilson's death by Ord his assistant. The work was continued by Charles Lucien Bornparte (1828-33) and an edition by Jardine (1836) Ord (1823) Hetherington (1831), Jared Sparks (1851) Brightwell (1861) and Paton (1863) and a Sketch prefixed to Gro.art's edition of Pems and Miscellance is Prize (1976)

# Robert Burns.

Robert Burns was born on the 25th of January 1759, in a two roomed clay cottage built by his father in the village of Allowity, which, cirefully preserved, still stands--although there is some obstinate local scepticism on this point-about two miles from the town of Ayr. He came, on the one side, of a kineardineshire yeoman family which, he believed, had suffered for the Stewarts, and on the other, of undoubted Avrshire Cove naming stock. In his brief autobiography, vritten in the form of a letter to Dr John Moore, the novelist, in 1787, he says "My forefathers rented lands of the famous noble Keiths of Maishal, and had the honour to share their fate. He told his friend, Rumsay of Ochtertyre that his paternal grandfuher 'had been plundered and driven out in the year 1715, when gardener to Larl Marischal' and that his majorn il great grandfither wis 'shot at Aird's Moss,' when Rich and Cameron was taken

prisoner William Burnes, a gardener, nurseryman, and farmer—who was thirty eight years of age when ! his cldest son Robert was born, and is described as of 'thin sinewy figure about five feet eight or nine inches in height somewhat bent with toil, his haffet locks thin and hare, with a dark swarthy complexion'—was a man of notable character and individuality. He wrote for his children a Manual of Religious Belief, induced his neighbours to hire a competent teacher, John Murdach, for the village, and showed his boys-he had seven children in all -both by precent and by practice, how to bise conduct on reason. Agnes Brown the poet's mother, and cleven years her husband's junior, was in excellent housewife, with no pretensions to education, but it was probably from her that he inherited the lytical gift. According to her drughter, Mrs Begg she had 'a well in ide sonsy figure of about the ordinary height with a beautiful red and white complexion, a skin the most transparent I ever saw, red har dark eves and eyebrows, with a fine square forchead' Life was hard with the Burneses Robert had two and a half years' schooling in Alloway Then his father, with a view to keeping his children about him, ventured to take the farm of Mount Oliphant, a couple of miles distant from the seven acre croft he had hitherto cultivated, undertaling to pry forty or forty-five pounds r year for seventy acres of poor land which he had to stock with £100 borrowed from his employer From the age of nine the boy had none but intermittent schoolteaching, but his education was steadily carried on by his father, who taught his boys, in addition to the three 'R's,' geography and the rudiments both of ancient and of natural history, and, as Gilbert, the second son, testified, 'conversed familiarly on all subjects with us as if we had

Possession of a Complete Letter-Writer inspired

Robert with a strong desire to excel in let er writ ing, while it furnished him with 'models by some of the first writers in the language? The 'latent seeds of poery' lind been cultivated by Pets. Divideon, an fold maid of his mothers who y is remark able for her a norance, credulity, and super stition, but who had the large t collection in the country of tides and songs concerning desils, gliosis, fairies, brownies, witches, vailocks spunkies kelpies, elf candles, dead h, h s, wranter, appari ions, centrups, enclosured towers, points, and other trumpery? He real poetry chiefly in 'Seter tions' and 'Collections,' but secured a copy of Pafe coon after entering his teens of hear ic in substintuce, verbr, and particles, by ten or ele en, he obtained in introduction to krewle it former, and made the first of several ar efforts to learn All the while he had, as a poor furnerson, to work hard, at fifteen he was the procond labourer on the firm, a both his brother Gilbert de cribed a falmont the very propert sail I know of in a state of cost rains? There was little or no social intercourse with no hi bours and what is the the energy and of his soung muscles, the cheekers , loom of a hermit, with the uncersum to lof a giller slave, and milety that the future-for the fither, v th the innest economy and industry could now keep his haid those water-he was before he came to manhood take ed with a nervous disorder, which caused him ply ical suffering and fits of hypochondria through life. But he fell in love in his fifteenth year and crose his first son, vents leter he seat for a section to a school of a smu, gling coast. Kirkoswald, and learned to fake his glass. So when in 1777 William Burnes removed to the firm of Lochler-130 reces-in Larbohon parish Robert at mneteen was well read, 'constantly the victim of some for encliver' and could rhyme. At I ochler the esteums ances of the Burns became a 1 recorason, family were caster started a deligting club in Tarbolton, developed the conversational powers which were to impress Edinburgh society, thirsted for distinction, dressed with cric, and acquired some notoriety as a champion of herenea' as opposed to 'Old Light' op mons (or ultra Calvinism) in the churchyard colloquies in which he had learned as a mere boy to practise the reasoning ficulty so carefully culmated by his father. He thought of marriage, and despairing of making a living by firming spent a season in Irvine to learn flax dressing. The experiment however, was not successful. His partner was, he averred, a swindler. Their shop was burned to the ground, and he was 'left like a true poet, not worth a supence.

'After three years' tossing and whirling in the vortex of litigation,' William Burnes died of consumption in 1784, and rescuing some small remains from his embarrissed estate, Robert and Gilbert took the farm of Mossgiel, in the adjoining parish of Mauchline. The poet's life continued to

be, on his brother's testimony, frugal and temperate, it must have been so, for he had not more than seven pounds a year in cash

But before leaving Lochlea he had for the first time deviated from propriety in his relations with women, and Elizabeth Paton, his mother's maid-servant, bore him a daughter. The first genuine determination of his mind towards literary effort, the first appreciation of its usual aims and results, appears in certain

entries in hıs Commonplace Book, which are undated, but may, though not without some hesitation, be ascribed to 1784. There he expressed a strong wish that he might be able to celebrate in verse the scenes his native county, the locus of many of the actions of the 'Glorious Wallace, the Saviour of his Country, as 'the excellent Ramsay' and 'the still more excel lent Fergusson' celebrated had the scenes with which they were familiar So he made poetry at once the exposition and the sedative of his passions, wrote a welcome to his illegitimate child,

and versified epistles to local brother poets, such as David Sillar and John Lapraik. He threw his whole soul into the task. He fell in love with Jean Armour, daughter of a master-mason in Vauchline He took sides with the New Lights or Liberal clergy against the Old Lights or Highflyers, of whom his own minister in Mauchline, the Rev William Auld, was one, wrote skits in verse for the cause-'The Twa Herds,' the 'Epistle to John Goldie,' 'Holy Willie's Prayer' -and was encouraged by the countenance and friendship of clergymen and lawyers who appre ciated his cleverness. His poems circulated in manuscript, and as by 1785 Mossgiel, which 'lies very high and mostly on a cold wet bottom, promised to be no more profitable than Lochlea, he had doubtless come to contemplate publishing

Burns was never more productive than at this time, it is safe to set down as the output of the later autumn and early winter these poems 'To a Mouse,' 'Halloween,' 'Man was Made to Mourn,' 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' 'Address to the Deil,' 'The Jolly Beggars,' 'To James Smith,' 'The Vision,' 'The Author's Earnest Cra and Prayer,' 'The Twa Dogs,' 'The Ordination,' and 'Scotch Drink'—the works which formed the foundation of his future fame. Publication

ROBERT BURNS

From the Portrait by Nasmyth in the National Gallery of Scotland at Edinburgh

was precipitated by the discovery tliat Jean Armour was soon become mother Burns gave her a writing acknowledging her as his wife under certain conditions. but Armour disapproved of the proposal made, and induced his daughter to destroy the document The poet, rendered w ell nigh desperate, resolved to enugrate to Jamuica as book leeper on the estate of an Ayr family of the name of Douglas Partly to raise money for his passage, lie now brought out his first volume, the famous Kilmarnock edition -Poems chiefly in the Scottish

Dialect—a copy of which was sold in 1898 for five hundred and forty five guiners Meantime there seems to have occurred the 'Highland Mary' According to the best hypothesis episode. founded on the few facts that have been ascertained, almost immediately after the breach with the Armour family, Jean having been despatched to Paisley, the poet plighted his troth to Mars Campbell, a Highland maid servant residing in the neighbourhood, who went home to Dunoon to prepare for marriage, and straightway died, to be apparently forgotten for the moment by Burns (who had never ceased to love Jean), but to live for ever in 'To Mary in Heaven' and other poems.

The success of the Kilmarnocl edition of the poems (July 1786) changed the current of the poet's life. He was induced to abandon the Jamaica

scheme, and to proceed to Edinburgh with a view to the publication of a new edition. He arrived on 28th November 1786. By this time fairly well accustomed to 'the tables of the great,' owing to his popularity in Ayrshire, he discovered no shy ness or aukwardness in his intercourse with the literate to whom he was introduced through the mediation of an Ayrshire hard, and he was at home among the companions of a 'lower rank' who obtained access to him through John Rich mond, clerl, an old Mauchline friend whose bed he shared. Conscious of his power, he met as an equal and was treated as an equal by Durald Stevart, William Robertson, Hugh Blur, Henry I rsline, hesides aristocrats like the Lark of takin cairn. His appearance and manners—he was about five feet ten mehes in height although a stoop made him look shorter), of muscular figure with dark hair that curled round his forchead, and such a glowing eye as Sir Walter Scott never can in any other human head—and his frank, vigorous yet modest conversation, fascinated the Duchess of Gordon and other 'Lalies of fashion'. William Creech, the best I nown of the Ldinburgh Issol sellers of the time, undertool to produce a new edition for him, and the gentlemen of the Cale donian Hunt were large subscribers. The bool brought him four hundred or five hundred pounds but Creech delayed in making a business settle So, after hanging on in I dinburgh for i little, taking stock of his new friends and of the durability of their friendship, delighting the Crochallan Concibles a convival club, vith rich [ and amusing verses he in ide a tour of the southern countres. In the first flush of success he had t thought of striking into a new line of life. Adam. Smith suggested that he might get a salt officer slip, and he did not repudiate the hint of Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop, in Ayrshire lide who was henceforth his most constant correspondent that he had contemplated buying a commission in the army Very quickly, however he determined to live the life to which he had been bred and on this Border tour he visited Dalswinton, near Duin fries-Mr Miller, the proprietor, having offered On his 'eclatant return,' as he called it, to Manchime, he was cordially received by Jean Armour, who had borne him twins the previous September, and their relations were restored to the old footing. After a brief stay at Mossgotl. he returned to Edinburgh, only to start on a three weeks' tour in the Highlands, in the course of which he was entertained by the Dukes of Athole and Gordon, and visited his Kincardineshire rela-Back in Edinburgh, he had to resume the task of badgering Creech for his money, but he would have given up the attempt in December had he not met with a carriage accident which laid lum on his back Simultaneously he fell into a correspondence with a sentimental grass vidow of literary tastes-Mrs Maclehose, the correspondence, carried on in romantic style between

"Schender" and "Chrinda," ripened into an airdent friendship, and had he been free he much leave married her. However, when he at fast pot a sculement with Creech, he returned to Mo gul in I chruity of 1768, married Jean Armo r, who had been turned out of her father's house just before her second acroache next—she bare to ins agam, but they died immediately ifice birth went through a course of instruction in the dutes of ar Excise ofneer, having obtained in I disburgh, a promise of a post in the ecrete lould forming ful him no un and took from Miller the furn of Ellisland, on the Dalssinton ee de Having built his hours on the banks of the Null the poet tool his rife thither, and see himself seriously to male conduct! his neet and while no forgetting his designs to find a sangar least for Sen land or fime. The oxice was sought bothe neighboaring gentry, he ably by an enthosissing into gures. Mr Riddel of Glenriddel and he cood his pen to help the local Why posticians. He vio e election series, and open-ton othering strait mother blow for his old fraud, the I berd theps M. Durlop and other faceus views of An hac to and received many letters from him. Cap an Riddel and he established a parish library strugh for existence and non-unfamiliable tosustained literary effort. The form was a law bullan and before he end of 1789 hurns had applied for and obtained work as an ever emin and though his beat was in the environment of Ellisland it co cred to par slies and invoced ilmost continuous riding. Yet his Mure-he loved the nord—was not infer ite. He had begin in Edinbur, li to contribite to Johnson's Mexall Museum, and continued to make and advot coagfor that publication. He was a an Ode to the Departed Regene Bill, 1789. for Smart's London: Star and was officied and declined a regular engigement on its staff. He refused also to think of the newly founded clear of Agriculture is I dinb righ Umrarsia, for which Mrs Dunlop at d Mr Graham of Lintry, one of the Commissionerof Pacisa, would have pressed his claim. It was in the rutumn of 1700 that he composed 41 rm o Shanter? which by many critics is regarded as his masterpiece. In the same vear Borns committed a breach of conjugal fidelity -the only one of which there is authentic record -his fellow sinner being Ann Pail, servant in a Dumfries into but his rife nursed the child of this connection along with one of her own

In November 1701 the poet quitted furning in disgust, sold his stock, and became an excisenian pure and simple. He was appointed to a division in Dumfries at a salary of seventy pounds a year, with perquisites, and within a year this was increased by twenty pounds. He had a good friend in Mr Grillani, and soon acquired another in Mr Corbet one of the Supervisors-General, whom Mrs Dunlop interested in him. His prospects of advancement in his profession were excel-

lent, but his politics now developed into active sympathy with the French Revolutionists however, went well with him on the whole. He kept on writing songs for Johnson, and more diligently and enthusiastically for George Thomson's Melodies, struck up a friendship with Mrs Maria Riddel, sister-in-law of his friend the Captain, and was on friendly terms with both the county gentry and the townsfolk. He did not, on his own confession, eschew the tavern, but according to the emphatic testimony of his wife, his official superior, Supervisor Findlater, and his immediate neighbour Gray, a teacher in the local Academy, he never became habitually intemperate. There is abundant evidence that he was attentive to his official duties, it goes without saving that he was the most careful and affectionate of fathers he did not take pains in word or act to conceal his sympathy with French Revolutionists or British Reformers Although Graham of Fintry remained his steadfast friend, his outspokenness led to a delay in his promotion and to his being 'cut' by a section of Dumfries 'society,' and a somewhat mysterious quarrel with Mrs Riddel gave him much pain and cost him some friend-Yet when 'Haughty Gaul' threatened invasion, his patriotic songs rang through the country and brought back any popularity he had lost, and the difference with Mrs Riddel did not last a year A supervisorship was in sight, and not without reason he looked forward to obtaining, through political influence, a collectorship, which meant 'a life of literary leisure with a decent competence,' but an attack of rheumatic fever in the winter of 1795-96, following the loss of a daughter, proved too much for his constitution He deliberately prepared for death and met it calmly-misunderstandings due to delirium deserve no serious consideration—on 21st July 1796

The world of criticism, following the sure-footed judgment of the Scottish people, has given up the attempt to separate Burns the man from Burns the lyrist, humourist, and thinker there could he no hetter evidence that he was to all intents and purposes a poet sui generis The events of his life, the details of his moral and intellectual experience, as realistically reproduced, idealised, or reflected upon in letters and poems, have the unity of a continuous self-revela-In extent and intensity, that revelation is prohably unique There are mysteries in the life of Burns, such as the episode of the 'Highland Mary' of immortality, the Mary Campbell of tradition, which will prohably never be cleared up, he dwelt so far apart from such of his contemporaries as he came in contact with, that, notwithstanding his emphatic preference of the 'social' to the self-contained man, he must have kept 'something to himsel' he wadna tell to ony' Yet, like Goethe, he declined to join that almost universal 'conspiracy of silence' which regards the incidents of self development as things to be ashamed of and consigned to a decent oblivion Like Goethe also, he regarded his own character and life as so much grist for his artistic mill, and as he had imperious natural impulses which 'raged like demons,' and 'well nigh the finest brain conceivable,' that grist was not inconsiderable. Though, as he anticipated in his fragment of autobiography, 'Whim and Fancy, keen sensibility and riotous passions, made him zigzag in his path of life,' and although his poetic career may be accounted a 'faithful failure' in the sense that he died before he had scaled

The wished for height, Where, Man and Nature fairer in her sight, His Muse could imp her wing for some sublimer flight,

his genius, his absolute command of the technique of his art, and his remorseless sincerity, made of these zigzags the Wilhelm Meister's Pilgrimage of Humanity The wild abandonment of reckless joy, the anguish of an uphraiding conscience, the whole struggle of the soul with itself, reverence for the mysterious Power on which all things depend, scorn of cant and falsehood, contempt of folly, mirthful appreciation of the oddities of life and man, indignation at baseness and tyranny, delight in friendship, resentment against intrusive pride, pity for the suffering of all that feels, aspiration after a juster and happier structure of society, wise and sober contemplation of life and duty, the raptures of the hopeful, the anxieties of the despairing, the heart-breaking disappointment of the rejected or deserted lover, the hilarities of welcome, the sadness of farewell -these intensities of everyday life he reproduced as they never were reproduced before and may never he reproduced again. Hence it is that the 'universal plan' of Burns can never be grasped either in its reality or in its breadth, until the complete output of his life and art be carefully considered. Burns must be compared with Burns Burns in despair must be read with Burns on the topmost wave of hope, Burns humorous must be interpreted by Burns serious, Burns resentful hy Burns cheerfully acquiescent, Burns the Jaco bite by Burns the Democrat. 'Scotch Drink' and the 'Peck o' Maut' must he collated with 'The Beadsman of Nithside,' any seeming condonation of license must be read in the light of the 'Epistle to a Young Friend' or a 'Bard's Epitaph,' the Burns who had the courage to say that his marriage, like that of every other man, was a venture in the lottery of life, must not he quoted to the prejudice of the Burns who, according to his widow, found 'the true pathos and sublime of human life' as the affectionate husband of Jean Armour and the devoted father of Jean Armour's children, the Burns who fiercely proclaimed his right to be 'independent in his sinning' in 'The Kirk an' State may gang to Hell, but I'll gang to my Anna,' must not he reprohated, and the Burns who hrooded over his

lapse from his own ideal in a silence which paralysed poetic effort and only found vent in agonised letters, absolutely ignored

A consideration of Burns in all his aspects and triumphs leads to the conclusion that an instinct for thoroughness is the 'miraculous' or mexplicable element in him which has made him at once a ready-reckoner in mundane ethics and a joy for ever in the case of at least a moiety of the Anglo Saxon race He was equally thorough as 'a victim of fair enslavers,' as a preacher of self control, as a student of his own nature, as a devotee of the thymer's art, as a practitioner of his cardinal doctrine that while impulse must select subjects for poetic treatment, infinite patience and labour can alone make the treatment successful. Only by bringing together a few of his sentences and verses can the 'harmony not understood' of his artistic performance be effectually illustrated

I pored over it [a selection of English poems] driving my cart or walking to labour song by song, verse by verse, carefully noting the tender or sublime from I engaged several of my schoolfellows to keep up a literary correspondence with me

> On brace when we please then, We'll sit and sowth a tune, Syne rhyme tell't we'll time tell't, And sing't when we have dune.

Whenc'er my Muse does on me glance, I jingle at her

I have two or three times in my life composed from the wish rather than from the impulse, but I have never succeeded to any purpose

> How the subject theme may gang, Let time and chance determine, Perhaps it may turn out a sang, Perhaps turn out a sermon

I weighed myself alone, I balanced myself with others, I watched every means of information, how much ground I occupied as a man and a poet, I studied assiduously Nature's design, where she seemed to have intended the various hights and shades in my character I firmly believe that excellence in the profession is the fruit of industry, labour, attention, and pains have no great faith in the boastful pretensions to intuitive propriety and laboured elegance. The rough material of fine writing is certainly the gift of genius, but I as firmly believe that the workmanship is the united effort of pains, attention, and repeated trial think that composing a Scotch song is a trifling business -let them try it. I had rather be the author of five well written songs than of ten otherwise I rhyme The heart of the man and the fancy of the poet are the two grand considerations for which I hve.

> Grant me but this, I ask no more, Ave rowth o' rhymes.

'A style of perfect planness, relying for effect solely on the weight of that which with entire Matthew Arnold as the citadel of Burns's strength That style he would never have acquired but for his infinite capacity for taking pains, and for the e periences, including even the 'thoughtless follies,' that temporarily 'laid him low and stain'd his name' It is his style of perfect plainness, ren dering actual experiences, physical or mental, with entire fidelity, and reaching its height in lines of ecstasy or of exquisite clarity, that has made Burns a dictionary of poetical quotations lines as these have become part of the current coin of literature

> To see her is to love her, And love but her for ever, For Nature made her what she is, And never made unither

Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise! And dash the gumbe pups up to the pouring skies.

> Rough, rude, ready-witted Rankine, The wale o' coeks for fun and drinkin'

The heart's ave the part aye That makes us right or wrang

Come, firm Resolve, take thou the van, Thou stalk o' carl hemp in man l

Know prudent, enutious self control Is wisdom's root

The sky was blue, the wind was still, The moon was shining clearly

He was the king o' a' the core, To guard, or draw, or wick a bore, Or up the rink like Jeliu roar, In time o' need

To make a happy fireside clime To werns and wife, That's the true pathos and sublime Of human life.

The best laid schemes o' mice and men Gang aft agley

Man to man the warld o'er Shall brothers be for a' that

Rank is but the guinea stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that.

A fig for those by law protected, Liberty's a glorious feast, Courts for cowards were erected, Churches built to please the priest

They reeled, they set, they crossed, they eleckit, Till ilka carlin swat and reckit, And coost her duddies to the wark, And linket at it in her sark!

'The rank of Burns is the very first of his art' is the verdict of Byron, who also in advance effectively answered criticisms directed against his predecessor's courageously Teniersish treatment of certain features and phases of life by saying, 'A man may be coarse and yet not vulgar, and the fidelity it utters,' has been rightly recognised by reverse. Burns is often course but never vulgar'

This verdict is now universally accepted being a poet sur generas, he cannot profitable be compared with any of his predecessors or successors in English literature who may be accounted his equals in natural faculty Goethe pronounced him the first of lyrists, and that in virtue of the two hundred and fifty songs which he wrote or improved in the intervals of work as a firmer and gauger, and vhile he was, not without reason, looking forward to a decent competence and 'literary leisure' The author of 'The Jolly Beggars,' 'Tam o' Shanter,' and 'Holy Willie's Prayer,' of 'The Bard's Epitaph,' 'The Epistle to a Young Friend,' and 'A man's a man for a' that,' holds an assured place among 'mevitable' humourists and moralists Of Scottish poets he is the first, the second being Dunbar, whom he scarcely if at all surpasses in biting trenchancy of sarcasm, but whom he greatly surpasses in the riot of good-humour and in sympathy with Humanity in general. His relation to Ramsay, and reverence for Fergusson and the others of the 'vernacular' or Scottish Renaissance school of poetry, is very much that of a master to pupils who have been preparing work in the studio for him. They give him rhymes, including his favourite 'Mouse' stanza, and in the case of Ramsav and Fergusson, subjects for treatment, points of view, even phrases and What he supplemented them with was verses original genius of the first order, consummate art, and the power of rising from Scotland into a conception of the world as a whole. It is a familiar saying that Burns von his greatest tnumphs in and with the vernicular. That saying need not be gainsaid. It must, however, be remembered that he was the superior of his predecessors in English as well as in Scottish verse. 'Thou Lingering Star,' one of his greatest achievements in the impressioned as distinguished from the passionate, is in English So also are 'Man was made to mourn,' the impassioned stanzas on the wounded hare, the 'Ode to the Memory of Mrs Oswald' (which Carlyle terms a piece that might have been chanted by the Furies of Æschylus), the best half of the 'Mountain Drisy,' the finest reflective and descrip tive passages in 'Tam o' Shanter,' practically the whole of the superb 'Macpherson's Farei cll,' 'Afton Water,' the 'Song of Death,' 'The Gloomy Night is Gathering Fast,' the best of 'Scots who hac," 'Go fetch to me a pint of wine," 'Had we never loved so kindly,' and the most elevated passages in 'The Vision' and 'The Cotter's Saturday Night' Whenever, in fact, he soared from the particular to the universal in sentiment, in humour, and in reflection, he glided from Thus it is that Burns's Scottish into English mission and achievemen'-his pre-eminence as a Scottish, his excellence as an English poet -mean the triumphan assertion by Scolland of its rights of inheritance in British and general literature.

Tam o' Shanter -A Tale Of B owny is and of Bogillis full is this Puke -G wil Douglas, When chapman billies leave the street, rackman fellows And drouthy neebors necoors meet . As marl et-days are wearing late. An' folk begin to tak' the gate, read While we sit bousing at the nappy, An' getting fou and unco happy, We think no on the lang Scots miles, The mosses, water, slaps, and siles, gaps That he between us and our ham., Whare sits our sully, sullen dame, Gathering her brows lil e gathering storm, Nursing her wrath to I cep it warm This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter, found As he frae Ayr ae night did canter (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses For honest men and bonic lasses) O Tam, had'st thou but been sae wise, As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice! have taken She tauld thee weel thou was a slellum, rogue A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum, idle talker That frae November till October, le mirket-day thou was nae sober, one That ilka melder wa' the miller, every-meal-granding Thou sat as lang as thou had siller, That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoc on, rue-shed The smith and thee gat roaring fou on, drunk That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday, Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday She prophesied that, late or soon, Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon, Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk runds By Alloway's auld haunted kirk Ah ' gentle dames ' it gars me greet makes-weep To think how monie counsels sweet, How monte lengthen'd, sage advices The husband frae the wife despises! But to our tale - 1e market night, Tam had got planted unco right, Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely, fueude-blanng Wi reaming swats, that drank divinely, foaming-negate Coller And at his ellow, Souter Johnic, thin flom-His ancient, trusty, drouthie cronic Tam lo'ed him like a very brither, They had been fou for weeks thegither The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter, And ay the ale was growing better The landlady and Tam grew gracious Wi' favours secret, sweet and precious The Souter tauld his queerest cores, The landlord's laugh was ready chorus The storm without might rur and rustle, Tam did na mind the storm a white. Care, mad to see a man sae happer, E'en drown'd himsel among the nappy ale As bees flee hame we lades o' treasure, The minutes using'd their way we' pleasure Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious O er a' the ills o life vic orious? But pleasure, are lu e poppie spread You seize the flow raits bloom is shell Or like the snow fall, in the river,

A momen' white-then mel's for ever,

That flit ere you can point their place,

Or hi e the bortain thes

Or like the rainbow's lovely form Evanishing amid the storm Nie man can tetlier time nor tide, The hour approaches Tam maun ride That hour, o' night's black arch the key stane, That dreary hour Tam mounts his beast in, And sic a night he take the road in As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last, The rattling show is rose on the blast, The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd, Loud, dcep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd Flint night, a child might understand, The Deil had business on his hand Weel mounted on his grey mare Meg. A better never lifted leg, I am skelpit on thro' dub and mire, rattled-mud Despising wind, and rain, and fire, Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet, Whiles crooning o'er some huld Scots sonnet. Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares gazing I est bogles catch him unawares hobgoblins Kirk Alloway was drawing nigh, Whire ghrists and houlets nightly ery ghosts-owls By this time lie was cross the ford, Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd, was smothered And past the birks and meikle stane, birches-big Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck bane, broke his And thro' the whins, and by the cairn, gorse-stone heap Whare hunters fand the murder'd burn, And near the thorn, aboon the well, above Whare Mungo's nuther hang'd hersel Before him Doon pours all his floods, The doubling storm roars thro' the woods, The lightnings flash from pole to pole, Near and more near the thunders roll When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees, Kirk Alloway seem'd in a lileeze, Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing, every cranny And loud resounded mirth and dancing Inspiring bold John Barleycorn, What dangers thou canst make us scorn! Wi' tippenny, we fear nac evil, twopenny small ale Wi' usquabae, we'll face the Devil! whisky The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle, frothed Tur play, he car'd na deils a boddle not a farthing But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd, sorely Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd, She ventur'd forward on the light, And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight! in sooth!-marvellous Warlocks and witches in a dance Nie cotillion brent new frae France, brand But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels. Put life and mettle in their heels A winnock bunker in the east, window box-seat There sat Auld Nick, in shape o' beast, A tousie tyke, black, grim and large, shaggy dog To gie them music was his charge He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl, made-scream Till roof and rafters a' did dirl mne Coffins stood round, like open presses, That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses, And, by some devilish cantraip sleight, weird trick Lach in its cauld hand held a light By which heroic Tam was able

To note upon the holy table.

A murderer s banes, in gibbet airns, irons Twa span lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns, A thief new cutted frac a raperope Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape, mouth Five tomaliawks wi' bluid red rusted, Five scymitars wi' murder crusted, A garter which a babe had strangled A knife a father's throat had mangled-Whom his ain son o' life bereft-The grey-hairs yet stack to the heft, stuck-handle Wi' mair o' horrible and awefu', Which even to name wad be unlawfu' As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd and curious, stared The mirth and fun grew fast and furious, The piper loud and louder blew, The dancers quick and quicker flew They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit, hooked Till ilka carlin swat and reckit, she ghost-steamed And coost her duddies to the wark, threw off-clothes And linket at it in her sark! set to it-shift Now Tam, O Tam ' had thae been queans, thesegırls A' plump and strapping in their teens ! Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen, greasy flannel Been snaw white seventeen hunder linnen '-Thir breeks o' mine, my only pur, These breeches That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair, liams I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies glimpse-birdies, For ae blink o' the bonie burdies ' dearies But wither'd beldams, auld and droll, Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal, Tough-wean Louping and flinging on a crummock, Leaping-cudgel I wonder did na turn thy stomach! But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie guite well There was ac winsome wench and wawlie, comely -choice That night enlisted in the core, Lang after kend on Carnek shore (For monic a beast to dead she shot, And perish'd monie a bonie boat, wzecked And shook baith meille corn and bear, much-barley And kept the country side in fear) Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn, short shift-coarse linen That while a lassie she had worn, In longitude tho' sorely scanty, It was her best, and she was vauntie vaio Ah ' little kend thy reverend grannie, That sark she cost for her wee Nannie, bought Wi' two pund Scots ('twas a' lier riches), 25. 6d Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches! But here my Muse her wing maun cour, stoop Sie flights are far beyond her power leaped-kicked To sing how Nannie lap and flang (A souple jade she was and strang), And how Tam stood like ane bewitch'd, And thought his very een enrich'd, fidgeted-fond Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg d fu' fain, squirmed And hotch'd and blew wi might and main, theo Till first ac caper, sync anither, los1-altogether Tam tint his reason a' thegither, And roars out 'Weel done, Cutty sark '' short-slirt And in an instant all was dark. And scarcely had he Maggie rallied, When out the hellish legion sallied. As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke, When plundering herds assail their byke, herd boys-nest I 'Seventeen hunder in connection with linen indicates not the

date but the degree of fineoess.

med.

CAVE

the leng

As open pussie's mortal foes, the hare s When, pop! she starts before their nose, As eager runs the market crowd, When 'Catch the thief!' resounds aloud So Maggie runs, the witches follow, parambly Wi' monie an eldritch skriech and hollo screech Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou 'll get the fairin I reward treat In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin! In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin ! Kate soon will be a woefu' woman ' Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg, And win the lev stane of the brig, There, at them thou thy tail may toss, A runnin stream they dare na cross! But ere the key stane she could make, The fient a tail she had to shake, No tail had the For Nannie, far before the rest, Hard upon noble Maggie prest, And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle, intent But little wist she Maggie's mettle l Ae spring brought off her master hale, whole But left behind her ain grey tail The carlin elaught her by the rump, clutched And left poor Maggie scaree a stump Now, who this tale o' truth shall read, Ilk man, and mother's son, take heed Whene'er to drink you are inclind, Or cutty sarks run in your mind, Think I ye may buy the joys o er dear

Writien in 1750 for Grose's Antiquities of Scotland, so at least Captain Grose claimed. Alloway is Burns's birthplace, and the ruin remains. Tam o Shanter has been identified with one Douglas Graham, who was a farmer at Shanter in Carrick, Souter Johnie with John Davidson, a shormaker in Kirkoswild. The two were boon companions in Ayr change-houses. Mrs. Burns is alleged to have tesufied that the poem was written in a single day. Burns, in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop of April 1791 described it half jocularly as his "standard performance in the po-tical line, and is howing a force of genius and a finishing polish that I despair of ever excelling.

Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare

#### A Bard's Epitaph.

Is there a whim inspired fool,

Owre first for thought, owre hot for rule,

Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool — modestecringe

Let him draw near,

And owre this grassy heap sing dool, woe

Is there a Pard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng?—
O, pass not ln!
But with a frater feeling strong,
Here, heave a sigh

And drap a tear

Is there a man, whose judgment clear Can others teach the course to steer, Let runs, hunself, life's mad career Wild as the wave?—

Here pause—and, thro' the starting ter

Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear, Survey this grave

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glov
And woster fame
But thoughtless fallies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!

Render, attend to hether the soul Sours fancy's flights beyond the pole, Or darkling grubs this earthly hole In low pursuit, Know, prudent, cautious, self controul

Is Wisdom's root.

Early work, published in the Kilmarnock Fdi ion (1,86).

It was a' for our Rightfu' King

It was a for our rightfu' King
We left fur Scotland's strand,
It was a' for our rightfu' King
We e'er saw Irish land,
My dear—

We e'er saw Irish land

Now a' is done that men can do, And a' is done in vain, My Love and Native Land, fareweel, For I mann cross the main,

My dear—
For I man cross the main

He turn'd him right and round about Upon the Irish shore,

And gae his bridle reins a shake, With adieu for evermore,

My dear— And adieu for evermore!

The soger free the wars returns,
The sailor free the main,
But I had parted frac my love
Never to meet again,
My dear—

Never to meet again

When day is gine, and night is corre, And a' folk bound to sleep, I think on him that is far awa. The lee ling night, and weep, My dear—

The lee lang night, and weep
No. 497 in Johnson's Musical Museur vol. v 1~//2
'Now all is done that men can do,
And all is done in vaia

are lines taken from an old Jacobate song

# Thou Lingering Star

Thou ling'ring star, with less ming ray,
That lovest to gree! the early more
Again thou usher string the day
My Mary from my soil was forn
O Mary, dear departed Shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy Lover lowly laid?
Hear's thou the groads that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where, by the winding Arr we rie
To live one day of porting love.
Eternity can not effice
Those records dear of train ports past,
Thy image at our hollowing trains our holy little thought we 'twas our holy, gurgling, killed he pebtied also e

Ayr, garging, ki sil lie peblied sho e O orhing with will woods, thekening given The fregrant bish and I mithem have Twin'd amprous room! the region of scene. The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day

Still o er these seenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care,
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their clinnels deeper wear
O Mary, dear departed Shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy Lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

Described by Burns in a letter of 8th November 1789 as 'made the other day, and commonly believed to have been addressed to the 'dear, departed shade of Mary Campbell on the anniversary of her death, which occurred in October 1786.

# Ode, Sacred to the Memory of Mrs Oswald of Auchencruive

Dweller in yon dungeon dark, Hangman of creation, mark! Who in widow weeds appears, Laden with unhonoured years, Noosing with care a bursting purse, Baited with many a deadly enrse?

## Strophe

View the wither'd beldam's free—
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of Humanity's sweet, melting grace?
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows—
Pity's flood there never rose.
See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
Hands that took, but never gave
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
Lo, there she goes, unpitted and unblest
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!

#### Antistrophe

Plunderer of Armies! lift thine eyes
(A while forbear, ye torturing fiends),
Seest thou whose step, unwilling, hither bends?
No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies!
'Tis thy trusty, quondam Mate,
Doom'd to share thy fiery fate—
She, tardy, hell ward plies

#### Epode

And are they of no more avail,

Ten thousand glittering pounds a year?

In other worlds can Mammon fail,

Omnipotent as he is here?

O, bitter mockery of the pompous bier!

While down the wretched vital part is driv'n,

The cave lodg'd beggar, with a conscience clear,

Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heav'n

Written one night in January 1789, when the poet was driven out of a comfortable inn at Sanquhar into a night of 'bitter frost, howling hills and icy cataracts by the funeral train of Mrs Oswald, daughter of a rich Jamaica merchant and widow of Richard Oswald in Cauthness man who made a fortune as a London merchant and as an army contractor ('plunderer of armies') in the Seven Years War, but who carned a better character than Burns gave him by the services he rendered in arranging on behalf of the Shelburne Ministry, the treaty which recognised the independence of the American Colonies.

#### Poor Mailie's Elegy

Lament in rliyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut tears tricklin down your nose,
Our Bardie's fate is at a close,
Past a' remead ' remedy

The last, sad cape stant of his woe's copesione
Poor Mailie's dead l

It's no the loss o' warl's gear, vorldly property
That could see bitter draw the tear,
Or mak our Bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed garb
He's lost a friend an' neebor dear,
In Mulie dead

Thro' a' the toun she trotted by him,
A lang half mile she could desery him,
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed

A friend mair faithfu' ne'er eam nigh him, Than Mailie dead

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,

An' could behave hersel wi' mense,

I'll say t, she never brak a fence,

Thro' thievish greed
Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spence inner room
Sin' Mailie's dead

Or, if he winders up the howe,
Her hvin image in her yowe
Comes bleatin till him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread,

An' down the briny pearls rowe

For Mailie dead

She was nae get o moorlan ttps,
Wi' tawted ket, an' hairi hips,
For her forbears were brought in ships,
Fric vont the Tweed
A bonier fleesh inc'er cross'd the clips
Than Mulle's, dead

Wre worth that man wha first did shape
That vile, wanchancie thing—a rape '
It maks guid fellows girn an' gape,
Wi' chokin dread,
An' Robin's hoppet was a wi' crape

An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape For Mailie dead

O, a' ye bards on bonie Doon! An' wha on Ayr your chanters tune! Come, join the inclancholious croon

O' Robin's reed!

His heart will never get aboon—

His Mailie's dead!

Printed in the Kilmarnock Edition Written on the model of Robert Sempill's 'Piper of Kilbarchan, Burns being inspired by the distress of n kindly boy over a sheep that had half strungled itself with its own tether

# Holy Willie's Prayer

And set the godly in a pet to pray —Pope.
O Thou that in the Heavens does dwell, —
Wha, as it pleases best Thysel,
Sends and to Heaven an' ten to Hell
A' for Thy glory,

And no for ome guid or ill

They've done before Thee!

any

bagpipes

such

I b'ess and pru e Thy matel less might, When thousan is Thou has left in night, That I am bere before The sight, For fills and grace A burrans and a shoring I ght

A barrang and a sh ring I chi To -' this place.

What was I for my generation

This I should get so exaltation?

I what decreal most just damnation

I or had only in the same time.

Sax (Foreign to the creamy creation Tire Adams cause)

When first my rathers womb I fell,
That me, he I is plunged me in hell
To grash my gare, to is expland with,
In lamin laker,
Whate dained result me rath sell,
Chan'd is their takes

Yet I am here in chosen sample,
To stan 115 more ingreat and ample,
I'm here, nighter of Thy temple
Singular ricel
A multe, ninder, and example
To at Thy flock.

O Level Tion force will the end I bear,
When finiters don't, an experience swear,
In a nine there was absence there,
I great and sma
Low I a nileope in The for,
Esco fraction at

Pa 34, O Lo d, confe s I mas, At times I'm f shid vil fie hly lus. An imetime two, ir worldly trust. Who belt goes in .
But I our rembers we are dest, I will divin in.

O Lorl - 2 from - Thou len - ri' Neg - List night
The field in I streetel, beg
O, may time et be a listin plague
To my distant!
And I Il no et lift a limbers leg

Fe ides, I further mann avon, must
We' Lear e's la se-three time —I tro v—
But Lord, that Fri lay I was fou dima'
When I cam near her,

Agrin upon her!

Or else, Thou lens. Thy ervant true
Wal never steer her would-meddle with

Mayle Thou I is this fleshly thorn
I'uffet The evant e'en and morn,
Let he or re proud and high should turn
That he's sae gifted
If sae, Thy hand mann e'en be borne
Until Thou lift it.

Lord, ble s Thy cho en in this place, I or here. Thou has a chosen race, But God confound their stubborn face, And blast their name, Wha bring their rulers to disprace And open shame! Lord mind Gau'n Hamilton's deserts,
He drinks, and swears, and plays at cartes,
Let has an monic tal in arts

Wi' great an' sma', Frae God's am Priest the people's hearts He steals awa.

And a hen we chasten'd him therefore,

Thou I ens how he bred sie a splore,

And set the world in a roar

O laughm at us Cur e Thou his basket and his store, Kail and potatoes <sup>1</sup>

Lord, hear my earnest ery and pray'r Against that Presbyt'ry of Ayr' Thy strong n<sub>h</sub>ht hand, I ord, mak it bare Upo their heads!

Upo their heads!

I onl, vi it them, an' dinna spare, do not

1 or their misdeeds!

O Lord, my God! that glib tongu'd Ail en,
My yera heart and flesh are quakin
To think how we stood sweatin, shakin,
An' pish'd wi' dread,

While he, wi hingin lip in' snal in, sneering Held up his head

Lord, in Thy day o' vengeance try him to Lord, visit them who did employ him 1 And pass not in The mercy by them,

Nor hear their pray r,

But for Thy people's sale destroy them, An' dinna spare'

But, Lord, remember me and nine
We increase temporal and divine,
That I for grace and gear may shine,
I well d by name!
And a the glory half be Thine,

Amen! Amen!

This stire on election and other Calvinistic doctrines was thus annotated by Burns. Hely William Fisher] was a rather of fish tach for elder in the parish of Mauchline, and much and jurily fained for that polemical clintering which ends in tippling orthodox, and for that spiritual red lawdry which refines to lique ish devotion. In a sessional process with a gentleman of Mauchline -a Wr Cavin Hamilton-Holy Willia and his priest Lather Aald, after full hearing in the preshery of Ayr, came off but secon! be to owing parily to the oritorical powers of Mr Robert Aisen. In Hamilton's council, but chiefly to Mr Hamilton's being one of the most irreproachable and truly respectable characters in the country. On foring his process, the Muse overheard him at his devotions, as follows. The second process occurred in 1785 Hamilton's offence being neglect of ordinances and violation of the Sabba h. Doubtle's Burns believed too much evil of Fisher.

To a Mouse on turning her up in her nest with the plough November 1785

Wee, sleel it, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panie s in thy breastie!
Thou need no start awa sae hasty
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murdering pattle!
sleek
hurrying haste

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth born companion
An' fellow mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve, conclines What then? poor beastie, thou maun live! A daimen ieker in a thrave odd ear in 24 slicaves 'S a sina' request I'll get a blessm wi' the lave, An' never miss't ! Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin ! Its silly wa's the win's are strewin ' feeble walls-winds build An' naething, now, to big a new ane, O' foggage green ! mors An' blenk December win's ensuin, Baith snell an' keen! sharp Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste, An' weary Winter comin fast, An' eozie here, beneath the blast, Thou thought to dwell, Till crish! the cruel coulter past Out thro thy cell That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble, stubble Has cost thee monie a weary mibble! Now thou's turned out, for a' thy trouble, Without-holding But house or hald, To thole the winter's sleety dribble, endure An' ernreuch cauld ! hear frost alone But Mousie, thou art no thy lane, In proving foresight may be vain The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men Gang aft agley, askew An lea'e us nought but grief and pain, teave For promis'd joy ! Still thou art blest, compared wi' me! The present only toucheth thee But, Och! I backward cast my e'c, On prospects drear ! An' forward, tho' I canna see, I guess an' fear 1 Green grow the Rashes, O Chorus-Green grow the rishes, O, rushes Green grow the rashes, O, The sweetest hours that e er I spend, Are spent among the lasses, O There's nought but care on ev'ry han', In every hour that passes, O What signifies the life o' man, An' 'twere na for the lasses, O? If it were not The war'ly race may riches chase, worldly An' riches still may fly them, O, An' tho' at last they catch them fast, Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O But gie me a cannie hour at e'en, quiet My arms about my dearie, O, An' war ly cares, an' war'ly men, May a' gae tapsalteene, O ! topsy turvy For you sae douce, ye sneer at this, quict Ye re nought but senseless asses, O The wisest man the warl' e'er saw, He dearly lov'd the lasses, O Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears Her noblest work she classes, O Her prentice han' she try'd on man, An' then she made the lasses, O Entered in the First Common place Book under date August 1786.

To a Mountain Daisy, on turning one down with the plough in April 1788 Wee, modest, crimson tipped flow'r,

Thou's met me in an evil hour,
For I main erush among the stoore
Thy slender stem

To spare thee no is past my pow'r, Thou bonie gem

Alas' it's no thy needer sweet,
The bonic larl, companion meet'
Pending thee 'ming the dewy weet!
Wi' spreckl d brea t,
When upward springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling East.

must-dust

Cauld blew the latter biting North Upon thy early, humble birth, Net elicerfully thou gainted forth Annot the storm,

Scarce rear d above the parent earth
Thy tender form

The flaunting flow is our gardens yield,
High el ch'ring woods and was maun shield, walks
But thou, beneath the random bield
O clod or stane,
Adorns the histic stibble field, have-stubble

There, in the scenty mantle clad,
The snawle lesson sun ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In lumble guise,
But now the share up cars thy bed,
And low thou has '

Unseen, alanc.

Such is the fate of artles maid Sweet flow ret of the rural slande! By love's simplicity betray d, And guileless trust, Till the life the all solid is law

Till she, like thee, all soil d, is laid Low i' the dust

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On Life's rough ocean litelless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the eard
Of prudent Lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o er!

Such fate to suffering Worth is giv n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis ry s brink,
Till, wrench'd of ev'ry stry but Heav'u,
He, ruin'd, sink'

Ev'n thou who mourn st the Daisv's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date,
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom!

M'Pherson's Farewell

Chorus—Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he,
He play'd a spring, and dane'd it round

Below the gallows tree

dolt

next

fellow-called

Farewell, ye dangeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie'
M'Pherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows tree.

O, what is death but parting breath?
On many a bloody plain
I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!

Until these bands from off my hands, And bring to me my sword, And there's no a min in all Scotland But I'll brave him at a word

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife, trouble
I die by treacherie
It burns my heart I must depart,
And not avenged be

Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright, And all beneath the sky 1 May coward shame disdain his name, The wretch that dares not die 1

Written for Johnson's Musical Museum, and published 1788. The verses were designed as an improvement on some attributed to a freebooter, half Celt half gipsy, named M Pherson, who was hanged at Banff in November 1700. Burns believed that Inverness was the scene.

#### The Banks o' Doon.

Ye banks and braces o' bonic Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little hirds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care?
Thou'll break my heart, thon warbling bird
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn'
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed, never to return

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,

To see the rose and woodbine twine,

And ilka bird sang o' its luve,

And foadly sae did I o' mine,

Wi' lightsome lieart I pu'd a rose,

Fin' sweet npon its thorny tree!

And my fause luver staw my rose—false lover stole

But ah' he left the thorn wi' me

Writen for the Musical Museum, and published in vol 1v, 1792. It is the best of four sets of verses on the river Doon

#### A Man's a Man for a' that.

Is there for honest Poverty
That hings his head, an' a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that'
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscare, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The Man's the gowd for a' that!

What though on hamely fare we dine,

Wear hoddin grey, and a' that, coarse wooffen
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,

A Man's a Man for a' that

For a' that, and a' that,

Their tinsel show, and a' that,

The honest man, tho' e'er so poor,

Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that?
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a cuif for a' that
For a' that, and a' that,
His ribband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that,
But an honest man's aboon his might— abov
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that! must not—claim
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher rank than a' that

Then let us pray that come it may,—
As come it will for a' that—
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, and a' that 1 have first place
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That Man to Man, the world o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that 1

# The Jolly Beggars—a Cantata.

Sent to Thomson in January 1705.

#### RECITATIVO

When lyart leaves bestrow the yird, withered-earth Or, wavering like the banckie bird, hat Bedim cauld Boreas' blast, cold When hail stanes drive wi' bitter skyte. dash And infant frosts begin to bite, In hoary cranreuch drest, rime Ae night at e en a merry core corps O' randie, gangrel bodies lawless, vagrant In Poosie Nansie's held the splore, orgie To drink their orra duddies spare rags Wi' quaffing and laughing They ranted an' they sang, Wi' jumping an' thumping The vera girdle rang baking plate

Ane sat, weel brac'd wi' mealy bags, And knapsack a' in order, His doxy lay within his arm, sweetheart Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm whisl y She blinket on her sodger leered An' ay he gies the tozie drab gives-tips; another-sounding The uther skelpin kiss, While she held up her greedy gab month Just like an aamous dish . alms Ilk smack still did crack still Every hawker s Like onic cadger's whip, Then swaggering an' staggering, He roared this ditty up --

First, niest the fire, in anld red rags,

#### AIR

#### TUNE-Soldier's Toy

I am a son of Mars who have been in many wars,
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum,
Lal de daudle, &c.

My prenticeship I past where my leader breath'd his last, When the bloody die was east on the heights of Abram And I served out my trade when the gallant game was play d,

And the Moro low was Ind at the sound of the drum

I lastly was with Curtis among the floating batt'rics,
And there I left for witness an arm and a limb,
Act let my country need me, with I hott to head me,
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum

And now the' I must beg, with a wooden arm and leg, And many a triter'd rag hanging over my hum, I'm as happy with wallet, my hottle and my callet, trait As when I used in scarlet to follow a druin

What the, with hours locks, I must stand the winter shocks, Beneath the woods and rocks, oftentimes for a home, When the tother bag I sell, and the tother bottle tell, I could meet a troop of hell, at the sound of a drum,

Lal de daudle, &c

#### RECITATIVO

He ended, and the kebars sheak
Aboon the chorus roar,
While frighted rations backward leak,
An' seek the benmost bore
A fairy fiddler frie the neul,
He skirl'd ont, encore ' threked
But up arose the martial chuel,
An' laid the loud uproar

#### ۱IR

Tune—Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses
See the smoking bowl before us!

Work our jovial, ragged ring!

Round and round take up the chorus,

And in raptures let us sing —

Chorus—A fig for those by Inw protected!

Liberty's a glorious feast!

Courts for cowards were erected,

Churches built to please the priest!

What is title, what is treasure, What is reputation s care? If we lead a life of pleasure, 'Tis no matter how or where

With the ready trick and fable
Round we wander all the day,
And at night, in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay

Does the train attended carriage
Thro' the country lighter rove?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love?

Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes,
Let them prate about decorum
Who have character to lose

Here's to budgets, bags and wallets!
Here's to all the wandering train!
Here's our rigged brats and callets!
One and all, cry out, Amen!

'This puissant and splendid production, as Matthew Arnold called it, is believed to have been inspired by a visit of the post

to a lodging house for beggars kept in Mauchline by Pooste Nan ie, otherwise Agnes P hall, wife of George Gibson, previously consisted by the kink remain of resetting so on goods. It was visited during the Mossgiel period but was no published during Burns's lifetime.

# The Rigs o' Burley

Chorus—Corn rip", an' barley rigs, aniges
An' corn rigs are bonic
I'll ne or forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs we Annic

It was upon a Lammas night,

When com rigs are bonic,

Beneath the moon's unclouded light,

I held cwa' to Annie,

The time flew by, wi' tentle scheel,

Fill, tween the late and carly,

Wi'sma' persua ion she agree!

To see me thro' the barley

The sts was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shirting clearly.
I set her down wit right good will,
Among the righof barby
I ken't her heart vias a' my ain,
I loved her most sincerely.
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Among the right of barbs.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace,
Her heart vias heating farely
My bles ings on that happy place,
Among the rigs of barles?
Put by the moon and stars so bright,
That should that hour so clearly?
She as shall bless that happy night
Among the rigs of barley.

I had been blythe wi' committee dear Lappy
I had been merry drinking,
I had been joyfu' gath'rin gear; making
I had been happy thinking
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' threa times doubl d fairly—
That happy night was worth them a,

This song was declared by Burns to have been composed before his twenty third year

Among the rig o barler

#### Mary Morison.

O Mary at thy window be!

It Is the wish d, the trysted hour
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That makes the nuser's treasure poor,
How blythely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave free sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure
The lovely Mary Morison

I estreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gred thro' the lighted ha', went—hall
To thee my fanes took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw
Tho this was fur and that was braw,
And you the toast of a the town,
I sigh'd, and said among them a',
'Ye are no Mary Morison''

fault

rive

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown,
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison

Described by the poet in a letter to Thomson of March 1793 as one of my juvenile works. Local tradition identifies the heroine with a veritable Mauchline Mary Morrison, but it is niore commonly believed that 'Mary Morrison was only a euphonious rendering of 'Elicon Begbie, the object of Burns 8 first serious passion

#### Ae Fond Kiss.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!

Ae farewell, and then for ever!

Deep in heart wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?

Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me
Dark despair around benights me

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy Naething could resist my Nancy! But to see her was to love her, Love but her, and love for ever Had we never lov'd sae kindly, Had we never lov'd sae blindly, Never met—or never parted, We had ne er been brol en hearted

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae farewell, Alas, for ever!
Deep in heart wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Sent to Clarinda, 27th December 1791

Editions, biographies and estimates of Burns are innumerable. The most notable editions of the poems alone are the Kilmarnock (1780). Edinburgh (1787), London (1787). Edinburgh and London (1793). Centenary Edition by W. E. Henley and T. F. Henderson in 1866. The chief editions with Life and Letters are those of Currie (1800). Allan Cunningham (1834). W. Scott Douglas (1882). and Robert Chambers (1851), revised by present writer in 1856). The best Biography pure and simple is that of Lockhart (1828). The most famous Fessays are those of John Wilson (collected works 1858), I homas Carlyle (1831) and R. Louis Stevenson (1882).

WILLIAM WALLACE

Richard Gall (1776-1801) was born near Dunbar, and whilst employed as a printer in Edinburgh, threw off some Scottish songs that became favourites. A 'Farewell to Ayrshire' and one or two more were printed as by Burns, the best known, 'My only jo and dearie,' is rather in Tannahill's manner. One verse runs

The birdie sings upon the thom
Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie O,
Rejoicing in the summer morn,
Nac care to mal it cerie O
But little kens the sangster sweet
Aught o' the carea I had to meet,
That gar my restless bosom beat,
My only jo and dearie O

Lady Nairne (1766-1845), though she lived to near the middle of the nineteenth century, was born but seven years after Burns, and was writing verses in 1792 Carolina Oliphant, born at the 'auld house' of Gask in Perthshire, was the third daughter of its Jacobite laird she married her second cousin, Major William Murray Nairne (1757-1830), who in 1824, on the restoration of the attainted Scottish peerages, be came the sixth Lord Nairne, to him she bore onc son, William (1808-37) They settled near Edinburgh, and after her husband's death the Baroness Nairne lived for three years in Ireland, then for nine on the Continent, returning at last to the new house of Gask-the old one had been pulled do vn Her eighty-seven songs appeared first under the pseudonym 'Mrs Bogan of Bogan' or 'B B' in The Scottish Minstell (1821-24), and posthumously under her own name as Lays from Her songs show, in the poetic re-Strathearn miniscence stage, the family Jacobitism, but no Jacobite in his own day ever concealed his colours with more jealous care and elaborate pains than all her life long Lady Nairne did her authorship Not a few of her songs are substantially recastings and adaptations of old popular favourites in the tone of which there was something to disapprove But some of them-including a few incorporating old fragments-are pure inspirations, true and all but perfect lyrics, in poetic worth coming nearest to Burns's best, as many as eight or ten of them live in the hearts of the Scottish people with the airs to which they are wedded-the exquisite 'Land o' the Leal' (c. 1798) and 'Caller Herrin',' 'The Laird o' Cockpen,' 'The Auld House,' 'The Rowan Tree, 'The Hundred Pipers,' 'He's owre the hills that I lo'e weel,' 'Will ye no come back again' and 'Charlie is my Darling'-a list v luch indicates the variety of the notes she struck. last two, though there were older songs with the same title and to the same general purpose, have completely superseded the other versions 'Farewell, Edinburgh,' is also well known in Scotland, and 'Would you be young again' re veals the characteristic temper of Indy Nairne's liter years Her Jacobitism, like Lurns's, Scott's, Hogg's, and that of the writers of almost all the best known Jacobite songs, was historical, senti mental, poetical, and entirely consistent with the most perfect loyalty to the reigning House, Queen Victoria had no more faithful subject than this champion of a beloved and idealised Prince Charlie's claims on romantic devotion, who took a lively interest in Christian missions, in church extension, and in all philanthropic schemes. It should be added that in the songs the words often convey quite obviously the thoughts of a lady born, not of colliers or fishwives, and the Scotch is the Scotch of one bred to speak and write English habitually Angels do not laken in Scotch drell and rell rhome conveniendy in 'The Laird o' Cocl pen,' but should be d' till and

weel, throughout Scotland willows are always saughs, and billows is a word wholly alien to the dialect of Newhaven

#### The Land o' the Leal.

I'm wearin' awa, John,
Like snaw wreaths in thaw, John,
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor eare, John,
The day's aye fair
In the land o' the leal

Our bonny bairn's there, John,
She was baith gude and fair, John,
And, oh! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal
But sorrow s sel' wears past, John—
And joy's a comin' fast, John—
The joy that s aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal
Oh, dry your glistening ee, John I
My saul langs to be free, John '
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal

Oh, haud ye leal and true, John!
Your day it's wearin' through, John,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now, fare ye weel, my ain John,
This warld's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal

Leal, another form of legal and loyal, means in Middle English and Scotch loyal, faithful, honest, true, lawful, just, fair, and noble, and lives on in the dialects of the north of England and Scotland in this particular case the 'land of the true hearted is obviously meant for the home of the faithful, heaven.

# The Laird o' Cockpen.

The Laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great, His mind is ta'en up with the things o' the state, He wanted a wife his braw house to keep, But favonr wi' wooin' was fashious to seek troublesome

Down by the dyke side a lady did dwell, At his table head he thought she'd look well, M'Clish's ac daughter o' Claverse ha' Lee, A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree

His wig was weel pouthered, and as gude as new,
His waisteoat was white, his coat it was blue,
He put on a ring, a sword, and cocked hat,
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the gray mare, and rade cannile,
And rapped at the yett o' Claverse ha' Lec
'Gac tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen'

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder flower wine 'And what brings the Laird at sie a like time?'

She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown, Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down. caj

And when she cam ben, he bowed fu' low, And what was his errand he soon let her know, Amazed was the Laird when the lady said 'Na,' And wi' a laigh curtsey she turned awa'

Dumfoundered he was, but nae sigh did he gie, He mounted his mare—he rade cannilie, And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen, She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

[And now that the Laird his exit had made, Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said, 'Oh I for ane I'll get better, it's want I'll get ten—I was dast to refuse the Laird o' Coekpen.'

Next time that the Laird and the lady were seen, They were gaun arm in arm to the kirk on the green, Now she sits in the ha' like a weel tappit hen— But as yet there's nac chickens appeared at Cockpen ]

The last two verses were added by Miss Ferrier, authoress of Marriage, and are now always printed as part of the song

#### Caller Herrin'

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? fresh, new-caught
They're bonny fish and halesome farin',
Wha'll buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth?

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows, Dreamed ye aught o' our puir fellows, Darkling as they faced the billows, A' to fill the woven willows?

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They re no brought here without brave darin'
Buy my caller herrin',
Hauled through wind and rain,
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin',
Wives and mithers maist despairin'
Ca' them lives o' men.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

When the creel o' herrn' passes, Ladies, clad in silks and laces, Gather in their braw pelisses, Cast their heads and serew their faces. Wha'll buy my caller herrn'? &c.

Caller herrin''s no got lightly,
Ye can trip the spring fu' tightly,
Spite o' tauntin', flanntin', flingin',
Gow has set you a' a singin'
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Neebour wives, now tent my tellin'
When the bonny fish ye're sellin',
At ae word be in your dealin',
Truth will stand when a' thing's failin'
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Neil Gow (1727-1807) was a violinist and composer, famous for strathspeys and reels, so was his sou Nathaniel, for whom this song was written and by whom the tune was composed Dr Charles Rogers wrote the Life and Songs of Lady Natrie (1869) and there is a small work on her by the Rev Geo Henderson (1800) see also kington Ohphant's Jacobite Lairds of Gask (1870).

Robert Tannahill (1774-1810), a Isrical poet, some of whose songs rival all but the best of Burns's in popularity, was born in Paisley, and, early sent to the loom, continued to follow the staple trade of his native town until his twenty-sixth year, when, with one of his vounger brothers, he removed to Lancashire. There he continued two years, till, hearing of his father's ill health, he returned in time to receive his dving blessing. Soon after he wrote to a friend 'My brother Hugh and I are all that now remain at home with our old mother, bending under age and frailty, and but seven years back nine of us used to sit at dinner to gether'. In The Filial Vow he inscribed this monument to her memory

Twas hers to guide me through life's early day, To point out virtue's paths, and lead the way Now, while her powers in frigid languor sleep, 'Tis mine to hand her down life's rugged steep, With all her little weal nesses to bear, Attentive, kind, to soothe her every care. 'Tis nature bids, and truest pleasure flows From lessening an aged parent's woes

The lines indicate the writer's filial piety, but their inferiority to his Scottish songs shows how little at home he was in English poetry Tannahill, an enthusiastic student of Ramsay, Fergusson, and Burns, composed verses from a very early age, it was not till after this time that he passed mediocrity Encouraged by R A Smith, a musician and composer, he applied himself sedulously to song-writing, and when Smith had set some of his songs to original airs, he in 1807 ventured on the publication of a volume of poems and songs, of which the first impression, consisting of nine hundred copies, was sold in a few weeks. He afterwards contributed songs to George Thomson's Meanwhile he himself, always Select Melodies reserved, shy, and of slight and feeble physique, fell into a state of morbid despondency, aggravated by bodily weakness and a phthisical He had prepared a new edition of his poems for the press, but when Constable the publisher returned the copy because he already had on hand more new works than he could undertake that season, the disappointment preved on the spirits of the sensitive poet, he burnt the manuscripts of a hundred new songs, and sank into a state of profound melaneholia. One night in May 1810 he left his bedroom unperceived, and next day his body was found in the canal The longer poems of this modest, ill-starred weaverpoet are greatly inferior to his songs, and are commonplace and artificial, but some of the lyrics are original, sincere, and touching, though often over-sentimental, and disfigured (e.g. the 'Flower o' Dumblane') by appallingly prosaic phrases He is mainly remembered for about halfa dozen songs, including, besides those given below, 'Loudon's Bonnie Woods and Braes' and 'The Bonnie Wood o' Craigielea' Semple in his edition of the *Poems* (with Life, 1876) has 'restored' the Scots words to his idea of propriety and regularity

# The Braes o' Balquhither

Let us go, lassie, go,
To the braes o' Balquhither,
Where the blae berries grow
'Mang the bonny Highland heather,
Where the deer and the rae,
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang summer day
On the braes o' Balquhither

I will twine thee a bower
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flowers of the mountain,
I will range through the wilds,
And the deep glens sae dreame,
And return wi' their spoils
To the bower o' my deame.

When the rude wintry win'
Idly rives round our dwelling,
And the rour of the linn
On the night breeze is swelling,
So merrily we'll sing,
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear shieling ring
Wi' the light lilting chorus

Now the simmer's in prime
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming,
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the brass o' Balquhither

#### The Braes o' Gleniffer

Keen blaws the wind o'er the braes o' Glenisser,
The auld eastle turrets are covered wi'snaw,
How changed frae the time when I met wi'my lover
Amang the broom busies by Stanley green shaw!
The wild slowers o'simmer were spread a'sae bonnie,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree,
But far to the camp they hae marched my dear Johnie,
And now it is winter wi'nature and me.

Then ilk thing around is was blythesome and cheerie,
Then ilk thing around us was bonny and braw,
Now naething is heard but the wind whistling dreame,
And meething is seen but the wide spreading snaw
The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie, sad
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee,
And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnie,
'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

You can'd sleety cloud shiffs along the bleak mountain,
And shakes the dark firs on the steep rocky brae,
While down the deep glen brawls the snaw flooded
fountain,

That murmured sae sweet to my laddie and me.

It's no its loud roar on the wintry wind swellin',

It's no the cauld blast brings the tear to my ee,

For oh! gin I saw but my bonny Scots callan,

The dark days o' winter were simmer to me.

waterfall

#### The Flower o' Dumblane

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloamin,
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane
How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauldin' blossom!
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green,
Yet sweeter and furer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane,

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonny,
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dumblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie'
The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain,
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane
Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane

# Gloomy Winter's now Awa'

Gloomy winter's now awa',
Saft the westlin breezes blaw,
'Mang the birks o' Stanley shaw
The mavis sings fu' cheerie O
Sweet the craw flower's early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonny sel',
My young, my artless dearie O
Come, my lassie, let us stray
O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
Blithely spend the gowden day
Midst joys that never weare O

Towering o'er the Newton woods,
Laverocks fan the snaw white clouds,
Siller saughs, wi' downie biids,
Adorn the banks sae brierie O
Round the sylvin fairy nooks,
Feathery breekans fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
And ilka thing is cheerie O
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi' thee, my dearie O

Sir Alexander Boswell (1775–1822), of Auchinleck in Ayrshire, eldest son of Johnson's biographer, was a man of many accomplishments, but is now remembered for his tragic fate and for his songs, such as 'Auld Gudeman, ye're a Drucken Carle,' 'Jenny's Bawbee,' and 'Jenny dang the Weaver,' rough but characteristic genre pictures rich in a kind of comic humour, the less rude 'Good-night and Jov be wi' ye a'' is also still popular Educated at Westminster and Oxford, in 1803 he printed a volume of Songs

chiefly in the Scottish Dialect In 1810 he published a somewhat overdrawn Scottish dialogue, in the style of Fergusson, called Edinburgh, or the Ancient Royalty, a Sketch of Manners, by Simon Gray Other poems were Clan Alpin's Vow (1811), a tragic Highland tale, based on the record in the Register of the Privy Council of Scotland for 1589, and Sir Albyn, a burlesque, Skeldon Hanghs was a rhymed version of an old Ayrshire legend Some of his best songs were among the twelve he contributed to Thomson's Select Collection (1817) His unfinished and not very brilliant anticipation of Byron, An Epistle to the Edinburgh Reviewers (1803), contains some smart couplets

All are not dunned you happen to dislike,
All turn not marble whom your glances strike
When the fierce tiger rages o'er the land,
Then to the chase, ye hunters, in a band!
But where's the honour, where's the mighty feat,
To seize a victim that can only bleat?
Why tinge with red the unassuming cheek,
Or tear a linnet with a vulture's beak?
Is he a hon who can gorge a rit?
Is he Gohath who can erush a gnat?

Boswell did much to stimulate his countrymen to honour Burns's memory, securing the erection of the monument on the Doon, and for two or three years sat in Parliament for Plympton in Devon-Sir Alexander, created a baronet in 1821 for a (poor but) loval song, 'Long live George the Fourth,' was an ardent lover of our early literature, and at his private printing-press at Auchinleck House reprinted a series of rare works, both English and Scottish, some of the earlier ones with his own When politics ran high he wrote some personal pasquinades, for one of which he received a challenge from Mr Stuart of Dunearn, and the parties met at Auchtertool in Fiseshire. Stuart's shot took effect and the Tory baronet fell, dying from the wound on the following day, the 27th of March 1822 He was a hearty, high-spirited man, tall and of imposing presence, fond of field sports, and in almost every way (even in his literary gifts and interests) very unlike his father. His brother, James Boswell (1778–1822), an accomplished scholar and student, edited Malone's edition of Shakespeare (21 vols 8vo, 1821) From James's funeral Sir Alexander returned straight to his fatal encounter with Mr Stuart

# Jenny dang the Weaver

At Willie's wedding on the green, The lasses, bonny witches!
Were a' dressed out in aprons clean, And braw white Sunday mutches Auld Maggie bade the lads tak' tent, But Jock would not believe her, But soon the fool his folly kent, For Jenny dang the weaver And Jenny dang, Jenny dang, Jenny dang the weaver, But soon the fool his folly kent,

For Jenny dang the weaver

caps tal e heed

defeated, balked, Jilted At ilka country dance or reel,

Wi' her he would be bobbing,

When she sat down, he sat down,

And to her would be gabbing,

Where'er she gaed, baith but and ben,

The coof would never leave her,

Aye I cekling like a clocking hen,

But Ienny dang the weaver

Jenny dang, &c.

Quo' he 'My lass, to speak my mind,
In troth I needna swither, hesitate
Yon've bonny een, and if yon're kind,
I'll never seek anither'
He hummed and hawed, the lass cried, 'Peugh I'
And bade the coof no deave her
Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
And dang the silly weaver
And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
Jenny dang the weaver,
Syne snapt her fingers, hap and leugh, laughed
And dang the silly weaver

### Jenny's Bawbee

I met four chaps von birks amang,
Wi' hingin' lugs, and faces lang,
I speered at neebour Bauldy Strang,
Wha's that I see?

Quo' he Ilk cream faced, pawky chiel Thought himsel cunnin' as the deil, And here they cam, awa' to steal Jenny's bawbee m

money, fortune

The first, a captain till his trade,
Wi' skull ill lined, and back weel clad,
Marched round the barn, and by the shed,
And pappit on his knee.

Quo' he 'My goddess, nymph, and queen, Your beauty's dazzled batth my een,' But deil a beauty he had seen But—Jenny's buwbee

A lawyer neist, wi' bletherm' gab, Wha speeches wove like ony wab, In ilk ane's corn age took a dab, And a' for a fee

Accounts he had through a' the town,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could drown,
Haith now he thought to clout his gown
Wi' Jenny's baw bee.

A norland laird neist trotted up,
Wi' bawsent naig and siller whup,
Wite Cried 'There's my beast, lad, hand the grup
Or tie't till a tree

'What's gowd to me?—I've walth o' lan',
Bestow on ane o' worth your han','
He thought to pay what he was awn
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A' spruce frae ban'hoxes and tubs,
A Thing cam neist—but life has rubs—
Foul were the roads, and fou the dubs,
Ah! wae's me!

puddles

A' clatty, squintin' through a glass, He girned, 'I' faith, a bonny lass!' He thought to win, wi' front o' brass, Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the laird gang comb his wig, The sodger no to strut sae big, The lawyer no to be a prig, The fool cried 'Tehee,

'I kent that I could never fail!'
She preened the dish clout till his tail,
And cooled him wi a water pail,
And kept her bawbee

#### The High Street of Edinburgh.

Tier upon tier I see the mansions rise, Whose azure summits mingle with the skies, There, from the earth the labouring porters bear The elements of fire and water high in air, There, as you scale the steps with toilsome tread, The dripping barrel madelies your head, Thence, as adown the giddy round you wheel, A rising porter greets you with his creel! Here, in these chambers, ever dull and dark, The lady gay received her gayer spark, Who, elad in silken coat, with cautious tread, Trembled at opening casements overhead, But when in safety at her porch he trod, He seized the ring, and rasped the twisted rod No idlers then, I trow, were seen to meet, Linked, six a row, six hours in Princes Street, But, one by one, they panted up the hill, And picked their steps with most uncommon skill, Then, at the Cross, each joined the motley mob-'How are ye, Tam?' and, 'How's a' wi'ye, Bob?' Next to a neighbouring tavern all retired. And draughts of wine their various thoughts inspired. O'er draughts of wine the beau would moan his love, O'er draughts of wine the cit his bargain drove, O'er draughts of wine the writer penned the will, And legal wisdom counselled o'er a gill Yes! mark the street, for youth the great resort, Its spacious width the theatre of sport There, midst the crowd, the jingling hoop is driven, Full many a leg is hit, and curse is given There, on the pavement, mystic forms are chalked, Defaced, renewed, delayed-but never balked, There romping Miss the rounded slate may drop, And kick it out with persevering hop There, in the dirty current of the strand, Boys drop the rival corks with ready hand, And, wading through the puddle with slow pace, Watch in solicitude the doubtful race! And there, an active band, with frequent boast, Vault in succession o'er each wooden post Or a bold stripling, noted for his might, Heads the array, and rules the mimie fight From hand and sling now fly the whizzing stones, Unheeded broken heads and broken bones The rival hosts in close engagement mix, Drive and are driven by the dint of sticks. The bicker rages, till some mother's fears Ring a sad story in a bailie's ears Her prayer is heard, the order quick is sped, And, from that corps which hapless Porteous led,

muddy

pinned

A brave detachment, probably of two, Rush, like two kites, upon the warlike erew, Who, struggling, like the fabled frogs and mice, Are pounced upon, and carried in a trice But mark that motley group, in various garb-There vice begins to form her rankling barb, The germ of gambling sprouts in pitch and toss, And brawl, successive, tells disputed loss From hand to hand the whirling halfpence pass, And, every copper gone, they fly to brass Those polished rounds which decorate the coat, And brilliant shine upon some youth of note, Offspring of Birmingham's creative art, Now from the faithful button holes depart To sudden twitch the rending stitches yield, And Enterprise again essays the field So, when a few fleet years of his short span Have ripened this dire passion in the man, When thousand after thousand takes its flight In the short circuit of one wretched night, Next shall the honours of the forest fall, And ruin desolate the chieftain's hall, Hill after hill some cunning clerk shall gain, Then in a mendicant behold a thane 1

The fourth line in Campbell's Pleasures of Hope runs
'Whose sun bright summit mingles with the sky
And in Telford's forgotten poem ou Eskdale is a couplet
'Here lofty hills in varied prospect rise,
Whose airy summits mingle with the skies

#### To the Memory of Burns

Ah! who shall breathe upon the oaten reed
That pour'd its melody on winding Ayr,
And who shall claim thy mantle as his meed,
Gift of wild poesy, which thou did'st wear?
For rude and earthhorn wight how little meet
So rich a mantle, and a note so sweet!

Thee, Bard of Coila, all her echoes mourn,
Hid in thy silent cave and tuncless grove,
No more the [music] on the breeze is borne,
Mirth's jocund carol, or the plaints of love
Dark Lugar's stream unheeded laves its bed,
And all that liv'd to thee seems dull and dead.

But when soft memory of other days
Steals on the faney with delusive glow,
And while deep rapt we ponder on thy lays,
With music not their own the waters flow,
Thy spirit hov'ring seems to rule the spell,
And our eyes glisten while our bosoms swell.

# Good-night, and Joy be wi' ye a'

Good night, and joy be wi'ye a',
Your harmless mirth has charmed my heart,
May life's fell blasts out ower ye blaw'
In sorrow may ye never part!
My spirit lives, but strength is gone,
The mountain fires now blaze in vain
Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,
And in your deeds I'll live again'

When on you muir our gallant clan
Frae boasting foes their banners tore,
Wha shewed himsel a better man,
Or fiercer waved the red claymore?
But when in peace—then mark me there—
When through the glen the wanderer came,
I gave him of our lordly fare,
I gave him here a welcome hame

The auld will speak, the young maun hear,
Be cantie, but be good and leal,
Your ain ills age hae heart to bear,
Anither's age hae heart to feel
So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,
I'll see you triumph ere I fa',
My parting breath shall boast you mine—
Good night, and joy be wi'ye a'

The song is supposed to be said or sung by an aged Highland chieftain to his clansmen, and like Clan Alpin's Vow, bears witness to the Celtic Renaissance characteristic of the period Boswell's views on the Scotch of contemporary poetry have been quoted above at page 796. His poems and songs were republished with a Memoir by R. H. Smith in 1873. Prefixed is a list by Mr. Maidment of the publications and reprints of the Auchinleck press—the Disputation between Kiiov and the Abbot of Crossraguel the poems of Barnfield, works by Whetstone, Churchyard, T. Lodge, as well as a number of anonymous pieces and fragments, come of them from the Auchinleck library

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